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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

Volume 138

September 3—December 31, 1924

The Outlook Company
New York

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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

SEPTEMBER 3, 1924

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



Lord Renfrew

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CONGRATULATE you on the frequency with which I see The Outlook used as a text-book in the schools and on the interest and vivacity of the recitations in which it is used. I do not know of any single subject of more vital importance to the coming citizen than the study of actual National problems which will confront the voter when he reaches his majority. A clean, concise consideration of these questions such as is presented by The Outlook every week without 'writing down' to the supposed lower intelligence the school makes a highly desirable text."

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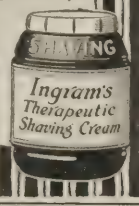
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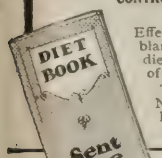
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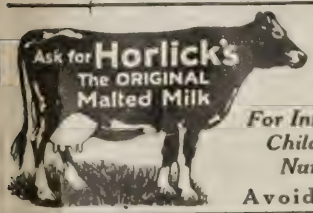
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Contributors' Gallery



(C) G. M. Kesslere

DANIEL GREGORY MASON is a lecturer on music and Associate Professor of Music at Columbia University. He has composed a number of distinguished works for the piano, string quartette, and the orchestra, and his books, which include "From Grieg to Brahms," "Beethoven and his Forerunners," "The Romantic Composers," and "Contemporary Composers," are used as guides to musical taste and learning in this country.

ALBERT G. INGALLS is a writer of scientific articles and reviews for numerous periodicals, the "Scientific American" in particular. He has frequently written unsigned editorial paragraphs on scientific subjects for The Outlook.

WILLIAM C. GREGG has the advantage of being able to see the West through Eastern eyes and the East through Western eyes. Educated in Nebraska and a successful head of a large manufacturing company in New Jersey, Mr. Gregg is in a position, as few others are, to balance and weigh the social conditions in both sections.

O. E. MCGILLICUDDY, of the editorial department of the Toronto "Star," has given us an article called "The Prince Finds Peace," in the thought that Outlook readers might be interested in the ranch which the Prince of Wales has bought and developed into one of the most select stock farms on the continent. It is stated on the best authority—his own—that the heir to the British throne considers that his ranch affords more personal liberty and real recreation than he finds anywhere else.



ROBERT M. FIELD is a native of Texas and a graduate of the University of Texas. At the present time he is practicing law in New York City. He has an intimate personal knowledge of the politics of Texas and the fight over the impeachment of Mrs. Ferguson's husband, a former Governor of the State.

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Why each day should now have its "washing hour"

IT used to be so easy and so harmless to toss one's soiled garments into the hamper to await washday.

But crêpe de chine and georgette have taken the place of muslin, silk has replaced lisle—the whole character of your wardrobe has completely changed.

You cannot leave delicate silk or woolen things rumpled and soiled for days at a time! They suffer. Perspiration fades their colors and injures the fabric.

So we offer this suggestion.

Find, each day, a few moments to wash quickly with Ivory suds your soiled silk and woolen garments. If they need ironing, and you cannot at once spare the time, dry them and lay them away clean until ironing day.

You will soon notice a difference in the appearance and in the life of your precious things, and it takes so little time, really—just a few moments of squeezing the pure Ivory suds through the delicate fabric, one or two rinsings—that is all.

This is the modern method of caring for the delicate garments that fashion has brought to every woman. And with Ivory suds, quickly made from either Ivory Flakes or Ivory cake soap, you can be sure of safety for fabrics and colors, as well as for your hands. Ivory, you know, is so mild and gentle that millions of women use it every day to protect their complexions.

A suggestion! Use Ivory for your *general* washing (weekly wash), too. It is so much nicer than harsh laundry soaps, and costs *very* little more.

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It will give us great pleasure to send you a generous sample of Ivory Flakes without charge, and our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," a veritable encyclopedia of laundering information. A request by mail will bring a prompt response. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 24-IF, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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need this special attention

If baby's diapers, bands and shirts are rough, or if they are not thoroughly cleansed, or if unrinsed soap is left in them, skin irritation is almost certain to result.

If you will make sure that all of baby's garments are washed with Ivory (cake or flakes), the likelihood of irritation will be greatly lessened. In the first place, Ivory is pure—this is extremely important. Second, Ivory, mild as it is, cleanses thoroughly and rinses out completely, leaving the tiny garments in a perfectly hygienic condition and so soft that chafing becomes practically impossible.

Because of its convenient form, the use of Ivory Flakes for baby clothes saves both time and labor. Many mothers simply soak the less soiled diapers overnight in an Ivory Flakes solution and rinse in the morning. Of course, the really soiled ones should be boiled and occasional boiling of all diapers in Ivory suds is desirable.



The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

The Outlook

/lume 138 September 3, 1924 Number 1

Ie for Ma," Says Texas

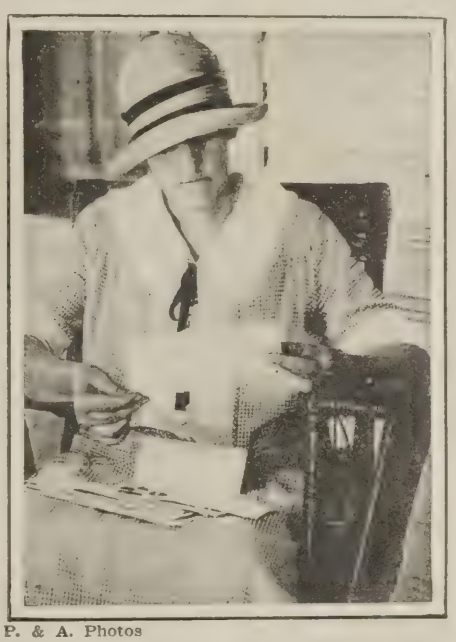
OPPOSING slogans in Texas have enlivened the political campaign of 1924. On the one side the s supporting Mrs. Miriam A. Fergu- for the Governorship in the Demo- ic primary held on August 23 fought er the battle cry, "Me for Ma." On other side the hosts, largely made up he Ku Klux Klan, shouted, "Not Ma me; too much Pa."

Mrs. Ferguson was selected to run in primary, not as a woman, but as a e. Her supporters would have chosen husband, a former Governor of the te, if they could; but seven years ago was removed from the Governorship l debarred from holding office in the te. A Texas correspondent of The tlook wrote at the time that the chief rges were that the Governor had mis- plied $5,600 of State funds, converting same to his own use; that he bor- ved $156,500 from a "questionable" rce which he refused to reveal; that had exerted improper influence on the ard of Regents and other educational dies; that he had abused the power of veto, and had violated the Constitu- n in vetoing the appropriations for the ate University. Unable to have his me appear on the ballot in this contest, became the campaign manager for his fe and made most of her speeches for r.

According to the law in Texas, if no oposed candidate has a majority in the gular primary, the two leading com- titors run again in a second or "run- " primary. In the first primary Mrs. rguson unexpectedly ran second, and the second primary obtained the pport of most of the dropped candi- tes.

Through his wife, therefore, an im- eached and disgraced Governor has re- rned to actual power.

What made this possible, as a corre- ondent on another page points out, was e Klan issue. As evidence of this may cited the fact that Daniel Moody, ho vigorously prosecuted a number of cases growing out of alleged Klan whippings, was renominated for Attorney-General. The Ku Klux Klan in Texas represents the earlier and rougher type of organization of the Klan. It has been slow to reform and has not been lately in good odor with the Klan in some other States. In politics it has been noisy and



P. & A. Photos

Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson, who has won the primary nomination in Texas for Governor

domineering, and undoubtedly deserves the defeat it has received. The result in Texas is an indication of what has been plain to many observers, that the Ku Klux Klan invites defeat wherever it allows itself to become an issue.

The Klan as an Issue

TEXAS is not the only State in which the Ku Klux Klan has at least appeared to be politically weaker than it was. The former Governor of Oklahoma, J. C. Walton, impeached and removed last fall largely through Klan influence on charges of corruption and unconstitutional use of power, has been nominated to the United States Senatorship in the Democratic primary against a Klansman. In the Klan's stronghold of Arkansas the Klan candidate for Governor was also defeated in the Democratic primary, though the Klan candidates in most other offices were successful. In both Indiana and Maine the Klan candidates for Governor are on the defensive.

Both the Democratic candidate for the Presidency and the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency have in speeches mentioned the Klan by name. For some reason, if a candidate for office merely mentions the Klan by name his words are accepted as a sign of political courage. In newspaper headlines it was reported that Mr. Davis denounced the Klan, but, after declaring that the subject had "no proper part in this or any other campaign," this is what he said in his speech at Sea Girt on August 23:

> If any organization, no matter what it chooses to be called, whether Ku Klux Klan or by any other name, raises the standard of racial and religious prejudice or attempts to make racial origins or religious beliefs the test of fitness for public office, it does violence to the spirit of American institutions and must be condemned by all those who believe, as I do, in American ideals.

Mr. Davis did not explicitly charge the Klan with the offenses he condemned.

The next day General Dawes, at Augusta, Maine, in a more outspoken but more discriminating statement, discussed at some length the record of the Klan in several instances. He pointed out the reason for the growth of the Klan in various parts of the United States, using in particular such cases as that of the issue over Governor Walton in Oklahoma which became, as he said, "akin to that of the Civil War." He saw in such instances an instinctive "groping for leadership, moving in the interest of law enforcement," not to be found in cowardly politicians. He agreed with Mr. Davis that the Ku Klux Klan "has no proper part in this or any other campaign," and he stated explicitly that the attempt to meet lawlessness with lawlessness, as Klansmen in some instances have done, is destructive to civilization. Such appeals as have been made by the Klan to adventurous youth do not, he pointed

out, constitute "the right way to enforce law in this country." And he concluded his statement with these sentences:

> I have told you why I am opposed to the Klan. Take what I say into your hearts and conscience and think it over calmly. However it may be with the mind, there is no acrimony in conscience.

It seems to us that General Dawes's method of dealing with the subject is the right one. It is the way not either of avoidance or of wholesale denunciation, but of definiteness, reason, and fairness.

Undoing Injustice to the Veteran

DIRECTOR HINES, of the United States Veterans' Bureau, has snipped the strongest strand of red tape by which the Bureau has been bound to inefficiency and sometimes to injustice. The work of the Bureau in its dealings with individual veterans is to be decentralized. Rating officers will be personally available to claimants through the medium of about fifty regional claims and rating boards. The hospitalization, compensation, training, or other relief to which a veteran is entitled will be determined in personal contact and not on "paper ratings." The central office Board of Appeals will be divided into sections which will sit in regional offices to determine questions of law. In short, the Veterans' Bureau is in process of reorganization, to be speedily accomplished, for the most direct and prompt service possible to the men who fought in the World War.

General Hines is acting under authority granted by the World War Veterans' Act of the last session of Congress. It is, of course, impossible now to undo all of the harm that has resulted from delay, from unjust decisions, and from the alleged dishonesty for which former officials of the Bureau are now under indictment. It is apparent, however, that the present officials are doing what is in their power to remedy the old evils and, which is probably more important, to make the most of the opportunities which lie ahead.

Reclaiming the Reclaimers

"WHAT I have seen in the last fifteen years of the achievements of planned settlement and financed farm development in other countries compels me to realize that we are ignoring the most valuable features of reclamation."

Those are the words of Dr. Elwood Mead, the new Commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation. They were used in a special report to the Secretary of the Interior upon a comprehensive study of reclamation conditions which Dr. Mead has just completed. He found much that is encouraging for the future, some things that do not speak well of the past. He found abundant reason for caution in deciding upon future policies, but he is far from believing the situation hopeless or even greatly discouraging either for the old projects or for those that are to be established. He points out that conditions for future settlers on irrigated lands will be harder than they were in the old days, but, in constructive fashion, he points out ways in which those difficulties can be overcome.

Dr. Mead believes he has put his finger on the causes for increasing arrears of payments by settlers and the widespread demand for postponement of payments on irrigation projects. One of these causes is the extreme agricultural depression, but this, he says, is temporary and may be ignored. Another is lack of capital and of qualifications indispensable to success in agriculture. "To put settlers without capital, and often without experience, on irrigated farms," he says, "does not give them opportunity; it simply involves the Bureau of Reclamation in trouble and the Government in loss."

Definite recommendations are made for avoiding mistakes of this kind in the future. On every project, Dr. Mead says, a practical superintendent familiar with farm conditions should be employed to plan settlements and advise settlers. Land should be sold to settlers on terms that will make it a commercial undertaking. Precautions should be taken to make certain that the settler can provide himself with a house and with live stock, and, if he has not the money for these things, it should be found for him if he is to be accepted as a settler. Most important of all is determination in advance of the cost of water rights and the making of arrangements for bringing the land promptly under profitable cultivation. "Long-delayed agricultural development," Dr. Mead concludes, "has wrecked more of these enterprises than all other causes combined."

While the report may seem to many persons to lack optimism, it tends to prove that we have at last a Commissioner of Reclamation with an adequate background for the job and with a determination to learn the truth and to tell it. Reclamation may not go forward with the speed that some may wish, but it is pretty certain to go forward sanely and with good promise of permanency.

Power and Comfort

THAT decidedly general if somewhat egotistical American opinion which for a long while has indulged in self-congratulation on beating the world in all things mechanical, and particularly in things electromechanical, will be shocked to know that America is almost at the foot of the list in the use of mechanical power for the promotion of home comfort and individual convenience. Yet such, deplorably, is the fact. The authority for this statement is Dr. George Otis Smith, Director of the United States Geological Survey. He went, as representative of the Secretary of the Interior, to the World Power Conference, recently held in London. Upon his return he said in plain language that the United States is behind all the principal countries of Europe in the use of electricity on the farm and in similar small unit operations.

"America," says Dr. Smith, "was not represented in papers dealing with electric power in the household and on the farm, the subject being treated by delegates from England, Holland, Denmark, Germany, Norway, and Sweden. This," he continues, "is significant."

It is, indeed, significant. It raises again the old question whether or not the people of the United States can live as well as they can work—or whether they are too busy working to live comfortably. In the Conference America did its full share in presenting discoveries concerning electric power applied to the iron and steel industry, to textile mills, to metallurgy, to super-power installation, to hydroelectric efficiency, to long-distance transmission, to the big things generally in the electrical field. And that, too, is significant. It is a token of continued American prosperity. But it leaves out of account American comfort in the small things.

Not content with hearing the papers of the European delegates, Dr. Smith went about seeing whether or not the ideas expressed in the papers are practiced. He reports that they are. European farmers, he says, make hay while the sun does not shine—by means of electricity. And they perform by electricity scores of other small-scale operations around the

Work on, my medicine, work!

(Othello, Act IV, Scene 1)

Evans in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch



The next step will be Germany's

From Madge Sullivant, Fort Scott, Kans.

Kenward in the Binghamton (N. Y.) Press



The horseshoe will fix him

From Janet Eastman, Dodge, Mass.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

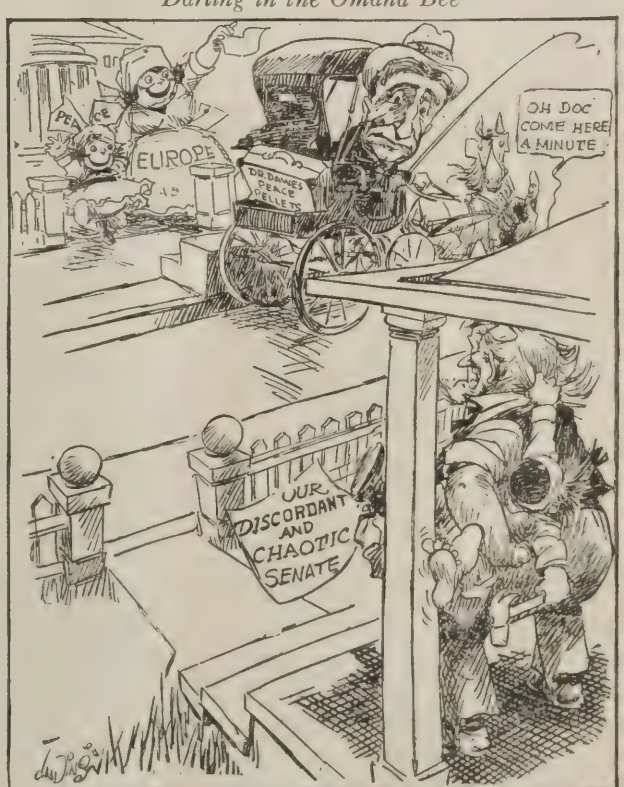


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At last

From Elmer F. Dhus, Oak Park, Ill.

Darling in the Omaha Bee



Maybe he can do as much for our own little darling

From Bertha M. Higgins, Omaha, Neb.



Underwood

The newly discovered bust of Washington, believed to have been presented by France to the Congressional Library in Washington and lost after the fire in 1851

farm and around the home that we in the United States still perform by hand or, at best, by horse power.

All of this, of course, is in direct opposition to what we have so long and so fondly believed of ourselves. Perhaps it will do us good to have the crust of our conceit broken.

A New-Old Bust of Washington

In the realm of art, when we hear the name "David" we are apt to think either of the Flemish or the French David, separated by three centuries from each other and both great painters. But the sculptor David was also very notable —Pierre Jean David, called David d'Angers to distinguish him from his contemporary, David the painter, who, however, died a quarter of a century before David the sculptor—the first dying in 1825, the second in 1856.

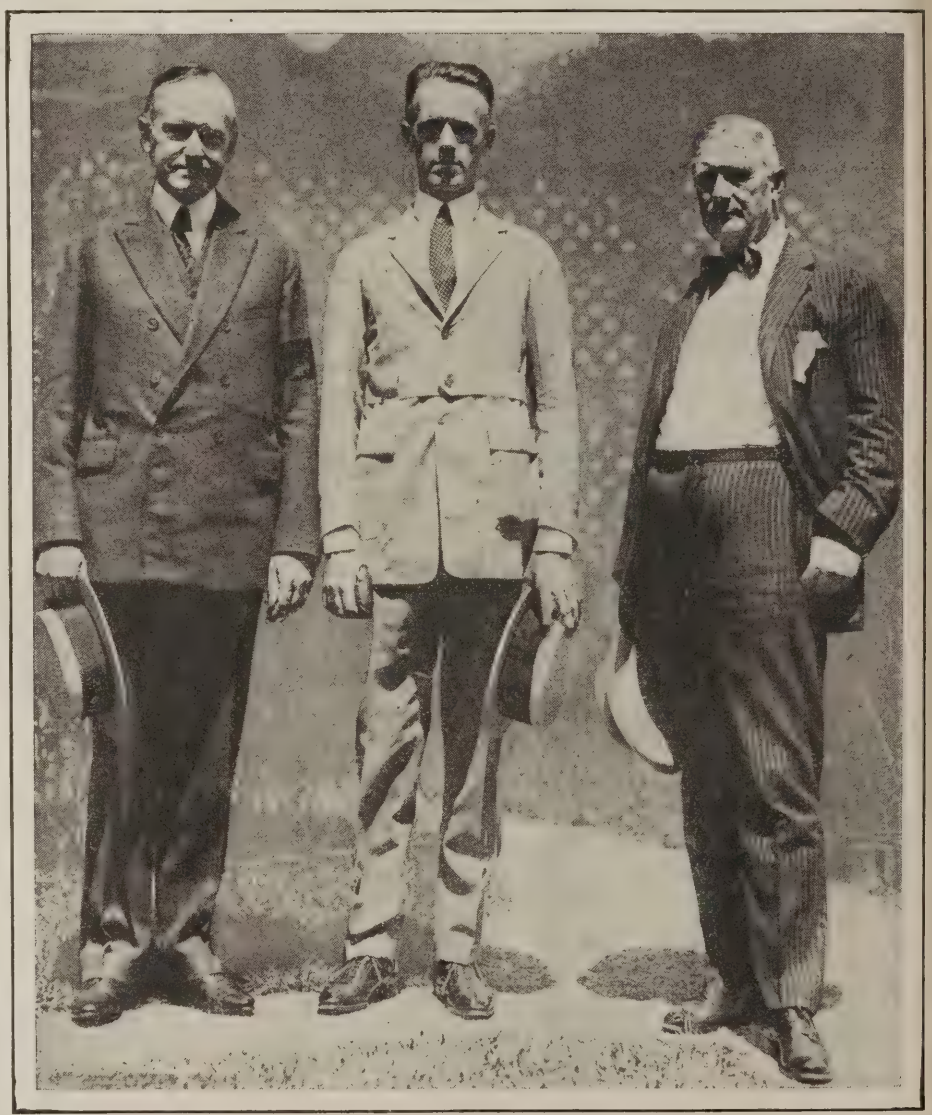
The sculptor's fame is just now revived in America because of the announcement of the sale of a long-forgotten bust by him to the well-known collector Mr. Henry E. Huntington for $10,000. This bust, it appears, was originally a gift from France to America, was placed in the Congressional Library, and supposedly destroyed when fire razed the Library in 1851. The smoke-coated, begrimed, and transformed work of art, when found, was doubtless either given away or sold as old junk. Finally, sculptors saw it recently and agreed that it was an original. This belief is reflected in the price just paid for it. There should certainly be a copy of it where the original once stood, if for nothing more than to perpetuate French friendship and sympathy for America.

Comparisons will, of course, be made between this bust and Houdon's statue of Washington. The latter has the greater historical value because it was contemporaneous and modeled from life at Mount Vernon. In 1785 Houdon visited America, accompanied by Franklin, to execute the statue of Washington ordered by the Legislature of Virginia. The statue is now in the State Capitol at Richmond. While no one of David's busts may have quite the distinction of Houdon's "Molière" in the Théâtre Français, the David busts and portrait bas-reliefs have an extraordinary charm, due largely to the sculptor's union of classicism with contemporary characteristics. As any observer may note, this union is also marked in David's master piece, namely, the sculptures in the pedi ment of the Panthéon at Paris, in hi bas-relief series in the Louvre, and, par ticularly, in the museum devoted to hi works at his native town, Angers.

David was a patriot and a philanthro pist as well as an artist. The story i told that Rouget de Lisle, the author o the "Marseillaise," was once very ill an in great want. David, hearing of it rushed to Rouget's bedside, modeled an carved his figure in marble, and, offering the work as a prize in a lottery, received so handsome a sum as quite to relieve the poet's need.

The Armored Car

The part played by the armored "tank" in war-time offensive is now being enacted by the armored car in peace-time defensive. In New York City the armored car is now a common street



Wide World Photos

A plucky defender of the mails—Eugene Stack, of East Orange, New Jersey, who successfully resisted two bandits, killing one and putting the other to flight, he himself being wounded during the encounter. He received the congratulations of President Coolidge (left) and Postmaster-General New (right) at Washington

ight, with its steel sides, portholes, eavily padlocked doors, and armed uards, as it carries money and valuables o and from banks, steamships, and torehouses. It has quite a military air nd inquisitive bystanders are not en-ouraged to approach it.

Now it is stated that the United States Government is about to equip three thou-sand armored mail cars. A realistic pseudo-hold-up was staged the other day on the Harlem Division of the New York Central to test one of these bandit-proof cars. It had all the incidents of the rail-way robberies unhappily common. The "desperadoes" waved a red light, and held engineer and fireman captive at pis-tol mouth; but when they attacked the car they met with volleys from riot-guns firing through portholes under the blaze of calcium lights, and when the bandits had the audacity to run under the gun fire with intent to dynamite the train they were destroyed (figuratively speak-ing) from muzzles with cone-shaped spreaders which threw bullets through the car's floor. Apparently nothing but artillery is capable of making an impres-sion on these modern armored craft of the rail.



P. & A. Photos

Wreck at grade crossing at Cranford, New Jersey, where an express train going at high speed struck a loaded ten-ton motor truck



P. & A. Photos

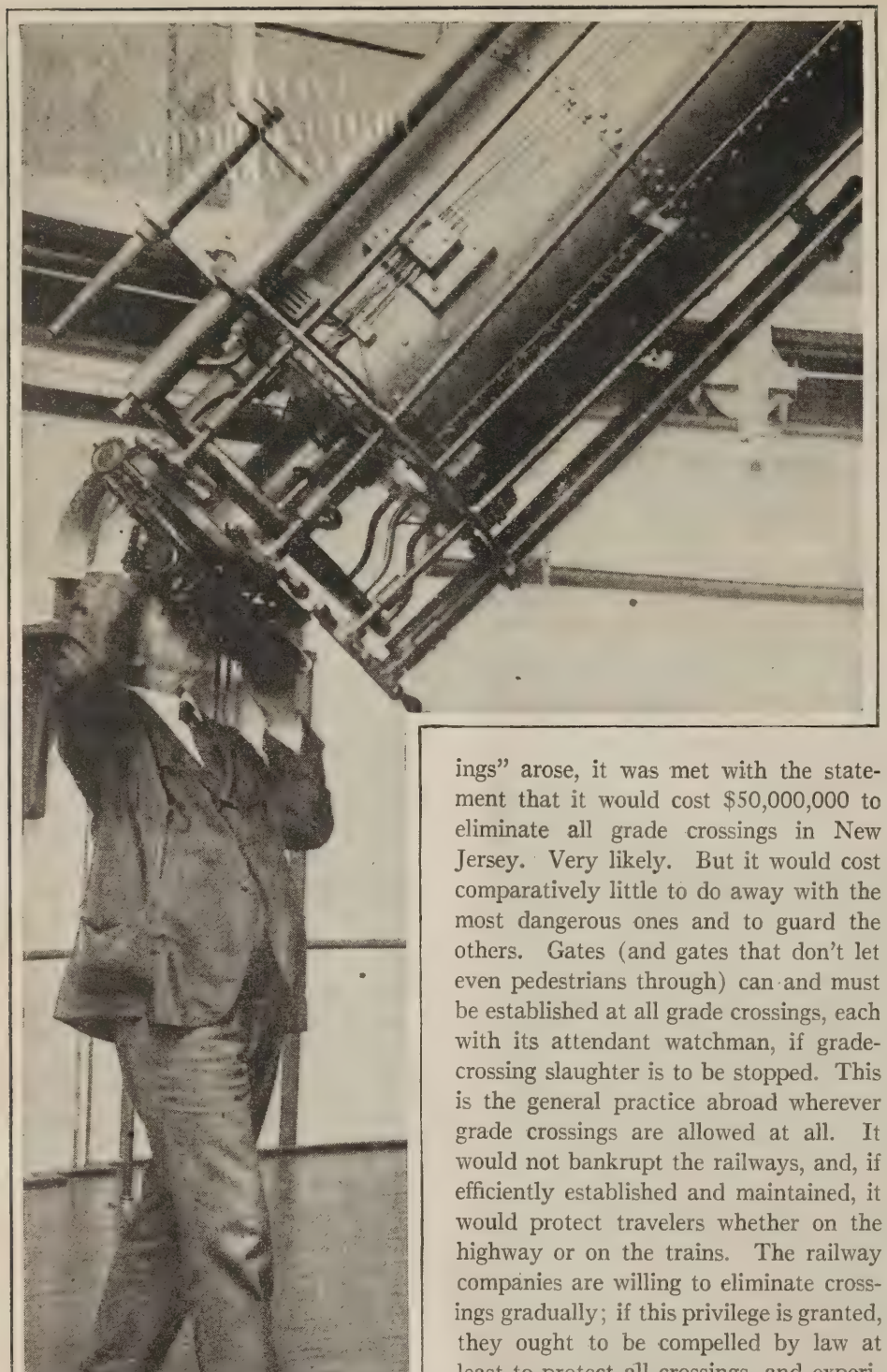
A staged hold-up to test a new armored postal car—note magnesium flash at left, which illuminates the bandits and gives opportunity for firing on them from the universal-joint aperture near the door

That such defenses should be needed is in itself a comment on the boldness of American criminals, and that again is a comment on the failure of our boasted civilization in suppressing crimes of vio-lence.

The Deadly Grade Crossing; Abolish it or Protect it

THE danger of grade crossings of high-ways over railways is not alone to reckless or stupid persons, who drive or walk across a railway track when a train is coming. This was illustrated by the recent disaster at Cranford, New Jersey, when a four-car express train running over fifty miles an hour struck a big, heavy-laden motor truck. Three men on the train were killed, as well as the truckman; several passengers were in-jured, the engine was thrown completely off its track, three cars were turned on their sides, the truck was reduced to scrap iron. It is certain that if the cars had been made of wood instead of steel the loss of life would have been far greater.

In such a case it does not help much to say that the truckman was to blame. It should not be in any one's power to en-danger others' lives or even to imperil his own. This grade crossing was, in fact, a particularly dangerous one; it was less than half a mile from the center of the town; it crossed a long, level section of railway on which fast running was



(C) Underwood

Mars under observation by Professor Asaph Hall, of the U. S. Naval Observatory at Washington

common; it had no gates, no protection except an automatic bell. The local newspaper says that the attention of the railway authorities has been called to the need of better protection over and over again during the last twenty years.

When the cry "Eliminate grade crossings" arose, it was met with the statement that it would cost $50,000,000 to eliminate all grade crossings in New Jersey. Very likely. But it would cost comparatively little to do away with the most dangerous ones and to guard the others. Gates (and gates that don't let even pedestrians through) can and must be established at all grade crossings, each with its attendant watchman, if grade-crossing slaughter is to be stopped. This is the general practice abroad wherever grade crossings are allowed at all. It would not bankrupt the railways, and, if efficiently established and maintained, it would protect travelers whether on the highway or on the trains. The railway companies are willing to eliminate crossings gradually; if this privilege is granted, they ought to be compelled by law at least to protect all crossings, and experience has shown that only guarded gates will afford adequate protection.

At Close Quarters—Astronomically Speaking

THE opposition of Mars at perihelion has come and gone. Those optimistic observers who somehow hoped that there would be an unusual sight at the moment when Mars was closest to the earth were naturally disappointed. Mars still burns large in the sky, but to the naked eye a million miles or more in distance makes little difference in the appearance of a planet's size.

Those still more optimistic individuals who hoped for a message from the Martian department of communications were doubtless even more disappointed. Although strange signals were heard in many parts of the world, there is no evidence that they did not belong to the class of phenomena which send investigators of societies of psychical research upon many leg-wearying and profitless journeys. Those with the will to hear and a fixed idea as to what they wish to hear may hear wonderful things which science has yet to confirm.

In the meantime astronomers have been busy with the solution of problems in the mastery of which all the resources of mathematics and science are required. Laymen will be interested in knowing what astronomers conclude from their favorable opportunity to observe the nearest of our fellow-travelers about the sun. In the sky a matter of thirty-five million miles is only a companionable distance, after all. There are some people, in fact, who would be better companions at that distance than if they were on the earth.

The Cause of the Northern Lights

VEGARD, a Norwegian scientist, has recently announced the success of experiments confirming the suspicion of some of the meteorologists that the aurora is caused by the impact of electrons shot off from sunspots on crystals of frozen nitrogen floating in the upper reaches of the earth's atmosphere.

Many of us learned in school days not too recent that this weird phenomena was caused by the reflection of sunlight on the Arctic snows. But Professor Vegard by using crystals of frozen nitrogen has succeeded in making in the laboratory an auroral light which when examined in the marvelously exact spectroscope turns out to have earmarks identical with the light of the aurora.

It has been recognized for some time that there is a manifest connection between the aurora or "northern light," certain effects observable on the magnetic needle during auroral displays, and the eleven-year periodicity of sunspots. The great mass of new knowledge of radio-activity, atomic structure, and stellar physics which has been the product of the brilliant researches of the past two or three decades had given grounds for the belief, to quote the words of Dr. George Ellery Hale, of the great Mount Wilson Observatory, that the auroral

lights are caused "by electrified particles shot out from the violent eruptions that frequently occur in disturbed regions near sunspots."

Creating an Artificial Aurora

At the high altitudes, sixty miles or over, in which the auroral displays have definitely been located by simple but positive methods the temperatures are extremely low, and, since nitrogen is one of the constituents of the atmosphere, it doubtless becomes frozen.

In an effort to simulate these cold, rarefied conditions and obtain the phenomena of the aurora, Professor Vegard used crystals of artificially frozen nitrogen in closed glass vessels whose atmosphere was exhausted to a very low pressure. He bombarded these crystals with cathode rays, which, like those made in producing X-rays, are streams of electrons or electrified particles having a mass of about 1/1,800 that of the lightest atom known. Similar streams of electrons are shot off from flame and highly heated bodies, including the glowing filament of the common radio vacuum tube, as well as from the spots on the sun. Their velocities often reach 60,000 miles per second.

Quite significantly this bombardment of frozen nitrogen caused the emission of the same weird greenish and reddish lights which are often seen in the mysterious waving aurora.

In addition to this simple ocular evidence, which in itself would not satisfy a scientist as proof, this light was studied in the spectroscope, an instrument of hair-splitting accuracy, and a certain green line of the spectrum which remained unaccounted for in the spectrum of the natural aurora was found to show in exactly the same part of the spectrum of the artificial aurora. Thus the "northern lights" cease to be a mystery.

The Army's New Chief

Major-General John L. Hines, who is about to succeed General Pershing as Chief of the General Staff, is certainly not to be classed as merely a theoretical strategist. He saw active service in the war with Spain, in the Philippines, and in the punitive expedition with Mexico, while in the World War he commanded in succession a regiment, a brigade, and a corps, and later he served in Europe after the Armistice as Deputy Chief of Staff. His officers and his superiors in command have alike recognized in his career resource, resolution, and promptness to change plans under stress of circumstances. The present Secretary of War is quoted as saying that General Hines would compare well with the most noted generals of our Civil War.



(C) Henry Miller News Picture Service, Inc.

General John J. Pershing, Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army (left), who will retire in September, and Major-General John L. Hines, who will succeed him

It is not often that an officer of the rank of general has occasion to expose himself to danger on the front line, but certainly he should be ready to do so if occasion requires. General Hines received the Distinguished Service Cross for personal valor and "extraordinary heroism in action." The incident as related officially is interesting:

> At a critical time during the battle southwest of Soissons, when liaison had been broken between the Sixteenth Infantry and Twenty-sixth Infantry, and repeated efforts to re-establish it had failed, General Hines, then in command of the First Infantry Brigade, personally went through terrific artillery fire to the front lines of the Sixteenth Infantry, located its left flank, and, walking in front of the lines, encouraged the troops by his example of fearlessness and disregard of danger. He then succeeded in finding the right forward element of the Twenty-sixth Infantry and directed the linking up of the two regiments, thereby enabling the operations to be pushed forward successfully.

The ability to recognize the exact point and occasion where personal intrepidity can be exercised to large advantage is a valuable military asset. General Hines has both fighting and executive talent in a high degree.

Ruhr Coke Plus Lorraine Iron

Two statements from two British Cabinet Ministers have aroused resentment in France and elsewhere.

Under the terms of the London Agreement, unanimously approved by the Allies and Germany, the Ruhr occupation by France and Belgium is to be ended in the maximum period of one year from August 16, 1924. Despite this, the Conference had no sooner closed its sessions than Mr. MacDonald, British Prime Minister, publicly expressed the hope that the occupation would be ended as soon as possible, because continued occupation would be prejudicial to the success of the Dawes Plan. On his part, Mr. Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared that "it might prove more difficult for the Allies to receive reparations than for Germany to pay them;" that is, the loss to British trade, for instance, would not be offset by what Britain would receive in reparations. Such statements gave much comfort to the unreconstructed of Germany.

Mr. Snowden's remark has received the greater comment. In explaining it, as reported, he warns British industrialists that the rehabilitation either of Germany or of France under the Dawes Plan will react unfavorably upon British trade.

Fancy the shock, however, to British

traders to find that France and Germany are actually considering a commercial treaty! Though its terms are not yet known, there is a fear that the new treaty will mean a consolidation of French and German interests to Britain's detriment. The British Government, therefore, is immediately to appoint an expert advisory committee to study the various Continental agreements in the light of British interests all over the world. The committee consists of representatives of British coal, iron, steel, textile, chemical, pharmaceutical, and optical interests. Though the Government is to make the appointments to the committee, the nominations, it is understood, are to come from the trade organizations of the industries affected.

British economic as well as political power has long been served by a policy of playing the two strongest Continental nations against each other. This has bolstered British industries. This policy would be thwarted by Continental co-operation reducing competition—for example, between Ruhr coke and Lorraine iron. That would make British iron and steel producers open their eyes; certainly, already it transforms a pacifist and enemy of capitalism like Mr. Snowden to instant action in defense of British capital and British trade.

Continental economic interdependence and co-operation would also doubtless be reflected to a considerable degree in the domain of politics. A like solidarity and rehabilitation in one domain should be followed by something like solidarity and rehabilitation in another.

La Follette, Reactionary

BEHIND Senator La Follette as candidate for the Presidency are arrayed groups in strange variety. Of them all, the only one which is a Nationally organized party consists of the Socialists. These groups have attempted to find a sign of union in the title "Progressive," which they have borrowed from an earlier and very different movement. What they profess, however, is not in any true sense progressive; it is radical in the sense that it would tear certain institutions up by the roots; it is revolutionary in the sense that certain institutions it would overturn.

One proposal, however, of the "Platform of Robert M. La Follette, Independent Progressive Candidate for President of the United States," as printed and distributed by La Follette Progressive Headquarters, radical though it is, may properly be called reactionary. It is one of the fundamental proposals in the platform and is characteristic of the La Follette movement. It is stated in the platform in these words:

> The Constitution specifically vests all legislative power in the Congress, giving that body power and authority to override the veto of the President. The Federal courts are given no authority under the Constitution to veto acts of Congress. Since the Federal courts have assumed to exercise such veto power, it is essential that the Constitution shall give to the Congress the right to override such judicial veto, otherwise the Court will make itself master over the other co-ordinate branches of the Government.

This passage from the La Follette platform contains a serious misstatement. The Constitution does not vest in Congress "all legislative power," but "all legislative power herein granted." Those two words "herein granted" are omitted not only from the platform of Mr. La Follette, but apparently from his mind and the minds of his followers. These words limit the legislative powers of Congress to those specifically delegated by the people and the several States. There are enormous legislative powers which the Congress does not possess, has never possessed, and as long as the American system of government endures will never possess. If through such a movement as that of Mr. La Follette's or some other all legislative power were to be granted to Congress, the political system characteristic of America with its Constitutional guaranties would cease to be.

What Mr. La Follette and his followers propose is not new. It is, on the contrary, as old as the Government and older. It was, perhaps, not strange that this proposal should have been made, as it was, in the early nineteenth century. In 1798 Chief Justice McKean, of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, declared that in case the meaning of the Constitution was called in question, "there was no provision in the Constitution that the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States shall control and be conclusive." It was not as reactionary in 1798 to propose turning back the hands of the clock fourteen years as it is in 1924 to propose to turn them back a hundred and forty years. Years later John C. Calhoun, the advocate of nullification, upheld the doctrine which McKean was only one of several to have uttered. In the meantime the Nation, rooted in the Constitutional guaranties which this doctrine would have destroyed, grew in power. Just as the reactionaries in France would destroy all that the French Republic has gained in order to turn back to the empire, or the monarchy, so Calhoun would have destroyed what had been gained through the decisions of Marshall and others in order to go back to conditions like those prevailing before the Constitution was firmly established. And if Calhoun was more reactionary than McKean, then La Follette is more reactionary than Calhoun.

It is not necessary to remind the informed what those conditions were. Two years after Rhode Island, the last of the original States to ratify the Constitution, joined the Union, Theodore Sedgwick, of Massachusetts, wrote: "I fear the National Government has seen its best days." It is hard for us to imagine the difficulties he enumerated—"the distance at which it [the National Government] stands removed from the affections of the great bulk of the people; the opposition of so many great, proud, and jealous sovereignties; the undistinguished, perhaps indistinguishable, boundary between National and State jurisdictions; the disposition which both may possess to encroach; and above all, the rancorous jealousy that began with the infancy of the Government and grows with its growth, arising from an opposition, or supposed opposition, of interests."

There can be no manner of doubt that what has rescued us from these conditions has been the exercise by the courts of their prerogative of determining what laws are Constitutional and what are not, whether they be laws enacted by the several States or laws enacted by Congress.

Since only limited powers are delegated to Congress, its laws are not the supreme laws of the land unless they conform to the Constitution. It is the function of the courts to determine what is law and what is not law. They cannot perform that function unless they can say that the supreme law of the land shall prevail.

It is not our purpose here, however, to indicate the reasons why the courts and ultimately the Supreme Court should construe the Constitution. Those who wish to learn how the courts were forced by events to interpret the Constitution can do so by reading Charles Warren's great work "The Supreme Court in United States History,"[1] from the opening

[1] The Supreme Court in United States History. By Charles Warren. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 3 vols. $18.

apters of which we have taken the uotations from McKean and Sedgwick. ll we here undertake to do is to point ut that those who, like Mr. La Follette, would make Congress the judge of the constitutionality of its own acts advocate a doctrine that in substance and effect is most reactionary.

The Queernesses of Socialism

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

WHY is it that English-speaking Socialists, many of whose ideals are humane and many f whose economic theories are reasonble, so often make a laughing-stock of heir movement by oddities and queerlesses? I am led to ask this question by careful reading from cover to cover—eading articles, news items, book reviews, letters to the editor, and adverisements—of a recent issue of the "New Leader," a Socialist periodical published n London. It calls itself "the weekly paper of the I.L.P.," but a careful search of the twelve pages of this newspaper loes not reveal any explanation of what he I.L.P. is. Perhaps it means Indeendent Labor Party. Whatever it is, he organization is fond of initial letters nd apparently takes them quite seriously. There is an "I.L.P. Publication Department," which issues Socialist ooks, there is an "I.L.P. Summer School" and an "I.L.P. Pilgrimage" to he grave of a woman leader of the movement who died in 1903. There is an "I.L.P. Boot Factory," and I learn that 'the Boot Works have recently been re-organized and taken under the direct control of the N.A.C.; all profits will be available for the Party, and every loyal I.L.P.er will now purchase his or her footwear from our own factory." We are familiar in this country with the initials G. O. P. as applied sarcastically to the Republican Party, but I never heard of any one calling himself or herself a "G. O. P.er." From another advertisement in the "New Leader" I learn that "the Hon. Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D." will send to any address on receipt of price some useful booklets on marriage. What N.C.C.V.D. means I am unable to imagine. Another advertisement announces that loyal Socialists can buy a "well known co-operative brand of men's boots" which are called I & U boots. Perhaps I & U means indestructible and unwearable. I should think they would be unwearable if they fulfill the motto which they bear—"each for all and all for each." When I buy boots, I do not want them all for each, as my comfort demands that each foot should have its special boot. Reading the "New Leader," dotted on every page with mysterious initials, is as elusive and intriguing as trying to solve a cross-word puzzle.

Apparently "I.L.P.ers" regard privacy as a manifestation of pernicious individualism and capitalistic aristocracy—at least so I judge from the following marriage notice of a daughter of the gifted British Labor leader, Keir Hardie:

> Congratulations will pour upon Nan Hardie and Emrys Hughes on their marriage this week-end. How happy Nan's father would have been about it! Keir Hardie used to make the Hughes cottage at Abercynon his home from home in South Wales, and treated Emrys and his sister just as though they were his own children. As everyone who heard Nan speak at York will realise, she might have contributed richly to the public life of the I.L.P. if she had so chosen. She has rare and beautiful gifts of thought and speech. She preferred, instead, to care for her mother, and everyone will honour her for that. Emrys is a son of the I.L.P.—a school-teacher propagandist before the war, then three years in prison, back to school-teaching for a time, then propagandist and journalist and Labour candidate at Market Bosworth, and now sub-editor of *Forward*. He has a fine mind and spirit, with a gift of clear speech and writing, as those who have heard him and who have read his pamphlets and study syllabuses on mining will know. The N.A.C. has asked Pat Dollan to represent the national movement at the wedding, and is making an appropriate present.

After reading this rhapsody, which is certainly no better if no worse than the marriage gossip of high society in the London "Morning Post," I turn instinctively to one of Emily Dickinson's poems, a delightful little satire:

> I'm nobody! Who are you?
> Are you nobody, too?
> Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
> They'd banish us, you know.
>
> How dreary to be somebody!
> How public, like a frog
> To tell your name the livelong day
> To an admiring bog!

I do not mean to be trifling. The "New Leader" is not entirely taken up with gossip about the "I.L.P." and "I.L.P.ers." It contains some serious and well-written articles. There is, for example, an interesting essay on Joseph Conrad by Henry W. Nevinson which is far and away more original and penetrating than a good deal of the current newspaper interpretation of Conrad. But Mr. Nevinson, an Oxford man and a distinguished liberal critic and student of foreign affairs, makes one curious slip in saying that "there may be some other instance of a great writer who composed his masterpieces in a language not his own, but I can think of none." It is hardly to be expected that an English critic should be familiar with an American instance of this literary phenomenon, and so Mr. Nevinson is excusable for being ignorant of the extraordinary career of Carl Schurz, the German liberal and revolutionary, who was expelled from his native land, came to the United States after living for a while in London, served with distinction as a brigadier-general in the Civil War, was the editor-in-chief of the New York "Evening Post" for two years in the heyday of its literary supremacy, was a finished and eloquent orator, wrote a Life of Henry Clay in two volumes for the "American Statesmen Series," and contributed to the biographical literature about Abraham Lincoln an essay which is a beautiful and classic example of literary English. But if Mr. Nevinson does not know about Carl Schurz, he certainly ought to know about the Englishman Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Chamberlain was the son of an admiral in the British navy, was educated at Cheltenham College, moved to Germany in 1870, married a daughter of the great German composer Richard Wagner, and wrote in German a monumental work on the foundations of the nineteenth century, which was translated into English by Lord Redesdale. Chamberlain wrote with equal facility in German, English, and French. Most of his books, however, were written in German. Of course Chamberlain is not unnaturally looked upon with abhorrence by most Englishmen as a renegade and a traitor to his country, but it seems as if a loyal "I.L.P.er," the basis of whose creed is internationalism and who finds nothing

From "Punch" (as reprinted in "Harper's Weekly" of November 17, 1860)

The Next Dance

Yes, dance with him, Lady, and bright as they are,
Believe us he's worthy those sunshiny smiles,
Wave o'er him the flag of the Stripe and the Star,
And gladden the heart of the Queen of the Isles.

We thank you for all that has welcomed him—most
For the sign of true love that you bear the Old Land:
Proud Heiress of all that his ancestor lost,
You restore it, in giving that warm, loving hand.

And we'll claim, too, the omen. Fate's looking askance,
And Fate, only, knows the next tune she will play,
But if John and his Cousin join hands for the Dance—
Bad luck to the parties who get in their way.



Lord Punch to the Prince of Wales. "Now, my boy! There's your pretty cousin Columbia—you don't get such a partner as that every day!"

very repugnant in Russian Sovietism, ought not to share in the British prejudice, with which I confess I sympathize in my capitalistic *bourgeois* way, against the renegade Chamberlain.

Even Mr. Brailsford, the editor of the "New Leader," has his queernesses, in spite of the fact, or perhaps because of the fact, that he was formerly assistant Professor of Logic at the University of Glasgow. In reviewing a recently published history of the Jesuit missionaries, who flourished in Paraguay from 1609 to 1768 and governed that country by an inflexible although benevolent despotism, he speaks of their record as "the biggest and most successful of modern experiments in communism." What pleases him is that "the fields were cultivated in common, and food and clothing rationed out to all who worked." In other words, Mr. Brailsford objects to having the idler told that if he does not work he will go to the poorhouse, but approves of his being induced to labor by being told that if he declines to do the job assigned to him by his masters and to accept the rations offered him he will go to hell. Probably Mr. Brailsford does not read Francis Parkman, because that is American literature. If he did, he would find that while the Jesuits were carrying on their amiable despotism in Paraguay in the seventeenth century they were trying to establish a similar despotism in Canada. "But what," says Parkman, "did this new Paraguay mean? It meant a little nation of converted and domesticated savages, docile as children, under the paternal and absolute rule of Jesuit Fathers, and trained by them in industrial pursuits, the results of which were to inure, not to the profit of the producers, but to the building of churches, the founding of colleges, the establishment of warehouses and magazines, and the construction of works of defense—all controlled by Jesuits, and forming a part of the vast possessions of the Order. Such was the old Paraguay; and such, we may suppose, would have been the new, had the plans of those who designed it been realized."

Parkman's vivid picture is based largely on the descriptions of Charlevoix, a French missionary and traveler who was a member of the Society of Jesus and whose prejudices, if he had any, were therefore favorable to Jesuit methods and ideals. And it is these methods and ideals which the Socialist Brailsford, with singular inconsistency, regards as the most successful of modern experiments in Communism! Probably it is this same twisted method of thinking that enables Mr. Brailsford to regard the Russian Bolshevist Government, one of the cruelest despotisms of all time, as a Heaven-born endeavor to bring justice to all nations.

As that middle-class capitalistic, *bourgeois* Englishman, John Taylor—the queer "water-poet" of the seventeenth century—once remarked, "'Tis a mad world, my masters!"

The Berengaria's Royal Guest

LORD RENFREW set sail for his Canadian ranch on Sunday, August 24, and as he approached the shores of the United States it was quite apparent from the wireless despatches that not a few of his fellow-voyagers had discovered in this delightful British nobleman a double personality, which included that of the Prince of Wales.

Up to the moment of going to press an anxious world has yet to learn that either Lord Renfrew or the Prince of Wales had indulged in a dance with any of the fluttering and expectant fellow-passengers of the sex which is not above dancing with princes or lords when a favorable occasion occurs. Doubtless, since the Berengaria's most distinguished passenger is on a vacation, he feels that he ought to be relieved from as many of his official duties as possible.

The cartoon with which "Punch" celebrated the visit of his royal grandfather to the United States in 1860 seems to indicate that the duties of princes do not change much with the passage of years—and there are duties which some princes seem to regard as a pleasure.

The Lady of the Lone Star State

By ROBERT M. FIELD

THE Democrats of Texas have named Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson as their candidate for Governor of the State. They have done so with an emphatic majority of more than 80,000 votes. Thus the Lone Star State has added its standard to that of Montana, first to name a woman Congressman, Jeannette Rankin; to that of Georgia, whose woman Senator served for a day; and to that of Ohio, with her Judge Florence Allen sitting on the Supreme Court bench.

In no sense, however, is Mrs. Ferguson's nomination a gracious compliment or an idle political precedent. It comes after the hardest-fought and the most bitter political struggle in the history of the State. Her nomination marks the end of the Ku Klux Klan's political power in Texas.

The least political-minded of women, Mrs. Ferguson entered the lists in a spirit of modernized chivalry to defend the good name of her children and to vindicate the record of her husband, former Governor James E. Ferguson, who was driven from the office of Chief Executive in 1917. Ferguson himself had repeatedly sought a personal vindication at the polls, appearing as a candidate for Senator and Governor in each election since his downfall. He organized a party of his own, and largely because of that act he was barred from participation in the last Democratic primary. He was restrained by a court order.

When the judicial decision made it evident that he could not run in his own name, Mr. Ferguson's wife announced her candidacy and her husband continued in the race as her chief advocate. There were eight seasoned politicians appealing for the suffrage of Texas voters. Lost among the others, the candidacy of Mrs. Ferguson during the major part of the campaign was regarded as a bit of fine sentiment and little more than an emotional appeal. Ferguson had always retained a loyal following of 100,000 or more voters who supported him in fair weather and foul. It was assumed, therefore, that Mrs. Ferguson would receive this block of votes, and no more. She was only one among others who openly denounced the Klan and its nominee, Judge Felix Robertson, of Dallas.

Viewing the first primary figures and sensing their impending defeat, the Klansmen sought to break up the anti-Klan forces by raising the prohibition issue. For more than two years the slogan of the Klan had been "Down with the Jew, Jug, and Jesuit." In the run-off campaign the slogan was somewhat emasculated and the sole cry was against the "Jug." Some little color was lent to the Klan cry because Governor Ferguson had been identified with the liquor interests. The Klan strategy, however, utterly collapsed when Mrs. Ferguson gave her laconic pledge: "Prohibition is settled. It is the law. I will veto any liquor bills that seek to change it." The plan of attack failed too, because all of the contestants eliminated in the first primary, together with former Postmaster-General Burleson, former Senator Bailey, former Senator Charles A. Culberson, rushed to the support of Mrs. Ferguson and took the stump, sticking to one issue and one only—the Klan. Apparently forestalled on the liquor issue, the Klansmen turned to James E. Ferguson's record of opposition to the State University. Again substance was given to the Klan charge because Ferguson had elegantly declared while Governor of the State, "Too many people are going hog-wild about higher education," and had vetoed the biennial appropriation bill for the support of the University. But that smoke screen was likewise pierced when Mrs. Ferguson gave her specific pledge that she would build up a university worthy of the State.

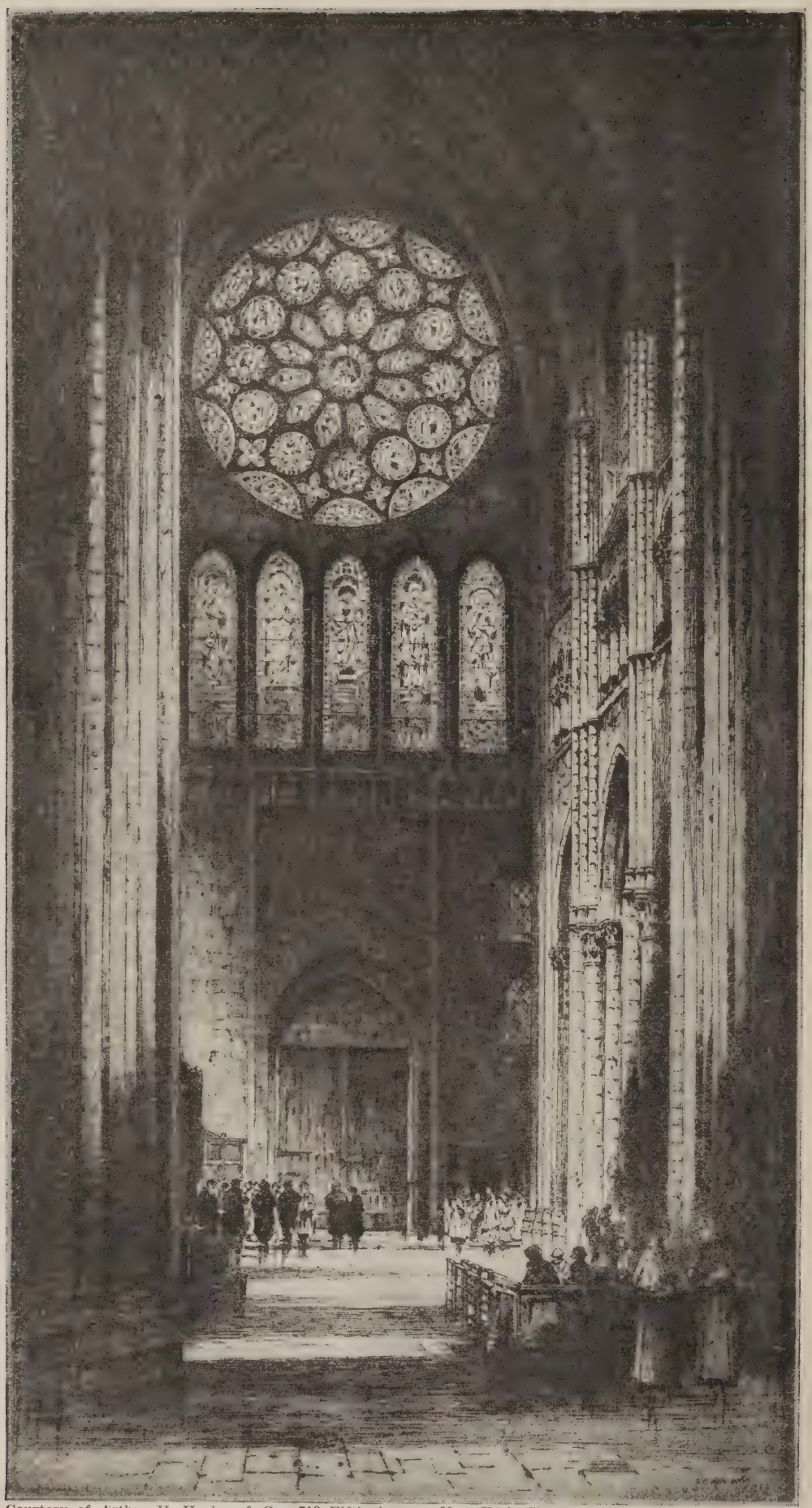
I was a resident of Austin while Ferguson served as Governor of the State and had occasion to see him and his wife, the present nominee, and their children. Mrs. Ferguson is an intelligent, shy little woman whose whole interest up to this campaign has centered in her home and her children. She comes of pioneer stock and has spent her whole life in Texas. She has never held public office; she has had no training in the direction of public affairs. Although her husband has been active in politics for a score of years and although he was twice elected Governor of the State, Mrs. Ferguson never belonged to a political club and never took an active part in a political campaign. She made no attempt, even in this last one, to speak, because her voice is soft and low and carries only a short distance. For a time she merely shook hands with her supporters throughout the State, but her hand became so badly swollen that she was compelled to abandon even that method of canvassing. The brunt of the campaign in its initial stages was borne by her husband and in its latter stages by men prominent in the State, many of them total strangers to her, but all of them determined to throw off the yoke of the Klan. That, and that only, is the sole interpretation to be made of the primary result.

James E. Ferguson's position is unchanged. His record is clear and the verdict upon it is fixed. Starting as an unknown farmer, he was nominated and elected Governor of Texas as the result of a direct and intimate campaign in behalf of the tenant farmers of Texas. Coupled with his championship of their cause was a tacit agreement with the liquor interests of the State. His public declaration was that he would veto all liquor legislation. This was ample assurance to the anti-prohibitionists, then making their last stand. He served creditably as Governor for one term and was re-elected. During his second administration because of malfeasance in office he was impeached by the House of Representatives and haled before the bar of the Texas Senate. The specific charges were grave in themselves, but behind them stood his pernicious attitude toward public institutions of higher learning in the State and, particularly, his vicious attacks upon the University. The evidence was so conclusive that Ferguson himself acted upon it and resigned before the Senate could vote on impeachment.

The victory of his wife cannot be construed as a protest against prohibition or as a promise of light wines and beer. It does not mean that State funds can again be mishandled. It does not forecast a renewal of the war on the University of Texas. Such possibilities sobered many people who, mindful of Ferguson's past attitude, hesitated to vote for his wife for fear that she would be dominated by him. Had she been the wife of any other man or had Ferguson himself been dead, there would never have been any question about the outcome. Her husband's attitude and his public record were liabilities. She overcame them. She did so on one issue. That issue which made her victor in the primary was wholly the Klan. Every effort to drag in other issues was defeated, and the people of Texas, confronted with a clean-cut opportunity to express their preference and stirred to their depths by the arguments of their soundest leaders, heartened at the dramatic moment by the appeal of John W. Davis, marched to the polls and defeated the Klan in one of its greatest strongholds and removed it forever as a factor in Texas politics.

French and English

Etchings by



Courtesy of Arthur H. Harlow & Co., 712 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rose Window, Chartres

These new etchings by an English artist effectively indicate the vastness, the solemnity, and the architectural dignity of the two great cathedrals, one French, the other English, which are their subjects. They are perhaps as successful as

Ecclesiastical Art

Albany E. Howarth

any black and white renditions can be in seeking to convey a sense of the ineffable charm, the glorious light, the other-world atmosphere that impress themselves upon every visitor to these famous European churches



The Five Sisters of York

Where a Prince Finds Peace

A Descriptive Article of the Ranch in Southern Alberta which his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales Calls his Canadian Home

By OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

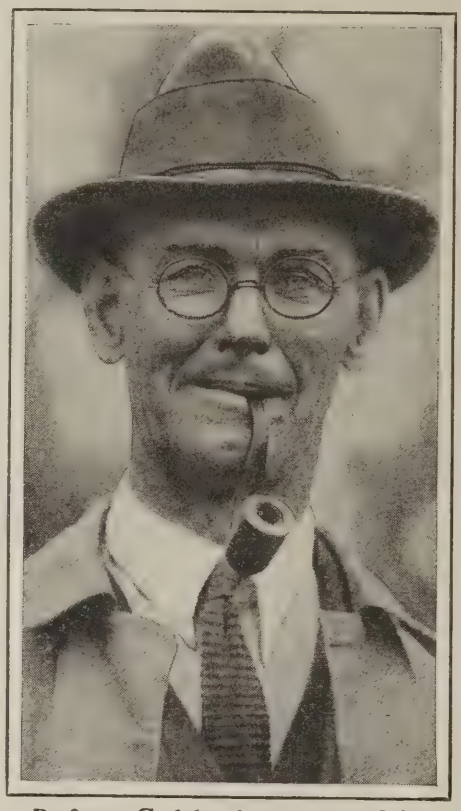
DURING the nerve-racking years of war a favorite song of the Canadian soldiers in France was "My Little Gray Home in the West." The last year of the war his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was attached to the Headquarters Staff of the Canadian Army Corps. The heir to the British throne developed an affection for Canadians, and he then and there decided that as soon as possible he would see Canada. In the summer of 1919 he came to the great British Dominion and, journeying westward, bought for himself "a little gray home" in southern Alberta.

His Royal Highness is particularly fond of the people of North America. He has an open admiration for their initiative and enterprise, and he will enjoy every minute of his two weeks' visit in the United States. His main purpose, however, in crossing the Atlantic is to spend a quiet vacation at the royal ranch in southern Alberta.

The first intimation that his Royal Highness would visit his ranch this fall was given at the Dominion Day dinner of the Canadian Club in London on July 1. "Canada has been a real tonic to me," he declared in the course of his speech. "I don't know what it is exactly—whether it is the air, the great spaces, or the many kind friends—but the fact remains. I first realized the appeal of the West when I spent a few weeks there after the close of the war. I went straight from four years of horror and confusion to a great, clean country, full of hope and confidence, and I am sure I shall find the same benefit from my visit this fall."

The staff of the "E. P." Ranch were not surprised to hear that their royal employer would be visiting them this fall, for on leaving them last year he stated that he had had a "jolly good time," and would be back again as soon as possible. When his motor arrives at the main gate of the ranch, he will be welcomed quite simply by Professor W. L. Carlyle, the superintendent, and his staff of experienced stock attendants. While visiting in the West his Royal Highness no doubt will enjoy a night or two of dancing at Banff or Calgary, but for the most part he will confine himself to the open-air routine of ranch life.

In seeking the open places for a holiday the Prince of Wales is following in



Professor Carlyle, the manager of the Prince's ranch

the footsteps of his royal father, King George V, and his royal grandfather, King Edward VII. The Prince, however, is the first of his family to seek a home in the wide open spaces of the British dominions, and his initiative and democratic behavior have developed deep admiration among the Canadian people.

His Royal Highness possesses considerable business capacity and an unusual imagination. This has been demonstrated a number of times in recent years, but never more so than by his purchase of the Beddingfield homestead near Pekisko, Alberta, now known as the "E. P." Ranch. If the heir to the British throne had made an inspection of the British dominions, it is doubtful if another spot could have been found to equal it for exclusion, beauty, or restfulness. It nestles in the foothills of the Canadian Rocky Mountains, twenty-five miles west of the town of High River. The ranch is hidden from view until one is quite close to it, for it lies at the end of a long row of balm of Gilead trees which stand as sentinels on the winding Pekisko River. While the royal ranch is sheltered from the east, it is even more securely protected from the west, for far down the valley on which the "E. P." faces, and rising from its outer edge, is the first great range of the "Hills of Time"—the Canadian Rockies.

The haven of refuge from the endless coil of official appearances is a typical western ranch, not more pretentious or luxurious than a number of similar ranches throughout the United States and western Canada. The main ranch house, in which the Prince lives, is simply a log cabin disguised by board sheeting. It is a low, rambling structure, and contains a dining-room, a good-sized living-room, three master's rooms, three baths, three servants' bedrooms, and a kitchen.

On approaching the house the vine-covered veranda first attracts the attention, and then the graveled walk leading to the dining-room door presents a cheerful appearance with bright-hued geraniums neatly placed in large green-painted pots. The dining-room is much the same as those of neighboring ranch houses. The walls are finished in a light yellow, with white woodwork, and are decorated with a sepia print entitled "A Tug of War." An upright coal stove is placed in one end of the room, and two china cabinets, a table, and six straight-backed chairs are the only furniture in this simple, democratic dining-room.

The living-room is a replica of that in thousands of other modest homes, and is a combined reception-room, den, and drawing-room. It is immediately south of the dining-room, and contains a red-brick grate and half a dozen chairs of varying degrees of comfort. Over the fireplace is a framed photograph of the King; on the wall there is an autographed photograph of the Prince, while near by are two interesting pictures of the late King Edward holding by the bridle reins Persimmon and Minoru, two Derby winners owned by that popular sportsman. Deerskin rugs are the only coverings on the painted floor, and in one corner is the desk of Professor Carlyle.

The bedroom used by the royal ranch owner is very simply decorated. It is situated to the right of the living-room, with its window facing the south, and is a fair-sized room finished with light-gray wallpaper and white ceiling and woodwork. A large mahogany bed stands in one corner of the room, with a chiffonier and dressing-table of the same wood against the wall. A small mahogany table



Hampshire sheep on the E. P. Ranch

for magazines and books and a coal stove complete the equipment of the room.

The fact is that the "E. P." Ranch is designed for business and work rather than for pleasure and entertainment. It was acquired by his Royal Highness during his first tour of Canada, five years ago, when he visited the famous "Bar U" ranch of George Lane, one of the best-known ranchers in western Canada. One day while out walking with Professor Carlyle, who was managing Lane's ranch at that time, the Prince expressed a desire to own a Canadian ranch. "Well, why not, your Highness?" replied Carlyle. "The Beddingfield farm near by might be bought." The Prince did not make up his mind at once, but on his return from the Pacific coast he wired Lane and Carlyle to meet him on his train, and then gave them commission to buy. Part of the arrangement was that Carlyle should come to him; but, while Lane lost a manager, he also acquired a royal neighbor.

The ranch which was purchased by the Prince of Wales had been the property of Mrs. W. Beddingfield, of High River, for twenty years. It consists of 1,600 acres of deeded land and 2,400 acres of pasturage leased from the Dominion Government. It was rechristened the "E. P." Ranch for "Edward Prince," and because it is also convenient and distinctive for branding purposes. The ranch and equipment are managed by Professor Carlyle, who is a former Master of Science from the State College of Colorado and was for six years in charge of horse breeding for the United States Government. Carlyle has an international reputation as an agricultural expert, and his services were secured by the royal rancher because of his success in breeding and raising prize stock.

The maintenance of the ranch is not based altogether on sentimental reasons, nor for the sole purpose of having a western retreat far from the importunities for royal patronage. The "E. P." Ranch is being conducted as an experimental farm, but it is also managed as an efficient business. The main endeavor is to discover what breeds thrive best on western land, and, with this in view, the Prince, through his manager, has imported the finest horses and cattle strains.

On the "E. P." Ranch at present are shorthorn cattle, Dartmoor ponies, Shropshire and Hampshire sheep, heavy draught horses, and racing stock. The original Shropshire sheep came from the Duke of Westminster's establishment at Eton Hall, Cheshire. The Hampshire sheep arrived at the royal ranch during the past summer and have thrived at their new home. The climate of Alberta also seems to agree with the herd of Dartmoor ponies from the Dartmoor Plateau in Devonshire. The Dartmoor is only twelve hands high, but his Royal Highness and Professor Carlyle have hopes that in a few generations the breed can be developed to fourteen hands—about the height of a polo pony.

During the early part of 1923 the Prince sent out three Clydesdale fillies. These, with five prize Percherons, give some idea of the objective which is being sought by the management of the "E. P." Ranch. To give the names of some of the shorthorn cattle at the ranch would be a listing of some of the proudest names in the cattle aristocracy of England. The cows are royal animals from the Prince's English farm at Stoke-Clymsdale. Recently a three-year-old bull was added to the herd called by the peculiar name of "King of the Fairies." The original herd of twenty-six shorthorns have increased greatly since the first importation, and have taken many prizes at exhibitions throughout the continent.

Since the Prince purchased the ranch in Alberta many improvements have been made. A modern barn of ample proportions has been built near its modest log predecessor; rail fences have been replaced by up-to-date wire ones; a silo has been constructed; large crops of hay, alfalfa, turnips, oats, and sunflowers are grown for feeding the stock; and a system of irrigation is being developed. While the royal rancher and his manager, Professor Carlyle, are confident that the enterprise will develop into a highly profitable one, the Prince maintains that ranching is "the most playful way of working" he has ever known.



Front view of house of Prince of Wales Ranch, Pekisko, near High River, Alberta, Canada

Art Songs[1]

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

The Art Song and the Folk-Song

IF you wanted to make a tune for a poem that caught your fancy, how would you go about it? That would depend a good deal on your inventiveness, and also on your memory; and your memory would in turn depend somewhat on whether you were able to write down the tune. The poem might likely be in regular stanzas, all alike in form, however different in meaning. If you could not assist your memory by written notes, you would probably have to content yourself with a single short tune, and repeat it for each stanza. In that case your result would be like thousands of folk-songs. It might have a great deal of charm, and even be very expressive within limits; but when the words changed their expression decisively the tune might come to seem rather inappropriate. On the other hand, if you were a skilled musician, able to use notation to help your memory, you could compose the whole poem right through, making the music change to suit the changing expression of the text. In that case, you would produce what the Germans call a "through-composed" (*durch componirt*) and what we may call a "continuous" song. To this type belong most, though not all, of the songs written by individual composers, and known as "art songs." "Folk-songs," on the other hand, imagined by people who cannot write, invariably consist of single stanzas or strophes of melody, repeated as many times as may be necessary to complete the words. They may therefore be called "strophic." It was because Franz Schubert (1797–1828) combined skilled musicianship with a simple sentiment like that of unlettered people that he was able to fill his songs with the beauties of both types, and thus to raise the song to a new level of expressiveness. He deserves his title of the "Father of the Song."

Considering the disadvantages under which pioneers always labor, Schubert succeeded remarkably in escaping the pitfalls of both the types of song he was combining. The special danger of the strophic type, of course, is monotony and a certain mechanical rigidity and inexpressiveness. Folk-songs are sometimes unbelievably childlike, not to say childish, in the way they content themselves with one unchangeable tune for the most opposite sentiments in the words. In the old English song "Barbara Allen" (Figure I) the lines in the first stanza,

All in the merry month of May
When the green buds they were swelling,

are set literally to the same notes as those so opposite in expression in the corresponding part of the sixth stanza,

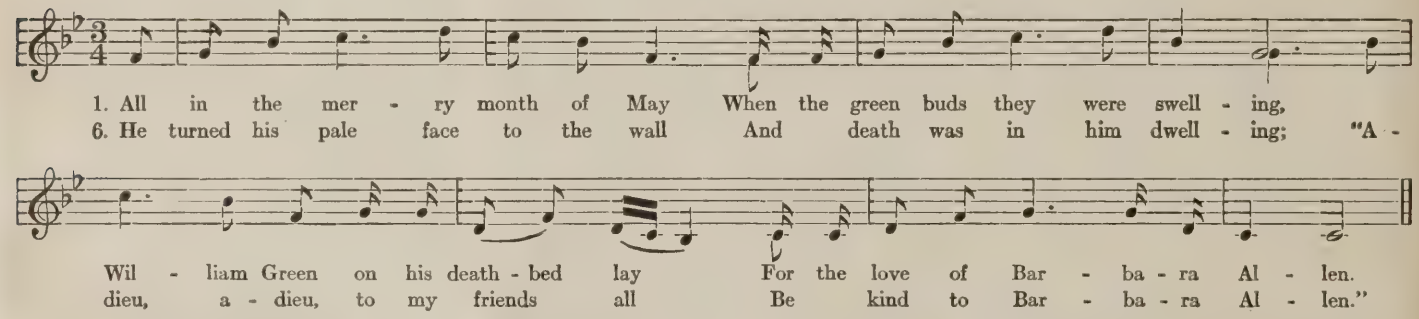
He turned his pale face to the wall,
And death was in him dwelling.

Even Schubert does not always avoid such misfits of the ready-made musical stanza. In his song "Wandering" the opening phrase, set to the words "To wander is the miller's joy, to wander," is of a lovely grace; but when later comes the line, "The mill-wheel will be moving too," and the music forces us to repeat "the mill-wheel," the result is not so happy.

As for the "continuous song," the danger here is not monotony, but miscellaneousness. If you go from stanza to stanza in the excitement of your chase after just the music that will most fully express your words, you are likely to forget where you started out, and your hearer is likely to become bewildered. As the difficulty of the strophic song is to get enough variety, the difficulty of the continuous song is to secure by artfully introduced repetition the final impression of unity. No doubt Schubert sometimes fails to do this; he falls somewhat short of it in his famous song "The Wanderer," which, for all its vividness from moment to moment, leaves us at last with the impression of a brilliant patchwork. But failures, as Stevenson says, are "the *pierres perdues* of successes," and when Schubert succeeds the result is something new in the art of music.

He was only eighteen years old when he made his famous setting of Goethe's ballad "The Erl-King." Here he had as text sixteen couplets, all in the same meter, one not very different, as it happens, from that of "Barbara Allen." The fashions of his day, all the models he had to go upon, must have strongly suggested a strophic arrangement like that of the English tune. But this boy of genius already felt instinctively that a better method was possible, a method giving more flexibility, freedom, expressiveness,

Figure I



and enabling him to set the characters and scenes of Goethe's thrilling story more vividly before us. From the first onslaught of rapidly repeated octaves in the right hand (see Figure II), suggesting galloping hoofs, and the exciting little runs up and jumps down of the left, it is evident that what he is after is to paint for us the scene:

Who rideth so late through night and wind?
It is the father with his child.

Then, instead of making all the couplets alike, he provides at least four different kinds of music in order to characterize the people as they appear. First there is the music for the purely descriptive couplets 1 and 2 at the beginning and

[1] The substance of this article will appear in Mr. Mason's book "From Song to Symphony," prepared for the Study Course of the National Federation of Music Clubs and soon to be published by the Oliver Ditson Company.—The Editors.

Figure II
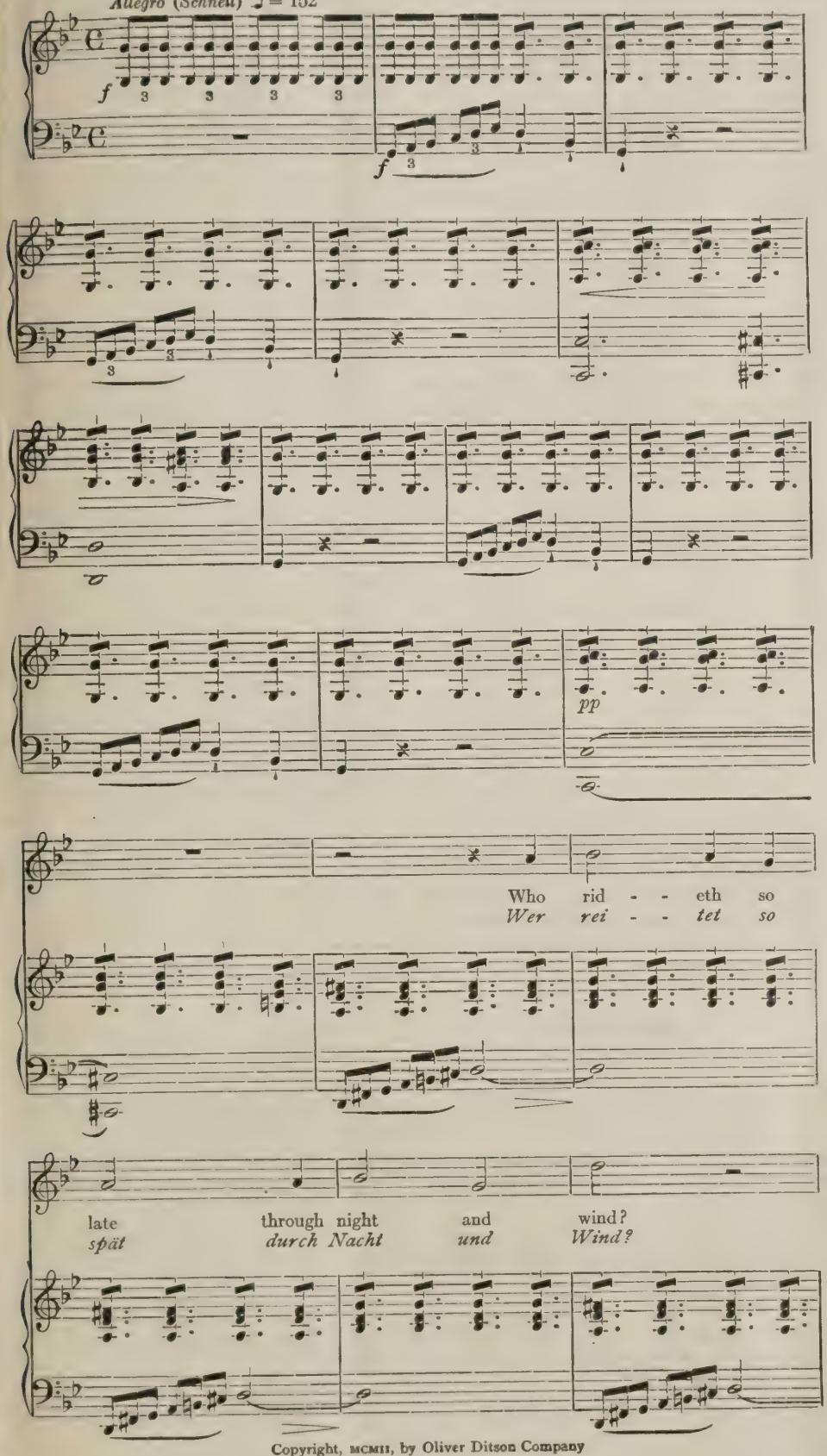
The Erlking

(Der Erlkönig)

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749-1832)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 1
(1797-1828)

Allegro (Schnell) ♩ = 152



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15 and 16 at the end. Then there is the more dramatic, speaking accent adopted for the talk of father and son in couplets 3, 4, 8, and 12. Then for the wheedling appeals of the Erl-king we have the sweet and seductive music of couplets 5-6 and 9-10, growing more threatening in 13. Finally, the rising terror of the child is magnificently communicated in couplets 7, 11, and 14, each higher and more intense than the preceding, with their terrifying dissonant chords for the piano—a stroke of genius.

All this variety, however, might have resulted in the kind of spreading and loss of concentration we feel in "The Wanderer" had not Schubert been able to impress a final unity on it all by an art even more subtle though not so striking. Notice that no contrast is left to be forgotten, each is confirmed by a later reappearance. Thus the last two couplets confirm the first two, and round out the song into completeness, while all the other couplets are arranged in three climaxes: 3, 4, 8, 12; 5, 6, 9, 10, 13; and 7, 11, and 14. Again, Schubert welds the whole song into one by the rhythm of three notes to a beat that appears in the right hand in the very first bar. The "motive" that appears in the left hand almost equally early he also develops in all sorts of ways. And finally, by beginning and ending in the "key" of G minor, and interposing many other keys to contrast with it in the middle part of the song, he unifies it in still another way. Thus he is a master not only of expression, but of musical organization through rhythm of motive, phrase, and key.[2]

Truth of Declamation

IF we look again at Figure I, we shall notice another matter in which folk-songs are often rather crude. In the lines

He turned his pale face to the wall,
And death was in him dwelling,

the key word is "death," and any good reciter would linger on that word so as to make it the "high light" (to borrow a term from the sister art of painting) of the whole sentence. But in the song the necessity of setting the words to an already established tune makes this impossible, and we get more weight on the unimportant word "in" than on the supreme word "death." This is "false declamation," and results from the use of words as a mere peg to hang a tune on. To Schubert, it must be confessed, words were not always much more than that, and there is a good deal of false declamation in his songs. Even in the "Erl-King" the very second line reads:

Es *ist* der Vater mit *seinem* Kind—

"It *is* the father" (as if any one had denied it!) "with *his* child" (as if some one had suggested that the child was illegitimate!).

In no respect do the great composers

[2] See the discussion of these matters in the article on "Folk-Songs" in The Outlook of August 20.

of "art songs," such as Schumann (1810–56), Franz (1815–92), Brahms (1833–97), Wolf (1860–1903), and Strauss (1864–), carry expressiveness beyond the simple possibilities of folk-song with more success than in this important matter of truth of declamation. One can get a vivid sense of this progress by comparing Silcher's folk-like setting of Heine's "Lorelei" with Liszt's well-known setting. In the opening lines

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin.

(I know not what it betokens
That I such sadness know.)

Silcher buries the key word "sadness" in the middle of his tune, which flows along so easily, gracefully, and almost gayly, that we find it hard to believe in the sadness at all. Liszt not only makes his whole phrase lead up to the word, and culminate upon it, but he changes his time in order to make it even more weighty, and then *repeats* it.[3]

In other words, Silcher writes simply a pretty tune, almost like a folk-song. Liszt's tune is not so pretty, but is far more expressive because it takes the words seriously and makes the music emphasize their meaning.

In his declamation Schubert is nearer to Silcher than to Liszt. His attitude towards it is careless, uncritical, unawakened. Schubert, we must remember, was a man of little or no literary taste, whose musical mind was so fertile that he often wrote half a dozen songs in a single day. Naturally, such a man would exercise little discrimination in choosing his texts; Schumann said of him that he "could have set an advertisement to music," and many of the "poems" he did set had little more merit than an advertisement; everything was grist that came to his mill. Schumann and Wolf, on the other hand, were writers themselves, accustomed to dealing with words; Brahms, little inclined to express himself in words, at least approached them critically and shows on every page of his music a fine sense of their values. In Wolf the sense of the supreme importance of the text was carried to so high a point that he confined himself largely to one poet at a time (Mörike, Goethe, etc.), set only the best poets, and when he published his Mörike songs used the poet's picture instead of his own as a frontispiece.

[3] For the detailed comparison see "A Guide to Music," by Daniel Gregory Mason, page 207.

Equality of Voice and Piano

LET us not, however, do Schubert injustice. If he did not progress so far as Wolf towards accurate and eloquent expression, he at least opened up the path. It was his realization that the piano and the voice must be of equal importance in the song, rather than the piano a mere background or accompaniment for the voice, that created a new technique which Wolf and others later perfected. So long as your line of melody for the voice is the main thing, you cannot vary it much; you cannot pass quickly over this note and linger long on that without losing the feeling of unity, without which there is no beauty. You cannot, for instance, hold up the movement on that word "death" in "Barbara Allen" without making it get "out of the picture," without spoiling the whole for the sake of the part. It is only when the piano part becomes equally important that it can serve as a uniform background for the whole tone picture, and leave the voice line freer to follow the words. Schubert, by thinking of his compositions, not as "songs with piano accompaniments," but as "duets for voice and piano," really foreshadowed a new technique.

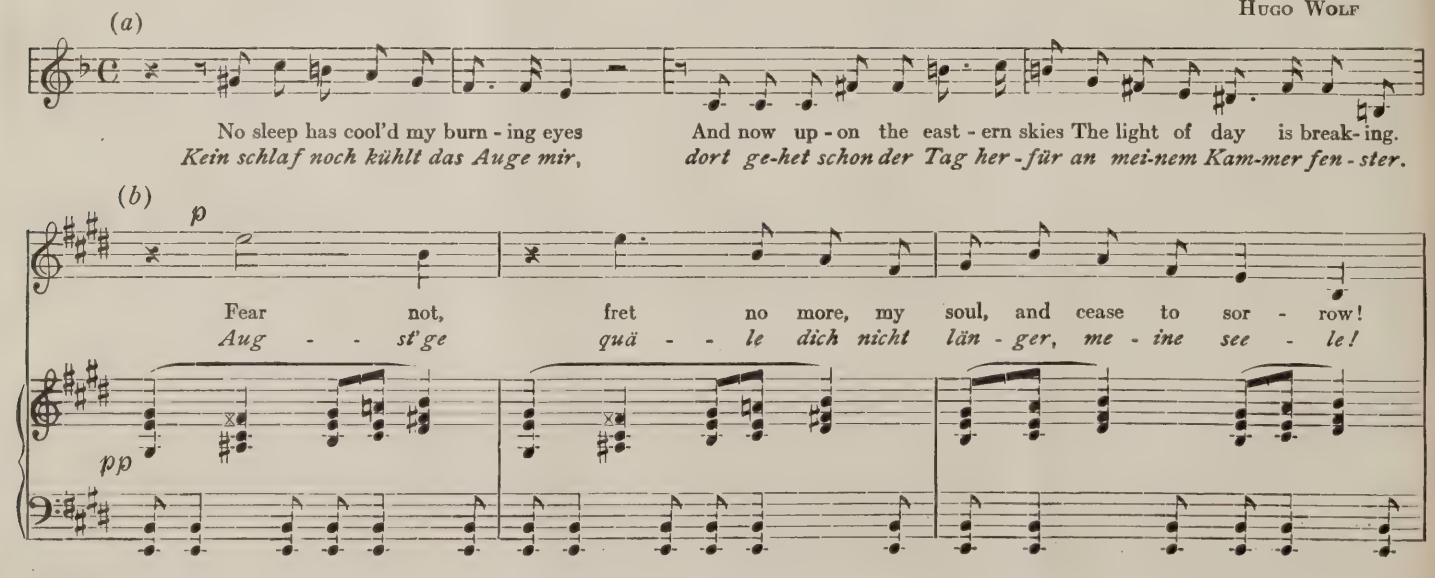
Hugo Wolf's songs[4] suggest the endless possibilities of this new technique. Take, for instance, such a beautiful song as "Morning" (*"In der Frühe"*). Here the text, by Eduard Mörike, consists of six iambic verses, followed by four trochaic ones. Wolf draws these diverse elements all together by the motive which permeates the entire piano part, and by the same simple means frees himself to follow with minutest sensitiveness the shades of expression of the text. How the elastic ebb and flow of his voice part contrasts with the sing-song regularity of folk-song! (Figure III*a*.)

How lovely is the hesitation and fall of the voice on "Fear not," and how impossible it would have been so to hold up the movement of the voice unless the piano had been maintaining movement by the repetition of its motive! (Figure III*b*.) This song will repay analysis down to its minutest parts. It is an admirable example of that unified yet endlessly various treatment of a "leading motive" which Schubert introduced in such songs as "Der Döppelgänger," which Schumann and Brahms followed, which Wolf brought to its highest potency, and which Wagner applied on an unprecedented scale in his music-dramas. Another surprising example is Wolf's "The Soldier (No. II)," from the Eichendorff songs, where he takes endless liberties with the spacing of the words and with the repetition of the cry, "Make haste," yet, thanks to the piano motive,

[4] "Fifty Songs of Hugo Wolf," Musicians Library.

Figure III

HUGO WOLF



ever loses clearness and the sense of nevitability.

Idealization versus Illustration

YET, wonderful as is Wolf's power to characterize, it may be questioned whether he does not often purchase it at cost of that wider general beauty which we find so especially in the songs of Schumann and Brahms. Mr. Ernest Newman compares some of Wolf's settings to those of the same texts by these masters, much to their disadvantage, not seeming to realize that, while an easel picture may not be so vivid as a magazine illustration, it may be far more beautiful, and that it is dangerous in an art like music to sacrifice the whole to the details. A composer who does so is like a singer who tries to put too much passion into the single moments of a song—breathless pauses, low sighs, high notes held overlong—thus spoiling the symmetry, and with it the beauty and impressiveness of the whole. In his preface to the "Songs of Franz," in the Musicians Library, Mr. W. F. Apthorp tells of a singer who thus exaggerated in a song recital at Carnegie Hall, New York, and of a musician who on the way out made this memorable comment: "If he only had not sung with so much 'expression,' there would not have been a dry eye in the house." This singer was David Bispham; the critic was Mr. Arthur Whiting.

It may therefore be pointed out in closing that, wonderful as Wolf is for vivid characterization, Brahms seems far to excel him in the power to suffuse a whole song, details and all, in an atmosphere of ideal beauty, through his power of suggestion and his magnificent reticence and self-control. How marvelous is the combination of truth of detail and truth of the whole in such a song as his "Death is Like the Cooling Night"! How admirably the darkening harmony suggests the words *"Es dunkelt schön"*! How delicately the rhythm freshens at the words *"Über mein Bett erhebt sich ein Baum"* ("Above my bed there grows a tree")! How the music exults as the nightingale "sings aloud for very love," and how it darkens back into the atmosphere of dream at the end! And yet all these details "stay in the picture," the artistic unity and beauty of the whole is perfect, and we are never unable to see the forest for the trees. Such songs as this, as "Feldeinsamkeit," with its lovely breath of open fields, as the deeply spiritual "O kühler Wald," as "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer," with its masterly variety in unity through rhythm and key and its profound feeling, seem to carry the art song to its highest point, where it has not only a vividness and sensuous variety worthy of Wagner, as Wolf so notably has, but also an even more precious Bach-like magnanimity and noble reserve.

Nebraska, More Prince than Pauper

By WILLIAM C. GREGG

IN 1878 I was a boy of sixteen living on a Nebraska farm. I bought a wagon-load of shelled corn in Silver Creek for 10 cents a bushel, and hauled it to Albion. At that time the Nebraska farmers had plenty to eat, enough to wear, and had fairly good houses (many sod houses, warm in winter and cool in summer).

At that time Nebraska land values averaged perhaps ten dollars an acre, perhaps less. I distinctly remember the prejudice against the Union Pacific Railroad at that time (which I shared) because of alleged excessive freight charges. In 1881 I took the side against the railroads in a debate in the State University at Lincoln. I have ever since been critical of American railroads, their charges and management. I have also been critical of elevator companies, and the money-lenders who, unrestrained in those early days, often took their pound of flesh.

For the last twenty-five years I have been manufacturing railroad material in the East and selling it entirely in foreign countries. I have had a salesman's luck in the East and West Indies, in South America and Europe. I have trusted people, generally with success; but whatever mushy idealism I may have had originally soon gave way to a realization that foreigners have fully as much self-interest as we have, and that to deal with them successfully Americans have to keep their eyes open and their pencils sharp.

Since 1878 I have watched Nebraska grow gradually rich, and more critical of the "predatory powers" which probably prey on her now, only as a flea does on a dog, with results annoying but not serious.

Nebraska's Riches

NEBRASKA has a per capita wealth of around $4,000, while New York can boast of only $3,400 and New Jersey $3,500. The bank deposits of Nebraska average (per capita) $148, while New Jersey averages only $144.

Nebraska has enough automobiles today to enable every man, woman, and child in the State to ride at the same time. I cannot say the same thing of New York or New Jersey. I do not think Nebraska's debts, public and private, are as great per capita or per acre as the debts of either New York or New Jersey.

Local Taxes

WHAT's the matter?

Nebraska, like New York and New Jersey, is suffering from too heavy local taxes; these are for schools, for roads, for court houses, for local official salaries, etc., and are hard to get rid of. Local taxes generally represent the greatest burden on every American community, and cannot be lessened by any action of Congress or President.

High Cost of Farm Labor

As Nebraska is a farming community, the cost of farm labor is perhaps the next great problem. This trouble can be remedied only by revising labor prices generally. The small grain farmers find the abnormal increase in the cost of threshing due largely to the increased cost of labor.

High Freight Rates

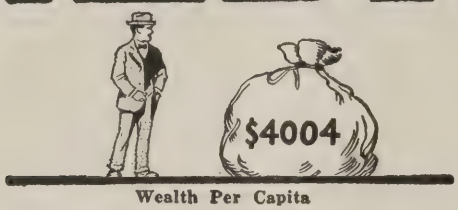
TRANSPORTATION is the third great Nebraska burden. She makes a surprising showing of wealth, considering she is 1,500 miles from the seacoast.

There can be no general reduction on

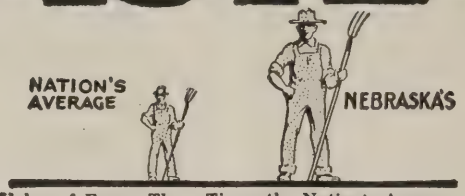
INTERESTING CENSUS FIGURES FOR TWO STATES

	Per capita wealth	Average size of farms, acres	Average value per acre	Average land value per farm	Average farm mortgage per acre	Average interest rate, per cent	Bank deposits per capita
Nebraska	$4,004	340	$99.50	$34,000	$20	5.7	$148
New Jersey	3,524	87	136.00	11,832	31	5.4	144

NEBRASKA



Wealth Per Capita



Value of Farms Three Times the Nation's Average



Leads in Agricultural Production Per Capita



Leads in Per Capita Beef Production



Shares Honors With One Other State in Lowest Per Cent Illiteracy



One Telephone to Every Five Persons



One Automobile to Every Five Persons



Twelve Railroad Systems—7242 Miles Railroad Line



$50,000,000 Annually from Poultry and Eggs



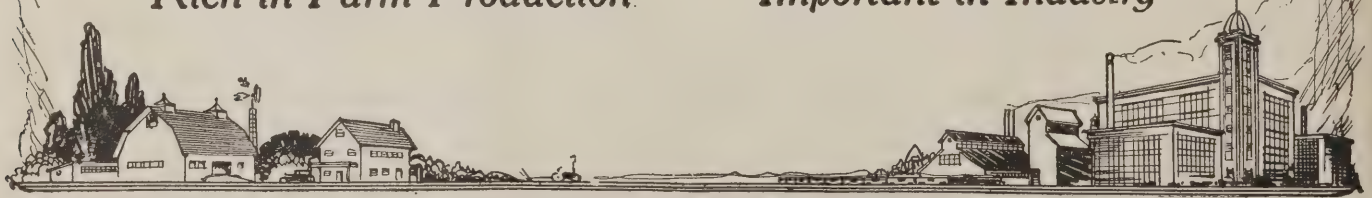
Two Largest Horse Markets in the World

$500,000,000
Annual Agricultural Production

$600,000,000
Annual Industrial Production

Rich in Farm Production

Important in Industry



The Nebraska Daily Newspaper Association, backed by Nebraska retailers, manufacturers, lumbermen, and business men, published a pamphlet designed to prove the prosperity of their State and to persuade National advertisers to make a special effort to market their wares in flourishing Nebraska. The statistics in this pamphet, from which this page was taken, do not sound at all like those which we hear from political platforms

ransportation charges without a reduc-ion of railroad wages. The country as whole will not be taxed to enable one art or one class to enjoy freight bonuses. However, it may be necessary to reduce he cost of living before justice will per-nit wage reduction.

Too Many Middlemen

We support too many middlemen. We talk against them, including utomobile agents and real estate men, ut we make very little effort to deal irect. Let us confess that you and are responsible for some of the mid-llemen who make an easy living on is.

Automobile Expense

Automobile expense weighs on the farmer. Automobiles are a luxuri-us necessity. No one deserves them as nuch as the farmer. He works long and ard. His horses are tired; he ought to o eight miles to town after supper to et repairs for his cultivator or medicine or the baby. With an auto the trip is nade in an hour, and he goes to bed arly and refreshed.

I well remember that it was twenty niles to the nearest Nebraska town in 1878. What a long, hard drive to make he trip by team in one day! We were up at five and off at six, returning at ten o'clock at night, with the horses still to be cared for, and those horses couldn't be worked much next day.

The modern farmer has many advantages, but he is still the slave of every acre he possesses. He is still the slave of every head of stock he owns, and when he has bad luck he is the slave of the man who holds his notes. The farmer gambles with nature. He faces the fates of heat and cold, drought and deluge. He makes his bet with borrowed money, added to his own right arm. From the dawn of history until now the harvest festival has celebrated his success or the sheriff announced his failure.

Speculation in Farm Land

The farmer can be too free with his nature gambling, or he can get mixed up in farm land speculation and still try to believe that he is only farming. He can be fooled by the one-crop idea and be ruined by overproduction. He can be involved in politics and bet, not on his own physical endurance and hard sense, but on somebody's persuasive voice.

The farmer is supposed to blame Washington when any of his ventures turns out badly, but nine-tenths of his troubles are much nearer home than Washington. According to statistics, Nebraskans are as well off as New Jersey people.

We do not hear of Nebraska people trying to move to New Jersey. The agitator says: "They can't move; they are too much in debt." Perhaps so; but how is it that destitute people in Greece, Armenia, and Austria can raise money to cross Europe and the Atlantic Ocean to get to New Jersey?

But some Nebraska farmers have been losing their farms and some renters are bankrupt. Sam Jones, the great revival preacher, once said: "If you pull up a religious doubt by the roots, you will find a little seed of sin at the root." If you pull up a bankrupt in New Jersey or Nebraska by the roots, you will find a little seed of speculation or extravagance.

No Santa Claus Needed

No father can guarantee to keep his children contented, no matter how much he does for them. No popular government has any business trying to protect a manufacturer or merchant or a tiller of the soil in his plans to make easy money. The more our Government attempts to be our Santa Claus, the more discontented we become.

The new republics of Europe have demonstrated that. It is not necessary for us to hire Socialist surgeons to operate on us just because it is the style in Europe.

Do even the Russian Socialists claim that their exchange of necessities are as free as they were before Russia became "progressive"?

Does any German Socialist point with pride to the trades made by German farmers with townspeople—potatoes and eggs for second-hand jewelry, old sewing-machines, and chromos?

In Austria I have ridden in a parlor car a hundred miles for six cents because the Socialistic Party, the (La Follette) party of radicals, was showing the world what it could do, and now the League of Nations has been appointed receiver for Austria.

Emigration from Europe But None from Nebraska

If some Nebraska farmers would borrow money from their banks or from the War Finance Board, and go to Europe to study sorry Socialism, to check up the promises of the "Progressive" politicians with the actual results, it would be a fine thing. They might find out why people from all Europe are breaking their necks trying to get into the United States. Our "Progressive" friends here have two answers: First, immigrants are lured by our National resources; and, second, immigrants are not trying to get West to the agricultural States.

My rejoinder is that we have no more natural resources than Mexico, for instance, which is suffering under "Progressive" Government, and no European wants to go there. And as to the Europeans not wanting to go to the Middle West, the per capita wealth and opportunities are as great there as in the East. Cost of living and unemployment favor the West.

The Nation that Fares Best

What nations have fared best since the Armistice? Those which have departed least from their 1914 standards. Those nations which have avoided excessive debts, excessive wages, excessive taxes, excessive purchases of luxuries. We call such nations conservative. What does the word "conservative" mean? Originally it meant "disposed to hold together, to preserve." I have been told that a conservative is one who is "dead from the neck up." If that is right we must get another word for those nations that want to preserve or hold the advantages they have.

About all we need to do in this good old U. S. A. is to work for the correction of some errors of the past:

1. Our tariff needs readjusting.
2. Our self-imposed taxes must be reduced.
3. Our debts, both public and private, must be gradually paid off.
4. Our freight charges could be reduced on necessities and increased on luxuries.
5. We must use our old auto for some time and forget that new one we can buy on credit.
6. We must move back to the farm we rented to others.
7. We must get down the old gun and load it for the slick stranger who wants to sell us something. He has done the Middle West out of more money in the last eight years than Wall Street has in twenty.

Wall Street is not one of my pets. When I go into the Street, I always look behind to see how I am going to get out; but it does a lot of work; it manages a large part of the exchange transactions of the world. If it ceased to exist, weeds would grow in the halls of Congress. Don't kill the bull and the bear, but let us make them work a little harder for a little less pay.

From my observations in other countries I would say that we Americans don't know what trouble is.

The Book Table

Evolution

Reviewed by ALBERT G. INGALLS

"I HAVE tried to make this book human and personal." Dr. Kellogg has admirably succeeded in his attempt. "Evolution"[1] is a plain discourse which covers what one who would like to be able to call himself well-informed would wish to know about evolution in biology. Here is the book for the anti-evolutionists to read: first, because it lacks vitriol; again, because it shows them some excellent "talking points" they have missed in their general unwillingness to study before pronouncing sentence; further, because it will provide them with a needed sense of proportion and perspective; and, lastly, because it shows them that "Darwinism" is not a synonym for evolution, and that modern biologists who question Darwin's interpretation of the cause of evolution are in no sense questioning the fact of evolution. One of the happy attributes of Dr. Kellogg's book is that it may be read by the average person without anchorage to a dictionary. "Too much of the evolution written about," says the writer, "has been too far away from most of us." Here we learn, just as if some one were telling us in conversation, about Mendelism, about the theory of mutations, about Darwin's natural and sexual selection. We see the three great evidences that evolution is a fact.

It is natural for most of us to confuse evolution with the evolution of man, for most of us are far less interested in the evolution of anything else—the evolution of man has greater significance than anything else in the world. This is the thing that Dr. Kellogg keeps in view as the end in writing his book. The exposition of what biology knows about it is only a preliminary. Societal evolution begins when man gains speech and begins communal life. Two heads are more than twice as good as one. This "unearned increment" is what has shot him away up above the other creatures with miraculous suddenness, when we view the time factor in man's development as a whole.

[1] Evolution. By Vernon Kellogg. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.75.

The New Books

FICTION

GEORGIAN STORIES. 1924. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

Another collection of modern stories by such English writers as Algernon Blackwood, Stacy Aumonier, St. John Ervine, Aldous Huxley, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, and P. G. Wodehouse. A lively and interesting book.

MRS. PARAMOR. By Louis Joseph Vance. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Had this novel been published fifteen years ago, it would, no doubt, have made a popular hit, as it is written in the ante-bellum manner, glorifying the "new woman." The theme is a variation of the inescapable triangle: in this case it is the other woman who wrecks conjugal felicity. Jill Wetherell, a cynical young worldling, flirts with Pendleton Wayne while his wife is engrossed in literary endeavors. Nevertheless we are assured that Nelly Wayne adores her husband and, presumably only because Love is blind, she alone does not realize his infatuation until at the Country Club dance she perceives him passionately kissing Jill in the middle of the ballroom. Nelly divorces the brute. And what then? Let Mr. Vance tell those who are interested how repentance, compassion, Paris modistes, and a Career combine to bring order out of chaos and a happy ending with the balm of sweet revenge for a wounded spirit. The characterization is not brilliant, but there is amusing persiflage, social tattle, and occasional smart dialogue. Nelly is neither very lovable nor very real. We are assured of various character reformations, but the motivation is not always convincing. "Mrs. Paramor" belongs to that large segment of fiction which treats of superficial people in a superficial way.

PIPERS OF THE MARKET PLACE. By Richard Dehan. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

An admirable guide for a young novelist; it illustrates everything he should avoid—sentimentalism, pathos, melodrama, gushing verbosity. It is a perfectly unconscious burlesque of all the worst features of the fourth-rate early Victorian fiction.

PLUPY AND OLD J. ALBERT. By Henry A. Shute. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $1.75.

Plupy in "The Real Diary of a Real Boy" was funny partly because of his quaint spelling, but more so because of his quaint conduct. This is true of the new Plupy book, but not so much so. Besides the Plupy stories the volume contains a few agreeable talks on miscellaneous topics by Judge Shute.

QUINNEY'S ADVENTURES. By Horace Annesley Vachell. The George H. Doran Company New York. $2.

Those who met Quinney in a former story or in the amusing play made out of that ingenious story will be delighted to know of the further adventures of the gruff but tender-hearted dealer in old prints, china, jewels, and furniture. Quinney runs against queer people, and is never happier than when he is doing those who would do him, except when he can help some honest person out of a hole by his expert knowledge. We wish Mr. Vachell hadn't taken Quinney to Ireland in the last and longest tale; Quinney and the Irish question don't mix well.

THREE HOSTAGES (THE). By John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Richard Hannay, who solves the strange mysteries of this story, will be remembered by readers of Mr. Buchan's "Thirty-nine Steps" and other English war-secret-service tales. Now, after his retirement to post-war peace, a call comes to him that he cannot ignore, and in tracing the villains of these three kidnapping cases to one arch-criminal Sir Richard encounters dangers not a few. The story begins quietly, but increases in its intensity to the very end.

TIME-WORN TOWN (THE). By J. S. Fletcher. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.

This ancient town, governed under its antiquated charter by a trio of crooks, has a Moot Hall with more secret passages than "The Mysteries of Udolfo." The Mayor is murdered in the Moot Hall; and the reader who can guess the how and why until Mr. Fletcher wants him to is some Sherlock Holmes himself. The author has been crowned king of recent crime and detective stories by lovers of that kind of literature.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

WONDERS OF THE PAST; THE ROMANCE OF ANTIQUITY AND ITS SPLENDOURS. Vols. III and IV. Edited by J. A. Hammerton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5 per vol.

A gorgeous picture-book, in which authors who hold numerous academic degrees furnish the text and play second fiddle to the photographer and maker of colored plates. Many of the half-tone plates, especially in the fourth and final volume, are admirable.

BIOGRAPHY

ATGELD OF ILLINOIS. By Waldo R. Browne. B. W. Huebsch, New York. $3.

In the early nineties of the last century the figure of John P. Altgeld was brought before the country under dramatic circumstances, when as Governor

of Illinois he freed three Anarchists convicted of participation in the Haymarket Riot, and later protested vigorously against President Cleveland's intervention in the Debs railway strike. His name was probably as well known throughout the Nation as that of any other public man of his day; he was everywhere recognized as a man of great influence; for a time he was the acknowledged leader of the Democratic Party. Yet until this book by Mr. Browne no biography of Altgeld had ever been written; still more unfortunate, no historian had ever laid out the complete factual background of this critical period in our social history. Mr. Browne's book includes a scholarly and fascinating study of these two high-lights in Altgeld's public life; his conclusion is that the acrimonious and unprecedented abuse of Altgeld for his conduct was cruelly unjust. Fortunately, Mr. Browne has resisted the temptation which such a situation always offers, and nowhere in his book does he attempt to canonize Altgeld, to exaggerate his abilities, or to touch his life with romantic coloring; he tells the story of this man of tragedy in simple and direct fashion. And it would indeed be a bitter and disillusioning story were it not for the indomitable spirit of Altgeld himself, who, though foully attacked and misrepresented, his entire fortune destroyed, his health shattered, was at the end of it all still able to say to those about him: "I am not discouraged. Things will right themselves."

MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE. By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

Recollections of a journalist and foreign correspondent, covering Europe, America, and South Africa, beginning in the 1860's and ending with the Boer War.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW. By Young Boswell. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

"Young Boswell" interviewed many celebrities in New York, a year or so past, for the "Tribune." They were remarkably readable and lively interviews, and here they are, dozens of them, about artists, actors, politicians, and others.

LETTERS OF MADAME (THE). The Correspondence of Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, Princess Palatine, Duchess of Orleans, Called Madame at the Court of King Louis XIV. 1661-1708. Translated and Edited by Gertrude Scott Stevenson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5.

Madame, sister-in-law of the *Roi Soleil*, was past-master of the art of getting news. These letters, only a fraction of the number extant, give one a remarkably graphic picture of French Court life. They are written in a forthright, virile style, and, though the Duchess always calls a spade a spade (particularly when she mentions Mme.



THE WORLD OF HEARSAY

To most of us the world is just a world of dreams, a world of hearsay . . . vague impressions gleaned from history, fiction, poetry . . . phantom visions aroused by such names as Mandalay, Zanzibar, Tahiti.

A RAND McNALLY ATLAS can turn this world of hearsay into a world of facts. Open it at any page. Perhaps California, perhaps the tropical mysteries of Indo-China will lie before you on the flat paper. Then as you study it, from the chart will rise the works, the movements, the very shadows cast by men and things.

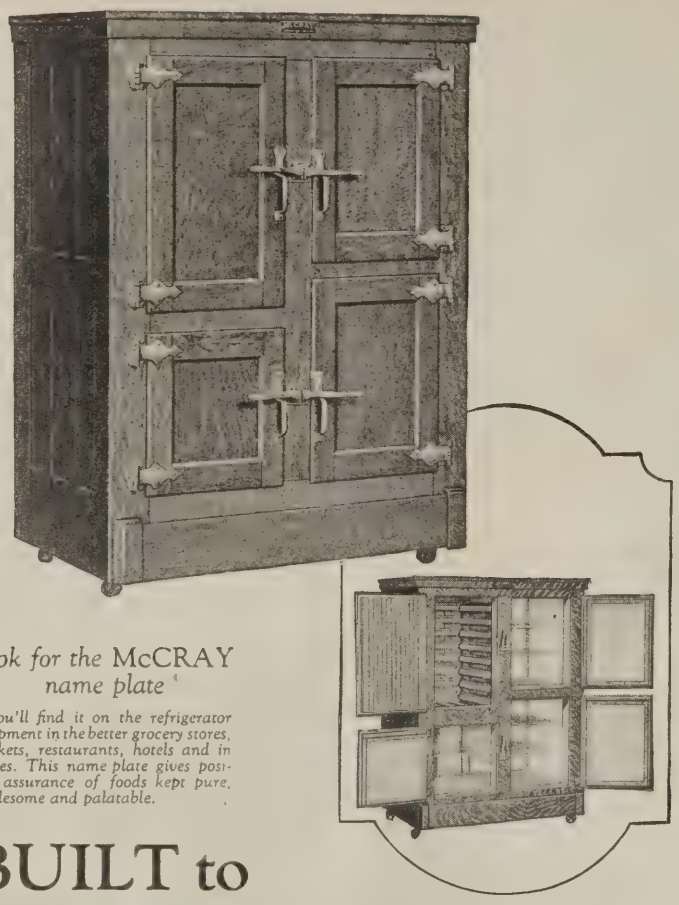
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The staunch oak case, thoroughly insulated walls, substantial hardware, and above all the McCray ideal, which for a third of a century has been *to build better quality into every hidden detail*—these are your assurance of food saving, health protection, *enduring satisfaction* when you install a McCray refrigerator.

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de Maintenon), she is never pornographic. A daughter of the Elector Palatine, her chief correspondents were her aunt, the Electress of Hanover, and other princely relatives in Germany, Spain, Italy, and England. In an era of party passion, bigotry, and superstition she impresses one as singularly free from prejudice. High-principled, human, and humorous, she has, unwittingly, left for posterity valuable commentaries on the political and social life of her day.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

SULTAN OF THE MOUNTAINS (THE). By Rosita Forbes. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $4.

"Do you see that man at the well, and how he draws water?" Raisuli, the Sultan of the Mountains, one day asked Rosita Forbes. "When one bucket empties, the other fills. It is so with the world. At present you are full of power, but you are spilling it slowly and wastefully, and Islam is lapping up the drops as they fall from your bucket." This is typical of what one gets out of Miss Forbes's new book, and it tallies with what one gets from innumerable other sources; it is the warning of a new spirit that is rejuvenating all the Islamic peoples and waking them out of the sleep that has held them captive for centuries. To understand what this waking may mean one must know something of the Arab mind, and it will be hard to find a better introduction to this *terra incognita* than the story so largely told by Raisuli himself and reported with such palpable faithfulness by Miss Forbes. "The mind of an Arab is always more agile than his fingers," was another saying of Raisuli's, used by him to explain why his race, once so great, had fallen behind in the competition with European civilization. And its very fatalism makes it capable of a passive resistance that would wear Westerners to the bone. When the long hour of waiting is past, who knows what explosive power may be revealed? No one reading Miss Forbes's book attentively and open-mindedly can feel sure that the white race will remain the only dominant one forever.

POETRY

POEMS. By J. E. Spingarn. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

Dr. Spingarn made his name as a critic with many articles and two volumes, "Creative Criticism" and "Literary Criticism in the Renaissance," but he has never quite forsaken his earliest love, which was poetry. He wooed her in the old-fashioned manner, with an apt sense of form and rhyme and plenty of metaphors couched in terms that date somewhere in the eighteen-nineties, with other embellishments of a *fin de siècle* courtship. Like many attributes of that maligned time, these methods have their

oints, though a poet who started pur- uing the muse after the year 1910 would ot employ them—nor, for that matter, ould he speak of pursuing the muse. nd it seems necessary to record that in his case the muse was never truly won. or method alone cannot make mem- rable poetry. Dr. Spingarn versifies uavely, rhymes gracefully, and phrases ritely. He produces nothing startling, largely because his ideas, which work upon conventional and unconventional ove themes and patriotic religious trib- ites, turn up nothing very poignant or atisfying in ideas old or new.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

MALL HOUSE AND LARGE GARDEN (A). By Richardson Wright. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

To get a penny tin flute and sit on he ferny bank of a side road and play it s one of the life ambitions of Mr. Richardson Wright; but to the actual en- oyment of this afternoon of a faun he as not yet attained. Another no less audable and innocent ambition, and one ess likely to invite unappreciative com- nent, he has achieved in full; but the ook of brief essays to which his success has given a title is pervaded no less by the echo of that unplayed flute than by the cozy atmosphere of the Small House and the fragrance of the Large Garden of which he has become the happy owner. Its pages are by turns fanciful, humorous, reminiscent, bookish, or out-of-doorsy, but always pleasant and companionable; nor is that final attribute of the Admirable Essayist lacking, a nice instinct for quotation. Few hosts or hostesses will fail to applaud the author's discovery of certain verses on "The Perfect Guest," though perhaps still fewer are likely to emulate his daring in hanging them, neatly framed, on the walls of the guest room, even despite his assurance that nobody was huffed and the hint was not wasted. Many guests copied the lines. So do we:

She answered by return of post
The invitation of her host.
She caught the train she said she would
And changed at stations as she should.
She brought a small and lightish box
And keys belonging to the locks.
Food rich and rare she did not beg,
But ate the boiled or scrambled egg.
When offered lukewarm tea, she drank it,
And did not crave an extra blanket,
Nor extra pillow for her head.
She seemed to like the spare room bed.
She brought her own self-filling pen
And always went to bed at ten.
She left no little things behind
But stories new and gossip kind.

Mr. Wright's book has one drawback: it is likely to disturb the comfort of readers who own large houses and small



The World is Your Playground

on this globe encircling trip—Go Now—There's rare interest in every day.

The fascination of the Orient, the mysticism of India, the age-old secrets of Egypt, glorious Italy and gay France—each calls to the nomad spirit in us all.

You adventure in strange places and are constantly refreshed by new interests and new experiences.

Japan's majestic mountains, her strange shrines and temples, the pomp of royalty, her thickly populated cities, fill days with keen interest.

Strange, Colorful

The Inland Sea is like a fairy land with wooded hills, jewel islands, and myriad unique junks and sampans.

China is a lifetime experience. Shanghai has been well called the Paris of the Far East.

Hong Kong is the Asiatic center of commerce. Peking is a city built in 1200 B.C. Think of the romance of that city's history—battles, sieges, victories, defeats.

Simple and Easy

India is just as interesting in another way. Its people, customs, architecture, are fascinating.

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gardens with an envious suspicion that those proportions ought to be reversed.

TAKING THE LITERARY PULSE. By Joseph Collins. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.

The author of "The Doctor Looks at Literature" considers some further aspects of books and their writers. He is vigorous, sensible, sometimes rather dogmatic, in his decisions about the kinds of books which we ought to disapprove, and the folly of disapproving of some others of which he (Dr. Collins) happens not to disapprove.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

LONDON OF DICKENS (THE). By Walter Dexter. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

What Dickens did not know about London was not worth knowing. From his boyhood in the shoeblacking factory, through hectic journalistic years, and finally in the sunshine of fame he was a persistent, keen observer of the city's life. The zest for adventure never deserted him, and he was never happier than when exploring dilapidated genteel quarter or sordid slum. Mr. Dexter covers all localities mentioned in the novels, neatly grouping them into fifteen rambles, each of which could be accomplished in about two hours. Frequent quotations enliven a book which otherwise might seem dull as Baedeker. Itinerary and references to the novels, detailing chapters in which the particular localities are mentioned, are listed at the end of each ramble. A topographical compendium for the devotee.

YOUR WASHINGTON AND MINE. By Louise Payson Latimer. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

A well printed and illustrated book about the capital of the Nation. There are historical chapters, followed by much information about the city as it is to-day.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

GENIUS OF ISRAEL (THE). By Carleton Noyes. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

This is an "interpretation" of the life of the Israelites and of the history of Israel. It is based on the Old Testament, but is given in the order of chronology. There is an attempt to show the people of Israel as they were in their daily life and in their relations with other folk.

MISCELLANEOUS

BEST NEWS STORIES OF 1923 (THE). Edited by Joseph Anthony. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.50.

There are anthologies of everything, and here is a good selection of the best reportorial work of 1923. Astonishingly good it is; astonishingly readable; and yet, somehow, astonishingly *old*. Just because the passage of President Harding's funeral train across the continent and the Yale-Harvard game of 1923 were news about a year ago these newspaper accounts of them seem curiously antique to-day.

DE NUGIS CURIALIUM (Courtiers' Trifles). By Walter Map. Translated from Latin by Frederick Tupper and Marbury Bladen Ogle. The Macmillan Company, New York. $6.

Walter Map, the mediæval author who flourished about 1200 A.D., was an Englishman who studied and spent much time in France and elsewhere in Europe. His "Courtiers' Trifles" is a curious collection of stories and anecdotes about a hundred different subjects. It is a charming book for casual reading, in a measure comparable to such leisurely works as "The Anatomy of Melancholy" and the "Morte d'Arthur." But why did the two learned professors of the University of Vermont who translated it choose to say that they "Englished" it? When an American scholar uses that Teutonism, it is much to be feared that somebody has German-ed him so far as that phrase is concerned.

Books Received

FICTION

AGAINST THE TIDE. By John Wycliffe. Dodd Mead & Co., New York. $2.

BROWN VELVET HOUSE (THE). By Lois Walker Jacobs. The Bookfellows, Chicago.

GENTLEMAN OF COURAGE (A). By James Oliver Curwood. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York.

QUALITY OF MERCY (THE). By Allen Jacobs. The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM (THE). By Olive Schreiner. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CONCERNING CHRIST. By A. H. McNeile, D.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

HOME: THE SAVIOR OF CIVILIZATION. By J. E. McCulloch. The Southern Co-operative League, Washington, D. C. $3.

LIFE AND TEACHING OF JESUS (THE). By Edward Increase Bosworth. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

EDUCATIONAL

DYING LIGHTS AND DAWNING. By Edmond Holmes. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

HOW THE WORLD GROWS SMALLER. By Daniel J. Beeby. The Charles E. Merrill Company, New York.

VELLEIUS PATERCULUS. By Frederick W. Shipley. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

"The Book Lovers' Corner"

SCIENTIFIC ASTROLOGY APPLIED TO BUSINESS, social affairs. Horoscope writings. GEORGE SMALLWOOD, M.D., 687 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

A SCIENTIFIC AND POPULAR DESCRIPTION OF all the trees and shrubs of Yellowstone Park, with especial reference to their economic use and their relation to wild life. Illustrated. Paper 60c., cloth $1, postpaid. P. H. HAWKINS, Absarokee, Mont.

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WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM. MASTERKEY TO ALL languages: Primers, $1.94 each language: Bohemian, Cantonese, Dutch, English, French, German, Italian, Panjabi, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, Pronunciation-Tables, 30c each language. Dictionaries, grammars, 4,000 languages: Afrosemitic, Amerindic, Eurindic, Indopacific, Siberic, Sinindic. LANGUAGES PUBLISHING COMPANY, 8 West 40th St. New York.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

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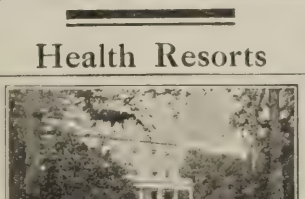
Maine

CAMP CEBENNEK On beautiful Torsey Lake, Readfield, Maine, open until Nov. 1. Wonderful black bass fishing, canoeing, duck and partridge shooting. Excellent food, comfortable cabins. $25 per week. No extras. Address JOHN A. CHASE, Kent's Hill, Maine.

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Garden apartment. Large living-room, 25x15 feet fireplace, large bedroom, bath, and kitchenette. All outside windows. Apply L. E. MOREHOUSE, Murray Hill 1161.

ROOMS WANTED in Philadelphia. Clergyman's widow and daughter (professional woman) desire 2 rooms and bath, prefer unfurnished, within 15 min. trolley ride of U. of Pa. Permanent. 2,651, Outlook.

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GIRL OF FOURTEEN still in grammar school would like in part to earn her board, in Brooklyn, if possible. Used to work, but rather slow. Affectionate and attractive. Interview necessary. A Friend, 2,639, Outlook.

Boarders Wanted

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New York

Flushing, Long Island. For rent with privilege of buying, exceptionally built year-round home. Ten rooms, three baths, large closets, five open fireplaces, enclosed porch, attractive little garden. 2,637, Outlook.

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MANUFACTURER of HAND MADE children's dresses needs several reliable ladies to take orders. Splendid opportunity for ladies with good social connections. Box 156, Davenport, Ia.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Dependable woman as helper in a home for delinquent girls in Virginia. A splendid opportunity for the right one to train into the position of assistant superintendent. Write fully first letter. State age, church connection, education, qualifications, working experience, if any, references, salary expected, etc. Address 5,331, Outlook.

MAN and wife for country home near Philadelphia. Man poultry, fruit. Wife cooking. Address Box 54, Cotuit, Mass.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED, for school of high grade backward children, man to teach manual vocations to boys. Woman to teach articulation and secondary academic branches. References required. State experience and salary desired. Address 5,339, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE, mature, cheerful, capable, care for lady or gentleman alone in home apartment or hotel. References. Address 413 North Second, Camden, N. J.

NURSE for invalid desires engagement. Reliable. Highest testimonials. 5,321, Outlook.

Business Situations

EXPERIENCED executive's assistant available after October 1. No stenography or typing. 5,352, Outlook.

POSITION wanted October first by colored man of character and ability. Excellent references. Would take entire charge of dining room and pantry in small club, exclusive private school or inn catering to refined clientele. Can be interviewed in New York. Any reasonable remuneration commensurate with proven ability accepted. 5,353, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG Englishwoman, desiring to return to England, offers services as companion, nursery governess, chaperon, or secretary (expert stenographer) in return for passage. Reply to 5,306, Outlook.

LADY desires position in girls' school or institution. Experienced in all kinds of institution work. 5,342, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, small private family where one maid is kept. References. Protestant, American. 5,337, Outlook.

POSITION as housekeeper by dependable New England woman. Understands catering and management of servants. Excellent references. 5,338, Outlook.

WOMAN, 12 years' hotel experience South, desires managing housekeeper's position east coast hotel, Florida. 5,343, Outlook.

MATRON — Experienced woman wishes position, institution, home. 5,348, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED housekeeper desires position with business people. Can take entire charge, buying and cooking. 5,347, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED lady will chaperon girls to Europe. 5,346, Outlook.

LADY wishes position as useful companion or household assistant; care of animals; a neat sewer. Country preferred. Address G. O., 66 Maple Ave., Morristown, N. J.

ENGLISH widow lady, refined, desires position of trust. References. Salary and expenses. No objection to travel. 5,356, Outlook.

CULTURED young lady with musical education as traveling or social companion. 5,357, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

EXPERIENCED man teacher desires position. 5,297, Outlook.

THOROUGHLY experienced French teacher, Protestant, wishes position in good school. Write Mademoiselle, 5,318, Outlook.

TEACHER of French and elementary grades wishes position for either school or family. Had experience in private schools and studied abroad. 5,350, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED, educated woman as governess and mother's assistant. 5,349, Outlook.

GOVERNESS or child's nurse, German, 2 years U. S. 8 years' experience. Highest references. 5,358, Outlook.

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MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

FOR sale: Rosewood melodeon. Miss Estabrook, Midland, Mich,

WOMAN of refinement desires to chaperon two young girls in her exclusive Park Avenue apartment for the winter. Operas, lectures, and educational advantages if desired. References exchanged. 5,341, Outlook.

A mother, who is a widow and college graduate, thoroughly understanding the physical care and moral training of girls, will assume entire responsibility of girl from seven to fourteen years old. Exceptional home in Rochester, New York. Highest references. 5,340, Outlook.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

1001 articles repaired. Cameras, dolls, pipes, umbrellas, musical instruments, sporting goods, photographs retouched, etc. Atlas Service, 1786 Madison Ave., New York.

By the Way

Not long ago Mr. Samuel Rea, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, presented medals to twenty-seven employees of the road who had performed notable acts of heroism. The actions commemorated were such as are indicated in the following brief notes:

John W. Saxton, operator, Tyrone division—for the rescue of a child from in front of a moving train on June 8, 1923. Mr. Saxton leaped from the second-story window of his tower at Unionville, Pa., and snatched the child from sure death.

C. R. Blank, brakeman—for risking his life in saving the property of the railroad, as well as the United States mail, during the fire which destroyed the Broad Street Station train-shed at Philadelphia June 10, 1923. Mr. Blank, during the fire, although a brakeman, acted as an engineer and removed from the burning train-shed two locomotives and ten cars.

Morris P. Sherry, night yard clerk, Ashtabula Harbor—who while on duty jumped into the water and rescued a woman who had driven an automobile into the open draw of a bridge, on August 6, 1923.

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

Mrs. Brown—"Are you voting Republican or Democratic this fall?"

Mrs. Smith—"I'm letting the two parties worry about that."

What the boys need is opportunity, and their talent will develop itself. The specific instance that prompts this generalization is the following from the Jackson (Mississippi) "Daily News" report of the Commencement of Piney Woods School:

Jasper McAfee, of Rankin County, had mounted the engine of a 1913 Studebaker auto on the truck of a cement mixer that had outlived its day, and pumped water from the pond to the new building with it. When there was water enough supplied, he had hitched the makeshift portable engine to a dynamo which had been donated to the school for experimental purposes and he lighted the lamps on the stage above him with it. No mechanic or electrician had helped him.

Sending a big ship through the Panama Canal is a costly operation, though no doubt it is cheaper than making the voyage around the Horn. The British warship Hood went through the Canal recently and paid $22,399.50 in tolls. The Hood is the largest vessel that has so far used the Canal.

A subscriber calls attention to the punctuation, or lack of it, that reverses the meaning of two lines of one of the most familiar of English poems, Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," as printed in the "Oxford Book of English Verse" and other anthologies:

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray.

"As the lines stand," says our correspondent, "they mean that the 'rude forefathers of the hamlet' never allowed their wishes to stray far from ignoble strife. A comma should be placed at the end of the first line."

A speculation, says a Wall Street philosopher, is an investment so risky that no investors want it, while an investment is a speculation so safe that no speculators want it.

Patrick Branwell Brontë, brother of Charlotte and Emily, was, to put it briefly and slangily, "a bad egg." But now Miss Alice Law has written a book about him in which she insists that he wrote "Wuthering Heights," a novel heretofore attributed to Emily Brontë. And her chief argument seems to be that no one except Branwell could have so vividly depicted the badness of a reprobate as is done in this novel!

However the idea of the "endless chain" or "snowball letter," as some call it, originated, it is always a nuisance and often a fraud or a scoundrelly threat. An Englishman clergyman in the London "Times" says: "In 1678 Pope Innocent XI condemned the circulation of prayers in this way. Some years ago a writer in the Bombay 'Examiner' calculated that if the 'conditions' were fulfilled, each letter would produce 400,000,000 in nine days."

Simple words are best. Or, as "Life" puts it, "Literary aspirants should religiously eschew polysyllabic orthography. The philosophical and philological substructure of this principle is ineluctable. Excessively attentuated verbal symbols inevitably induce unnecessary complexity and consequently exaggerate the obfuscation of the mentality of the peruser."

The rhetorician who laid down the rule, "Never use a preposition to end a sentence with," has been outdone, declares "The Writer," by the child who asked: "What did you bring that book to me to be read to out of for?"

Answer to the "good old one" in last week's By the Way: "Lot's wife."

Cop. 1

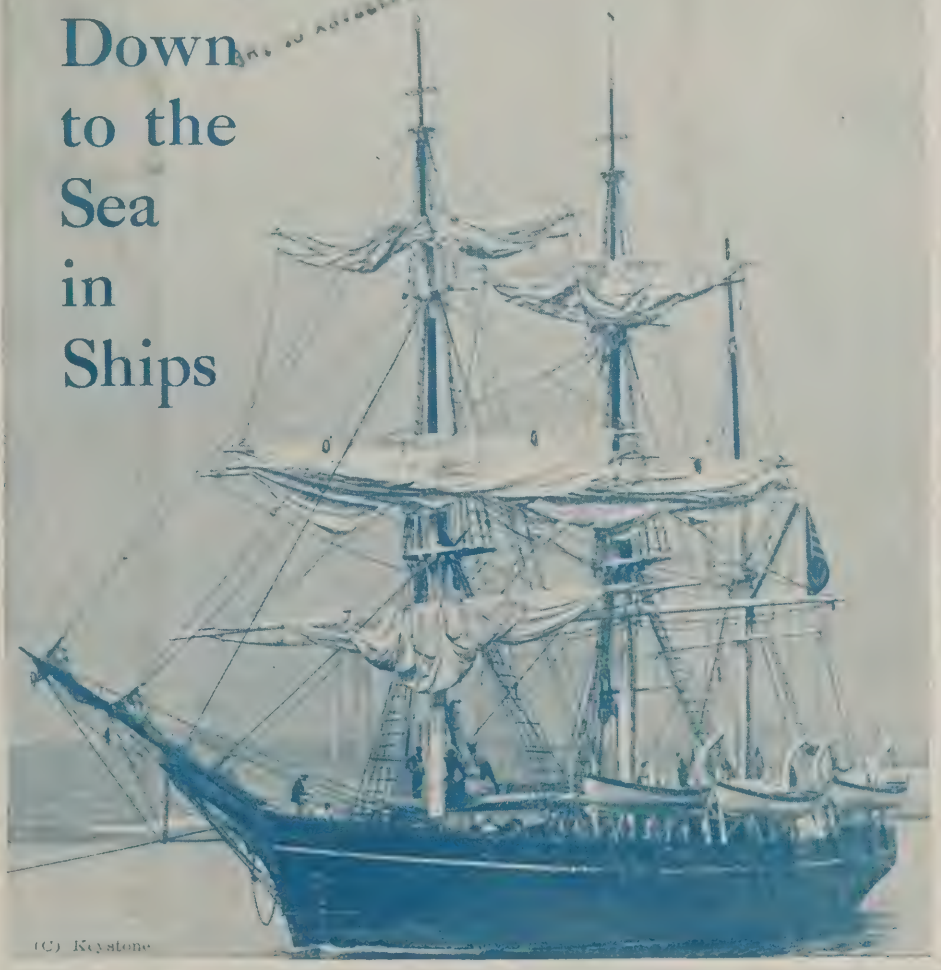
The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

SEPTEMBER 10, 1924

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Contributors' Gallery

FLORENCE MARY BENNETT is a graduate of Vassar College, at one time Associate Professor of Greek and Latin in Hunter College, and now married to Louis Francis Anderson, Vice-President and Professor of Greek in Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington. She is a member of the Poetry Society of America and of the League of American Pen Women. She is the author of two books and numerous essays and poems.



WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD, who has frequently contributed to The Outlook articles on finance and investment, is preparing for us a series which will cover the elementary problems which must be faced by the man or woman who has savings which have to be profitably employed. This series will appear in our financial department.

"A VILLAGE UNDER PROHIBITION," by "Melissa Sturgess," is based on the author's own observations in a small town in New York State. Not only the town but the people in it have been given pseudonyms; even the identity of the author herself has been concealed. Otherwise, however, the facts are told of an actual case and are authentic.

EVELINE W. BRAINERD is editor of the "Weekly News," a publication issued by the New York League of Women Voters. The League helped entertain Commandant Allen, of the British Women Police, during her recent visit in this country.

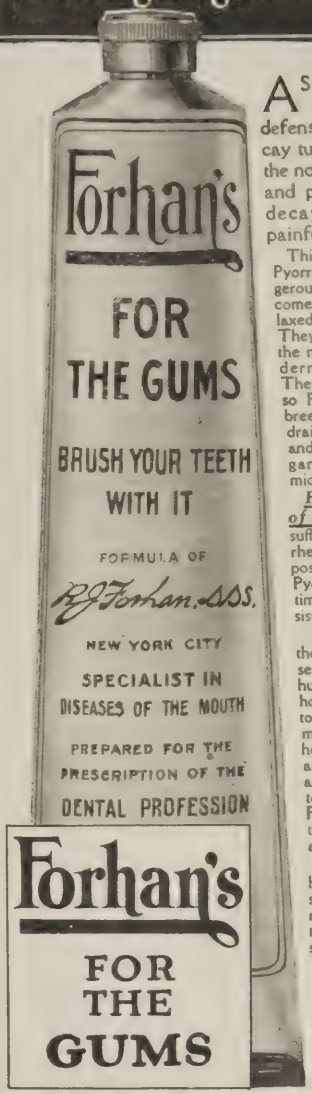
THE cover of this week's Outlook shows a picture of the bark "Wanderer," the last of the New Bedford whalers. She went ashore in the gale of August 26, off Cuttyhunk.

TO SCHOOL PROPRIETORS

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Four people out of five over forty suffer from this Pyorrhea; but Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently.

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35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.

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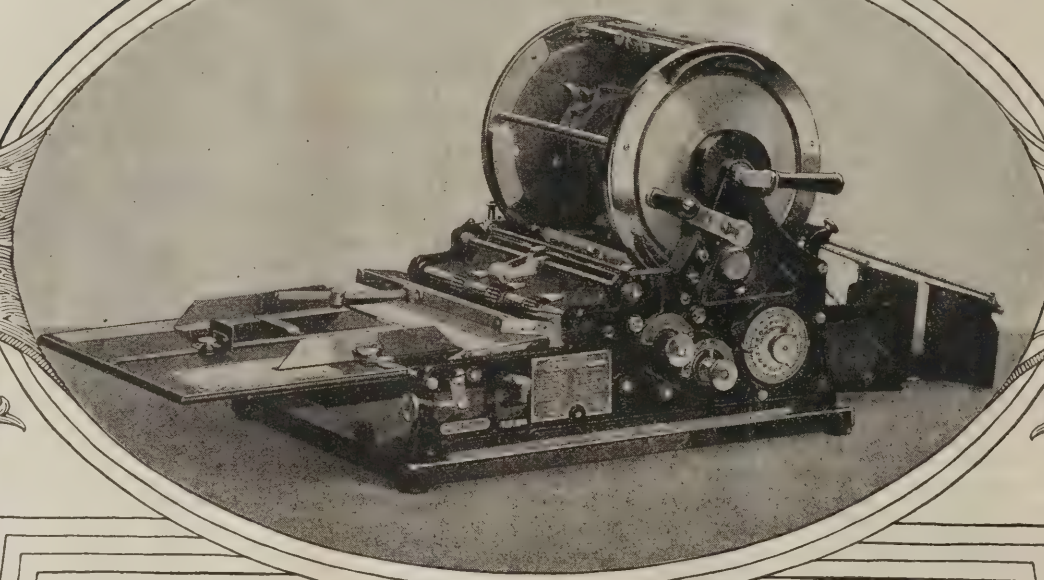
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Or to new corners of your own land where you can learn of the riches and beauty that are concealed within American borders?

No matter where

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The Outlook

Volume 138 September 10, 1924 Number 2

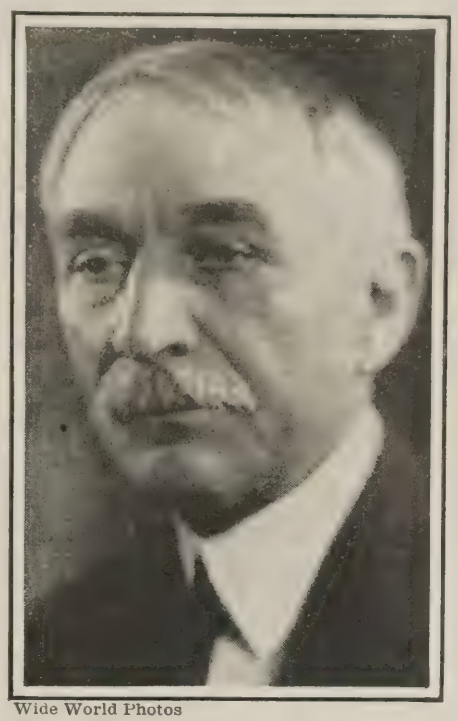
Two Big Jobs to Do

THE two diplomatic posts which are just now, for Americans, perhaps the most difficult in the world have been filled by the appointment of men who have not previously held official diplomatic position, but who are the less are diplomats. Edgar Addison Bancroft, of Chicago, goes to Japan and James Rockwell Sheffield to Mexico. The former will have to meet some difficulties newly made, the latter some that are old and apparently everlasting. There are reasons for believing that President Coolidge could hardly have chosen more wisely than he did. Each of the appointees has shown qualities of mind and of personality peculiarly desirable in the position to which he is now called.

Between the two men there are many resemblances. Both are by profession lawyers. Neither has been an officeseeker or, except incidentally and for a little while, an office-holder. Both are of Mid-West breeding, Bancroft a native of Illinois and Sheffield of Iowa. The one stayed home for his life-work, the other came East. Perhaps the places of their education influenced the selection of the places where they settled down to work. Sheffield went to college at Yale and later studied law at Harvard. Bancroft was educated at Knox College, that typical small college of the Middle West which is supposed to be the original of George Fitch's "Good Old Siwash." The sterling quality of small-college training is, apparently, exemplified in this alumnus of Knox. A degree in law from Columbia was, however, added to his college training.

Aside from his law practice and some important business connections, Mr. Bancroft has been an investigator of social problems. He has written books on the importance of moral sentiment in international settlements. He knows, out of innate sympathy and from experience how to adapt himself to the ways of people unlike his own.

Mr. Sheffield has been successful in a right way in legal practice in New York City. He has been active in politics, but rather as a adviser rather than as a candidate.



Wide World Photos

Edgar Addison Bancroft, the new U. S. Ambassador to Japan

An organization Republican, he has managed to remain independent not alone in political judgment but in political action.



International

James Rockwell Sheffield, the new U. S. Ambassador to Mexico

He was an earnest and outspoken supporter of Mayor Mitchel, a Democrat, in his last campaign. Outside of the law he has held positions to which popularity based on character is prerequisite. He has served as President of the Union League Club and of the Republican Club. Politically and professionally he has been closely identified with Charles E. Hughes, now Secretary of State.

To predict large success for a diplomat is, in these difficult days, dangerous. It is within the facts, however, to say that these men possess qualities which should bring them large success in diplomacy.

Peacemakers With Their Feet on the Ground

A LITTLE group of men from three nations sat down in Washington the other day to adjust differences between two of the nations. It is the American-Mexican General Claims Commission, and the sessions, it is expected, will continue for at least two years. Claims pending between the United States and Mexico and between their respective nationals since 1868 will be carefully reviewed and adjusted. The third nation represented is Holland. Dr. C. van Vollenhaven sits as presiding commissioner, an arbitrator from a disinterested country.

Secretary of State Hughes, in giving a welcome to the Commission, spoke of it as "an emphatic demonstration of our devotion to the cause of peace." Continuing, he said:

> That cause triumphs not so much in ambitious programme or in counsels of perfection, not so much in expression of ideals, however important these may be, as in the practical work of removing causes of difference and in providing just settlements. These furnish the tests of our professions and the measure of our achievements. The convention under which you are organizing as a commission is a document in every line of which breathes the spirit of justice. No international document of recent years has more fully demonstrated that the highest national interest lies in maintaining the supremacy of the principles of international law, justice, and equity.

It is not too much to believe that our Secretary of State has here laid down

a great American doctrine upon which for the future our relations with the other nations of this hemisphere at least will be based. It may well be the doctrine, practical and almost universally applicable, upon which to base our relations with all nations. "We feel," said the Secretary, "that we are entering upon a new era of mutual confidence."

Revolution Again in Central America

"OFF again—on again"—that seems to be the history of revolutions in Central America. The latest outbreak which has occurred in Honduras was only a few months removed from the previous political disturbance; in fact, the country had not yet been established on a new constitutional basis following the civil war of last spring. The exact cause of the new uprising is somewhat clouded, although it seems to be the result of the personal differences and political animosities which remained among the leaders of the previous trouble. A new President had not yet been elected; nor had certain revisions which were to be made in the Constitution been adopted.

An American "soldier of fortune," said to be the original of Richard Harding Davis's Captain Macklin, who has been participating in Central American revolutions in various countries for a number of years past, is reported to be chief of staff to General Gregario Ferrara, the leader of the revolt against the Provisional Government. This filibustering adventurer, one Jefferies by name, is said to have taken part in revolutions in Costa Rica, Salvador, Panama, and on previous occasions in the country where he is now operating, Honduras. He was on the staff of General Ferrara in the uprising a few months ago. As a rule he has not had to wait long "between revolutions."

When the pact of Amapala was signed on a United States warship off the west coast of Honduras early last May, with this Government as well as the other Central American Governments participating in the conference, it was thought that Honduras was pointed on the road to peace, and that the bloodshed and devastation, with great economic and financial loss, which had taken place, would be an animating motive to rest and quiet. But the political animosities engendered seem to have been too strong an incentive to further fighting. The Presidency was the glittering prize on which rival eyes were fixed; and if it could not be obtained in one way it might be obtained in another; if not by peaceful means, then possibly by another political upheaval in the country and resort to arms.

Little actual fighting seems to have taken place in the present disturbance; and one report has it that this is due to the fact that each side knows that the other is well supplied with arms and ammunition. On this account, instead of resorting to the open arbitrament of arms and the field of battle, each is playing a game of strategy, moving pieces about like the pawns on a chessboard in the hope of entrapping the enemy in some tactical blunder which will result in his checkmate.

In the meantime the United States, which is most desirous of seeing peace established on a permanent basis in Central America, has been watching the situation closely and waiting for what appears to be the psychological moment before acting. The conference on Central American affairs which was held at Washington last year resulted in the signing of a treaty by the representatives of all five republics in which they agreed, among other things, not to recognize in any of the other countries a President who should have obtained the power by means of a *coup d'état* or revolution.

This agreement, it was thought, would have a tendency to discourage, if not entirely to prevent, revolutions in that part of the world. Honduras, however, did not wait long after signing that treaty, although her Congress had not yet ratified it, before staging one of the most destructive and sanguinary revolutions which had taken place in Central America for many years. It is believed, nevertheless, that eventually the agreement not to recognize leaders in those countries who gain control of the Government through revolutionary means will wipe out that form of political effort.

America Withholds Action

THE plan to elevate the turret guns of thirteen capital ships of the United States Navy is to be, for the present at least, abandoned. Word to this effect comes, though not by direct statement, from President Coolidge. As the proposal to elevate the guns had never ec a definitely established policy of th Government, its temporary abandonm did not require a formal statement.

Great Britain, it will be remembe was said to have protested against th plan to increase the range of our gun The statement that such a protest ha been filed was made in Parliam Secretary Hughes was at the time Europe, and our State Department de clined to discuss the subject in his ab sence. No full or clear statement of th protest has ever been made.

It is very likely that this protest di not have a determining effect on th decision of the President. It is quite clear that he does not regard abando ment of the project as the surrender o any rights under the agreement on li tation of armaments. He hopes to ca another conference for further limitat of armaments, and he especially desir to avoid any action at this time whi might tend to start competitive na building. President Coolidge and Sec tary Hughes very likely would have de cided against elevating the guns even if the British Government had filed no pro test. Congress, at the end of the rec session, declined to appropriate mo for the work. The plan was originat and put forward by specialists of th Navy Department. Spokesmen of th Department, however, were at pains say at the time of the British pro that the wishes of the Department of State would be deferred to cheerfully

The President's decision is doubtless in line with the Harding-Coolidge-Hug policy of promoting a frame of mind America which will tend to progress reductions of armaments. The elevat of the guns was not, after all, a mat of supreme importance. We have su rendered no right—and we remain fi in the belief that we have the right u der the treaty to elevate the guns of t ships when necessary.

The Privy Council and the Boundary Question

OUR attention has been called by Robert Borden, the distinguis former Premier of the Dominion of Ca ada, to an inaccuracy in recent edito comment in The Outlook upon the rec (really a decision) of the Judicial Co mittee of the Privy Council in Gr Britain as to the pending questions a the Boundary Commission provided

Methinks his flesh is punished

(Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV, Scene 4)

Cargill for the Central Press Association



When "Night-hood" was in flower

Orr in the Chicago Tribune



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The Uppercut.—You can hardly blame him for thinking an elephant kicked him

From Jane Hart, Janesville, Wisconsin

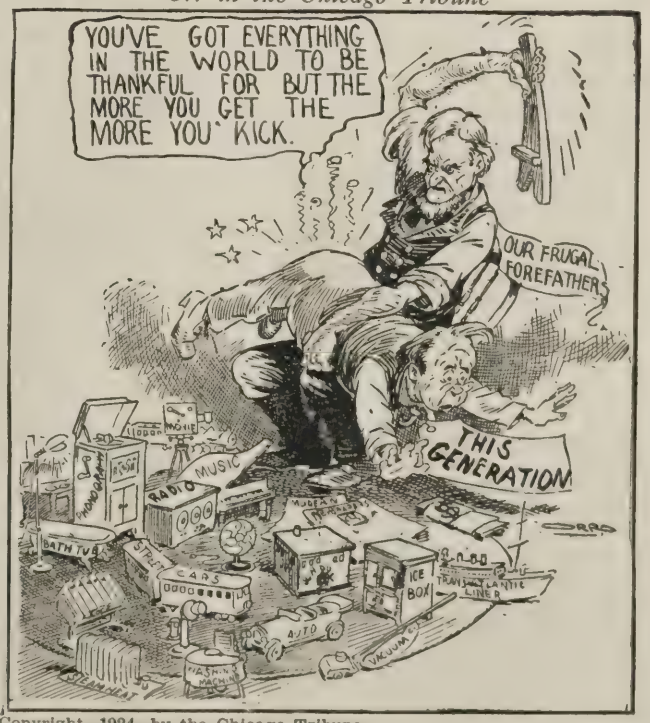
Marcus in the New York Times



Hard going.—She: "Now make some speed, Calvin!"

From Mrs. William T. Crandall, Norwich, Connecticut

Orr in the Chicago Tribune



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If grandpap could only return with some of his discipline

From Mary E. Hughes, Gloversville, New York

the "London Treaty" under which the Irish Free State was founded. Following incomplete cable news despatches, we stated that the King passed the questions over to his Privy Council. We said that this was a most unusual thing, since the Privy Council has come to have functions altogether ceremonial; we said further that it indicated a desire to relieve Parliament of the necessity of action.

That comment was quite incorrect, because the facts on which it was based were not as reported. Sir Robert Borden informs us that "the British Government, acting, as is customary, in the name of the King, referred to the Judicial Committee certain purely legal questions respecting the interpretation of the Irish Free State Agreement Act."

This is quite a different matter. It is true that the Privy Council as a whole is called together extremely rarely, and then on such ceremonial occasions as the beginning of a reign, and that, as the Encyclopædia Britannica says, "the name is to-day given collectively to a large number of eminent people whose membership and position are titular only, . . . the true Privy Council is the Cabinet." But under acts of William IV and later its Judicial Committee (and two or three other committees) were established, and are maintained by appointments under its provisions. The Judicial Committee in particular not only sits as a court of appeal in important matters, and especially those relating to the outlying dominions, but has original jurisdiction in questions concerning boundaries between dependencies—which touches very closely the matter just laid before it. As Sir Robert remarks, it is interesting to know that of the five members of the Judicial Committee who sat in this case, two were from the United Kingdom, one a retired Judge from India, and the other from the Dominion of Canada and Australia.

What the Committee Decided

SINCE we previously referred to the Boundary Question and the Privy Court we have received and read the full report of the Judicial Committee. It answers categorically in the negative questions propounded by the Government, deciding that a Commission not including a member from North Ireland would not be competent to fix a boundary; that the Crown could not legally instruct the Governor of North Ireland to appoint a member—the appointment must be by the North Ireland Government (that is, its responsible Ministry), not by the Governor nor by the Crown; that there is no constitutional method of bringing the Commission into existence so long as the Ulster Ministry refuses to act; and, finally, that if once the appointments are made a majority would rule, but that the question whether in a Commission of two the chairman would have a casting vote is immaterial because under the previous answers the case could not arise.

In short, as we previously inferred, there is no solution but new legislation by the British Parliament (or a new treaty between the two Irish Governments and Great Britain, which would require ratification by the British Parliament) if Ulster declines to join in the Commission. English papers regard the issue as one which will seriously concern Mr. MacDonald's Ministry this autumn.

The Dawes Plan: German Ratification

To the great surprise of every one, the German Reichstag has passed the legislation enabling the Dawes Plan to be put into operation, and has done it, not by a bare sufficiency, but by an amply voted acceptance. This was due, doubtless, first, to the conviction on the part of the Nationalists, who had been blocking the necessary laws, that continued blocking would mean no international loan to Germany; second, to the prospect that, given the favorable vote, some Nationalists would find Cabinet offices; and, third, to the Chancellor's agreement to include in a proclamation thanking Reichstag members for their favorable votes an explanation of the Government's attitude concerning the question of "war guilt." The phrases finally used run as follows:

> The statement made by us in the Treaty of Versailles, under overwhelming pressure, to the effect that Germany had let loose the World War through her aggression, is contrary to the facts of history. The Government does not recognize this statement. It is the just demand of the German people to be freed from the burden of this false charge. Until that is done, and so long as a member of the Comity of Nations is branded as a criminal to humanity, no true understanding and reconciliation among the peoples can take place. The Government will take an opportunity of bringing its declaration before the notice of foreign governments.

Much good may this do Germany!

Immediately following the passage of the German legislation the agreements and treaties carrying out the Dawes Plan were signed in London by the agents of the various Governments concerned.

The Dawes Plan: American Co-operation

COINCIDENTALLY the Reparation Commission announced the appointment of Owen D. Young, of New York, to the post of Agent-General for Reparation Payments. Mr. Young will be able to serve in this capacity only long enough to organize the work, when he will turn it over to another American whose name has not yet been made public. On September 1 the first 20,000,000 gold marks in payment on 83,000,000 gold marks to be placed at the Agent-General's disposal during September by the German and the Allied Governments was paid. Towards the middle of September another twenty million is due from Germany. The French and Belgian Governments are to turn over to the Agent-General the proceeds from their administration of the Ruhr. If the entire 83,000,000 marks has not been made up in this way, Germany is to supply the balance.

Other Americans who have been drafted to carry out the Dawes Plan are Henry M. Robinson, of Los Angeles, who, together with General Dawes and Mr. Young, formed the American delegation in the Committee of Experts which met at Paris and Berlin from January to April last. Mr. Robinson, it is believed, is to be Chairman of the Arbitration Committee for the consideration of Germany's possible future defaults in case the Reparation Commission is unable to agree concerning them. Another American arbiter, it is announced, is Clarence Mott Woolley, President of the American Radiator Company, who is expected to take up arbitration in money transfer disputes. Still another American is Gates W. McGarrah, Chairman of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank in New York City, who will be the American member of the German Bank of Issue Board. Upon him will also fall the duty of naming an American member of the Transfer

Committee in addition to the head of the Committee, who is Mr. Young.

What with General Dawes, the Republican Vice-Presidential candidate, as the head of the Committee of Experts, America is thus playing a leading part in the preparation and prosecution of an epoch-making plan.

And not only this. It was the "last call" to Germany to desist from evasion and to pay her just dues. Secretary Hughes, in his recent visit to Berlin, it is said, unofficially reminded the German leaders that the Dawes Plan constituted their last chance for their country's rehabilitation. No wonder, then, that Admiral von Tirpitz and his Nationalist colleagues, though they displayed red tickets in the Reichstag (red being for rejection of the proposed legislation and white for acceptance) actually slipped white tickets into the ballot-box.

The Wave Still Rules

It is not often that a sixteen-thousand-ton liner limps into New York Harbor with a ten-degree list. That was the way, however, that the Arabic came into port after an August storm. She was minus four of her life-rafts and one lifeboat. Nine other lifeboats were crushed in their davits—even portions of her heavy rail had been carried away.

The Arabic had sailed from Halifax to meet a storm sweeping along the coast from its birthplace in the West Indies. In the height of the gale a giant wave



P. & A. Photos

A miracle saved this man during a recent hurricane—Quartermaster F. Owens of the Arabic, who was swept off the ship by a giant wave and then swept on again by another

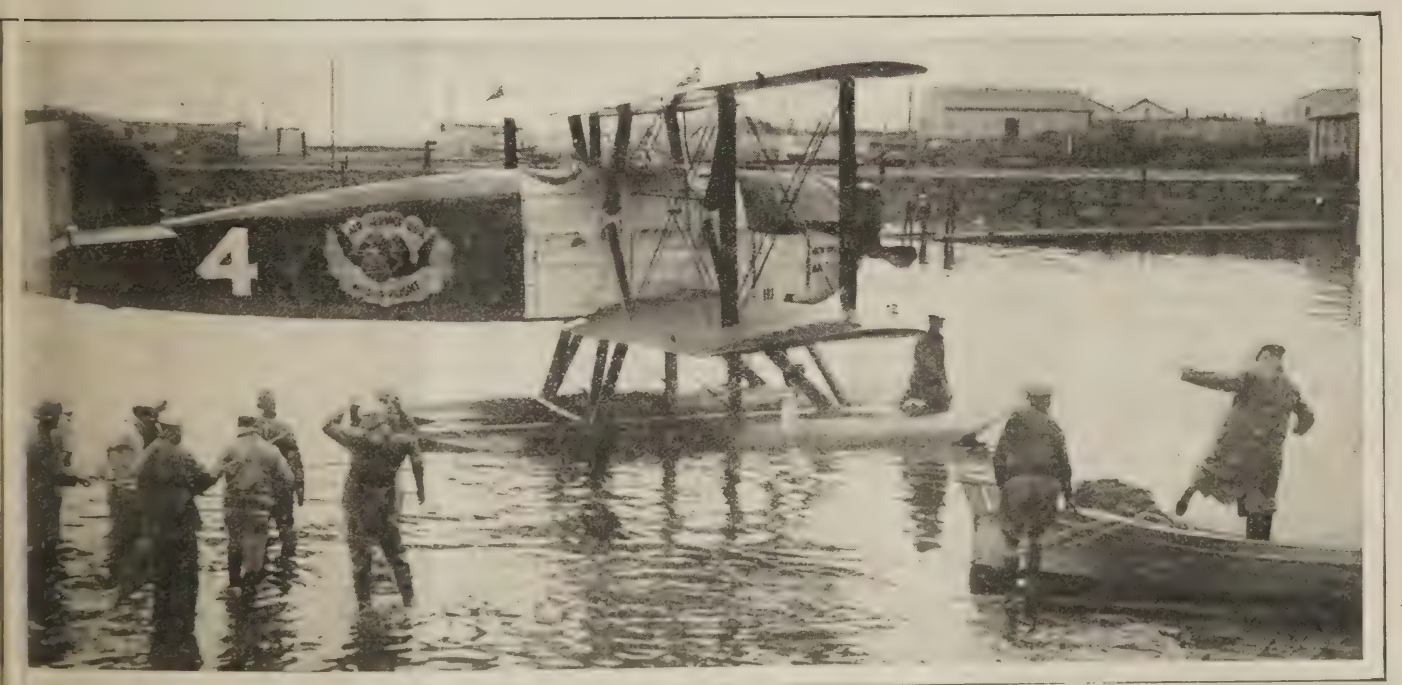
crashed broad on the starboard bow, putting the Arabic almost on her beam ends and sweeping her decks with solid water. The sea burst through her ports with such force as to carry away the partitions between staterooms and to wrench loose the furniture bolted to the deck in the dining saloon. When the ship docked, over thirty persons were still in the surgeon's care as a result of the battering of the sea. One of the deckmen had an astonishing though not an unprecedented escape. Swept from one deck by the onrushing water, he was landed by another sea on the deck below.

From the newspaper accounts—which are subject to landlubberly error—the captain of the Arabic did not heave to—that is, put his vessel head to the wind—until after the decks of his ship had been swept. The old problem of how long to hold on seems still to exist even in this day of giant ocean liners. Some of the fastest of the old clipper captains were men who made their passages without loss of spars and rigging. Their motto was not that of the old sea captain who said, "When the Lord wants me to reef, he will blow something away." The courage shown by the best captains in carrying sail was evidence of their real knowledge of the true capacity of their ships.

There are times, of course, when a shifting wind creates a dangerous cross sea which no vessel can meet head on. It may have been such a sea which shook the stanch Arabic. It was due to the able and heroic services of the Arabic's officers and crew that she went through her trial by storm without loss of life.

Americans Girdle the Earth by Air

AROUND the world in the air! It has been accomplished. From the Pacific coast of North America back again to the Atlantic coast of North America aviators of the United States have flown



P. A. Photos

The United States round-the-world fliers in Iceland—American sailors hauling Lieutenant Nelson's plane ashore at Reykjavik, Iceland, for repairs, with Lieutenant Smith standing beside the boat directing operations, and Lieutenant Harding on pontoon of the plane

in the pursuit of the sun. A new thing has been done, a new record of determination and of achievement made. There remains now only the formality of traversing the familiar aerial ways of our own continent to write finis upon a high adventure. Heroic endeavor takes new forms as the world becomes more and more subdued, but heroic endeavor does not end or deteriorate. While man is man he will strive to do the difficult things which, though they may not be of immediate utilitarian importance, keep humanity jogging upon its upward way.

There have been few more difficult feats than that which our airmen have now about completed. All those dangers of tropic jungle and of frozen tundra known to our old explorers have been faced and conquered. And new dangers that no old adventurer ever knew have been made acquaintance of and overcome. The price of achievement the airmen paid in battered bodies and sometimes in broken hearts. There have been delays greater than could have been anticipated. There have been times when failure loomed. But at length the thing is virtually done, and there are few achievements in our National chronicle of heroic exploits in which we may feel a deeper or a juster pride. The practical fruits of it will be gathered through the future.

Shall We Always Have Coal Smoke?

WHEN coal is burned, a large amount of unburned products go up the chimney and contribute to the great atmospheric pollution of our industrial centers. Those of us who suffer from the general sense of the hopeless uncleanliness of things which results should rejoice to learn that we are not the only sufferers. For the products that go up the chimney and are lost are highly valuable constituents of the coal—hydrocarbons built up from water and carbon dioxide by plants and trees that thrived in the carboniferous days of at least fifteen million years ago—and are now being thrown away in immense quantities by a modern world of industry.

But a recent trend of thought which has increasingly realized the extent of this great loss has resulted in a development known as the low-temperature carbonization of coal. If one asks what this is, he might be aptly told that it is the carbonization that is not accomplished by the use of high temperatures. The latter produces gas, coke, and tar. Low-temperature carbonization, because it does not break down the many intricate molecules of the hydrocarbons produced in nature's laboratory by means of the chlorophyl of plants, which were later destined to become coal, produces a smokeless and solid fuel quite suitable for domestic and industrial purposes; also a small amount of gas, a comparatively large yield of tar, motor fuel oil, and ammonia.

In This Advance Europe is Ahead of Us

THE rather new process described above has not yet found great lodgment in America, a single plant existing in the Ford industries and in one or two other places. In Europe, however, and especially in England, it is rapidly taking hold.

A ton of a suitable grade of soft coal, carbonized in a closed retort at a temperature of about 1,100 degrees Fahrenheit, produces about 1,500 pounds of smokeless fuel, 15 gallons of tar, and about 3 gallons of "motor spirit."

It is anticipated by research chemists that the logical outlet for this new method of avoiding smoke and waste in America will be in its application to those varieties of bituminous coal which refuse to coke. Of these there is a vast quantity available in this country.

For some time past several of the periodicals of the technical press which have connection with the great fuel-consuming industries have devoted considerable space to the discussion of this advance, which, while it would probably result in the saving of their dollars, would also tend to result in the saving of our laundry bills, not to speak of our tempers.

A Bad Beetle

A SPECIES of fly now being cultivated in colonies of from fifty to one hundred thousand larvæ each may prove the solution to the problem of the Japanese beetle, which is now devastating truck patches, farms, lawns, golf courses, and forests over a stretch of 2,500 square miles, covering parts of three States. If it fails, as other insect parasites of the beetle have failed, to thrive in this climate, it probably will be necessary to add parts of at least three additional States to the Federal quarantine area next year and to launch the most intensive and far-reaching campaign in history against the depredations of a "bug."

The Japanese beetle is now in the ninth year of its American invasion. The area of infestation was estimated at less than half a square mile in 116. Last year it had increased to 700 square miles. Roughly, it has been increasing its area three and a half times a year. If this rate of progress keeps up, it will mean that nearly 9,000 square miles of land will be infested by next summer, and in order to maintain effective quarantine over that area a much larger section of country must be guarded.

Officials and scientists of the Federal Department of Agriculture and of the State Departments in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware are waging a year-round war against the beetle, which has been under way for some years. The real fight, however, is only under way during the growing and harvesting seasons, when the roads are alive with trucks carrying tons of fresh produce to market. Last year, with 150 men in the field, the battle waged by the entomologists to prevent the transportation of the beetle or its grubs was a heartbreaking struggle, but it was child's play compared to the conditions now being fought in the three States named.

A Pest Like a Forest Fire

FIGHTING the rapid spread of the Japanese beetle is very much like the fighting of forest fires in States where the service is loosely organized. It is necessary to hire men wherever they can be found, and only exceptionally hardy and loyal men survive. The Bureau of Entomology of the Department of Agriculture in co-operation with each of the infested States is guarding roads in the quarantined area night and day with a force that shifts in number between 300 and 450. It is being so hard pressed by the necessity of guarding even the back roads that nothing short of a catastrophe gives the force any relief. A bridge burned in Pennsylvania a while ago drove traffic to other crossings and simplified the task of inspection.

State police have been sent to the aid of the harassed special inspectors. But the truth is that there are not enough men available to make the quarantine absolute while some growers persist in trying to violate it. The beetle's natural rate of progression is about eight miles a year. A motor truck will carry grubs or full-grown beetles fifty to a hundred

iles or more in a day, and a passenger r much farther. Until complete coeration of the produce growing and ying public is obtained Federal offiials admit that the beetle will continue spread. Even this year authorities nsidered extending the quarantine.

Two laboratories for the study of the e habits of the pest are now in operaon, one at Holmesburg, Philadelphia, d another, the experimental station, ross the Delaware at Riverton, New rsey. The dexiib fly larvæ are being livered every few weeks to the Riverin plant. The tachinid and tiphia oups, tried in preceding years, have led so far to make any impression on e beetle population. As matters stand w, it is apparent, officials say, that less some altogether unexpected disvery is made of a way to stop the tle the little bronze insect will sweep er the greater part of the country. In me sections climate may stop it. In ers the scientists hope to have a unter-infestation on the heels of the tles within a year or two that eventuy will reduce it to endurable numrs. The fly now being bred at Riverton gives promise of great aid in this direction.

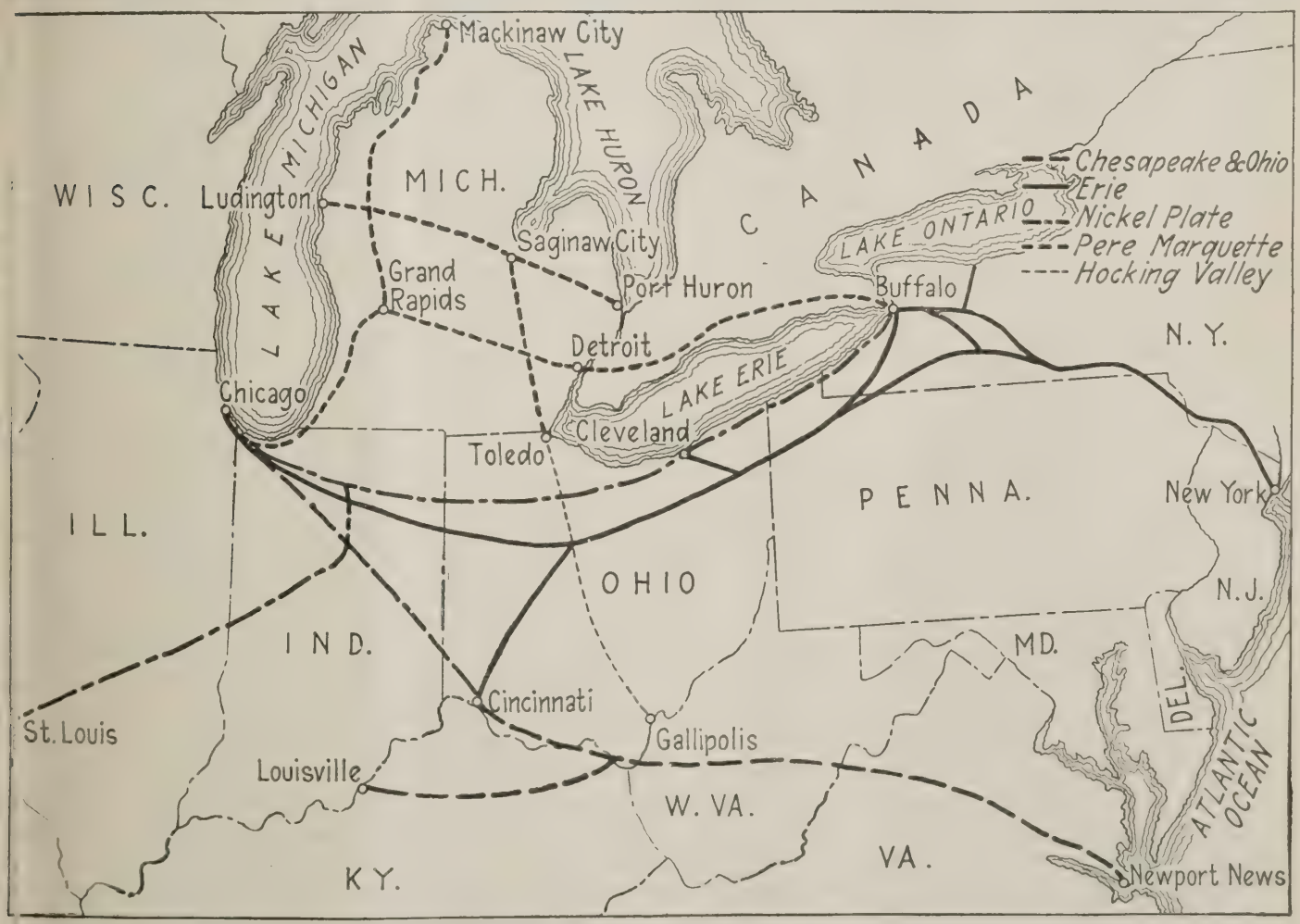
A Gigantic Railway Merger

THE most notable event in the development of the Transportation Act of 1920 has just occurred in the merger of five railways—the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, popularly known as the "Nickel Plate," the Erie, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Hocking Valley, and the Père Marquette. These roads include a total of over fifteen thousand miles of track and represent total assets of more than $1,500,000,000.

The new system extends from New York, Newport News, and Norfolk on the east to Chicago and St. Louis on the west, including such points as Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Youngstown, Akron, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Port Huron, Saginaw, Bay City, Fort Wayne, Indianapolis, Dayton, Louisville, Cincinnati, Charleston, Roanoke, and Richmond. The new system will have the second shortest road between New York and Chicago and the shortest line between Buffalo and Chicago.

Unified control and operation of the properties will be directed by Messrs. O. P. and M. G. Van Sweringen, real estate and railway leaders of Cleveland, who recently acquired the "Nickel Plate," consolidating it with the Lake Erie and Western and the Toledo, St. Louis, and Western Railways. Soon afterwards they acquired a controlling interest in other systems.

Stockholders of the five companies are to be invited to deposit their shares for an exchange into stock of the new corporation. No serious obstacle is anticipated, as the directorates of all five companies favor the terms proposed. With this acceptance assured, the Messrs. Van Sweringen will then seek final approval of the merger from the Inter-State Commerce Commission. It is true that the consolidation does not follow the tentative plan of trunk-line mergers at first proposed by the Commission. Perhaps it may object because the consolidation includes competing systems. However, there will still remain the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio systems. It will be remembered that one aim of the Transportation Act of 1920 was to bring about



The network of lines in the proposed rail merger



(C) Underwood

The Prince of Wales playing polo in an informal game on Long Island, shortly after his arrival in America

the merging of the railways east of the Mississippi into several systems.

The present consolidation marks the greatest railway realignment since the days of the late E. H. Harriman.

Blood Tells—But What?

EXCEPT that one horse outran another for once, nothing was settled by the race at Belmont Park in which Wise Counsellor, an American horse, beat Epinard, the French champion. Even the old question of whether Arabian is superior to Barb as foundation stock—whether the deserts of Asia Minor are more than the deserts of North Africa the original home of speed—is as far from answer as ever.

Epinard and Wise Counsellor epitomize a conflict of opinion centuries old. Thoroughbreds both, they do not trace to a common ancestry. Since the Crusaders brought the hot equine blood of the desert home with them to western Europe the Barb has contributed most to the building up of the French thoroughbred and the Arab to that of the English thoroughbred. It follows, therefore, that the French thoroughbred is one thing and the English thoroughbred, identical with our own, is quite another thing. Each has always claimed superiority. Neither has ever conclusively proved it.

Americans, however, may be pardoned a measure of conceit in believing that, having improved on the English thoroughbred, they have now the greatest racing stock in the world. We have just now beaten the French champion. Only a few months ago our Zev defeated the English champion Papyrus. We can afford now to let the English and the French continue the war of opinion as of old—we need have no "entangling alliances" with the Old World.

But to gain this position we have brought to the front an old conflict of our own—the Eastern horse against the Western horse—and, thus far, the West appears to win in a walk. (On the American race-course, be it remembered, the West begins at the top of the Appalachian Mountains.) After Zev had beaten Papyrus a comparatively unknown Western horse ran the winner off his feet. Wise Counsellor, the victor over Epinard, is of Kentucky breeding and lineage.

So, leaving European horse quarrels severely alone, we have our hands full with our own sectional differences. Shall the blue grass basins of Kentucky and Tennessee be permitted to continue in the belief that their race horses are the greatest in the world? And, if not, who is going to convince them to the contrary?

The Prince at Play

THE Prince of Wales is in the United States, not on any mission. He is playing—taking his ease. That is almost, if not quite, a new thing for the United States. Many princes have come to our coasts, and some kings, but they came on missions, real enough if sometimes indefinite. Most of them felt the urge of some sort of duty—at least the duty to know their neighbors better. The Prince of Wales is on vacation, having a good time, nothing more. If a prince, he is doing his playing democratically. And who is to say that he is not doing a greater service for his country than if he were on a mission of service? Men understand men with whom they play better than men with whom they work. When this young prince is Edward VIII of England, his playtime in America may help him more than pretentious visits toward an understanding of the other great English-speaking country.

Wanted: The Reasons Why

SEVEN million odd new voters will have a chance to cast their first ballots at the coming Presidential election. A political writer (who is also a political organizer) solemnly proposes to carry most of the States of the Union through the aid of these first-time voters. He points out that New York has 600,000 youngsters coming up for the ballot this year, while the average majority in the State, one way or the other, is usually about 150,000. He believes that practically all of these young people can be voted one way. "Is the America of her Constitution," he solemnly asks, "good enough for Young America of to-day?"

Young America will answer that question in its own way on election day. But that does not mean that an army of seven million new voters will march to the polls to cast a solid vote under any one emblem. The America of the

stution, we may remember, was an America which paid due heed to the rhts and opinions of minorities as well a of majorities. The founders of our country did not contemplate an America in which citizens new or old would think ake or vote alike.

The chief danger from our new voters will come, not from any possibility that they will all turn to one candidate or another, but to the fact that they are much more likely to keep on voting the same ticket that their fathers voted before them. We suggest that it is not too early for this year's new crop of voters to begin investigating their reasons for the votes they expect to cast in the fall. Each new vote ought to represent something more than mere ancestral habit. New voters might start now to compile a list headed "Ten reasons why I shall vote for ——." From that list should be strictly barred any reference to the political habits of fathers and mothers.

The Vulgarest Thing in America

THERE was a time when seaside resorts relied upon sea serpents for their chief summer amusement and for their means of bulldozing newspapers into giving them a little free advertising. There was not much variety in the accounts of sea serpents off each shore, but at least the tales did no more harm than to alarm the credulous and bore the sophisticated.

Nowadays some of the resorts seem to have adopted a form of advertising which combines a maximum amount of sophistication with a minimum amount of morals and imagination. We are thinking of the beauty contests which provide cheap copy for illustrated newspapers and motion-picture reviews.

We can think of nothing better designed to develop a false point of view in the minds of the youthful contestants for these beauty prizes than the notoriety which is given to them in the press and elsewhere. These contests lack the wholesomeness of almost any kind of athletic contest, for victory is given for something which has no relation to achievement or skill. They set up Mack Sennett as a standard of customs and manners; they put nothing which they do not degrade. Young America could with profit leave such affairs well alone and confine its efforts to contests in which the development of character, courage, and skill is the reward even of those who do not attain the coveted first prize.

The Demon Barber

THIS is a literary age of satire, and every novel, play, and story is a satirization of something. The past is especially funny to novelists and playwrights, and anything connected with Queen Victoria becomes a source of hilarity. The old American drama "Fashion" has been broadly burlesqued, and now an English melodrama, "Sweeney Todd, the Barber of Fleet Street; or, The String of Pearls," by George Dibdin Pitt, is most amusingly presented in New York. Whether or not we accept the statement on the programme that this was the first play to be given at a "command performance" before Queen Victoria, the method in which it is now enacted makes tolerable and highly entertaining a drama which would be too absurdly gory if it were given as its creator probably intended.

Sweeney Todd, we are told, was a real person, born in the last half of the eighteenth century. A false imprisonment and a long sentence so embittered him against the human race that after his liberation he sought vengeance against mankind. The alluring possibilities of a barber-shop seized his imagination, and he perfected a chair which could be made to lower his lathered customers into the cellar. Once they vanished below, they were never seen again, although dreadful hints—or more than hints—are given as to their fate. It will be enough to say that next to Sweeney's was the shop and bakery of Mrs. Lovett, famous all over London for her veal pies. It was asserted that a nefarious partnership existed between the neighbors!

Black but astute villains, noble but stupid heroes, a modest and lovely heroine, play out their parts. In the end, virtue triumphs and the Demon Barber is led away to the punishment which, so it is said, was recorded about him in the Newgate Calendar. (A search through that venerable record of crime has, so far, failed to reveal to us the name of Sweeney Todd. But perhaps we did not know his alias.) The performance is made especially enjoyable by the musical interludes—almost every one, except Sweeney himself, obliges with a song, and he does fully as well with his diabolical laugh. All the characters parade before the curtain, to be dutifully applauded or hissed by the audience. The acting of Mr. Percy Baverstock, first as the cockney master of ceremonies, before the rising of the curtain, and next as the incredibly Chesterfieldian and innocent Colonel Jeffrey, was as delightful as anything we have seen in the theater this year. Many of the characters, with their costumes and the stage settings, look pleasantly like the illustrations in Dickens's early novels.

A Letter or Two

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IN The Outlook for August 20, under the title of "A New Hot Weather Sport," I related some of my sadly humorous experiences in trying to get a dictionary definition of Mean Temperature. As an illustration of the trials which the layman of average education has to endure when he tries to get scientific information from the dictionary, I cited the confusion into which I was plunged in my attempts to get the facts about two very common objects of domestic life, namely, the house-fly and the house-wren. It is always dangerous to try to be playful in print. But I certainly did not mean to be so elephantine in my capers as to step on anybody's toes. The following cry of exasperation, however, indicates that I have committed that inexcusable *faux pas:*

Gd. Ledge, Mich.,
Aug. 20, 1924.

Lawrence F. Abbott,
Contributing Editor of The Outlook.

Dear Sir—I read your article in the issue of this date. I wish to congratulate you. It is seldom that a man can write entertainingly upon a subject of which he knows nothing whatsoever. I trust you will be able eventually to learn something from your dictionary, but of natural science you make it painfully evident that you have, as yet, learned nothing. Entomology is a science and, like every science, it has its technical terms of which you may doubtless learn something if you ever attempt study of the science. I am sorry that no portion of the mantle of

the great Dr. Abbott fell upon you. We purchase and peruse The Outlook for instruction and entertainment. But of entertainment of this sort we have quite enough, and as for instruction it is quite unnecessary that you parade the fact that you know nothing of scientific terms or terminology.

Fraternally yours,
DANIEL STRANGE.

I can only say in reply to Mr. Strange's greetings that I was not trying to conceal my ignorance. I was trying to expose it, with the hope that somebody would enlighten me. My fraternal friend from Michigan does not give me any information at all, except about myself. What I really want is information about mean temperature, and house-flies, and the house-wren. Some of this I have received, however, and am very grateful for, from another correspondent, whose letter gives me pleasure because it assures me that my confusion as to "scientific terms or terminology," which my Michigan friend finds so culpable, is shared by the scientists.

Emmetsburg, Iowa,
August 21, 1924.

Dear Dr. Abbott:

There are further mix-ups in the dictionary: You use the Standard. You quote it as saying that the wren "is a troglodytine bird, especially of *Troglodytes* or a related genus," etc. "*Troglodytes troglodytes* is the common Old World wren." And so on to "Bewick's wren (*Thryothorus bewicki*) and the Carolina wren (*Troglodytes ludovicianus*)." Now my Webster says the common Old World wren is *Nannus troglodytes*. And, whereas your dictionary gives Bewick's wren as *thryothorus bewicki*, Elliott Coues in his "Key to North American Birds" gives *Thryomanes bewicki* and the Carolina wren as *Thryothorus ludovicianus*, in which Ridgway's Manual agrees, while Chapman in his "Birds of Eastern North America" names the Carolina wren as *Thryothorus ludovicianus ludovicianus* and Bewick's wren as *Thryomanes bewicki bewicki*. So the doctors differ.

Sincerely,
LE ROY TITUS WEEKS,
Instructor on Birds in The American School of Wild Life Protection.

Since I have no fixed opinion on scientific matters, being perfectly willing to let my beliefs in matters of science rest upon pure acts of faith, that is to say, upon the acceptance of the infallible authority of the doctors, criticisms of my own poor views do not trouble me. But in politics—that is another matter. I have some very decided opinions of my own, based upon history, study, experience and reason; and so I take the following letter quite seriously:

Los Angeles,
August 19, 1924.

Dr. Lawrence F. Abbott,
Contributing Editor The Outlook,
New York City.

Dear Sir—I have read with a great deal of interest your article "Kill the Umpire" in the latest Outlook [issue of August 13], and admit that it presents the "high Tory" position very admirably. Do you not think, in all justice, that there is a good deal to be said on the other side?

For example; it is easily within both your and my recollection that the Supreme Court on a certain occasion found an income tax law Constitutional by a five to four vote, adjourned for the summer recess, and on its reconvention, by the same vote found the same law to be unconstitutional. Nor is this a solitary instance of such inconsistency, though I of course admit that they have not been very frequent.

The British Government has managed to worry along now for several hundred years, with no high court to pass on its laws after once enacted. It is customary to say this is because they have an "unwritten constitution," but to my mind that simply affords greater latitude and more opportunity for abuse than a written constitution does. It is probably true that, as a matter of fact, Marshall in his day did a good deal to expand and liberalize the application of Constitutional principles, and that some things were settled to our advantage which might have been either slower in settlement or even might have been entirely prevented. But right does come from wrong, however paradoxical that may sound in the saying. For instance, California is undoubtedly a better influence for civilization than it would have been if it had not been unjustly taken from Mexico seventy-five years ago.

Now, the simple truth is that the Constitution of the United States erected three co-ordinate branches of the Government, and by the course adopted by the Supreme Court under Marshall, it has become superior to the other two branches. There are in any Congress more able constitutional lawyers (in number) than the entire personnel of the Supreme Court, and it is not hard to imagine some of them as surpassing the minor figures of that court in ability. For example, to speak somewhat at random, Shiras, McKenna, Taney, occur to my mind as examples of Justices whose abilities were not what could be called commanding. Why should not Congress pass on the question of constitutionality? The English Parliament does so, and, while the House of Representatives may average a little b the House of Commons in ability, h superiority of the Senate over h House of Lords ought to counter ance this; and, besides, beyond t houses stand the President and i advisers. Moreover, I am quite vinced that both Congress and P President would exercise greater tion than they now do if the matte constitutionality were left to them was the undoubted intention of framers of the Constitution. Co exist for the interpretation of law, in no other country that I know does a court undertake to set asi law properly passed by the constitu authorities in legislation.

Moreover, beyond the questio legality, which is clearly against present practice, it is in my opin and in that of many others, presu tuous for any set of nine men, h ever eminent, to take upon themse the right to set aside the action several hundred of their fellow-citi taken after long debate and car consideration, most of whom are ally men trained to the law. further, the President is nearly alw a lawyer, and has the advice of Attorney-General of the United St and his staff in considering the me legal and otherwise, of any bill. I not a supporter of Senator La Foll in this campaign, but I have for m years been convinced that in this ticular he is right. I cannot clai be an "eminent" lawyer, but I di one time follow that profession f short while. Personally, I regard claim of any court of the right to upon the constitutionality of a enacted statute as an invasion of rights of the legislative body, and usurpation of authority.

If, however, this right is to be tinued, surely it ought at least to required that it be exercised only u unanimous, or at the most a two-thi vote of the entire court. Certainl is a power which ought not to be ercised by a bare majority.

In view of the facts above set fo your title to your article is certa not fair. "Kill the Umpire" is the of an excited mob. The demand the curtailment of the power of Supreme Court in this regard is b upon the original provisions of Constitution (a fact which you p tically admit in your article), is s ported by British practice, and is, e its opponents must admit, suppo by much of reason and justice. Be write us another article which s fairly set out both sides of the q tion.

Very truly yours,
F. C. R

I have never been called a "g Tory" before, and I decline to

ry to the accusation except in the se once given to the obnoxious term y Mark Pattison, the rector of Lincoln ege, Oxford. He advised one of his ents who was going up to London nter political life to "vote with the gs, but dine with the Tories," the gs at that time being the radicals of day. I profess to be a liberal, and o I am one. But I am also a con- ative in wishing to defend and pre- certain fundamental principles, no er how we may progress in the plication of them. I wish to be, as ident Coolidge once advised the tors of Massachusetts to be, "as cal as science and as reactionary as multiplication table." Undoubtedly Supreme Court has defects because i a human institution, and all human stutions have defects. But if we are pandon the Supreme Court because British Government has no Supreme rt, and give Congress final power in gation without any check whatever, y correspondent seems to think the British Parliament has final power, we ought logically to abandon the fundamental principles of the Constitution and recreate the United States under an entirely new form of government.

As a matter of fact, the Constitution provides that the Federal Government shall consist of three independent parts—the legislative, the judicial, and the executive. The Fathers evidently foresaw the dangers of supreme legislative power, for they put restrictions upon it. Congress, for example, cannot amend the Constitution without the consent of the States, and the original Constitution forbade that any amendment should be made prior to the year 1808. There are no such express prohibitions placed upon either the executive or the judicial branches of the Government. My correspondent says: "I regard the claim of any court of the right to pass upon the constitutionality of a duly enacted statute as an invasion of the rights of the legislative body, and an usurpation of authority." How would he deal with a conflict between an act of a State Legislature and an act of Congress? If he carries his theory of legislative supremacy to its logical conclusion, he must believe in supreme State sovereignty, and therefore in the right of secession. This was the philosophy of Calhoun.

The possible despotism of the Supreme Court is, in my judgment, fully met by the provision of the Constitution that the Justices are to be appointed by the President "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." Even if this protection is not sufficient, the Nation can by amendment to the Constitution cure the Constitutional defect of an act passed by Congress. This is what happened in the case of the income tax to which my correspondent refers.

I still think that the last thing we want tampered with is the Supreme Court, and that for this reason Senator La Follette, whatever good he may have done in the State of Wisconsin, is a dangerous man to follow in his philosophy of Constitutional Government.

Austria on Her Feet Again

Talks with the Austrian Premier and with the Foreign Minister

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

SEE it with your own eyes. I emphasize that 'see,' for you have no longer to take any one's word of Vienna. Look for yourself. You see that Vienna is coming back. It may not be quite the old Vienna yet. but I assure you, it is a great deal more like the old Vienna than it has been."

So remarked the alert and able Foreign Minister, Dr. Alfred Grünberger, to me the other day in his official sanctum over the Ballhausplatz.

Vienna has always seemed almost a mystery city to those who love it, while to others it has a peculiar charm. It speaks to you at once of the serious and of the light touch in life, of Brahms songs and Strauss waltzes—contrasts, yet both Vienna products. It speaks to you of an aristocratic and cultivated society, of a profound art instinct, of generous but not ostentatious living, of people who take plenty of time for both work and leisure. On other days, you have walked with the splendid Ringstrasse and have seen the popular joy at the stunning military parades (there are now some 30,000 soldiers left!), or as you have witnessed all sorts of rollicking delights in that great pleasure-ground, the Prater, you have seen that the average man gets a good deal of diversion. Vienna impresses stranger and citizen alike as a pre-eminently livable town. With both her name has become a synonym for happy, light-hearted, and wholesome well-being. The other day, far from here, I heard a little lad say in his mother tongue: *"Ich möchte wieder nach Wien gehen"* ("I want to go again to Vienna"). That has been the sentiment of those who have once known this city.

Hence when, some years ago, the Viennese were struck down by starvation, every one who had been in their city had a special shock of horror and a special thrill of sympathy. No matter how careless their life may have seemed, the Viennese have had to tread their Calvary. The war wreckage brought upon them an incredible physical and financial and social pinching. There have been "sob stories" aplenty about this—the heartrending lack of food and fuel, the outrageously overcrowded hospitals, the workless and homeless men and women, the children dying off like flies—a discouraged and a disheartened people. As a pathetic song says, Vienna was, indeed, a *"sterbende Märchenstadt"* (a dying fairy city).

It was a surprise and pleasure, therefore, on arriving here the other day, to find that Vienna had "come back," to detect no underfed-looking persons on the streets, and to see the shops again alive with customers—those well-liked shops for the well-known Vienna leather goods, furniture, wooden goods, metal goods, clothing, art objects, and the other features of Austrian export trade. (Austria's imports are now largely foodstuffs, coal, petrol, and raw materials.)

A year and a half ago I had talked with Dr. Grünberger, and now was at once impressed by his more positive, more assured manner, pleasantly reflecting changed conditions in Vienna and the country—facts, and not merely, as before, hopes only.

It was natural for the wide-awake Minister (note his portrait) to speak first of Vienna and then of Austria, for this is

now pre-eminently *the* city of this country as is no other capital the most important place in its own land. Indeed, compared with Austria, Vienna seems like a head much too big for its body. The city has nearly 1,900,000 population, while for all Austria the total population only slightly exceeds 6,500,000. This is about a seventh of the former population, as of the former area, of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire.

But even had Vienna no outlying territory at all, it would still be, I believe, the natural commercial exchange center for many commodities between the peoples of western and of eastern Europe and the Balkans.

Of course, as one of the two capitals of that great, economically homogeneous area comprised in the Dual Empire, Vienna had a political significance quite equal to its commercial prestige. But the war broke up the Empire into a number of pieces. One of them is the Republic of Austria, proclaimed such in November, 1918. This Republic consists of nine provinces, namely, Lower Austria, Upper Austria, Salzburg, Styria, Carinthia, Tyrol, Vorarlberg, Burgenland, and, lastly, the city of Vienna, treated as a province.

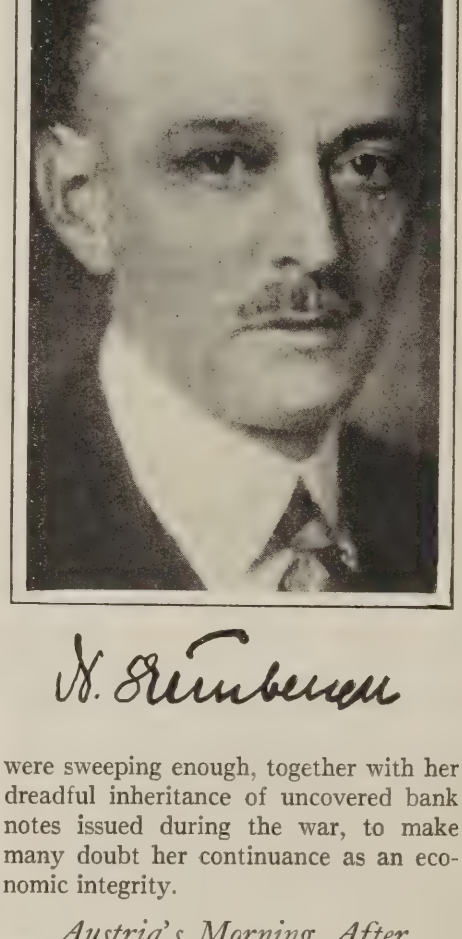
In every province there is a Landtag (a provincial diet) consisting of one chamber. Its members are elected on the basis of universal suffrage without distinction of sex.

The same basis serves for the elections to the Nationalrat (the lower house of Parliament). The provincial diets choose the Bundesrat, or upper house. The terms of all members of Parliament are for four years, as is also the term of the President; he may be re-elected once only. The present President is Dr. Michael Hainisch.

As in Germany, so here, the Prime Minister is known as the Kanzler (Chancellor). The Austrian Chancellor is Monsignor Ignaz Seipel. It may seem strange to find a man of exalted priestly rank officially serving the state. Yet, as the mauve-violet touch of silk underneath his collar reminds you, a prelate may be equally notable as a patriot, and Monsignor Seipel is a brilliant example.

The accompanying portrait of him is the best I could find. Of course it gives no idea of the color in his fine face, the warmth in the tones of his voice, the magnetism of his manner. His personality unites the dignity of both Church and State. To think that such a man should be almost fatally wounded later by an assassin's hand!

The day following my talk with the Foreign Minister I had an audience with the Chancellor. From these interviews I gained a graphic idea of the situation. Poor new Austria! The old had access to the sea; the new has none. The old had abundant coal supplies; the new has less than one per cent of them. While Austria still retains iron, graphite, magnesite, salt, forestry, and large water-power resources, her two capital losses



N. Grünberger

were sweeping enough, together with her dreadful inheritance of uncovered bank notes issued during the war, to make many doubt her continuance as an economic integrity.

Austria's Morning After

THE war left Austria flat. Indeed, at first it did not seem as if there could be any more Austria. Not only were future resources cut off, there was not even present bread enough to go round; one crust cost no less than six thousand kronen (crowns)—the krone is the Austrian currency standard. There was indeed a food crisis!

Then came Hoover. "He saved the situation," said the Chancellor and the Foreign Minister alike. "He was the savior of our Austria." He saw that the people were literally starving, that food was the first necessity. Yesterday I looked at the balcony of the Imperial palace where the young Emperor tried to harangue the pitiful food rioters. They shouted up to him: "We want no Emperor. We want bread."

The American Relief Administration and the Red Cross performed miracle of far-sighted and humane valor. Mr. Hoover had seen the national and so the international situation with prophetic vision, and worked to save Austria fast, but also to save her neighbors, for if Austria fell she would drag them down too.

Then came the second crisis, the social tension, and here the Austrians may well be proud. At a time when Hungary, under Bela Kun, had gone Bolshevist and was trying to induce her former partner in the Dual Empire to follow suit, the Austrians maintained, in general, law and order.

One reason for this was that the Austrians had been fed a bit, and the food gave confidence. People could begin to work.

Then came the third crisis, that of currency inflation. Austria's rich neighbors would lend only by little driblets or not at all. So a desperate Government resorted to the printing-press. Under such currency inflation the krone, instead of being worth as much as a Swiss franc (say about 20 cents), sank so low that it took twenty thousand of them to buy one Swiss franc.

Again it seemed as if Austria would go under. If now she might not drag down her neighboring states, grown strong, with her, at least they would be fighting for and over her remains. Whether, that Austria perished and drew other Powers after her or whether they lived and fought to possess Austria, the rest would be the same—war, catastrophe.

Why have another war? This question the patriot Seipel put to himself. He then went to Austria's neighbors as friends and put it to them. He said, "We are in distress; nay, more, we are in mortal distress. We will perish unless you help. Will you help? We will make it worth your while."

The neighbors and friends met at the seat of the League of Nations at Geneva. They talked things over. Though they were mostly hard up, they were not unwilling to help Austria, and some of them wanted to help very much, particularly one or two Powers with new interests keeping them from wishing to see the Danube Basin again thrown into the seething European war melting-pot.

Dr. Seipel and Dr. Grünberger said that the initiative must come from Austria, and Austria herself started working out her own salvation. She is not Germany; she is neither brutally Prussian nor does she spend all her time whining. She does something constructive and positive. Under these two energetic statesmen, she agreed "to realize a reform programme destined to permit her

t re-establish within two years a per-nnent budget equilibrium," incredible a that at first seemed. It was to be car-d out in this way, these Ministers i ormed me: "First, there would be Government economy. Cabinet offices uld be reduced; thousands of employ-e laid off. Second, state enterprises and nopolies would be reorganized so as to ke them once more profitable. Third, re would be a screwing up of tariffs a l taxes to the maximum. Fourth, t bank-note printing-press would be st pped. Fifth, an autonomous bank of iste would be established to stabilize the e hange rate of the krone.

But who would pay the bills during t two years? The deficits for those y rs, including credits to be repaid, were e mated at some 650,000,000 gold c wns (about $130,000,000). This sum c ld be covered only by borrowing, yet t collateral was right ready to hand, n ely, the credit of the customs and of t tobacco monopoly."

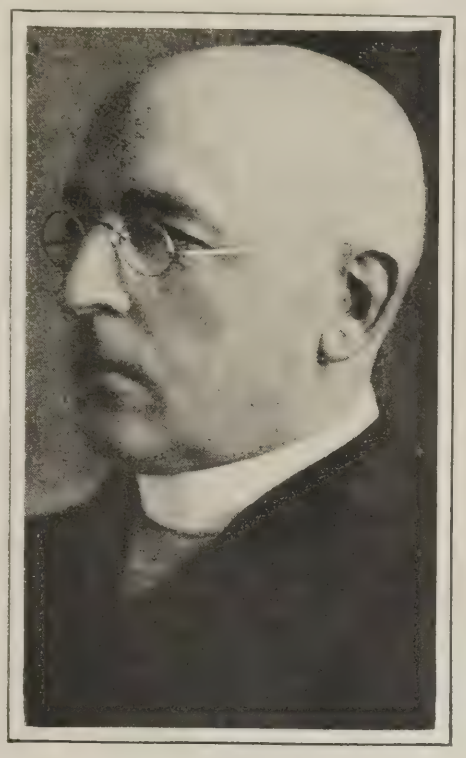
This proposal of backbone and nerve el trified the world. But it was a body bl w to the Pan-Germans, speculating on A tria's distress, and particularly on the c fession of not a few frightened per-s s who had announced themselves q e ready to go over to Germany rather th go under.

The first line of Chancellor Seipel's c fession of faith put an end to German h es. His country, he declared, would re l against being occupied or parceled ou She could escape these humiliations, he ndicated, by entering into some kind o financial and economic agreement wi the Powers.

Where the League Served Well

THE Powers appealed to the League of Nations. The League acted, and its act is the best thing it ever did. In the au mn of 1922 I was present at the de-cis e meeting of the League Council, ca ed "to safeguard Austrian territorial an economic integrity under the Le gue's auspices." England, France, Italy, and Czechoslovakia on the one ha d, and Austria on the other, mutually ag ed to maintain Austrian sovereignty an to undertake no measures in any way h atening Austrian independence. Then, an conditionally on Austria undertak-n drastic measures to reduce budget de its and on her acceptance of the con-r of the use of the loan by the League, op ating through a Commissioner-Ge eral and a Control Commission, the o was approved. The League Council ap inted as Commissioner Dr. Zimmer-n , ex-Mayor of Rotterdam; he began his work a year and a half ago. The Co rol Commission consists of one member from each of the four signatory Powers and from the other guaranteeing Governments, namely, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, and Holland.

With such a scheme, so launched, it was not surprising that some of the loan was successfully floated in our own country. The significance of this is, as one



Dr Ignaz Seipel

of our bankers has said, that "American investors do want to help those European nations prepared to help themselves towards re-establishing their credit." Thus, as Dr. Seipel had prophesied, self-help had paved the way for international co-operation.

Now, how has the scheme worked? According to Dr. Zimmerman's latest report, less than a year after the control began and less than six months after the loan was issued equilibrium was actually established in the Austrian Budget. And now the gross receipts from the customs and the tobacco monopoly have increased enough to cover the loan four times over. On the other hand, Government expenditure has not been reduced quite as fast as was expected. Even in the face of balanced Budgets, too much of their success has been due to drastic taxation (a great burden on trade) and too little on governmental economy; the proportion has been reported to be even as high as nine-tenths *versus* one-tenth. As to reductions of personnel, the number of Cabinet offices has been reduced from eleven to seven and over 70,000 Government employees have been dismissed. The total number to be dismissed within the two years is to reach 100,000.

The plenary powers granted by Parliament for the increase of taxation have been used, and the people have borne the heavy burden with exemplary patience.

One reason for this is that they have witnessed the welcome sight of the stabilization of their krone; even during the great fall last year of the German and the Polish mark, the krone was hardly touched. Another reason is that the one and a half year's experience of this scheme has resulted in a very large decline in living costs; another, that it has halved the numbers of the unemployed; and, finally, and above all, that it has increased savings-bank deposits by no less than twenty-three times.

The scheme may not be yet quite a complete success. But these splendid results show that it is so near its ultimate goal as to inspire confident optimism.

Nor has the optimism been fatally lessened, Dr. Seipel told me, by the recent ridiculous gambling of Vienna brokers. They were brought up with a round turn, as they deserved. "Anyway, there have always been too many speculators among us," added the Chancellor. "They need a changed mental and moral point of view."

What Remains to be Done

THE resources gained by Austria's self-help, plus the timely help of the Powers, should give her the necessary period properly to prepare for the desirable long-time borrowing. There is, however, a danger in the situation, one to militate against any loan. The very success of the present scheme has produced in certain circles a sentiment that its control can shortly be dispensed with. Such a sentiment may be natural among dismissed governmental employees seeking reinstatement or among interests selfishly resisting a necessary administrative control for the good of all. But the Chancellor knows how to meet this tendency. He has but to point to the post-war chaos antedating his coming to office. The old Austria, bureaucratic, groaned under overhead expense. The new Austria, democratic, must be delivered from that burden and those groans.

As to the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, it can hardly be politically restored. But there may be an ultimate economic restoration through the co-operation of all the states along the Danube from the German frontier to the sea. In such a restoration Austria might well be the chief gainer.

Vienna.

Art in Armo



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The exhibition of armor now being shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art contains some of the most wonderful examples of the armorer's art ever produced. The engraved and gilded armor for man and horse, seen on the right-hand page, is dated 1527; of it a collector once said, "It is the finest suit of armor in the world." It is believed to have belonged to the Sieur Jacques Gourdon de Genouilhac, 1466-1546, a distinguished warrior in the court of Louis XII and Francis I. The vise and anvil shown above are in the "armorer's workshop" of the Museum. The vise is of North Italian workmanship, boldly

nd in Tools



decorated with foliation and mascaron (or grotesque face). The richly wrought anvil is also probably of Italian workmanship; it was no doubt used "only by an iron-worker and an iron-worker of quality—which means, in all ancient rules, an armorer." These tools bring vividly back to us the days when artificers loved their work with a devotion that expressed itself in terms of art equally with those of utility. Mr. William H. Riggs, who gave to the Metropolitan Museum his magnificent collection of armor, in which the specimens shown here have an honored place, died in France on August 31

A Village Under Prohibition

By MELISSA STURGESS

Here is a survey of an American village under prohibition, by "one of the neighbors." The names of the author and the village are naturally disguised, and the village is not located where it is said to be. But these changes in no wise alter the value of this intimate town portrait

HARRISVILLE is a real American town tucked away among the hills to the south of the Adirondack Mountains.

In the closing years of the eighteenth century twenty men from Connecticut bought the land—at a dollar and a quarter an acre—and divided it among themselves. The farms these men cleared have been broken up into smaller ones, but many of their descendants still till the old homestead acres.

Half a century later there came a wave of immigrant laborers from Ireland. As time went on, the best of these bought farms and became citizens; so to-day the population of the town, numbering roughly three thousand, is made up as to race in the proportion of two descendants of the early Puritans to one of the Irish. There are practically no foreigners.

Who is breaking the prohibition laws? The alien only, or is the native American also guilty?

It seemed that I might find the answer to these questions right here in my own home town, with its overwhelming majority of native stock, so I began asking, "How do you think prohibition is working out here?" of friends and acquaintances. The first one questioned was a woman—an elderly maiden—living next door. Her reply was characteristic.

"I see you, too, are misled by all this propaganda about drinking," she exclaimed, excitedly. "The stuff that is printed in the papers makes me all out of patience. Why, in my last 'Church News' a man wrote that he went out in Chicago to investigate conditions, and found only six places in the whole city where he could buy any intoxicants; and," with a superior smile, "Chicago is somewhat larger than Harrisville."

A few houses up the street lives a widow—a well-bred, well-read, sensible woman—and I was curious as to what her reply would be. She thought for some time, and then said, slowly: "I have lived here twenty years, and when I first came a drunken man was a common sight. I remember one night John came home late from lodge, and found Charles Atwood asleep in the snow out by that tree. It was a bitter night, and he would have been frozen long before morning if some one had not found him. Twenty years ago you couldn't walk down by the saloons without running into 'drunks,' and now I don't know when I have seen even one."

"Is it better now than ten years ago under local option?" I persisted.

"Yes, I think it is. Ten years ago Harrisville was 'dry,' but Franklin, only twelve miles away, was decidedly 'wet,' and the men could jump on the train and go down after anything they wanted. Don't you remember how people used to joke about the shoe-boxes on the train? I do think conditions are better here now than they were even ten years ago."

Putting the question to an ex-soldier, I got an instant response. Straightening to his full height, eyes snapping, he snorted: "Prohibition! That makes me tired! If I had had a chance to vote on it, or had had one thing to say about it, I would have felt differently; but while we boys were over there going through hell these nice little boys and girls who stayed safe at home put one over on us. They can't make it work in my case!"

There is a flourishing Women's Village Improvement Society here, whose president told me the following: "We had a dinner down at the Temple Tuesday evening, and, as it was late when we broke up, we went home and left everything. When we came down next morning, we found there had been another party after we left, for there were empty beer bottles all over the tables, and such a looking place! Nice advertisement for us women!"

For nearly forty years my husband has been a dealer in agricultural implements here, and when he goes out canvassing among the farmers I often ride along. At a majority of the places where we stop we are offered something to drink. Most often it is cider; sometimes home-brewed beer; occasionally elderberry, dandelion, or grape wine.

"Is this a sample of the way farmers keep the Prohibition Law?" I asked him one day.

He said, with a shrug, "You can see for yourself."

In a village several miles north of Harrisville is a college for men, and if one is riding on the main highways toward night of a Sunday he will see groups of students waiting to hail any car with a vacant seat. Not all the boys are intoxicated; in fact, very fe of them are; also there are few who d not show some effect of drink.

Ten years ago the village boasted tw hotels and eight saloons. To-day w have two hotels and no saloons. Th better hotel is run by a woman, an according to law as far as she is con cerned. Her husband, however, take care to keep a supply for himself hidde about the place. One morning a sales man came into the store, and my hus band rallied him about his appearance He grinned sheepishly. "Maybe yo wouldn't look any better than I do i you had been with me last night. Yo have a fine hotel here, and Mrs. Shelby runs it right. But you know that hus band of hers. He invited me into hi room last night, and when I went found a trooper and a bootlegger with him. We all had a few, and the stuf was certainly strong, all right, for I hav a beautiful head on me this morning and Shelby is still in bed. I dropped in to see him on my way out, and he said his wife came in and stood and looked at him for a while and then told him to stay out of sight."

The other hotel is now closed by or der of court for frequent violations of the law. Two years ago a stranger bought the place, and it became popular almost at once, as was evidenced by the number of cars parked around at all times of the day and night. Enforcement officers raided it, and, finding some whisky, the proprietor was fined. A few months later the building was searched again and a quantity of beer and whisky found hidden under the coal in the cellar. This time the owner was lodged in the county jail, while his wife and son (a lad of sixteen) continued to run the hotel. All this persecution—so called—proved an advertisement, and the boy sold more than his father ever had. Again the officers came, and this time gave the family a week to vacate the premises, and the doors were then locked and sealed for a year.

No story of prohibition conditions is complete without a bootlegger. We have our representative—Lippett. To all appearances he has no business, but owns a high-power seven-passenger car, and drives away with his wife at dusk every

night. A couple of weeks ago they were stopped by officers, who found the car loaded with contraband. He was fined heavily, but is still doing business, as he brought a case of beer last night to our neighbor across the street labeled "Warranted to contain more than 2½ per cent alcohol."

Conditions here are much better than twenty years ago and about the same as ten years ago under local option, but with this difference: ten years ago public opinion was steadily growing in favor of abstinence, while now the reverse appears to be true.

Why Are We Childless?

By A Modern Girl

SOME time ago Mrs. Ethel Wadsworth Cartland pointed out in an Outlook article the fact that the modern girl is substituting other things for motherhood. She told of the dangers in such a course. This writer defends the modern girl and gives her explanation of late marriages.

MRS. CARTLAND is right. The modern girl is substituting other things for motherhood. Where shall we look for explanation? To the apparent selfish nature of the modern girl? To the increasing equalization of masculine and feminine duties, and the subsequent revolt of women from the imposition of what may seem an unfair burden?

But we shall make no progress in so directing our inquiry to the individual girl of to-day; human nature does not change. The girls of to-day want children just as much as the girls of yesterday—with the one difference, perhaps, that they have replaced sentimentality with common sense. The modern girl is but one part of contemporary civilization, just as the nineteenth-century woman was essentially Victorian. Individuals in themselves are practically helpless. In explanation of the declining birth rate, it is not so much feminine nature as the complete social system that is involved.

The factors in modern life affecting this problem are: (1) The extended period of preparation for life, especially reflected in the need for education and the length of time required to complete it; (2) raising of the standards of living; and (3) a changed conception of the purpose of life in which the girl regards herself, not as an indiscriminate vehicle for the transmission of life, but as a constructive builder responsible to the race for the careful selection of a worthy mate.

Now the extended preparation for living, as seen in the requirements of education, explains both the absence of early marriages and the launching of girls upon definite careers. College education is now practically a necessity. The average age of a college graduate is about twenty-three—and in some other specialized institutes of training the average age is even higher. After graduation the student turns toward the business of making a living. As time goes on the demands of her profession become more and more insistent, and the girl is left little leisure or strength for social functions at which she may meet men. The same story holds true with a man. He is forced to consider every expense in his struggle for a living and must necessarily sacrifice marriage to the development of a respectable earning capacity. All of this takes time, and when it does not result in bachelorhood it does result in a late marriage. After such experience both girl and man are past that vital period of youth most essential to a happy culmination of marriage in the family circle.

The second factor of uplift in standard of living grows out of the more comprehensive preparatory period. Here again both girl and man are affected by the pressure, and to this ever-growing tendency we may look for another explanation of the childless fate of many couples. Each generation pushes the standard a trifle higher, and each generation takes comparatively longer time in achieving the standard which means comfortable marriage. This is just one penalty of progress. The tragic part of the matter is that it is a penalty exacted in greater proportion of that social group which itself is the highly refined product of that very progress.

We come quite logically, then, to our last important factor in the explanation of substitutes for motherhood—the changed conception of the purpose of life, in which the girl regards herself as the constructive agent responsible to the race for the discriminating selection of a mate. This of course is a less tangible phase of the problem. It is a bit difficult to explain the peculiar prerogative of selection held by the modern girl, yet it exhibits essentially the same tendency shown in the ever-climbing standard for preparation toward living and the standards of living proper. The one vital difference lies in the change of the girl's rôle from active to passive.

Nature and convention have provided that the man be the aggressor. A girl cannot, unfortunately, practice the application of any of her ideas of selection if she has no one worthy to select from. And the fact of a meager showing of eligible men can be explained, not by the unattractive personality of the girl, but by ordinary pressure of circumstance. Right here in our own town the college-bred girls are faced with the problem of a man famine due to the fact that the real men of the community spend their time away in business. What are we to do? Wait for some worthy man to return, or marry for the sake of marriage any masculine creature irrespective of his qualifications? One course spells probable disappointment; the other, a lowering of standards. Thus we are tossed from one horn of the dilemma to the other.

So much for the explanation of the declining prevalence of motherhood. The girl is not to be accused of shortcoming; the problem is the problem of contemporary civilization. Of course there is something wrong with the social system which forces late marriage or no marriage at all on account of economic pressure; but what can we do about it? Surely, not lower our standards to those of the immigrant for the express purpose of equaling him in the number of offspring! Yet the problem, if unsolved, will spell the ruin of that very social group so necessary for civilization to save. Would social insurance help? Could the state by taxing rich childless couples endow worthy married couples in precarious financial circumstances with a certain amount of money for each child brought into the world? If it seems impossible to check the prolific fecundity of the foreign element, our course must then be to encourage the mating of the members of our own social group. At least we understand the problem and realize its serious import. We modern girls are not the sinners we are supposed to be. We want to marry; we want children; but first of all we want *money* enough to insure respectable living conditions and *men* at least our equal in intelligence and decency.

Hunting for a National Park

By WILLIAM C. GREGG

CAN we find a great National Park in the East?

Secretary Hubert Work asks this question, and then appoints a committee of five to answer it.[1]

The inevitable direction of a National Park quest is to the Southern Appalachian Mountains.

The days of romance and adventure have not yet passed forever, and so, while business grinds and politics boils, the Committee goes South to begin an exploration that will surely mean, before many years, a big National Park in a new area containing scenery both august and intimate, flora both rare and glorious, and animals of all descriptions which ever lived in the original thirteen States.

The Southern Appalachian Mountains have been *known but not recognized* by the American people. Much misinformation has been circulated, by nobody in particular, about this charming country which extends from Pennsylvania to Georgia.

The Committee started by asking itself many questions. Can we find adequate scenery? Is there an area National in size (say 1,000 square miles)? Will it be wild?

The inhabitants of that region are asking:

How large is a park?

What will you do with us?

Will we have to move?

What will Congress pay?

The Committee can see, on the start, that a selection will be made from four or five parts of the Southern Appalachians, which naturally separate themselves into competing areas. It is too early even to mention them, but already the people of North and South Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia are vigorously singing the praises of their parts of the great mountain range and are offering every assistance and entertainment to the Committee. The scenic areas of Kentucky, West Virginia, and Virginia also await investigation.

The Appalachian Mountains contain forty-eight mountain peaks over 6,000 feet above sea-level and sixty-three over 5,000 feet. It must be remembered that the plain from which these peaks start is only about 1,000 feet above sea-level, so the onlooker gets about the same impression as he does when viewing the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, which rise from a much higher plain. They contain the most extensive hardwood forests remaining in North America, with the greatest variety of trees, shrubs, and flowers known to our naturalists.

National Parks, so far, have been created almost entirely out of the unoccupied public land by a simple act of Congress.

The reason there has been no National Park in the Southern Appalachian Mountains is that all the land is privately owned. And the valleys have been occupied since before Washington was President by settlers who gradually worked into this area from the original coast colonies. So the principal question today (after the one about the general merit of the scenery, which is easily answered) is, Will Congress buy out the landholders, big and small, to make a park? To what extent may a part of the

[1] The Committee appointed by Secretary Hubert Work to make a study of the region in which it is proposed to establish a new National Park in the Southern Alleghanies consists of Congressman H. W. Temple (Pennsylvania), Chairman; Major W. A. Welch, Director Palisades Inter-State Park; H. P. Kelsey, landscape architect and botanist; Colonel Glenn Smith, U. S. Topographical Survey; William C. Gregg, National Parks Association.



The old farm illustrates the settler problem not confronted before in creating National Parks. The view is characteristic of the territory through which the park hunters journeyed

large holdings be donated for park purposes? Might a campaign to raise part of the purchase price of the land be conducted in the Southern cities most directly to be benefited by tourist travel?

A National Park in the Appalachians will mean a large amount of road building by somebody to reach the park and by the Government within the park.

If the scenic advantages of two sections are substantially the same, the road cost will be one of the determining factors.

Camping areas will be another competing element; but it is probable that every section can qualify reasonably, for, while the mountains are very rugged, approximating in places the best pinnacled parts of the Rockies, yet the camping possibilities of all areas seem fully sufficient for National Park purposes.

It is not generally known that so many sharp peaks exist. Automobile roads can reach the summit of many of them, but others will remain forever the goal of the climbers—one peak we gazed at across a half-mile-deep valley was, according to one of our guides, about large enough for three or four "tol'able" sized men to stand on.

Very few rocks are in sight. They are there, but are covered with shrubs and moss, so the general color effect is green, with only an occasional jutting cliff which has managed to shake off the tentacles of the traveling roots and the creeping vines.

An exception will have to be noted along the border-line of Georgia and South Carolina, where several mountainsides are bare rock, the most notable, "Whitesides," having a perpendicular bare wall of over 1,000 feet. We were much impressed with this noble mountain, and did not "argufy" when some of the party thought the depth of the precipice below us was over 1,300 feet.

There seems to be no "timber line" in the Southern Appalachians. When we scaled Mount Mitchell (6,700 feet high), we found trees on the very top, and millions of feet of logs had been removed from around the summit when it was partly cut over by a lumber company some years ago.

It was partly to save the Southern Appalachian Mountains that Congress passed a law under which the Forest Department was created and has acquired a large acreage of forest land that had been cut over. And the process of forest protection and reforestation is already well under way.

The lumbermen have been accused of ruthlessness, but this charge is not always deserved. Many areas have lost their large trees, but there are so many small ones standing that the inexperienced eye will hardly detect the commercial exploitation. Some places have been treated so carefully that the damage done is practically nil.

The demand for a National Park comes from several sources. Some want a *National* playground; others wish to preserve a section of the original Appalachians as God made them, untouched by commerce, and to nurse back to its original status the almost extinct animal life which a few hundred years ago filled these forests.

We are asked what we are finding so far to justify a National Park. The answer is:

First, majestic mountain scenery.

Second, several big areas with parts usable as playgrounds for the masses, and parts as museum areas for the naturalist and the trail hiker who want to be alone with nature in its grandeur and infinite wealth of wondrous creations.

The whole Southern Appalachian Range is an exhibition from May 1 to July 15 every year of the greatest flower show in the world. There are countless acres everywhere of laurel, azalea, arbutus, and rhododendrons. Unless seen, their glory is almost unbelievable.

Women Police as England Sees Them

By Eveline W. Brainerd

THE proposal of the New York Women's Police Bureau to train college women for police work, though a new idea here, has had ten years' trial in England and has proved its worth. The head of the Women's Auxiliary Service for training women candidates for police service in Great Britain, Commandant Mary E. Allen, came to this country last spring to study our police systems and to speak on the business of the women constables as worked out in Great Britain.

No one in London would turn to gaze after the trim uniform of the Commandant, but here the visored cap, the high-collared shirtwaist and black tie, the trousers and full-skirted coat meeting the tops of the black boots, catch every eye. When the Commandant is caught with her cap off there is another surprise, for the heavy hair is close cropped—not bobbed, notice. It frames a strong, kindly face, of a type seen more often in England than among the descendants of the settlers of this side the water. One would not choose to have the steady eyes rest upon one at an untoward moment, but at the corners are humorous wrinkles that show she has never become obsessed by the sordid and tragic scenes known to the police.

The war conditions brought to sudden action in 1914 the plans for an experiment in women on the police force that had long been considered by a group of thoughtful Englishwomen whose social work had shown them the need for some more understanding and careful treatment of women and children than the police force as constituted could give. In that time of need their offer, as a private organization, to train women for appointment to the regular force was readily accepted. Commandant Allen was one of these women. She herself served on the police force at Grantham, where the experiment was first tried out, and, having learned the job, working side by side with the "Bobbies," she became the head of the training school for these new officers, who during the war numbered a thousand, and who are now to be found on the local staffs in various parts of England and Scotland, and in the occupied territory in Germany.

Although the account of the beginnings of this Women's Auxiliary Service states that a study was made of the woman police system already in use in the United States, the new venture rapidly outstripped its forerunner. In a recent important volume on our police system the work of women police in the United States is disposed of in a single sentence in the body of the work and one fine-print note of ten lines.

Finding the work that the women should do and training the chief constables to see why that work should be handed over to women was quite as much a task in those early days as laying out a course of instruction for the candidates, but the women's work is now well defined. They are regular members of local constabularies, on precisely the same basis as to pay and position as the men. They can take action in case of need on any matter that chances to come up in their presence, but their special duties are with women and children. They



Photograph by Florence Vandamm

Commandant Mary S. Allen, of the British Women Police

take charge of women who have attempted suicide; collect personally the evidence of women and children in cases of assault; accompany women prisoners and witnesses; search women prisoners; supervise children in street trades; report on cases of cruelty to children, on bad housing; patrol parks, open spaces, and streets; inspect places of amusement; and do regular duty at the station-houses.

The three months' training for these varied tasks is planned to prove the physical endurance and the hardy spirit of the candidate. Only women of education and of ideals as to the possibilities of the work are considered, and those having had some prior experience in social service are most likely to succeed. Given in London, the course takes in a study of the city regulations, traffic along with the rest, though women police are not likely ever to have to deal with unmanageable motor cars. They learn the city departments, the institutions, the social agencies, the movie houses, theaters, dance-halls and public houses, and prisons. They go out day after day with the women police. Last, but in Commandant Allen's mind by no means least, is the drill. This is not alone for its obvious value in preparation for parades and guards of honor. It has practical effect in the speed and agility with which the women move, and in their ability to obey orders quickly and to give orders that will be obeyed. It makes for corps spirit that is always a source of strength. So convinced are the leaders of the women's police force of the value of stiff drill during the training that the German women who had asked for training that they might work in the occupied area were refused the uniform until they would accept the drill to which they objected, it being reminiscent of the militarism of the past régime.

The uniform is another essential as English people see this work. While these police officers are the friends and protectors of women and children, they are first of all upholders of law and order. They find the uniform imperative for this and no hindrance to the mission of help and comfort. One suspects that the arguments against the uniformed force in this country arise partly from a wrong notion as to police and their character and duties, a notion that it would not take the right sort of women long to change; partly from the narrow limits of the work of police women in our cities, where duty at dance-halls is the major part of the programme, and partly for an anti-uniform complex that inhabits the American feminine mind. No one who dealt with the women in the hut and canteen work for the A. E. F. will ever forget the weird costumes, in which pink chiffon, enameled pins, pumps, ruffles, and new spring bonnets added notes of bewildering individuality to the official uniform recognized by the army. No grotesque jokes of that sort are played by any police woman in England. She respects the garb that stands to her for pride in her calling, loyalty to her comrades, duty to the state. Without some outward symbol it is doubtful if the same sense of partnership and unity of purpose can be attained. Of its practical usefulness there is no doubt in the minds of those who have been studying this work during the past decade. Wherever the women police are used in England they are known, their duties understood. Here, unless one's business brings one in contact with individuals of the force, one must almost be introduced before one is aware of the police woman's existence. Waiting at a junction one day, Commandant Allen saw a young girl, evidently quite unused to travel, going off with a man, leaving her little trunk unprotected on the platform. The station-master was easily persuaded by the blue coat and the cap to go out of his way to put the box in safety, and then the Commandant thought she would use her odd hour in this town quite out of her bailiwick to seeing what had become of the little traveler. She found her shortly in a public house, already quite drunk. A look at the blue coat sent the man sliding out the door. There was no difficulty in getting the girl cared for at a hotel until she was in condition to travel. She was an ignorant child, a housemaid, on her way to a new place, who, though she had been warned to speak to no one, had not understood that it was equally dangerous to let any one else begin the conversation. "If I hadn't happened around and been able to do something, even though with no authority in the place, she would never have been heard of again," said the Commandant. "We lose lots of them that way."

The women work, however, in mufti as well, and are trained for both types of service. They can, and do if it seems best, make friendly visits to the homes of those under their charge, and as inconspicuously as the school-teacher or church visitor.

The special value of women on the force is plainly seen in the effect on children brought in as witnesses. Little children and young girls, surrounded by men, growing more and more frightened

and bewildered as the examination goes on, is a common sight here. Not only is it a cruel, often an indecent method, but it does not make for getting at the whole truth of a situation or for the punishment of the offender. Where there are women police they make all the preliminary examinations, and they come into court with the children and the women and stand by them through the terrifying ordeal, giving them courage to stick to their story and give their testimony clearly and fearlessly.

The women police have their own office, which is always open for complaints and appeals. The appeals are often comic, often needless, often sordid, and often tragic. A group of mothers came together to the office in one provincial town to tell of an elderly man who, on the fiction of tea parties, was luring their little girls to his rooms. Women are far less likely to bring even such serious troubles to the men of the force. They do not feel sure of understanding and sympathy, nor of wholehearted efforts at punishing such offenders.

The life of a woman on a local police force in Great Britain is full of variety. Her mind has no chance to become centered on one type of offense. Every sort of problem comes to her desk—overdue rent, housemaids turned off without pay, shoplifters, lost children, separated households, frightened folk and angry, and those who must be taught in no uncertain terms the rights of others and the reality of law. If the uniform is a sign of safety in the parks, it is because it is a symbol of retribution to those who prey on ignorance and weakness. To the police woman the task is not merely to help this and that individual case, but to develop public opinion and public habit, to build surroundings and circumstances in which life will be more decent, more safe, healthier, and more happy.

Water I'll Have

By Dorothy Burgess

Now it's water I'll have to live beside
If it's only a brook through a hollow.
It needn't be deep, nor yet be wide,
But alive for my eyes to follow.

Alive, with a voice that my heart may know
And a tale that my heart may hearken.
Over it swiftly wind will blow
As each day's shadows darken.

And the way of the water and wind will bring
Rest from a word once spoken,
Forgetfulness of a dreary thing,
And an old, old promise broken.

Down to the Sea in Ships

By Florence Mary Bennett

A generation or more ago Nantucket loomed large in American life and in the building of American character. The record of Nantucket is graved deep in her streets and her homes. This is the story of one of the men who helped to mold the spirit of this famous New England town

My seafaring grandfather, who sailed as master of his ship on many prosperous whaling voyages from the comely harbor of New Bedford, went for the last time in the homely adventurous quest almost at the very moment when war blazed out between South and North. He used to tell of a glimpse of the black hull of the Alabama, ominously upward bound on the watery hillside of the horizon; but he had the luck to escape an encounter. Oddly enough, the chance came for him to see her death struggle with the Kearsarge. For, off the Azores, he had dined on the Union warship, and Captain Winslow, his host, invited him to the duel, promising him a safe spot of vantage on the French coast, whence he might see the event, and safe passage thither and back again to his own vessel. (The tale speaks for Winslow's confidence in the issue.) But the captain of a whaler might not permit himself such an absence from duty. My grandfather's writing-desk, a fine affair made of rosewood, brass-bound and decorous, has in it now the special insurance papers, taken out at an unusually high rate, against the war. Rather ironically, he missed by a narrow margin in these the date which would have entitled him to a portion of the "Alabama claims." Those who know the well-seasoned stories of my grandfather's birthplace, Nantucket, tell of the handsome Raphael Semmes, who gayly commanded the famous English-built privateer, that he forewent an opportunity to shell Nantucket. "For," said he, "I've had too many good times at balls in that town to admit of my paying them in such a way for past courtesy." As a young officer in the United States Navy, he had often visited the island on tours of lighthouse inspection.

That in the '60's was, indeed, my grandfather's last voyage, but his life stretched out for many happy years thereafter in pleasant retirement at Nantucket, where he was a member of the Pacific Club, a genial band of whalers who met diligently in the building which they had purchased, the Rotch warehouse, an eighteenth-century brick structure, which once gave domicile to the Custom-House whence two of the "Tea Ships" cleared for London, there to receive that fatal cargo of 1773. Morning, noon, and night, those spiritual scions of Ulysses gathered to tell one another their "Odysseys." "It must be very beguiling conversation," my grandmother would remark when her husband would say on some cold day after their twelve-o'clock dinner: "Well, Mary, my dear, I guess I must be getting down 'long; there'll be quite a number at the Room this afternoon." The captains used to buy their newspapers on 'Change and read them together in the smoky atmosphere of their Room while they sat about the stove, their feet on the iron ring which encircled the sacred fire in a narrower band than that of their chairs. They subscribed individually to different Boston "dailies," and so there might be spicy interchanges of news. Enlivening bits were often repeated at tea time to the family. Most of those men were Democrats, of course, by rearing, sticklers for "free trade and sailors' rights." But



Ewing Galloway

The " Captain's Walk " on the roof of a house in old Nantucket—from which incoming vessels might be sighted

they had all voted for Lincoln, and, I think, most of them abode loyal to their change of politics. And yet—you know, that sort of men did not really tell at home how they voted, that being a gentleman's secret—my grandmother, who came from an ardent Whig household, suspected strongly that my grandfather voted for Grover Cleveland in the memorable campaign against Blaine. And this I can testify—very odd too it was that my grandmother, who was not meek, tolerated such an ever-present outrage to her Whig-Republican susceptibilities!—that throughout my childhood there hung in their sitting-room a large framed engraving of Cleveland's Cabinet. Connected with those readings of the news at the Room there is this merry tale which belongs to the time of the French defeat at Sedan. The elocutionist of the group had the floor and was giving his friends the Third Napoleon's tragic utterance, *"On me coupe."* His pronunciation of the French may be divined by this remark, made after a suitable silence by one of the listeners: "They must have got the little fella in a pretty tight place if they got him on a coop!"

But, oh, what tales of adventure must have been recounted in that unlovely New England club-room! Curious to contrast the final experience of life which these mariners had in this peaceful town with those blood-quickening doings of their prime! My grandfather in his home was tremendously on guard lest he talk of his days at sea. Chiefly he feared that such narratives might incite his grandsons to follow his calling, which in those latter days was become very rough and dangerous to moral fiber, he believed. Also he shrank with proud disrelish from the stock reputation of a sailor as one good at spinning yarns. He was pre-eminently a lover of truth and a modest man. So one might best characterize him, if one will add to the picture the idea of his genial aspect, demeanor, and speech, of his fine face and robust good health, and will think of him too as a natural commander of men. That last, Mr. William McFee tells us, is a peculiar gift; and he knows whereof he speaks.

Our generation should understand that those master whalemen, whom a roving life, despite its hardships of physical and spiritual privation, had stamped with a lofty character, held a firm grip on self. There was among them an unspoken fidelity to their own *noblesse.* Witness their mute scorn of one who had once sat in their social conclave and who had forfeited the claims of home and manhood to the joys of easy living in the companionship of a "native woman somewhere in the islands." Their delicate tenderness to the *quasi* widow was incomparable. Grim were their locked lips toward an outsider's blundering mention of that man's name.

Subscription papers for whatever charity might be the order of the day were always circulated first at the Captains' Room, and never unavailingly. In his days of dwindling fortune my grandfather gave too generously, to be sure, to every cause that made its appeal to him. "Jack ashore is free with his money," is an old saying. But that does not entirely explain the loose purse-strings at the Room. These men had a reputation to maintain. And—God bless them!—the kind of hearts that they carried in their bosoms will account for that particular kind of reputation.

To confuse such a man as one of these with the "cap'n" of a fishing smack were— But why pursue the thought? The gaping summer resident in search of *local color* and *quaintness* does confuse them day after day and blazons that error far and near. Modern flippancy could not, in any case, savor the lives of these men. So why bemoan the stupid mistake?

"Come, Leesh, I show you!" A brown-eyed lad from the Azores leads my grandfather's little girl—my mother—up the steep garret stairway and points a dramatic index finger toward a durable sea-chest in that upper region. "Look, Leesh! Bimeby Cappy go to sea again and I accompanee. Look, my name! Cappy have it written there: 'Manuel Sanchez; Ship-a Rainbow; Pacific Ocean'!" The breadth of the address is a not ill-chosen gauge for the kind of life which these mariners led. Manuel was a cabin-boy imported for shore duties, such as blacking "Cappy's" boots and carrying parcels which that same august personage had purchased.

Picture the joys of the return from a Cape Horn voyage, one of three years! All the captains who chanced to be on



Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore

An old whaling ship in "the comely harbor of New Bedford"

This is the Charles W. Morgan, seventy-odd years old, widely known as a whaler and still more widely known as a vessel used in filming a recent motion picture

shore walked to the wharf to meet the home-comer, and this guard of honor escorted him to his house pedestrian-wise. *The cab* was for ladies only. One day two children had been playing together on Steamboat Wharf in a sail loft which belonged to the father of one of these little maidens. The boat from New Bedford had "blown" and was docking. "Come, Lizzie, quick, quick!" One of the girls was hurried by her uncle to a group of sea captains, all known to her except the one in the center, whom they were welcoming. "Well, Lizzie Plaskett, who's this?" was the question. "I don't know," she answered, quite abashed by the stranger's eyes, "unless it's my cousin George Henry Brock, home from sea." "No, child, no!" cried the man, catching her up in his arms. "It's your own father. Run and tell mother that I've come to surprise her."

That was a poignant moment for a father, showing the kind of coin which life wrings from the seaman. The child had been scarcely four years old when he sailed away. "Don't let her forget me." Such was the burden of his letters in absence. "Talk to her about me." His wife had faithfully performed her part, but of course the demand for recognition under those circumstances was unreasonable. My mother used to tell how among her earliest recollections was that of her mother's taking her in her lap and saying, "By and by the pigeon will come flying and say that father is on his way home." The child did not ask how the pigeon had the tidings or how it could impart them. But every pigeon that she encountered she viewed with veneration, believing that each bird of this kind knew always where her father was.

The women at home had to endure those long separations, the care of family, household, and property, and the constant bitter fear of disaster "somewhere." Fancy having random news of the ship whose fortune meant everything to you as being caught in the ice far north in the Pacific, or having been last seen riddled by a gale and scudding off angry Cape Horn! Letters came more or less by chance, as this ship or that fell in with another bound homeward. No telegraph then, except short cables between large cities. The wireless calls were all of heart to heart.

It was fashionable, as well as sensible and sentimental, for the captain about to depart to have his likeness taken singly and also on the same plate with that of wife and child. Those blessed daguerreotypes and ambrotypes! Somehow they reveal the true person rather magically. In early days, before Daguerre's bold enterprise, they used to have portraits painted in oils. The tradition is preserved in Nantucket of one Sally Gardner who did a thriving trade at this kind of thing. She is said to have been so rushed by business at certain seasons that in times of a lull she painted up a number of torsos, singly and in groups, everything except the heads, male and female, adult and child. The capital finish she added according to order. In some such manner Etruscan mourners are said to have been furnished with their sepulchral statuary.

However, among these whalemen and their kin it was not always a time of leave-taking. As I have hinted, there was also the cheer of arrivals. Fancy the delights of unpacking the fragrant sea-chests, fabrics of cedar and teak and sandalwood! How the treasures dazzled! Lacquered boxes and silks and embroideries from China and Japan, *piña* cloth—rolls of it—from the Philippines, shawls and sashes from India, shells and beads and other queer things from vague "Islands" of the sea, Spanish laces from South America, ingenious "scrimshaw" work—a present for every member of the family, "for all my sisters and all my wife's sisters"! And there would be chests of tea and casks of pickled limes and jars of mangoes and guava jelly and Chinese preserves. Oh, how good it smelled! How good it looked! And father at home to stay a whole year or more!

And what did they do on those long voyages? God love us! How little the women understood of the business that supported them! How meager were the details that satisfied them! Did they fear to arouse unexpectedly some serpent in the paradise which they briefly and at long intervals enjoyed? No. Seafaring was seafaring, like any other business, more or less dangerous, very exacting of patience and courage from all concerned. But that was all. More important to relate to husband the myriad of things that had happened while he was away. And he? He more than gladly forgot the hardship and the glamour and slipped into the sweet domestic ways.

Why, to him a trip by steamer to New Bedford and thence on by rail to Boston was hilarious adventure! Wife and child were driven to the boat in "the hack" with other ladies and children who might be about to voyage. Wife was established, honorably but uncomfortably, in the pilot-house—the master whaleman having a special *entrée* there—or, in prospect of invalidism by *mal de mer,* she might be comfortably deposited in the ladies' cabin. The captain strolled about free, masculine, unencumbered, but shining with the dignity of the family man. When the steamer neared New Bedford, the wild excitement of hailing a cab driver flared up. "Pussy Coffin" was the elect and select Jehu, a stout, red-faced man. If there were great competition among the travelers, how arduous was the bidding for "Pussy's" favor! Fingers were held up, hats waved, hands flung out. Then the triumphant but nonchalant visit to the cabin. "It's all right, Mary. I've got Pussy." How ignominious to be driven to the Mansion House by any but "Pussy"!

My mother used to tell of one special golden month which she spent at that Mansion House with her father and mother. She must then have been a little over twelve years old, and so details stood out clear in her mind for all time. A ship was building for my grandfather, a beautiful clipper ship, slim and agile-winged. It was a prime joy to the child to go with him to see this ocean creature "on the ways." Ah, the mystery and bustle of that harbor side! The days went by, filled with novel and glittering pleasures. But my grandmother grew sadder and sadder after the first two weeks of the visit were run.

"Oh, Henry, I'm so afraid you'll go some day without a word!" For the wife knew that he was a coward when it came to good-bys, dreading women's tears beyond all things.

"Come, come, Mary, there are days and days of work on her yet. She'll have to be launched first, you know. And then it will be days before we can sail. You'll know fast enough when the time comes."

The launching took place, and there were perhaps eight days between that and the memorable morning. My grandfather had gone down to the harbor for a look at his beauty. A note from him was brought to my grandmother, bidding her go up to the cupola of the hotel if she wished to see the ship sail away. "For my pilot has come aboard and we are weighing anchor. Good-by, Mary. God bless you and the child. Write often. Don't cry."

Of course she wept throughout that day. Is it to be wondered that the "child" carried forever in memory that image of the lovely clipper ship sailing on a spring morning from that sweet land-locked harbor?

He returned in safety and in honor from every arduous voyage. The stone that bears his name in Prospect Hill Cemetery on the island of his birth marks no cenotaph, as, alas! do many shafts in that sea-girt place.

Were they of a different breed, that generation? At any rate, I have not seen his like: commanding, firm as the ageless rocks, kindly, liberal, genial. None will err who writes him a Captain, although his commission was but of the old-time New England merchant marine. God send us master mariners again who shall resemble Henry Riddell Plaskett!

Admiral Sims in a New Rôle



International

Admiral Sims, around whose energetic head innumerable controversies have centered, is shown in the picture about to plunge into those dangerous controversies that center around a baseball field. The picture was taken during a field day at Newport

The Book Table

Locke's Latest[1]

Reviewed by R. D. Townsend

A NEW story by W. J. Locke is something of an event in the fiction-reading world. The eagerness with which his novels continue to be welcomed by a wide circle of readers is the more remarkable when we consider the amount of his output. If we are not mistaken, "The Coming of Amos" rounds out a full score of Locke's novels which have been reviewed in this department. It could hardly be expected that all these stories should be even in quality and interest, but Mr. Locke does maintain with uniform success his story-telling facility and originality. The fact that readers and critics differ in choice when asked which of the Locke novels is the best shows that he can do many things well. To some, probably to the majority, "The Beloved Vagabond" appeals most strongly because of the delightful charm of the disreputable but poetical and lovable Paragot; others find equal whimsicality and greater appeal of human optimism in "Septimus" and care little that Septimus himself is entirely an improbable person because they are so charmed with his fascinating mixture of unselfishness and irresponsibility; while not a few readers of the more critical class deem "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" (written before "Septimus" but only brought into prominence by the remarkable success of that book) to be the most delicately wrought of all the stories and to be improved rather than injured by what may be called its good-natured cynicism.

"The Coming of Amos," to be sure, cannot be ranked with the books just named, nor probably with at least two or three of the others; but it holds the reader's attention firmly and abounds in those sudden surprises and unexpected turns that are characteristic of the author. One feels sure that Mr. Locke himself thoroughly enjoyed the writing of the first part of the story. It has urbanity, leisureliness, and allows the author through the supposed narrator, a middle-aged painter who unjustly calls himself an egotist and hedonist, to talk with charm and appreciation of things that Mr. Locke himself deeply enjoys, such as the natural beauty of the Riviera and the deepening delight of the true painter when he works for his own satisfaction.

This is the part of the book which calls out one's undiluted admiration. Not so acceptable to the critic is the complication of sensational incidents in the latter part of the book, plot-stuff which the author thought himself bound to produce in order to please those to whom the plot of a story is the whole thing. We have a perfectly conventional South American villain, a scheme of blackmail, a sudden death which was partly accident and partly just vengeance, and a singular criminal situation growing out of the sale or pledging of a pearl necklace. In other hands such a plot might be called cheap and common, but Mr. Locke deals with it in twists and turns that are all his own.

The most arresting character in the book is naturally the "hulking innocent," Amos, who bursts in upon his uncle, the elegant painter of women's portraits and an intimate of extremely fashionable and rather sporty society. This raw youth from Australia, with plenty of money, brought up by a fiercely puritanical mother, and not only unsophisticated, but ignorant as to the ordinary manners and customs of civilized society, is as original in his way as Septimus and Paragot were in theirs. The uncle himself describes the situation in these words:

> And the pure, honest, direct simplicity of Amos! It was an education in life—painful perhaps—but no education can possibly be free from the fustigatory principle—it was an education to behold him sweep away social sophistries with a wave of his ham-like hand and delve to the bedrock of mortal values.

Naturally, Amos falls fiercely and suddenly in love with the Russian princess whose portrait his uncle is painting when he first comes upon the scene. The situation is tense, underneath the surface, because the uncle is himself in love with the princess. How the rough diamond Amos was developed into a man of persistent determination and how the love situation untangles itself must not be told here. But it is safe to say that, however correct the reader may be in his guess as to the conclusion, he will be astute indeed if he foresees just how it is brought about.

[1] The Coming of Amos. By William J. Locke. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

The New Books

FICTION

ANCIENT FIRES. By I. A. R. Wylie. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

An admirably told romantic tale of two men and a girl. The men are Britons, both natives of an old-fashioned English cathedral town, Stoneborough. Near by is an ancient castle, apparently lost to the Fitzroys. The boy Euan inherits the title of the long line of knights and baronets who were born there. The other boy, John Smith, comes from a family of charcoal-burners who have lived for generations on the estate. Beyond doubt he is a Fitzroy on the left side. He has inherited the beauty, wild spirits, and daring of the old race, while Euan is custodian of its more sober virtues. The strange bond of affection which holds these two, despite their contrasting natures and their rivalry in love, is skillfully brought out. How Lisbeth, too, Lisbeth the faithful and the womanly, can love them both and at first succumb to the lesser love is made credible and tolerable. The action carries us from rural England to Quetzelango, a turbulent American Republic somewhere south of Mexico, where General John Smith is a great and picturesque figure. All's well in the end, we must feel, for that spirited anachronism John Smith, as well as for Euan and his predestined Lisbeth.

ANDORRA. By Isabelle Sandy. Translated from the French by Mathilde Monnier and Florence Donnell White. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

This novel has been widely read and highly praised abroad. Kipling says he has read it more than once. Pierre Mille calls it the best novel she has read in a year. It has a fresh scene, for one thing, a new "localism." Andorra (perhaps the reader knows) is a tiny buffer-state in the Pyrenees, less than two hundred square miles in extent, and with a few thousand people. It is under the double suzerainty and protection of the Church and of France; it has no army, no written laws. It is a survival of the Middle Ages; its social system is patriarchal. All power belongs to the heads of families, and property goes down intact, not necessarily to the eldest son, but to the appointed heir. In short, here are intensified the typical conditions of peasant drama—turning upon the worship of land and of family authority. With love—the love of child and parent and of

man and maid—they may be called the basic materials of all drama.

But the tang or accent is fresh, and enables the story-teller to give a new force to the ancient tale of greed and mother love, passion and pride, cruelty and devotion, and stoic endurance. A little place, a little people, and in their trivial history summed up the story of all mankind.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE. By Ambrose Bierce. Albert and Charles Boni, New York. $2.

Reprint of some of the best of Bierce's stories—the Civil War tales and the stories of civilian life, mainly supernatural, grotesque, or horrible. The work of one of the foremost of American writers of short stories.

NEW CANDIDE (THE). By John Cournos. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

The characters of Voltaire's satire are revived, with new names, and sent through extravagant and satirical adventures in the modern world.

ORDEAL. A Novel. By Dale Collins. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

A good story, suggestive of "The Admirable Crichton," yet vastly different in its dramatic tenseness, psychological rather than nautical in its main interest, although full of the different moods of the sea splendidly portrayed. It is additionally remarkable as a first novel. The villainous steward, who becomes the tyrant of the little group of refined people on board the derelict when the storm and his own mischief have placed them at his mercy, and who goes mad with the sense of unaccustomed power, is a striking and unusual figure.

ORNAMENTS IN JADE. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

Arthur Machen is so much an artist that he cannot be anything else. With him the form always stands an unchallenged first. Then comes the emotional mood embodied in and conveyed by that form. At the tail trails the thought—the intellectual attempt to establish a tangible, reliable, guiding line of cause and effect. Sometimes this element is so vague that a too casual survey of his work may even suggest its complete absence. The question whether this limitation on his part implies a failure of some kind leads us straight back to the old dispute between the ethical and the esthetical theories of art as a creative factor in life, and that far we cannot go here. For the time being, at least, we must accept him for what he is, regardless of all theories, namely, a craftsman of almost uncanny skill. As such he appears at all but his very best in the little group of almost unclassifiable prose studies now published under the esoteric title of "Ornaments in Jade," a thin volume, handsomely printed and autographed by the author. In these stories, if such they can be called, he shows himself, as always, a master in the art of suggesting facts and feelings so subtle that plain words become too crude for their expression. Without appearing engaged in anything more extraordinary than a daylight walk along a crowded London street, or an aimless stroll through a dreamy wood, he carries us headlong into the realm of mystery. He cannot, it seems, write of the simplest thing without endowing it with a touch of what is more than natural—or less. And always the mystery of his suggestion is twofold in character. There is the mystery of the flesh—passion—and the mystery of the spirit—ecstasy. One finds it hard to tell which of the two preoccupies him most, and the truth of it is probably that he wishes or is forced to attempt a synthesis of both into a single, all-embracing mystery, which, if ever reached, might furnish us with the final key to the riddle of living. Perhaps it is not to be wondered that, when engaged in this pursuit, he is at times led into quests which may strike some readers as unwholesome and anything but spiritual. To put it more plainly, Machen is as much concerned with sex, in all its manifestations and aberrations, as any one of those Freudians for whom he has nothing but scorn to spare. But always he deals with it discreetly, as with a mystery, and always he seems striving to reach through the blind and noisome byways of passion to the sublime ecstasy of those "Holy, White and Shining Mysteries" which once, in a moment that became determining for all the rest of his life, were exhibited to him on a sidewalk in Holborn.

A clash of moral codes



Love vs. l'amour

The Little French Girl

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

CANDID, fascinating and lovable, Alix, the little French girl, is sent to England in quest of the suitable marriage that her mother's indiscretions have made impossible in France. How, even there, the past lies like an abyss across her path, how she is enmeshed in the difference of social standards between the two countries, and how she finally, triumphantly, extricates herself is told in a novel that is one of the outstanding achievements of modern fiction.

$2.00 at bookstores

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

SHORELESS SEA (THE). By Mollie Panter-Downes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

Why do reviewers love to spoil the clever writing infant by telling us that she writes like a grown-up? A British chorus has gone up over this ingenuous tale: "No handicap for age," "Quite unnecessary to judge her novel by any other standards than those applied to writers of more mature years," and so on. But the only virtue in the story is its ingenuousness. It is exactly the sort of thing a nice English girl of sixteen with a romantic fancy and an agile pen would write. It is silly, dreaming, pathetic sixteen—made articulate. There is nothing more touchingly comic in "The Young Visiters" than the episode of Guy and Deirdre and their blameless month together by the sea. Deirdre has always loved Guy, but fate has parted them. So she marries Terry (a lord), and she is awfully fond of Terry, too, but when Guy comes back into her life she can't resist him, or rather her feeling for him. "Let's be happy together for once," she cries; "do what we like, love as much as we like, and be happy—happy!" So they spend a month rapturously holding hands, after which Guy jumps off a cliff, and Deirdre, with a single gesture of abnegation, drifts easily and forever into the complaisant Terry's conjugal embrace!

STORY OF EROS AND PSCYHE (THE). Retold by Edward Carpenter. G. Allen & Unwin, London. $2.

Mr. Carpenter has translated and beautifully retold from Apuleius the fa-

WEEK-END Parcel of 12 Books and a year's subscription to *Book Notes* for $1.90. The parcel contains the following titles printed in good clear type and bound in colored paper wrappers, size 5 x 7:

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mous story of Eros and Psyche. Some early poems of his own are added.

THEY WHO WALK IN THE WILDS. By Charles G. D. Roberts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

Nine stories of wild animals of the great, frozen and once unknown North—now pretty well explored by the naturalist, the writer, and the movie director. The animal up there no longer lives by his lone.

BIOGRAPHY

JOURNAL OF GEORGE FOX (THE). Prepared and Edited by Norman Penney, F.S.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

To the study of the religious instinct in man few works are of greater value than the journal of George Fox, the first Quaker, of which a carefully revised and judiciously abridged edition has now been published for the tercentenary celebration of his birth. This intensely human document is interesting both on account of the light it sheds on a very remarkable character and on account of its vivid portrayal of what men used to suffer for any deviation, however innocent, from the religious tenets having official and popular sanction.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

COBB OF "THE WORLD." Compiled by John L. Heaton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $10.

After a biographical sketch of Frank I. Cobb, the book is composed of his editorial articles from the "World." Mr. Cobb was a vigorous writer; he made the editorial page of his paper widely admired, and he made the hearts of old-fashioned Democrats to glow. He was a good partisan, who sincerely believed that virtue is more certainly inherent in a Democrat than in a Republican. The latter word was, for him, next to a synonym for corruptionist. Open the book at random, and you may find sentences like this: "The fact of the matter is that the Republicans manufactured a crooked and fraudulent issue by their partisan attacks on the President's foreign policy, and Roosevelt promptly stole the issue."

There you have it. Smashing attack; "crooked" and "fraudulent" are the Republicans—they must be so, because they oppose a Democratic President (Wilson) whose foreign policy was necessarily celestial, just as the ace up Mr. Gladstone's sleeve was always put there by the Trinity. And this refers to a President whose foreign policy got grudging and divided support from his own party, and sometimes no support at all, but opposition. And Roosevelt did not adopt the Republican policy; he "stole" it. (Actually, he was far ahead of them in opposing Mr. Wilson's foreign policy.) Mr. Heaton says that Mr. Cobb probably thought far better of Mr. Roosevelt than Mr. Roosevelt did of Mr. Cobb. This is probably true; perhaps both of them were right.

Mr. Cobb was a latter-day modification of the old school of editors—not so vituperative as Watterson among the Democrats and Greeley of the Republicans, but he conducted a newspaper which is usually eminently fair in its news columns, and bitterly partisan on its editorial page. His ability as an editor was most pleasing to his fellow-partisans.

OUTLINE OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT (AN). By Chester C. Maxey. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $3.

The chief problems of city government clearly stated, with references to further reading and study.

THESE EVENTFUL YEARS: THE TWENTIETH CENTURY IN THE MAKING. As Told by Many of Its Makers. 2 vols. The Encyclopædia Britannica Company, New York. $11.50.

These two volumes of more than 1,400 pages together, counting inserted illustrations, aim at giving a complete political, social, economic, and cultural history of our new century up to date. While prepared and issued by the Britannica Company, they have nothing in common with the encyclopædia and do not aspire to the character of such a work. They are meant for reading rather than for mere reference, and the subject-matter within their scope is treated accordingly. The names of the eighty-four authors represent recognized expert knowledge in the fields covered, respectively, by each one of them. Every shade of opinion is represented, and, on the whole, the work seems strictly impartial in its tone. Some of the articles, particularly in the cultural part of the volumes, are of high value and interest, while all but a very few of them must be held useful and well presented. The chief criticism provoked by the work in its entirety is that too much of the emphasis has been laid on political and military events, and more particularly on the war. One must also question the fairness as well as wisdom of selecting such men as General Ludendorff and Grand-Admiral von Tirpitz to present the German side of the war history. The inclusion of outpourings like theirs in a work of this kind can only serve to place difficulties in the way of the real peace for which all right-thinking men and women are hoping at the present moment.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

SOME CONTEMPORARY AMERICANS: THE PERSONAL EQUATION IN LITERATURE. By Percy H. Boynton. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $2.

With both truth and wit Mr. Boynton considers E. A. Robinson, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Amy Lowell, Theodore Dreiser, other writers, and other topics pertinent to an understanding of current American literature. He contrives to be penetrating and amusing without adopting the Donnybrook-Mencken method of hitting every head in sight; and to have thoughts of his own without following the easy plan of disagreeing always with the majority, without regard to right or wrong. Of Van Wyck Brooks's much-touted book on Mark Twain he truthfully says: "It is a mode of thinking that feeds on dissent, woos paradoxes, delights in hidden meanings, and espouses new theories on sight."

Mr. Boynton, in a small book, not only gives the facts about ten or a dozen important writers, but makes illuminating comment upon them.

UNDER DISPUTE. By Agnes Repplier. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Perhaps the finest of the twelve essays in this little book is "The Masterful Puritan." It is sententious, witty, satiric, without a sneer; it strikes at the heart of the subject; it says much in little. The praise of the exercise of intolerance as a means of amusement is highly entertaining and convincing. The essay "Allies" is a penetrating study of international psychology. "Strayed Sympathies" is prefaced by a quotation from Stevenson and was evidently inspired by him; unfortunately, it provokes the wonder what R. L. S. would have done with the theme, and one decides he would

have done much better. Miss Repplier is forthright, incisive, witty; but she lacks the whimsicality, she does not give us the *nuances*, the bouquet, of a Stevenson or a Lamb. Similarly, in reading "The American Laughs," one could perhaps wish it were Hazlitt handling that subject in his analytical, caustic way.

But this kind of comparison is none too profitable. If Miss Repplier is deficient in certain qualities we admire in others, in respect of other qualities she is richly endowed. She has a very keen eye for the most characteristic American weaknesses, foibles, and vices—bunk, cant, smugness, the cult of efficiency, the habit of meddling, etc.—and satirizes them pleasantly and effectively. She is indeed one of the chief ornaments of American letters.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

IN AND UNDER MEXICO. By Ralph McA. Ingersoll. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

The lively experiences of an American mining engineer in Mexico.

JERUSALEM; A HISTORICAL SKETCH. By Lionel Cust. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A fine book about the city whose capture was one of the gratifying incidents of the Great War. Excellently illustrated with drawings by Major Benton Fletcher.

LURE OF MONTE CARLO (THE). By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

You may be, like the writer of this, the least sporting of human beings. You may never risk a nickel on a race or an election, and yet you may enjoy, as he did, these curious and amusing stories of the most celebrated gambling-place in the world.

OUR SECOND AMERICAN ADVENTURE. By Arthur Conan Doyle. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's travels in North America while delivering lectures on spiritualism. While he discusses other subjects than psychic ones, he is interesting, as he always is, and the kindly nature of the man is everywhere apparent. His comments on spiritualism will be tolerable only to his fellow-believers; to others he seems painfully credulous.

SELECTED PAPERS ON ANTHROPOLOGY, TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION. By Sir Richard Burton. Edited by N. M. Penzer. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $4.

"A Day among the Fans" sounds like an article by a baseball reporter, but these Fans are the "so-called cannibal tribes of the Gaboon country," and the essay is one in some "Selected Papers" from the writings of that strange personage, Sir Richard Burton. It is an odd and attractive collection upon such subjects as the city of Mecca, the gentle custom of taking scalps, African tribes, and spiritualism in Eastern lands.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

FROM GOETHE TO BYRON. By William Rose. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Weltschmerz, or the sense of universal misery, is a very real thing—a highly significant state of mind connected with periods when one civilizatory phase is going to seed and another one has not yet begun to bloom. The ancient world is supposed not to have known it, but we may be sure that the age preceding the arrival of Christianity was rife with it. In modern times it found its first definite literary expression through the group of German writers surveyed by Mr. Rose in a volume that, without having anything strikingly novel to offer, is worthy of attention at a time when a new spell of the old malady seems due.

SCIENCE

COMMONSENSE OF HEALTH (THE). By Stanley M. Rinehart, M.D. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

How to keep well, and what to think and to do about the common diseases.

HAUNTED HOUSES. By Camille Flammarion. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

If M. Flammarion is a scientist, then this is a scientific as it is an extensive examination of haunted houses in various countries. It does not wholly explain why ghosts come from the grave merely to upset the fire-irons and beat upon tin pans in the kitchen cupboard.

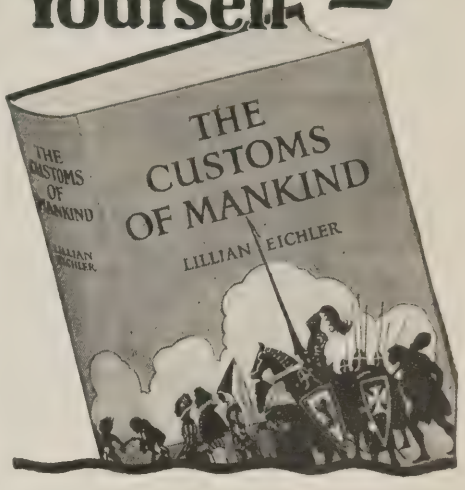
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STUDIES IN MURDER. By Edmund Lester Pearson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

To the true connoisseur in murder literature the fascination is in mystery and not in brutality. This book shows that recent unsolved crimes like the Hall and Elwell murders had their parallels a generation ago. The poet who insisted that, though "murder may go unpunished for a time," yet "tardy justice will o'ertake the crime" wrote before the Borden and Nathan trials puzzled every one and convicted no one; on the other hand, in the Boorn case justice, far from being tardy, was so precipitate that a man was nearly hanged for a "murder" that was never committed. In the case of Mate Bram there was a conviction but no execution, and to this day it is hard to reconcile the conflicting evidence or to feel that the mystery was quite cleared up.

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Books Received

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ALL BY OURSELVES. By Mary Sherwood Wright. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

OPEN-AIR NURSERY SCHOOL (THE). By E. Stevinson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

EDUCATIONAL

HISTORY OF CURRENCY IN THE UNITED STATES (A). By A. Barton Hepburn. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

METHODS IN ADULT ELEMENTARY EDUCATION. By Nina Joy Beglinger. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 80c.

MISCELLANEOUS

GREAT BETRAYAL (THE). By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.50.

INDIVIDUAL AND THE COMMUNITY (THE). By R. E. Roper, M.A., M. Ed. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

Financial Department

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Death Duties

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

THE people of this country are just beginning to realize that there has developed here an extraordinarily cumbersome, complicated, and frequently unjust system of inheritance taxes. Up to a recent date this system affected chiefly the larger estates, and hence criticism came from relatively few sources. But as more and more States have enacted laws of this kind, the situation has become more and more involved, and is now one for genuine concern to all persons having property to leave, whether in the millions or only a few thousand dollars.

The Outlook has been requested to publish some information on State inheritance taxes. One such request is from a



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person of small means whose property is in various stocks and bonds. "I live in Connecticut," writes this correspondent, "have a banking account in New Jersey, the stocks and bonds were bought from brokers in New York, some of the stock corporations having their head offices in yet other States. At my death, would all these States take toll? Can one by will make the estate pay the inheritance or legacy taxes before division?"

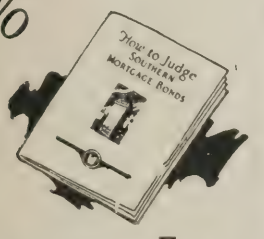
It is a curious commentary on the whole situation that we can unqualifiedly answer only one of these questions definitely. By will you can, and in most wills testators do, order the executor to pay all death duties out of the estate, so that the legatees will receive (if there are sufficient funds) just what the will sets aside for them. They *might* receive this in the absence of express provision by the maker of the will; but the safe thing is for the will to be clear on this point.

The other questions put by this reader are typical questions which have doubtless occurred to many who have thought at all of these matters. Before discussing generally the subject of death duties, the best practical advice that can be offered is that the holders of securities should make careful inquiry of tax specialists. Every large banking and bond house has some one on its staff who makes it his business to know the State and Federal laws on death duties. Trust companies in particular, with their experience in settling estates, have special knowledge of this situation.

The term "death duties" is the most accurate generic term to describe what are variously called inheritance, estate, legacy, succession, and transfer taxes. Some four or five States have two sets of death duties under different names. The Federal Government imposes an estate tax. Most of the States have some tax of this kind, and the probabilities are that all will sometime have it.

Essentially, a death duty is a tax, not on property, but on the transfer of property—that is to say, on the right to receive and the right to transmit, or on the right to transmit alone. What promotes complications and confounds confusion is the fact that the property of a decedent is taxed, or may be taxed, under a great many jurisdictions, so that there is in effect *multiple* taxation. A person dying in New York State, owning shares in railways, public utilities, and manufacturing concerns in six other States,

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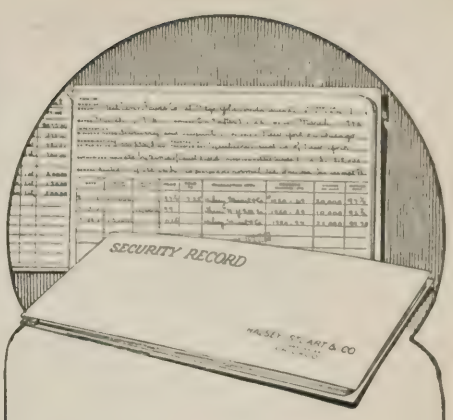
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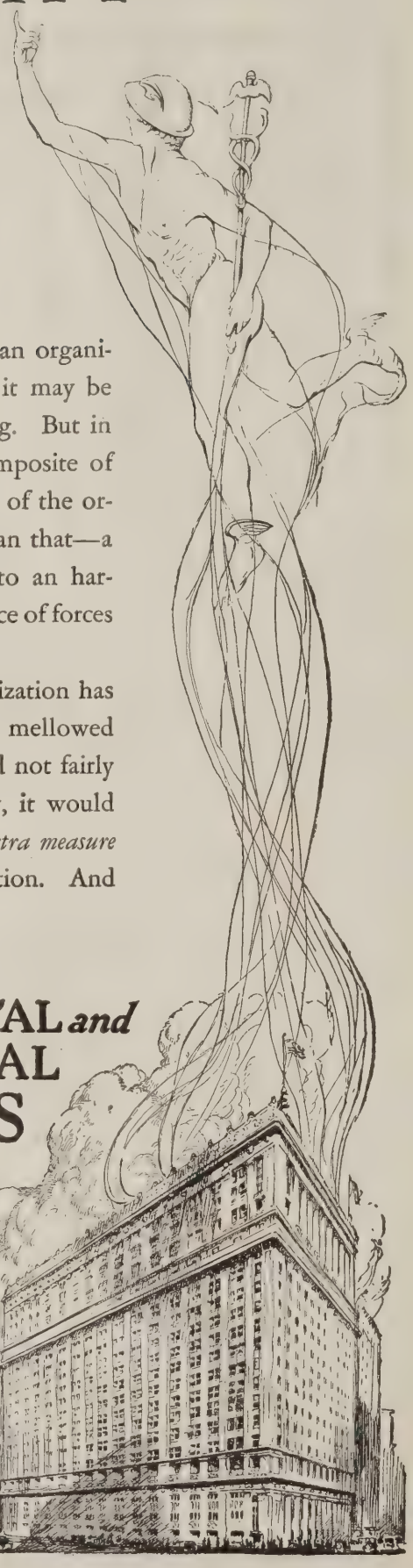
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may be taxed not only at home but also in all the other States.

The following paragraphs from the Prentiss-Hall tax service give an idea both of this confusion and of the rapidly changing character of the situation:

One of the most important questions arising under the inheritance tax laws is in relation to the taxation of intangible property owned by a non-resident decedent. Some States, for instance, will tax stock of a domestic corporation where owned by a non-resident decedent, but will not tax the bonds. Others make the taxability of such bonds dependent upon whether they are physically located within the State; whether they are registered, and also, in some instances, whether they are secured by real property.

Again, some States attempted to impose a tax upon the transfer of stock of a foreign corporation owned by a non-resident decedent. Yet, with almost unvarying unanimity, the courts of these States have decided that such a law was unconstitutional. Such decisions have been handed down by the courts of Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, Idaho, Oklahoma, and, finally, by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, where the theory was more highly and scientifically developed than in any other State of the Union. Then, when it seemed fairly well settled that such a provision was invalid and unconstitutional, the Supreme Court of North Carolina handed down a decision which was of purely academic importance, because the law imposing a tax upon the transfer of stock of foreign corporations owned by a non-resident decedent had been repealed at the prior session of the Legislature, to the effect that such an imposition was valid and Constitutional. The North Carolina case will now be carried to the United States Supreme Court, and it is anticipated that the proponents and opponents of this proposition will make a most aggressive fight to sustain their point. This is only another illustration of the rapid changes made in the inheritance tax laws by decisions of the courts, and the important variations occurring in the interpretation of like provisions by the courts of different States. In determining the tax due to the various States, problems of this nature are bound to arise, and, to a considerable extent, answers to the questions raised are found in the tables of taxable property of non-resident decedents, which follow the rate charts of the various States, in those instances where such property is subject to tax.

An interesting further complication is the so-called "reciprocity" arrangement between States. For example, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maryland, Tennessee, Georgia, and Wyoming are on this basis. If a Georgian dies and leaves

stock in a Massachusetts corporation, that stock is exempt from the Massachusetts inheritance tax if it is subject to a tax of like character and amount in Georgia, and *vice versa*. In reciprocity lies the possibility of some degree of order emerging from the present chaos. But reciprocity does not completely solve the difficulty, because if the Georgia tax is at a lower rate than the Massachusetts tax the estate must pay Massachusetts the difference.

Because of these complexities, which the present article can only briefly touch on, the broad fact remains that the way to avoid excessive inheritance taxes is to invest in securities which are subject to the laws of only one State and the Federal Government. This would limit investments very strictly; too strictly, indeed, to be practicable.

In view of the excessive amount of taxes imposed by State and Federal death duties, many people are purchasing life insurance, which is made payable to a trustee or some beneficiary (*not* to their estate, because it, too, would then be taxable), for the purpose of paying death duties. This is an expense, of course, but the cost to the policy-holder may be more than offset by the satisfaction of having in advance taken care of a very heavy deduction from his property.

It is estimated by good authorities that each year in the United States about $200,000,000 is collected in State and Federal death duties. If, as, and when governmental costs go down, the tendency will be, perhaps, to lighten this impost. Thanks also to a gradually arousing public opinion, it is highly probable that some of the worst complexities and injustices of the present death duty *mêlée* will be simplified. Just now, however, it is hard to give any one any specific advice which will still be good at any indefinite future date.

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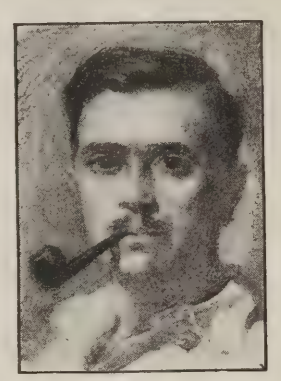
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On St. Helena Island, S. C. For Rent, furnished, a country home, facing the water. Hunting and fishing. Address Mrs. Macdonald, Frogmore Manor, Frogmore P.O., Beaufort Co., S.C.

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FOR SALE 640-acre improved ranch, two miles from town. Splendid 10-room house, large barn, hoghouse and outbuildings. Must sell because of ill health. Splendid chance for investment while land prices are low. J. CLYDE PETRIE, Reliance, S. D.

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CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives, secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

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LADIES (society, club, or teachers) as representative of operatic, musical, dramatic, and æsthetic dancing institution to enroll applicants. Commission $35 to $47.50 each enrollment. Communications confidential. Write particulars, care Evans, 210 West 69th St., Apt. 46.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Dependable woman as helper in a home for delinquent girls in Virginia. A splendid opportunity for the right one to train into the position of assistant superintendent. Write fully first letter. State age, church connection, education, qualifications, working experience, if any, references, salary expected, etc. Address 5,331, Outlook.

MAN and wife for country home near Philadelphia. Man poultry, fruit. Wife cooking. Address Box 54, Cotuit, Mass.

WANTED—Nursery governess or mother's helper, Protestant, over 25. 2 girls, 3 and 7, headmaster's family, Chestnut Hill Academy, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa. Appointment by letter for interview, New York, September 20. Address Mrs. T. R. Hyde, Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED, for school of high grade backward children, man to teach manual vocations to boys. Woman to teach articulation and secondary academic branches. References required. State experience and salary desired. Address 5,339, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

POSITION wanted October first by colored man of character and ability. Excellent references. Would take entire charge of dining room and pantry in small club, exclusive private school or inn catering to refined clientele. Can be interviewed in New York. Any reasonable remuneration commensurate with proven ability accepted. 5,353, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED librarian desires position in California. Cataloging, reference or general library work. Good references. 5,365, Outlook.

CATALOGING, research, or other library work wanted by experienced librarian. References furnished. 5,366, Outlook.

YOUNG lady possessing good education, intelligence, initiative, and capable of faithful devotion to duties desires responsible position; knowledge of French and shorthand. Unquestionable references. 5,361, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY desires position in girls' school or institution. Experienced in all kinds of institution work. 5,342, Outlook.

CULTURED young lady with musical education as traveling or social companion. 5,357, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged lady of culture wishes position as chaperon to one or more young ladies, United States or Europe, or housemother in a school. Excellent references. 5,360, Outlook.

REFINED, cultured lady for position of chaperon or companion to young girl or lady. Experienced traveler. Exceptional references. 5,359, Outlook.

RESPONSIBLE position, club or hotel, or companion to older woman—not an invalid. Refined home essential. 5,362, Outlook.

POSITION as housekeeper or companion by middle-aged gentlewoman. Modest salary accepted for light agreeable work. References. Experience. 5,371, Outlook.

LADY with successful experience desires home-making position for middle-aged or elderly man. References. Give details. 5,370, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper, companion, or chaperon. References exchanged. 5,374, Outlook.

POSITION as preceptress or matron. 5,373, Outlook.

MOUNT Holyoke graduate, 45, position as companion. 5,369, Outlook.

POSITION wanted about October 1 by woman of culture as housekeeper in widower's home or for business people where there will be no objection to well brought up boy of school age. Country preferred. References exchanged. 5,368, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

EXPERIENCED man teacher desires position. 5,297, Outlook.

TEACHER of French and elementary grades wishes position for either school or family. Had experience in private schools and studied abroad. 5,350, Outlook.

CULTURED young Southern woman, college graduate, experienced teacher, desires position as governess or companion. 5,363, Outlook.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, printed in dark blue on good bond paper, $1. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-in Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

WOMAN of refinement desires to chaperon two young girls in her exclusive Park Avenue apartment for the winter. Operas, lectures, and educational advantages if desired. References exchanged. 5,341, Outlook.

A mother, who is a widow and college graduate, thoroughly understanding the physical care and moral training of girls, will assume entire responsibility of girl from seven to fourteen years old. Exceptional home in Rochester, New York. Highest references. 5,340, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

With the rush of Fall activity, place your wants in The Outlook Classified Section. It reaches a selected group of people in a selected manner of classification. Your advertisement just cannot get lost. Comments like "Because I saw it in The Outlook Classified Section, I have more faith in it," indicate the worth of advertising in The Outlook.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue New York City

By the Way

Flower lovers and physicians alike will be amused by Susan Ertz's skit on flower names in her novel "Madame Claire:"

"I am so sorry you are feeling less well. How is the phlebitis? No one ought to suffer from anything with such a pretty name. Did you ever stop to think that the names of diseases and the names of flowers are very similar? For instance, I might say, 'Do come and see my garden. It is at its best now, and the double pneumonias are really wonderful. I suppose the mild winter had something to do with that. I'm very proud of my trailing phlebitis, too, and the laryngitises and deep purple quinsies that I put in last year are a joy to behold. The bed of asthmas and malarias that you used to admire is finer than ever this summer, and the dear little dropsies are all in bloom down by the lake, and make such a pretty showing with the blue of the anthrax border behind them!'"

From the Knoxville (Iowa) "Express:"

> Wanted—Any Kind of Work; day, week or month. Meat cutter, nurse, janitor or cook. Could start Monday. I— D—, Knoxville, Route 8.

The New York "Times" publishes the following as a "society note:"

> London, July 20.—So seldom is a baby born on one of London's subway trains that the christening recently of Thelma Ursula Beatrice Eleanor (whose initials spell T. U. B. E., the English equivalent for subway) was an affair which attracted the attention of Lord Ashfield, head of the subway system, and many other railway officials.

"To be similarly honored in New York," the "Times" says, getting in under the Mayor's guard, "the child would probably be christened Margaret Alice Yvonne Olga Rose Helen Ysolde Laura Aliette Nancy Selma Sarah Ursula Beatrice Wanda Aline Ysobelle."

A subscriber writes:

"The story of the bright boy in your column for July 23 reminds me of one that has bearing on the present-day 'fundamentalist' controversy.

"The boy in question, later for many years a highly respected judge in Massachusetts, was at the time of the story about five years of age and not yet able to read; it was his mother's habit to read to him a portion of the Bible Sunday afternoons. This Sunday it was about Joshua commanding the sun to stand still, and as she closed the Good Book there came this question, 'Mother, what do you think about that story?' Not having a good answer ready 'Mother' asked, 'Well, William, what do *you* think of it?' To which the future judge, after a little deliberation, replied: 'Well, *I* think it's a good deal 'magination.'

"If the fundamentalists and literalists would only allow for a little imagination, how much of the bitterness of the present day would be eliminated!"

The editor of the London "Sphere" apologizes in a recent issue for thinking of the Republic of Esthonia (Estonia) as "a place in one of Anthony Hope's romances, or even in 'The Arabian Nights.'" He has discovered, he says, that Estonia has a history, a life, and a literature of its own; interesting scenery, great public buildings, a theater larger than Drury Lane, and university buildings "as formidable as anything in Oxford or Cambridge."

Sometimes even Government documents are funny. A "Memorandum to the Press" from the Interior Department says: "The Moqui Indian Agency in Arizona will no longer be known by the name of 'Moqui.' It was changed today to the Hopi Indian Agency by a special order issued by Commissioner Burke of the Indian Office when the discovery was made that the word 'Moqui' is not a regular Indian name but is a slang term of supreme contempt and derision. In the Indian language it means nothing more or less than 'The Dead Ones,' and was first applied to some of the Hopi Indian tribes by their enemies."

Our readers seem to like riddles. Here is another one from a correspondent:

A thing you cannot buy, yet any day
The poorest beggar may the best display;
Which kings do never own, yet sure am I
For that sweet luxury they often sigh;
A thing so hol(e)y that we stay our feet,
Which we do often toast, yet never eat;
A thing made sacred by a mother's tears,
A good soft yielding thing which no one fears,
Which brides do never wear, yet woe the day
When without one a bride shall go away.



For Cuts and Bruises

Welcome that quick, soothing relief from pain brought about by the application of a few drops of Absorbine, Jr.

You need that immediate guard against infection and the rapid promotion of healing which Absorbine, Jr. provides.

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A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

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Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

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Mrs. M. Lewtas Burt
Peekskill New York

Contributors' Gallery



GEORGE WITTEN was born in this country, of British parentage, in 1885. He went to sea at the age of twelve, and two years later left ship at Durban, South Africa, to join the British forces in the Boer War. After serving throughout the entire war, he returned to the United States and started to work his way through school. At the outbreak of the World War he enlisted in Strathcona's Horse, a regiment of Canadian cavalry, and sailed with the first contingent for Europe. At present he is engaged in magazine writing and lecturing. Mr. Witten has made extensive investigations of fraudulent stock problems, which are the basis for the series of articles on worthless securities of which the one in this issue is the first.

HOWARD MINGOS, formerly special representative of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America, has been following aviation closely ever since 1911 and has written extensively on the subject. Mr. Mingos is an artist, an illustrator, and a newspaper man, contributing principally to New York magazines and newspapers.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON'S third article in his series on the appreciation of music appears in this issue.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Massachusetts

CUSHING ACADEMY

has installed a new dormitory for 20 boys of thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years, who are leaving home for the first time to enter preparatory school. Masters in charge have been chosen for special fitness as counselors and comrades of boys. Fall term opens Sept. 24. Apply in person or by letter to
HERVEY S. COWELL, A.M., Pd.D., Principal, Ashburnham, Mass.

McAllister School Weston, Massachusetts
A School for Young Boys. Prepares for Andover, Exeter, Groton, Loomis, Middlesex, Milton, Pomfret, and all secondary schools. Emphasizes training in self-reliance, application and self-control. Residence under home conditions with attention to moral and physical well-being.

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The Pratt Teachers Agency
70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools. Advises parents about schools. Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.

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FRESNAL RANCH TUCSON, ARIZONA
A WINTER CAMP FOR BOYS needing physical setting-up. Riding, trapping, camping and tramping in the mountains of Southern Arizona. Ages sixteen to twenty-one. References. For further information address
B. F. PETERS, San Fernando Route, Tucson, Arizona.

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An enthralling historical panorama by the great Spanish novelist whose imagination was thrilled by the story of California. The glorious pageant that moves across his pages is the background of an exquisite modern love story, the most absorbing romance yet written by this author. If you enjoy hot, passionate, swift action, ask your local bookseller for this novel. $2.00
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Señor de Ayala is the most gifted of the present day literary novelists of Spain. In "The Fox's Paw" de Ayala gives to the world his most important effort. It is a searching analysis of life as the author sees it in the life of a young Spanish gentleman. It is a novel that must be reckoned with by all who would keep abreast of modern Spanish literature or who enjoy fiction as a revelation of social conditions in other lands.
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To Follow Shortly

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Translated from the French by Leo Ongley.
Claude Farrère is the greatest romantic novelist of to-day in France, as readers of "The House of the Secret" will admit. This superbly colorful romance of a dashing young privateer under the evil guidance of a beautiful reckless woman will appeal to all readers among men and women who are not averse to seeing life as it was lived in that marvelous period when pirates and buccaneers were scouring the Caribbean. $2.00
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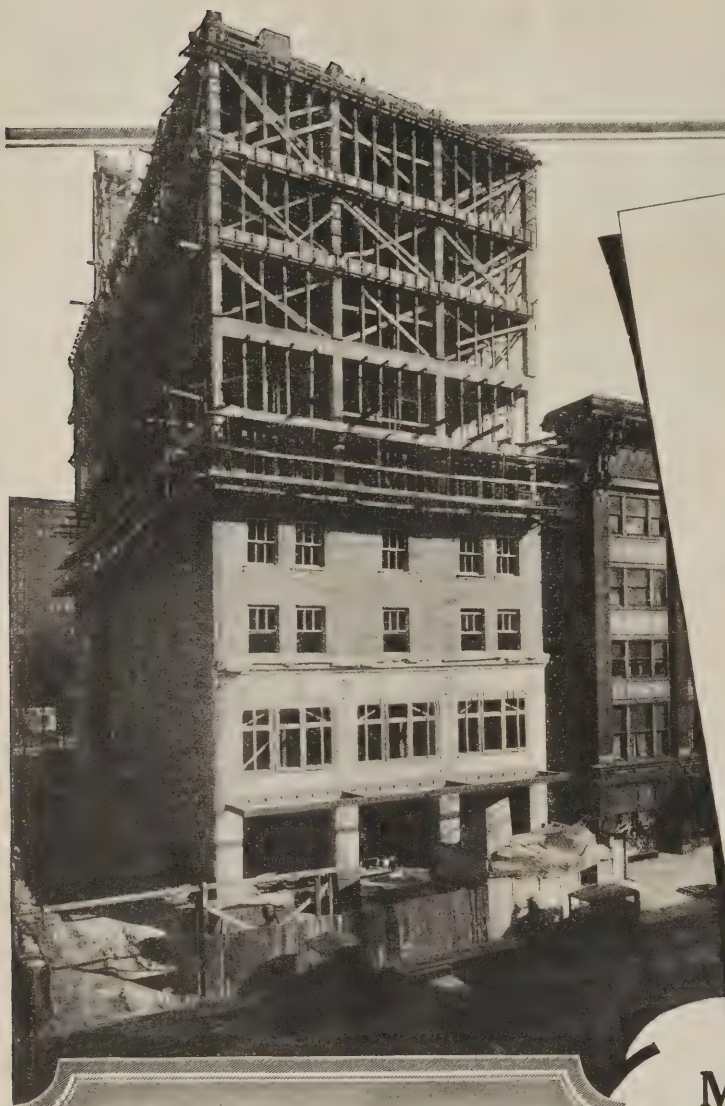
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By BERTRAND RUSSELL $1.00

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Little books rich in meat for those who can feel and will think of the revolution which modern science is bringing about.

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J G BULLINGER
GENERAL CONTRACTOR
903 OHIO BLDG
TOLEDO, OHIO

May 20, 1924

Re: Office Building, Toledo, Ohio.
For
Dr. Norris Gillette,
Steve M. Jokel, Architect

Truscon Steel Co.,
Youngstown, Ohio.

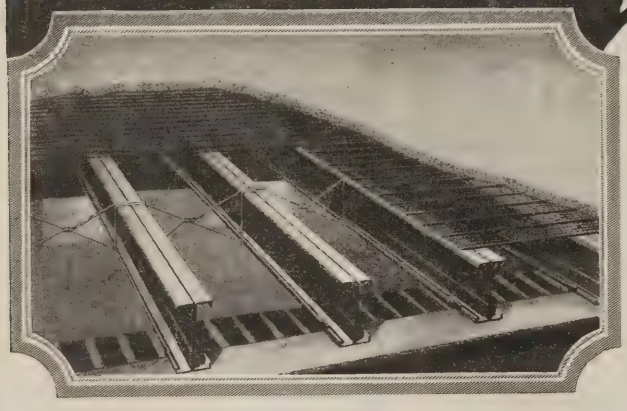
Gentlemen:

The above building of nine stories was originally laid out, a reinforced concrete frame, with reinforced concrete floor slabs. At the request of your Engineer, Mr. Geo. L. Kirby, your Detroit Office prepared a redesign of this job, using a reinforced concrete frame, with a steel joist floor slab. This redesign figured a considerable saving, both in cost and time, and was therefore adopted. The building is now under roof, and we are well pleased with the results obtained, not only the saving in cost and time, but in the high class of construction the above combination type accomplishes.

We further wish to compliment you on the service your Detroit Engineering Department furnished, as well as the service rendered in shipping this material.

Assuring you that we will be pleased to consult you on future business, we are,

Yours truly,
J. G. Bullinger,
General Contractor.



Office building for Dr. Norris Gillette, Toledo, Ohio. Steve M. Jokel, architect. J. G. Bullinger, general contractor. Truscon Steel Joists floor construction with Truscon Reinforced Concrete framework.

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Examples like the above are continually convincing architects, contractors and owners that Truscon Steel Joists make the best construction for light-occupancy buildings. The popularity of the construction is growing everywhere as its merits become known, and as evidenced by its use in important structures. Its first cost using cement finish floor is less than wood construction with hardwood floor. It presents advantages over other fireproof constructions in lower cost, simplicity, dependability and quick erection.

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STEEL JOISTS

The Outlook

Volume 138 September 17, 1924 Number 3

Maine's Bent

MAINE, as usual and despite an unusual campaign, is Republican. Nowhere down the line of the ticket did a Democrat win. William R. Pattangall, Democratic candidate for Governor and the leading figure in one of the hottest political fights the State has ever known, was defeated by Ralph O. Brewster, Republican, by a majority which, early returns indicate, is above 30,000. United States Senator Fernald won re-election by an even larger majority.

The real contest—the one that the Democrats had hope of winning and that the Republicans sometimes had fears of losing—was that for the Governorship. So far as the Democratic candidate could accomplish it, the Ku Klux Klan was made the dominant issue. Pattangall denounced the Klan without stint of words. He and his associates on the Democratic ticket announced that they would prefer defeat to election by the aid of Klan votes. Brewster, and Republicans generally, denied that the Klan was the issue. The general issues applied, they said, and a victory for the Republican State ticket meant a victory for Coolidge.

In such a situation it may be accepted as certain that practically the entire Klan vote was cast for Brewster, not necessarily that he sought it but that his opponent antagonized it by every possible means. It does not at all follow that the entire anti-Klan vote was cast for Pattangall. Indications are that the bulk of the citizenship of Maine refused to permit the eclipse of other issues by the Klan and voted their political convictions just as they would have done had the Klan been no part of the issue.

The victory of Brewster is not in any sense a Klan victory. It is a straight victory for the Republican Party, and the Klan did not succeed in making any considerable show of strength. In spite of the Klan support, Brewster ran behind his ticket. While the total vote was heavier by about 50,000 than it was two years ago, Brewster's majority was a little thousand or so larger than that of the Republican candidate in 1922. It was less than half the Republican majority of 1920. All of these facts indicate that there are more voters in Maine who pushed all other issues aside to vote against the Klan than there are of voters who did the same thing to vote in favor of the Klan.



(©) Harris & Ewing

Seymour Parker Gilbert, former U. S. Under Secretary of the Treasury, appointed Agent-General for Reparations under the Dawes Plan

While the Democrats within the State waged the most vigorous campaign possible, the National Democratic organization did not bring as much outside pressure to bear upon Maine as did the National Republican organization. The only Democratic speaker of note from without the State was Senator Underwood, and he was paying a personal debt of gratitude to Mr. Pattangall for assistance to the Underwood Presidential aspiration and the Underwood anti-Klan campaign in the Democratic National Convention. Republican speakers from other States were numerous, including General Dawes, the candidate for Vice-President, Speaker Gillett of the National House of Representatives, Senators Watson and Willis, and some prominent Republican women.

The Klan can extract small essence of comfort from the result. The Republicans carried Maine by something near a normal majority despite the Klan, decidedly not because of Klan help.

A Youthful Agent-General

THE announcement is made that Mr. Young's successor, some time hence, as Agent-General for Reparations is to be Mr. Seymour Parker Gilbert, of Bloomfield, New Jersey. This announcement causes universal surprise. It seems incredible that a position on which the fate of nations depends should come to a young man only thirty-one years old.

The event is indeed amazing, until one reflects that Mr. Gilbert has already performed services in the Treasury Department at Washington during the Wilson and Harding administrations, services which have won the respect and admiration of four Secretaries of the Treasury. Mr. Gilbert rose to the position of Under-Secretary of the Treasury, and at the age of twenty-eight years found himself second only to Secretary Mellon.

But Mr. Gilbert's has been a special work, and this fits him for the special job which the Agent-General for Reparations must undertake. He has been in close touch with the war-loan service. He knows just how our Government lent money to foreign governments during the war. After it he kept an intimate hold on all our governmental relations with the finances of other countries, particularly of course with regard to the famous funding of the British debt to America. Thus, in its sum, the work of the Reparation Commission became familiar to him.

Every one will hope that the head of the huge job now to be undertaken will carry the Dawes Plan well along towards complete success.

Uncle Sam Turns an Honest Penny

UNCLE SAM is not always a poor business man. He recently closed out a little marine insurance business with $17,000,000 of clear profit on ten years of Government operation—and that on "risks" which no other insurance com-

pany would accept. Losses were paid amounting to $29,497,000. The original capital—an appropriation of $50,000,000 made by Congress to carry on the business—remains intact in the Treasury. After engaging in a useful and necessary business for ten years, the Government has $67,000,000 instead of $50,000,000.

This Government insurance company was the Division of Marine and Seaman's Insurance. For some years it operated as a part of the Treasury. Later it became a division of the Veterans' Bureau by inclusion in that organization of all war risk insurance work. The purpose for which the Division was created was to insure American merchant vessels and their cargoes against the hazards of war. Later it insured masters, officers, and crews of American vessels against loss of life or injury from risks of war and against detention after capture. Altogether it wrote $2,000,000,000 of insurance.

The Division of Marine and Seaman's Insurance paid for the loss of the William P. Frye, the first vessel of American registry sunk by the Germans; for the Campana, which surrendered to the Germans after a gallant fight of four hours; for the Morini, whose captain, as the ship went down, was congratulated for his fighting spirit by the captain of the submarine that sank him; for the Argonaut; for the John D. Archbold. Indeed, the records of the Division of Marine and Seaman's Insurance are full of thrilling narratives of the sea when the mad dogs of the deep ran wild. To those records of a defunct Government business there may go seeking inspiration the future Coopers and Maryatts and Conrads—and the future Masefields, too.

Making Bootlegging Easy

In so far as a committee of Congress can determine the facts, we know now why the prohibition law is regularly and commonly violated in the District of Columbia. Reasoning from this exceptional instance to a conclusion applicable to the whole country is, of course, not safe, but there is room for a shrewd suspicion that similar causes exist in many other cities, if not over the entire country.

The investigators—a sub-committee of the House Committee on the District of Columbia—find that the principal reason for general violation of the prohibition law in the District of Columbia is that the courts do not impose adequate penalties. The average fine during 1923 was $79.43. At that rate, a bootlegger can submit to half a dozen fines during the year and continue to do a liquor business at less expense than if he paid for a license at the rate in force before prohibition became law. Frequently no fine at all is imposed. Persons arrested are released upon deposit of a small collateral. They never appear for trial, forfeit the collateral, and go about their illicit business undismayed.

Besides the failure to impose fines of deterrent size, the courts, says the committee, have failed to use the other weapons provided by the law. Injunction proceedings and conspiracy charges, the most effective instruments against bootleggers, have not been used except in rare cases. In short, the committee indicts the courts with failure to use the powers at their command in an effort to enforce the law.

Still, the committee recommends that new and more powerful weapons be forged and placed in the arsenal of the courts. It should be made a felony, says the report, to equip an automobile with a smoke-screen or to carry arms while engaged in making, moving, or selling liquor. The District police should be given the power to execute search-warrants more fully. A mandatory jail sentence for selling liquor should be written into the law. Buyers as well as sellers should be prosecuted. The Department of Justice should see to it that district attorneys and district judges apply the penalties provided. Lax control of so-called diplomatic liquor is called to the attention of the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury.

The Anti-Saloon League has written approval upon this report. "The District committee," says the official spokesman of the League, "has diagnosed the weakness in prohibition enforcement and has prescribed the remedies which should be applied." There is one remedy which neither the report nor the League mentions—that is the need of bringing enforcement agents under the civil service law. The League in the past has been rather remiss in its failure to urge this measure.

Take the Credit and Let the Cash Come

"Wherever a credit union has found a foothold . . . it has stamped out usury and raised human souls from the depths of despair to lives of helpfulness and service."

That is a strong testimonial, but it is written by one of the foremost American authorities on the subject and appears to have genuine foundation in fact. So quietly that it was rarely heard until after it was felt, the credit union has established itself in the United States. Many of the credit unions are in agricultural communities. Others have their membership entirely within industrial plants, stores, and business houses of other kinds. Some are in clubs, some in lodges of fraternal organizations. Modest little banks with no pretentious buildings to boast of or bother about, credit unions spring up anywhere that the need is felt. They are not rivals of ordinary banks, but aids and allies. They do the petty, detailed work of encouraging savings, work so minute that a regular bank could hardly undertake it, and many small savings which ordinarily would have been squandered are deposited in regular banks to the collective account of the credit union.

But the credit union system does not owe its success alone to the encouragement of savings. The unions are people's banks. The man whose balance is so modest as to constitute no commercial credit whatever goes to the credit union and borrows the money he needs without security, simply on his character and the good word of his friends. Mr. Arthur H. Ham, whom we quote above, is authority also for the statement that scarcely an instance can be found where a man has failed to "make good" upon this basis.

Then, too, the credit union is more flexible than the commercial bank can be. The man who goes to work before the banks open and stops work after the banks close is served by the credit union. In some rural communities the credit union man is up at two o'clock in the morning to accommodate farmers on their way to market. In short, the credit union conducts a banking business on the basis of neighborliness and Mr. Ham sees in it "one of the most potent moral, educational, and social forces in the enrichment of the life of the common people."

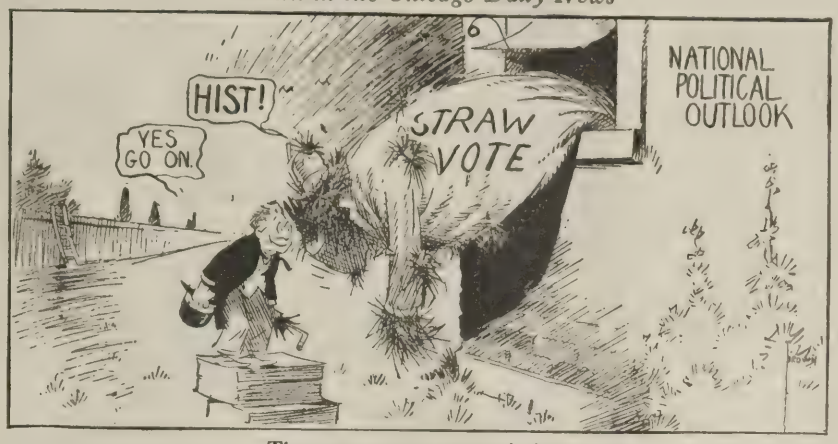
The Paper Problem

Last week, at the meeting of American Foresters at Peterboro, New Hampshire, Mr. Charles Lathrop Pack, the well-known forestry expert, called attention to the fact that our paper requirements have nearly quadrupled since 1889 and now exceed 8,000,000 tons a year. Nor is that all. We now draw from our

I ask your voices, and your suffrages

(Titus Andronicus, Act I, Scene 2)

Brown in the Chicago Daily News



The straw vote season is here

From Charles R. Bruce, Van Cleve, Iowa

Sykes in the Kansas City Star

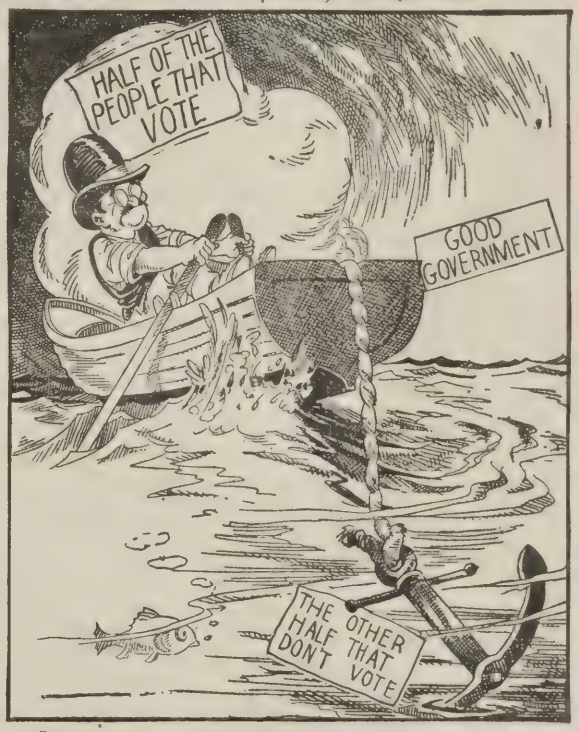


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Something lacking

From Dr. Bertram Johnson, Eureka, Kansas

From the Akron (Ohio) Beacon Journal



Just what progress could we make if the anchor weren't dragging?

From Mrs. R. J. Warrick, Akron, Ohio

Brown in the Chicago Daily News



A chance for deliberation

From W. G. Brown, Evanston, Illinois

own forests less than half our raw material for paper, whereas six years ago our own forests supplied 83 per cent.

Paper consumption in the United States amounts to over half of that of the entire world. The opinion of Mr. Herbert A. Smith, Assistant Forester in the United States Forest Service, is that this may reflect our higher standards of living and extensive use of printed information; at all events, as he adds, about 31 per cent of our total consumption is newsprint. Yet the supplies of raw material available in the immediate future in the Northeast and Lake States (where the paper industry, and especially the newsprint production, are chiefly concentrated) are lamentably deficient.

The question arises, therefore, How can the impending crisis be met with least sacrifice? In other words, How can supplies of wood be produced sufficient to support an American paper industry that will keep pace with our National growth?

The main thing to do is to increase our forest area. We must have more publicly owned forest land and we must have more of a pulp-wood area on such lands. The same is true as to private holdings. Then both public and private owners must co-operate to extend and improve protection against fire, insects, and disease. The problem of forest taxation must be solved in the only way possible —by regarding the production of wood as a twenty or thirty year crop. By new pulping processes we must increase the number of tree species available for pulp.

The Fans Sit Up and Take Notice

At this time of year as a rule it is pretty safe to predict which of the clubs of the two major leagues will be contenders for the World Championship. This year it is different. Neither of the two pennant winners of last year, the Giants and the Yankees, has anything like a certainty of winning. Indeed, in the American League the Senators of Washington are leading the Yankees, as we write, by fifteen points in the percentage column, while in the National League the Robins of Brooklyn, after hanging for a long while in third or fourth place, have taken what seems to be a firm hold of second place and are only a few points behind the Giants. There are about twenty more games for each of the teams to play before the leadership in the two leagues is decided. This situation is exciting to all baseball fans, and it is also productive of larger receipts at the box offices when any of the leading clubs play together. Thus, the other day in Brooklyn, after the Robins had beaten the Giants more than once, an enormous crowd not only filled the stands to overflowing, but were with difficulty kept off the field, while the newspapers printed pictures of scores of enthusiasts climbing over the high fences.



International

"Senators" calling on President Coolidge at Washington to celebrate their winning streak. The President has autographed a baseball for Walter Johnson, who holds it in his hand

A strong feeling exists, amounting to local non-partisanship, that it would be a fine thing if the Senators of Washington should win their pennant this year. Even New Yorkers, a little blasé, perhaps, in having both the contending clubs for the World Championship in their own home town, are often heard to express just that hope. One reason for it is personal liking for the veteran pitcher of the Washingtons, Walter Johnson. There is something of the same feeling for him as there was in the old days for "Matty." There is no finer pitcher in either league than Johnson; he has been pitching for eighteen years and never yet, we believe, has played in the World Championship series. Our picture shows Johnson with his widest smile talking with President Coolidge, who seems equally pleased, just after the Washingtons won a critical game at the capital. A duel between the Washington team and the Giants would probably be a greater attraction even in New York City than a repetition of last year's contest between the Giants and the Yankees. It is not at all outside of probability that the contest may be between the Washington and Brooklyn teams.

Canada Likes Our Immigration Law

In the past Canada has often been inclined to feel that her economic interests were at variance with those of the United States. It is all the more agreeable, therefore, to learn that she approves and welcomes our new immigration law. This is not so much because the quota provision, by decreasing the immigration from abroad to the United States, is likely to increase that to Canada, as because the new law will be of benefit to the Dominion by making it less easy for emigrants to Canada to come across the line to this country. There is a clause in our law which requires residence of ten years in Canada on the part of an emigrant into that country before he can be entitled as a full-fledged Canadian citizen to cross the line and take up permanent residence in the United States. A correspondent of The Outlook in Canada assures us that this is likely to prevent hasty change of country on the part of such emigrants, who for the greater part in that ten years will have become established in Canada and quite likely to

remain there. Before the new law was passed a Canadian was defined by our authorities as any one coming from Canada who had resided a year there. There is nothing in the situation which tends to decrease the previous number of emigrants from the United States to Canada.

Canada has always regretted the too easy flow of settlers from its side of the border to ours. It notes with pleasure that the number of Canadians who have first emigrated to the United States and later have returned to Canada has of late increased. Thus, in April and May of this year nearly nine thousand Canadians have recrossed the border in this way. None were included who had lived in the United States for less than six months. Canada benefits in another way from our new law because its shipping and port activity have been increased. Several lines of vessels crossing the Atlantic have lately inaugurated service to Canada.

Our correspondent says: "Altogether there seems not the slightest doubt that Canada will benefit substantially and in many ways from the new immigration legislation. Practically the United States is forcing European immigrants to go to Canada and ensuring that they stay there long enough to give the country a thorough trial. If the United States ever receives them it will be as fully trained citizens assimilated to the ways of the continent and imbued with its ideals. Since the outbreak of the war the United States has poured of her surplus wealth into the Dominion at a lavish rate, and this she is now supplementing with manpower—if not her own citizens, at least those who might have been."

China's Reminder

THE crisis in China is the Celestial Republic's way of reminding the Western world that there are also problems of reconstruction in the Far East.

The struggle for the control of Shanghai, the New York of China, could not be better chosen to accomplish this end. Year after year in the perennial battle for self-aggrandizement characterizing the "civil war" in Cathay, the commercial interests of the West have been more and more jeopardized. The "interior" trade, upon which the economic promise of China rests, has become more and more difficult to expand. This commercial metropolis of China, the gateway of international trade, under siege dramatizes all of the difficulties under which 400,000,000 people in the East are living during this period of national transition.

The immediate struggle centers about the efforts of General Lu Yung-hsiang, "tuchun" or military governor of Chekiang Province, to prevent General Chi Shien-yuan, controlling Kiangsu, from returning the Shanghai district to Peking's allegiance. Since 1919 this key to the Yangtze delta has been under control of the master of Chekiang. It has meant a wealthy community back of Tuchun Lu. Apart from business, it is a political center of outstanding importance; beaten Chinese politicians, under the ægis of exterritoriality, retire to the Foreign Settlement to plot anew. Behind it the Pootung flows to the sea at the estuary of the Yangtze; the Woosung Forts guard China's cable communication, as well as trade, with the world. Then strategically there are naval and military arsenals—the Kiangnan dockyard beside the native city and the Woosung base.

The control of this by Tuchun Lu has been a thorn in the side of Peking ever since the Anfu leaders were turned out of China's capital. The military governor of Chekiang is one of the few remaining Anfuites wielding power in China's military politics. The neighboring provinces of Fukhien, Kiangsi, Anwhei, and Kiangsu have been restive over the "neutrality" characterizing the attitude of Tuchun Lu; they are allied with Wu Pei-fu and his patron-president in Peking.

The Voice of Peking

ALTHOUGH Peking denied having set in motion the Kiangsu forces now attacking the military governor of Chekiang, the Yangtze River struggle is the beginning of a new general bid for the mastery of China. Behind the battle for Shanghai is the breakdown of the truce between Wu Pei-fu, master of North China from the Yangtze to Mongolia, and Chang Tso-lin, the dictator of the three Manchurian provinces. This marks the second attempt of the Tuchun of Manchuria to get Wu Pei-fu and the Chihli Party between northern and southern pincers, the combination with Sun Yat-sen two years ago failing with the rout of Chang in his descent on Peking.

More significant, however, than either foreign trade or domestic politics is the revelation of international bad faith. Were it not for the arms traffic continuing in defiance of solemn undertakings entered into at the Washington Conference, much of these military maneuvers would be impossible. It is melancholy satisfaction to note that the United States and Great Britain are the nations least offending in this respect against the letter and the spirit of the Far Eastern treaties.

If the outcome of the battle for Shanghai, even with the costs of a wider conflict discounted, could lead toward China's stabilization, much would be forgiven the leaders of hapless Cathay in their insensate fight for personal power. A change in masters seems the most in sight. If foreign interests suffer more severely, the blundering policy of the Powers is chiefly responsible for trade losses and business upsets. The commercial greed of the last half century has done its part in making China the world problem which she is to-day in spite of Washington Conferences and Pacific pacts.

The Sky Men Come Home

THEY are young men, these American Magellans of the air. In youth they have reached the pinnacle of achievement. It is difficult to imagine what the remainder of their lives can hold to keep existence from being dramatically one long anticlimax. They drink now their fill of glory. Theirs is the crowded hour that is worth an age without a name. Governments and sovereigns and princes and potentates and peoples have united to render them the tribute they have earned. And if there has been one thing more notable than the rest through all of this arriving, it is this: the aviators have remained everlastingly on the job.

At Mitchel Field this prepossession of theirs was very impressive. With the perfect skill of migratory fowl they flew up out of the western horizon, droning along in a wedge so close together that their wings seemed touching. One by one, with calm certainty, each dropped out of the air and reached his appointed station before the grand stand marked on white canvas. The crowd broke the lines of police and soldiers and surged around them. Their one thought was for their planes. "Keep 'em back!" said Lieutenant Smith, in response to a babel of welcoming cries. Through the press they

made their way to the stand unperturbed. Smith wore a brown sweater stained with black grease-marks; his mechanician, Arnold, was in grimy overalls, just as he stepped out of the after cock-pit of the "New Orleans." Nelson, prematurely gray, wore a gray sweater prematurely old. Harding had on his army O. D. shirt. Wade, pilot of Boston II, was in full uniform. All were bare-headed, their hair tousled by the fresh breeze that blew over the field. Not one of them was thinking about his appearance, and the crowd forgot the rest in looking at their faces. Accomplishment was written all over them. The band played. Speeches were bawled in their faces and the face of the microphone. Society craned its necks and smiled and applauded while the society reporters took down its names and inventoried the clothes it wore. Senators and millionaires and generals and admirals saluted them. They were presented to the Prince of Wales. And through all of this adulation and focused attention those six young men moved always calmly. Somehow they made the Prince look unimportant—he of the earth and polo and dancing, earthy; they of the skies of all the world. What they had done was too big for mere celebration to do justice to it. Senatorial platitudes fell flat upon their ears. Facing the west, heads up, they gazed level-eyed into the sunlight that made the reception committee and the British Ambassador squint. It was as though, indeed, they had come down to earth, but trailing clouds of the regions whence they came.

As soon as possible they were back in their planes, scattering the crowds with squalls from their whirling propellers as they taxied away to the hangar. Smith was the first into his overalls as he climbed, electric torch in hand, on the fuselage to inspect his engine. Reporters, friends, important personages and cranks had to wait until the work was done. They had no "stories" to tell. All that Nelson had to say in response to hails from old pals, as he patted the bird-machine that had carried him safe home again from "beyond the limits of the world," was: "Well, the old Douglas did it after all!"

In their pride over the performance of these men, let America remember the character of its doing. Nothing could have been more creditable, more becoming. In Tokyo, where they met their first great reception, they bore themselves in the same way. With appreciative patience they underwent the programme arranged for them, and then, with almost audible sighs of relief, back they went into their overalls where their planes lay moored off the bleak shores of Kasumigaura. Round the world they have carried with them this sense of dedication. They haven't celebrated. In their eyes remained the far-away look. People spoke of this in Shanghai, in Constantinople, in the Hebrides. There were no sights for them so great as the sight of continents under their feet. They gave themselves to this great adventure wholly; there was nothing left for ceremonies and the trappings of life. In their great achievement, as they line up in the imperishable record with the great captains of adventure in the past—with Columbus and Magellan and Hawkins and Raleigh and the rest, "famous, calm, and dead"—let this also be recorded while they are supremely alive; that, famous and yet calm, they stayed on the job.

Labor and the Candidates

THE three principal candidates for the Presidency made addresses on Labor Day. Naturally the workingman may turn from one to another of these speeches to find what each contains of special promise or message for him.

The Democratic candidate, Mr. Davis, undoubtedly did take at least two steps in advance of the party platform in his claim to the support of labor in preference to the La Follette candidacy advocated by official labor leaders. He was outspoken in favor of the Child Labor Amendment now pending for ratification. He said: "It is a blot on our good name that child labor should be permitted anywhere in the United States." He pronounced also against the alleged abuses of the injunction in labor disputes, asserting that thereby it has been sought "to deprive men of a lawful exercise of indubitable rights." As to the Railroad Labor Board, he distrusts the plan of a permanent body and therefore declared that "we should rewrite those provisions of the Esch-Cummins Transportation Act that deal with the settlement of labor disputes." All this is specific and to the point. Among workmen it will help the Democratic as against the third-party candidate.

On the other hand, Mr. La Follette had little to say about specific and immediate ways of helping the labor element. His proposal to have Congress replace the Supreme Court as interpreter of the Constitution, his charge that government by monopoly has supplanted government by the people, his assertion that the coal, oil, sugar, and banking corporations are such monopolies, or his



International

The home-coming of the planes—a photograph taken by an accompanying plane as the world fliers, escorted by other aviators, flew over Long Island on their way to Mineola



International

The world fliers, at Mineola on their return, received by Senator Wadsworth on behalf of New York State

declamatory phrase, "The Dawes plan is the Morgan plan," do not come under the head of constructive talk. Instead of saying, "Let us do so and so," he said in effect, "Away with the enemies of the people!" And what was specific (such as his attack on the Esch-Cummins law and the present tariff law) was not new or greatly different from the Democratic programme.

President Coolidge gave a talk on the same day to a large deputation of labor leaders at the White House—men, their introducer said, who all carry union cards, adding, "Industrially they follow their chosen leaders, but politically they follow no man and no group of men. As citizens they own the right to cast their own vote."

To these workers the President quietly pointed out that this country is prosperous and that the workingman is prosperous and that it was his ambition to help continue that state of affairs. We find, he said, "American wage-earners living better than at any other time in our history." And he surprised some of his hearers by giving facts and figures to sustain his contention that "the cost of living has been high, but the increase in wages has been greater. . . . The high point (in cost of living) was reached in 1920, and is now only 69 per cent above the level of 1913." Moreover, "American wage-earners are now receiving more money and more of the things that money will buy than any other wage-earners in the world."

The workmen's condition as thus defined by the President is certainly not one to call for desperate or reckless economic measures. Therefore he does not "favor a corporation Government, a bank Government, a farm Government, or a labor Government." He wants "to see jobs hunting men instead of men hunting jobs," voluntary arbitration, the continuance of American standards, protection that helps labor as well as capital, the abolition of child labor, institutions more and more humane. In short, he holds that America is doing excellently and he wants it, in the Scriptural phrase, to "continue in well-doing."

The workingman who reads the Labor Day speeches of President Coolidge and Mr. Davis will find no ground to believe that industrial conditions are in desperation and chaos or that workmen as a whole are oppressed. If he must have a pessimistic view he will have to turn to La Follette's speech, and after reading that address, if he is keen-witted, he will feel like asking for what the lawyers call a bill of particulars.

A Clean Sportsman's Last Race

AT last, Edward Geers has gone home to stay—home to sleep in the little family cemetery beside the Lebanon and Nashville road where he learned to drive, home forever beneath the smooth blue grass that made his greatness by nurturing the great horses he drove in his youth.

But the old breeders who so long looked for his coming had ceased to wait. "Big Bill" Donnell, Major Golston and Captain Harper, Motley of Double Spring and Price of Clover Bottom—names now on tombstones in other little cemeteries. Even the industry—the profession, or, more truly, the art—of breeding harness horses is gone from the land of the old reinsman's birth. Jersey cows troop in to be milked beneath the mossy stable roofs where strings of racers used to stand. The old driving track by Cole's Ferry Pike is a cornfield now. The harness horse is fallen from the high tide of his glory, not alone on the pasture lands at home but on all the tracks of the Grand Circuit where for half a century Geers was a hero. He, dauntless old driver, was the last of an order of things surpassingly great in its generation.

When Edward Geers took up the reins, the harness horse furnished the fastest transportation known for ordinary distances. The automobile then had hardly become a fanatic's dream. The sire and dam of the first two-minute horse were still unborn. The development of faster and ever faster road horses was a service to humanity, a contribution to progress. The road horse industry recruited its studs from the driving turf.

To the work of furnishing worthy recruits Edward Geers gave the years of his long life. Probably, in the heat of a race, he was no more conscious of this purpose than the world-round fliers are conscious now of utilitarian service in their contest. But, regardless of that, he never counted his own life of any worth against the chance of clipping half a second from a horse's trotting time. In the record of all his fifty-odd years on the circuit a season could hardly be found when he was not hurt. Twice before the fatal accident he was so battered that his life



(C) Underwood

Edward Geers, a great driver of great horses

was despaired of. But the old man always came back, a little more bent of figure, an added limp in his gait, still the same wizard in a sulky seat.

How Geers got his marvelous results no man will ever know, exactly. In a hot race drivers plead with their horses, or heap imprecations upon them. On a sulky with the reins in his hands Geers never spoke—"the Silent Man from Tennessee" through all his triumphs. Nor did he, except with a vicious brute, ever use the whip. Genius, it must be, is the secret of the great driver as of the great poet or the great painter.

Geers used to say of Star Pointer, one of the earliest two-minute horses, "He has a double heart in him—he'll die on his feet." The prediction did not quite come true. Star Pointer died on his knees. In the latter years, when Geers had so long refused to retire, followers of harness racing said, "The Old Man will die on the track." That prediction came literally true. Seventy-three years old, battered and bent, he had outgeneraled the drivers in a great race and was bringing his mare into first place when she stumbled, throwing him to his death.

It is doubtful if any sportsman or athlete has equaled the purely physical record of Edward Geers. For more than fifty years he was constantly in training, always in as perfect trim as a boxer ready for the ring. He mastered himself with monk-like austerity in order to give all that was in him to the sport he loved. Morally he kept himself clear of all suspicion of obliquity through half a century in a sport that has not been without scandal.

America can afford to remember Edward Geers with a measure of high respect. His native blue-grass land may well receive him back to her bosom as one among the great of her sons.

Mr. MacDonald at Geneva

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S salient qualities have rarely been better exhibited than in his recent address to the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. One hearer describes Mr. MacDonald's manner as full of "unctuous dignity." It might seem hard to be both unctuous and dignified at the same time. If any one could play the dual rôle, Ramsay MacDonald might possibly be that man. In truth, Mr. MacDonald's manner is often puzzling enough to lead a hearer to some such combination of words as is indicated above. His manner is not only puzzling but really fascinating, quite apart from whether the hearer agrees with him or differs from him in the opinions expressed. It is just this quality of fascination which charmed the auditors, filling every part of the great Salle de la Réformation, where the Assembly meets. Never, we read, had the hall held so many people and never was there greater applause.

The applause was doubtless given to the ingenious and resourceful orator rather than to the words he uttered. Certainly, when we come to examine them, it would seem as if the British Premier had come dangerously close to a false move with regard to any permanent solution of the problem of how to maintain peace. Mr. MacDonald laid great stress, for instance, on arbitration, but in so doing dealt a blow to any speedy act looking toward either security or arms-limitation under the auspices of the League of Nations. His conditions for negotiation were as follows:

1. Germany and Soviet Russia must participate in the League discussions as full members.
2. Great Britain cannot subscribe to security agreements so long as existing military conventions on the Continent remain in force.
3. The small nations, depending on military alliances for security, should know that, instead, these alliances are but breeders of future wars.
4. Some arbitral body must observe any approaching war-cloud and blow it out of existence.
5. Nothing will bring world-peace except arbitration.

It will be at once seen that the above points are not agreeable to some of the members of the League of Nations, particularly to France. For example, many Frenchmen do not think the time quite arrived to admit to the League a nation like Germany, which has not yet proved its disposition to play fair. Nor would they agree to place the fate of their own nation at the disposal of arbitration. Nor are they yet ready to abandon their historic policy of defensive agreements with other nations. Finally, they would shrink from always placing the fate of their own nation in the hands of arbiters.

Mr. MacDonald also paid his respects to America. He carefully handed to us a large-sized bouquet in the following reported words: "Europe, for the last few years, has not offered America very attractive companionship. . . . Yet we have not asked America to do an important thing but that she has always agreed to do it."

Thereupon the British Prime Minister artfully urged two things: (1) That the time having come to arrange a new arms-limitation conference, with all the Powers present, all plans for security, including the American, should be turned over to a special commission; and (2) that future conferences looking to the limitation of arms must be held in Europe, in order that responsible statesmen attending them may not be too far removed from contact with home affairs. These

statesmen, according to Mr. MacDonald's opinion, would be largely the heads of Governments.

This suggestion as to Europe may sound reasonable to some; it will not to others. Who is there who will claim that the Washington Conference for the limitation of arms lost anything because Premier Lloyd George was absent, or gained anything because Premier Briand was present? Heads of Governments are sometimes, as in these cases, rather the persons *not* to include in such conferences. When a nation possesses such skillful conferees as Lord Balfour or M. Jusserand or Signor Schanzer or Baron Shidehara—to mention four figures of the Washington Conference—it can very well afford to dispense with its particular head of government.

The real reason why Mr. MacDonald does not want another conference in Washington is, we suspect, his desire to get the United States into the League of Nations and his hope of attaining his wish the sooner the oftener we are lured to Europe. He does not seem to realize that one reason why the Washington Conference of 1921 was a success was because of the peculiar detachment, candor, and balance obtainable in that capital and not to be had in equal degree in any great European city.

Gandhi Takes the Helm

GANDHI, apparently, is on the rise again. If so Occidental a vulgarism may be applied to so Oriental a phenomenon, he is "staging a comeback." Against the Das Swarajists on the one hand and the British authorities on the other, he appears to be actually drifting back to power.

The Swarajists, or Indian home-rule party, agitated for Gandhi's release. The Government at length released him because he was in ill health. The Swarajists publicly claim the credit and secretly wish that Gandhi had stayed well and in jail. The Government, little as it likes Gandhi's policy and purposes, probably prefers him to the Swarajists as led by C. R. Das and Pandit Monilal Nehru.

Now, the Swarajists are children of Gandhi, but at war, not with but against their father. They pay lip service to his theories, but practice a decidedly violent method of getting what they want. Instead of holding aloof from governmental activities, their representatives sit in legislative councils both general and regional. Swarajists have done acts of violence, and the Bengal Provincial Conference, dominated by Das, has commended them. This commendation applied particularly to Gopinath Saha, who murdered an unoffending European in Calcutta and then, while fleeing, wounded a number of people. Das put a resolution through the conference which, while "adhering to the principle of non-violence," paid homage to "the patriotism of Gopinath Saha," who thought he was killing the Commissioner of Police but really killed a private person.

Gandhi, almost immediately he was out of jail, denounced the resolution, which amounted to denouncing the policies of Das and the Swarajists. Das made defense through the newspaper he owns. The influence of Gandhi began to increase. A meeting of the Congress, a body made up of Swarajists and Gandhi's followers, was coming on. Against the opposition of Das, Gandhi procured the holding of the Congress at Ahmedabad, his home. When the Congress met, Gandhi asked and secured a resolution definitely condemning in unequivocal terms all political murders. That done, Gandhi began stressing the points of his old programme—non-co-operation, the "five boycotts," the supreme importance of non-violence, and the insistence that only by so many hours spent daily at the spinning-wheel can India discipline herself for home rule.

So—at least as it looks from the West—the old steersman is back at the wheel and has sent his ship off on the old course, to home rule by way of discipline and self-purification and passive resistance. It may be, however, that the wheel is only temporarily out of the hands of Das, and he may even now have a finger on a spoke. The Ahmedabad Congress, though it condemned Das's murder resolution, did not go all Gandhi's way. Das, at least, is still the nominal leader of the opposition in the Bengal Legislative Council, and his associate, Pandit Monilal Nehru, is still nominal leader in the All-India Legislative Council. These two men and their followers, during Gandhi's imprisonment and decline from power, caused the Government no end of trouble.

The most effective method of obstructing the Government that the Swarajists have hit upon is that of resisting budgets—resisting them not passively but very actively. Both in the All-India Council and in various provincial councils they have succeeded in cutting down budgets so greatly that many desirable activities have been hampered and some have been entirely suspended. That the whole Government has not ceased to function is apparently due, not to any yielding on the part of the Swarajists, but to the safety provisions of the Government of India Act.

Budgets, for the provinces, are divided into "reserved" and "transferred" sides. The "reserved" side includes defense, maintenance of order, and, in general, the things without which the structure of government would tumble down. It includes, too, some of the so-called "nation-building departments"—European education, irrigation, and the like. The "transferred" side includes things desirable for continued development but not necessary to the existence of government—public health, industries, forests, co-operative societies.

The provincial councils vote on the budgets, both reserved and transferred, but there is this essential difference between the two: If the Council rejects the reserved subjects, the Governor can certify every item as indispensable and it becomes law despite the adverse vote of the Council. On the transferred side the Governor's powers of certification are strictly limited. In the main, he cannot restore items rejected by the Council. This applies to the provinces; in the All-India Government practically all subjects are reserved and may be restored by the Viceroy.

It follows, therefore, that the Swarajists, in their general policy of rejecting budgets, have not hampered the general Government so much as they have the provincial governments. Generally, the reserved side items have been restored in the provinces—sufficiently to "carry on"—but the transferred items have mainly gone by the board. In the Central Provinces, where the entire budget was rejected, there has been practical cessation of beneficent activities. Other provinces, though not so completely hamstrung, are decidedly crippled.

Despite all the hardships, the Government maintains the peculiarly British view that these incidents result from the growing pains of self-government and that all parties are gradually learning the meaning of political responsibility. Still, with new sessions of the Councils coming on, the Government undoubtedly is anxious to know whether or not the par-

tial restoration of Gandhi's passive resistance will moderate the active resistance of Das, Pandit Monilal Nehru, and their followers.

Tennis Versus Golf

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THERE is no gainsaying the fact that modern tennis is one of the most delightfully spectacular forms of sport. Matches like some of those which I saw played recently in the Forest Hills stadium during the Men's National Championship contests—and in the Women's Championship contests too, for that matter—keep the spectator "on edge" more constantly than in any other game I know. In baseball brilliant pitching may please the *cognoscenti,* but it is only when the ball is hit, and the whole team of opposing players gets into action, that the real excitement begins. In tennis, however, there is "something doing" all the time from the very first service—and in such variety! Backhand volleys, fore-arm smashes, cannonball placements, overhead lobs and delicate chop strokes, cuts and slices follow one another in bewildering succession.

The violence of the modern game of tennis is a revelation to one who, like myself, has not played it since the middle eighties. Enormous are the drafts made by the modern game upon muscular power and physical stamina. The managers of the Forest Hills contests ingeniously arranged that the spectators should have the opportunity of seeing for themselves the difference in this respect between the old and the new game, by having the finals in the Veteran's Championship and the finals in the National Championship played on the same afternoon. The difference in the speed of a volley by Tilden or Vincent Richards and a volley by Dr. Hawk or Craig Biddle is like the difference between the speed of an accommodation train and a limited express.

Another interesting quality of tennis is that it is a contest between individuals. It is a duel rather than a battle, and it therefore affords an opportunity for the display of individual courage and gallantry. During the match between Vincent Richards and Tilden at Forest Hills, Richards, after making a very difficult return for which he had to run and reach, slipped, fell, and literally rolled over on his back. Of course the veriest tyro could have won the point with his opponent in that position. But Tilden chose to do otherwise. He gently lobbed the ball so it would fall about at Richards's feet when he had scrambled up. Richards did scramble up, smashed the easy bound, and won the point. Tilden probably reasoned that he could risk losing a point without jeopardizing his victory. The event proved that he was correct. Nevertheless it was a gallant thing to do; and, moreover, it revealed a very quick mental reaction. Tennis has this in common with chess—it is a contest of wits.

A tennis championship is a pleasant thing to see played. The serried rows of spectators, the dash of color lent to the scene by the various tints of the summer fabrics worn by the ladies, the velvety green of the turf courts, the spotless white of the players' costumes, and the rapid movement of the antagonists all combine to make a striking picture, the charm of which I should be among the last to deny. Comparisons are not only odious but onerous. The man who attempts to express definite judgments in comparative anatomy, comparative literature, comparative religion, or even comparative sport takes a great weight upon his shoulders. I do not propose, therefore, to weigh and balance the comparative merits of golf and tennis as amateur sport, but I shall venture upon the assertion that golf has one advantage which tennis has not, and, so far as I can see, never will have. Golf possesses a literature.

I do not refer to scientific laws and rules. Tennis has literature of that kind, I suppose. No doubt Tilden can with diagrams explain exactly how to make the chop stroke, just as Vardon, Braid, and Taylor have explained how to make the mashie approach or chip shot. When I say that golf has a literature, I mean the literature of reminiscence, anecdote, and biography. All good tennis-courts are as alike as two peas, but every golf course is different from every other golf course. Of what avail as literature would it be for Tilden to write: "In the Davis cup matches of 1924 on court number two in the second set I played a chop slice which just carried nicely over the net wholly out of Patterson's reach"? But if Miss Mary Browne, who within a very few years has been Woman Tennis Champion of the United States and who has only recently taken up golf, were to describe the brassie shot out of the rough on the eighteenth hole at the Rhode Island Country Club, which single shot enabled her to put Miss Collett, one of the greatest of American woman golf players, out of the championship, that would be literature.

In "Scribner's Magazine" for September William Lyon Phelps, in his delightful department "As I Like It," quotes a letter from "Sandy" Herd, the famous Scotch professional, whose book "My Golfing Life" Mr. Phelps commends. Whether twenty years from now I shall remember in detail the bit of brilliant gallantry on the part of William Tilden in the Forest Hills Championships, which I have described above, I do not know. But I remember very well a shot which I saw Herd make twenty years ago at the Mid-Surrey Club near London, which at that time, I believe, was the home club of the famous J. H. Taylor. Herd was playing with James Braid in a tournament, and was so bunkered on his drive or second shot—I forget which—that the hole seemed a sure one for Braid. But Herd took his spoon and played a long shot out of the sand dead to the pin and won the hole. I saw Edward Ray do the same thing at Troon in 1914. In the match between Herd and Braid at Mid-Surrey I recall that Braid on one hole was stymied by a good-sized tree. After a moment's thought he selected his brassie and deliberately sliced the ball around the tree two hundred yards to the green. Those three shots were feats of manual and mental skill that deserve a literary record.

I was not aware until I read Mr. Phelps's commendation that Alexander Herd had written a book on golf. Among the notable books written by professionals are those by Harry Vardon and James Braid. Braid is not only a fine golfer but one of the finest and most respected characters that the game has produced. He and good old Tom Morris have many qualities in common. Another entertaining book by a Scotch professional golfer is the book of recollections by Andrew (or Andra, as the name is pronounced in broad Scotch) Kirkaldy. "Andra" had the very best of golfing educations at St. Andrew's, where he lived and caddied and played as boy



Photograph by Edwin Levick, New York

Dorothy Campbell Hurd, National Women's Golf Champion, with the cup she won. She defeated Miss Mary Browne in the finals

nd man, but his advantages for book arning were not great, and I strongly spect that his reminiscences were not ritten but were talked to somebody who ut them in form for the printer. There a famous, deep and terrible bunker at . Andrew's known as Hell Bunker. ne day Kirkaldy was playing, so he ys in his book, with an English Bishop ho put his ball into Hell Bunker but t it out and onto the green by a pro-gious stroke with his niblick. In great ation the Bishop exclaimed as he clam-red out of the pit: "Andrew, did you e me get out of Hell with my niblick!" did, my Lord," was the answer, "and advise ye to tak' yer niblick wi' ye en ye dee!" Andrew did not stand in e of the clergy.

A good caddie can almost turn defeat o victory by his wise advice. At rth Berwick, once a professional was ng a tournament match by being rt and timid in his putting. His cad-die at length remonstrated: "Het the ba', man; het the ba'. What are ye frichtened for?" The advice was taken and the match was won. Unfortunately in tennis when a player is putting all his returns into the net no one can stand beside him and exclaim, "Don't be timid! Hit the ball!"

In the Rev. Mr. Kerr's quarto there are some reminiscences by R. J. B. Tait, a representative of one of the oldest golfing families of East Lothian. "Sir Walter Scott," says Mr. Tait, "once played a game on Prestonpans course, and in going to the links walked down a narrow lane next to the brewery. In 1862 I remember walking with my father to the green, and asking him why it was that in going to golf he always went down this vennel. He replied: 'All great men walk down here. Sir Walter Scott once walked through it.' 'Did you see him?' I asked. 'No,' he said, 'but I have seen a man who saw him, and so have you.' He referred to old Willie Wright, who was then ninety-four years of age and lived opposite the narrow lane referred to." This anecdote alone is sufficient, I think, to justify my assertion that golf has a peculiar literary quality. What other game is there which one could approach in remembrance and veneration of a great poet and novelist? And what other game is there which obtains from its neophytes such unswerving devotion as golf? I quote again from Mr. R. J. B. Tait:

> In 1869, when the whale came in at Longniddry, a friend and I, both boys and both "gowf-daft," took our irons and played shots over the whale's back. My friend, another day, went to see the whale for the express purpose of playing a shot from off his back. A favorite pastime of ours was to lay down a lucifer match and light it by hitting the brimstone with the bone of the club at full swing. Another player, when the weather was wet, would go into a bedroom and place a hat on the bed and play iron shots from the floor into it. We played shots over the church steeple at Aberlady, over Gosford House, and we even took our clubs to Coldstream for the purpose of playing balls across the Tweed during our Christmas holidays. On one occasion, when young Tom Morris [by some believed to be the greatest golfing genius who ever lived, the William Tilden 2d of the game] came to Luffness to practice for the first professional match of importance that had ever taken place there, viz., that between Bob Ferguson and himself, he stayed with us at the Golf Hotel at Aberlady, and occupied the same bedroom as I did. We kept all our clubs there beside us, and spent part of each night playing iron shots for pennies from the hearth-rug into a hat which we placed in the bed. We often had some clubs in the bed beside us, and not infrequently got up in the middle of the night to illustrate to each other how certain shots ought to be overcome, to go over the different styles of the golfers we knew, and to imitate the various characters themselves.

I doubt if Tilden ever took a tennis racket to bed with him, and it is certain that he could not practice his cannonball service aces on a bedroom floor at night. Nevertheless, he seems to have developed the game to its highest possible form of perfection. Perhaps he will now devote himself to seeing whether it cannot be given a literary cast. A hard task, however, lies before him, for literature is a plant of slow growth, and the literature of golf has already had a record of nearly two centuries.

Master of Them All



(C) Underwood

William T. Tilden 2d winning the National Tennis Championship for the fifth year in succession at Forest Hills, Long Island

A Race that Was to the Swift

On the waters of Long Island Sound teams of British and American six-meter yachts are struggling for the cup which represents the highest development of small-boat sailing and design. In the first race the British yachts, led by the Betty, triumphed. In the second race the American yachts were victorious. To win the trophy a team must win four out of seven races. The English yacht Betty is shown in the upper picture leading the fleet. In the lower picture she is again shown in the van. This photograph of the Betty gives an excellent idea of the clean lines characteristic of the British contenders





Photos by Edwin Levick, New York

Warriors of the Dream

By Hermann Hagedorn

They pushed their glowing joys aside,
They laid their shining hopes away;
They hearkened, pale and starry-eyed,
And closed the books and dropped the play.
They said, "There is a greater thing
Than fame or golden harvesting.
Out of the storm there came a cry
And we will answer, though we die!"

They answered from the seething plain,
They answered from the reeling height,
To the last reaching-forth, in pain,
They sent their answer down the night:
"Though hope allure and love enthrall
And precious, youth and glory seem,
Sweeter than all, greater than all
Is to give all to a dream!"

They will not come again to play
The old games through the summer day,
Or seek the cool woods or the brooks
Or open now the dusty books.
Yet, where in crowds, with restless feet,
The getters and the spenders meet,
There is, at times, a strange deep sound
Not from the sky, not from the ground,
And voices such as music hath
That shakes the heart and chokes the breath:
"Though hope allure and love enthrall
And precious, youth and glory seem,
Sweeter than all, greater than all
Is to give all to a dream!"

On its old orbit swings this earth;
Day comes, night comes; the seasons pass;
And holy memories, amid mirth,
Are but as shadows on a glass.
Men may forget and time erase
Of name and deed the last faint trace;
But in still hours, amid their joys,
Unborn, undreamed of girls and boys
Shall of a sudden be aware
Of something not of earth or air,
A burning brow, a glowing eye,
A flame, a presence and a cry:
"Though hope allure and love enthrall
And precious, youth and glory seem,
Sweeter than all, greater than all
Is to give all to a dream!"

The Wolf in the Flock

A clever crook poses as a philanthropist and persuades a minister to become a financier

By George Witten

HOW could he face his congregation? The Pastor paced the floor of his study, ringing his thin hands. For the past three days he had been "out" to all callers, but to-morrow would be Sunday, and he must conduct his usual services. To-morrow several hundred accusing eyes would be turned upon him as he entered his pulpit. Yet he had done nothing that was criminal or really wrong. It had simply been a case of bad judgment. But it had cost his congregation thousands of dollars. Many of them had parted with their life's savings on his advice.

He had been honest in the whole matter, but he had been a dupe. The Promoter had come to him with, apparently, good credentials. If he had only verified these, the whole matter would have been averted. But the Promoter had swept him off his feet by his wonderfully frank and open-handed manner. At first he had simply played the rôle of a devout attendant at the Sunday services. When an appeal was made for funds with which to meet the interest due on the church debt, he had given a contribution of a hundred dollars. It had been the same when the church had been called upon to give its share toward foreign missions; the Promoter had headed the subscription list with a generous donation. Then, when an impecunious member of the congregation had lost his wife, and hadn't the money with which to bury her, he had come forward and had paid all the funeral expenses.

"Do all the good you can in the world, it is the only thing worth living for," was the constant saying of the Promoter.

In a few weeks he had become an usher in the church and one of the Pastor's most ardent helpers in the numerous tasks and problems that every minister has.

Just when it was that the Promoter's great "uplift work" was first divulged to the Pastor, and then to his congregation, he couldn't remember. But it had seemed such a wonderful proposition. It was going to double the purchasing value of the workingman's dollar. It was a great and daring attack on the capitalists. Under the Promoter's plan of co-operative buying and selling the man in the street would reap all the benefits of large profits that now go to the capitalists.

With a broad-minded, generous man like the Promoter at the head of it, the plan seemed certain of success. The Pastor rejoiced that the opportunity to take part in such a great work had been afforded him, and he had joined hands with the Promoter. However, he had not been the only man of standing in his community who had given his unqualified indorsement to the stock issue. There was the Superintendent of Public Schools, the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and the Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

None of these had allowed their names to be used in the promotion literature, but they had talked of the plan, and when asked for advice by those who looked to them for guidance had advised investing. The only man in the town who openly fought the proposition was the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, but then the Promoter had pointed out the fact that the Secretary represented the merchants of the town, who were reaping big profits and whose business would be affected. This had seemed a reasonable and logical argument, and had helped further to prove that the Promoter's plan was a real fight against the big interests.

The stock had sold with a boom. Men and women who had lived contentedly on moderate incomes, investing their small savings in Liberty Bonds and securities of proved stability that paid only small dividends, suddenly developed extravagant ambitions. There was little talk of anything else but the great equalizing plan of the Promoter. It was going to give every one the same chance in life. But those who invested first and got in on the ground floor would have advantages over those who held back and didn't come in until the plan was put into effect. The thing to do was to *invest at once.*

Homes were mortgaged, Liberty Bonds and good securities were sold, and money taken from the savings banks. There was more happiness in the community than there had ever been before. Everybody wore a smile, and the Promoter stood out among them, a Moses come to lead them from bondage. Then, crash! What had happened? The Promoter had disappeared, his elaborate offices were closed, and the firm that had rented him his office furniture was trying to collect the rental from the stockholders. Other bills, made in the name of the corporation, were pouring in, but the officers of the enterprise had vanished.

The Superintendent of Schools was away on his vacation. The Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. was attending a convention. The Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. had taken to her bed, and remained there, too ill to see anybody. The Pastor had been left to face the enraged stockholders alone. For days his door-bell and telephone had rung incessantly. Then he did what he should have done months before, made investigation of the Promoter's credentials. These he found, to his dismay, were forgeries.

When the crash first came, the Pastor had attempted to appease the stockholders and had tried to justify his position by showing them his own elaborately engraved stock certificate, which he had bought with his small savings. But there was no reasoning with them—all they wanted was their money back. Finally he had denied himself to all callers and had attempted to concentrate his mind on his sermons. But to-morrow was Sunday, and to-morrow he must face an enraged congregation.

The position of the Pastor was only the same as that in which hundreds of honest, well-meaning men have found themselves in recent years. The promoter of to-day is a student of psychology, and, while there is always a flaw in his makeup and he has his weaknesses, he is a man of brains, who, if he exerted his efforts in the right direction, could accomplish great things. One of the greatest troubles with the average man is that he expects to find the marks of the beast in every vender of worthless securities; he looks for the "horns," while the most dangerous of the promoters are men of smart and often benevolent appearance, with soft voices and kindly manners.

The writer, in once making an investigation of a fraudulent concern that was playing the "uplift game" to the superlative degree, found the head of the enterprise to be a man with silvery white, wavy hair of the Mark Twain type; a jovial, round face with a most engaging

dimple; big brown eyes that looked you square in the face when he talked; a soft, drawling voice that made you think of the great open plains of the West; and a kindly, considerate manner that tended to allay all suspicions.

On the glass top of his large maple-wood desk, incased in an expensive frame, was a group portrait of three smiling children. To this the promoter was wont to refer to with fatherly pride as he leaned back in his swivel chair, that matched the desk, and talked about his farm in the hills of Jersey, where he always went whenever he could break away from his duties; but the great work he was doing kept him cooped up in an apartment in the city. Still, that was part of his sacrifice for his fellow-man.

Cultured, attractive young ladies passed quietly in and out of his spacious office, bringing him papers to sign. One of these, his private secretary, seemed to hang on his every word with the affection of a devoted daughter. The writer sat in a comfortable, leather-upholstered chair, with his feet sunk in a thick carpet, and wondered if this man could really be a crook.

A visit to this man's elaborate apartment in an uptown hotel disclosed a little kitten of the ordinary back-alley type. Over this animal the "good" man fondly fussed. It was one of God's creatures, and his love went out to everything.

Investigation showed that this man had a long criminal career. He was under indictment, under other names, in various States. He had filched the public of millions. He had married and deserted several women, one of whom was found working for a paltry wage in a cigar-stand of a hotel. The three smiling children were found to be illegitimate. The devoted secretary was his mistress. The farm in the hills of Jersey didn't exist. The kitten was just part of the show properties, and was later abandoned to starve, as had been several other cats and dogs in various places where he had operated.

When the activities of this man were laid before the authorities and the stockholders engaged an eminent lawyer to help prosecute him, the lawyer, though a man of long experience, who had been a circuit court judge, stated that he could not bring himself to believe that this man was dishonest.

But do not think from this that all promoters have the appearance of honesty, or that all honest-appearing men are crooks. Some crooks look like crooks, and some of them look like ordinary every-day men. The point is that every man, no matter what his representations are, should be thoroughly investigated before money is intrusted to him. Any proposition, or any promoter, that won't stand for investigation is better left alone. And beware of the man who tells you that a stock must be bought in a few hours, or even in a few days—that man is afraid of investigation.

ZR-3—The New Leviathan of the Skies

An airship built for peace and trade

By Howard Mingos

At last, six years after the Armistice, we are to receive the choicest bit of war booty—the Zeppelin ZR-3, said to be the last word in rigid airship design and construction; and possibly the only material and useful thing coming to us for our part in the war.

Though the Zeppelin Company has built the ZR-3 especially for the United States, the German Government is paying the bills. German engineers have put into the craft all the technical knowledge acquired in building more than a hundred Zeppelins. That should be very useful to this country. They have outfitted it so luxuriously that it has come to be known as the airship *de luxe*. Nothing like it has been flown before anywhere. All of which should help us along in our airship programme after the German crew has flown it to the Navy shed at Lakehurst, New Jersey, and it has been officially surrendered to this Government.

If it creates a sensation in this country, that fact should cast no reflection on our own American designed and built Shenandoah. The two airships are unlike in every respect except for their rigid construction. They have the same kind of duralumin framework. There the similarity ends. The ZR-3 is the first passenger airship to appear in this hemisphere. And passenger dirigibles are as unlike service craft as ocean liners differ from battleships.

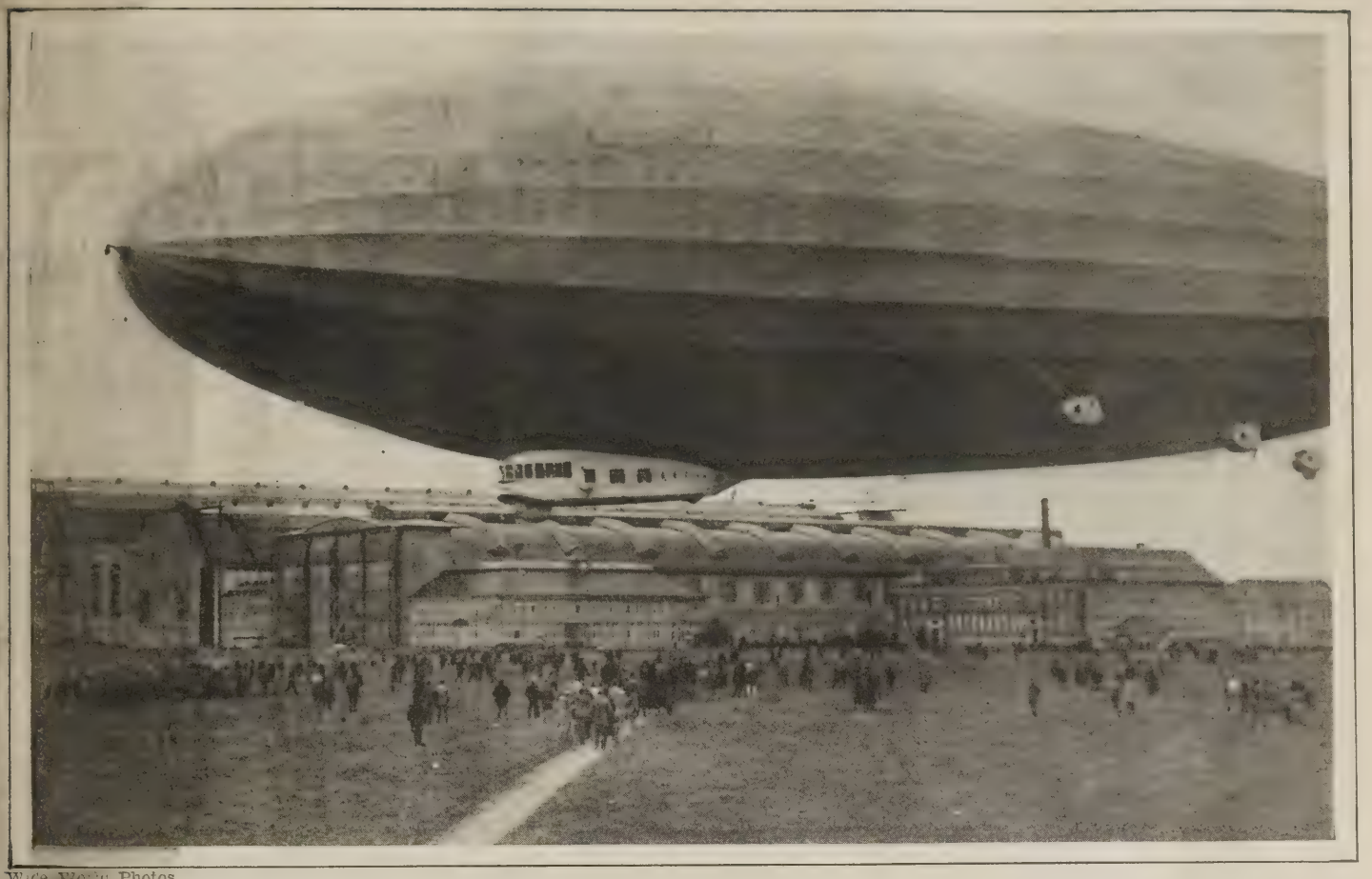
The Shenandoah is a "fighting laboratory," built to carry fighting men and guns and to operate with the Fleet. Fighting men are not accustomed to creature comforts aboard any kind of a ship. The ZR-3 is designed to carry tourists and suitcases, traveling men and babies. It is the new Leviathan of the skies. Not one of its half million parts was made for fighting. Throughout its 656 feet of hull it stands for peace.

While the German rigid is shorter by 25 feet than the Shenandoah, it actually is larger, for the Navy fighter is only 79 feet in diameter, while the ZR-3 is 91 feet, holding 2,472,000 cubic feet of buoyant gas, as compared to the 2,115,000 feet required to inflate the Shenandoah. The new Zeppelin weighs five or six tons more than its American cousin—in all, 46 tons. It will carry that much tonnage in useful loads of gasoline, oil, spare parts, crew, passengers, and freight. It is the first flying craft to carry loads equal to its own weight, an important factor in commercial aviation.

Air lines cannot be financed and the public cannot afford to patronize them until operating costs are confined within economical bounds. A vehicle carrying loads equal to its own weight makes a strong bid for popularity. The ZR-3 should be the first of a huge fleet of commercial carriers linking American cities with those of Europe and Asia. It was to use the Zeppelin as a model for others to be built here that the Government made an eleventh-hour and successful effort to acquire it, though it has been rough going at times.

By the terms of the Versailles Treaty all the German airships were to be surrendered to the victors. As nearly all the Zeppelins had been destroyed by their own captains after the sailors had sunk their surface ships at Scapa Flow, the Allies insisted that the rigids be replaced in kind or equivalent material be surrendered. When the remaining Zeppelins were apportioned among the Powers, the United States did not accept the two allotted to this country, because we had no shed to house them, and the ships were not in very good condition, anyway.

Then, too, there was a wide difference of opinion here concerning the value of airships. Many looked upon them as "sick whales" because they had been inflated with hydrogen, which exploded under the slightest provocation. Airships filled with hydrogen could be shot down



Wide World Photos

The ZR-3 after its first trial flight returning to its landing place at the Zeppelin works in Friedrichshafen, Germany

by fast planes or from surface batteries. A chance spark from the engines or a lightning bolt would send the ship down in flames. Every airship tragedy which could be investigated has been traced directly to hydrogen exploding.

Others among the Army and Navy officers in Washington took a different view of the matter, among them General Pershing. They had followed closely the development of another war product, American helium. It is a gas which will neither explode nor burn. It is 92 per cent as efficient as hydrogen in lifting qualities. Before the war it was known only in the laboratories as an element too costly to produce in quantities. The hundred cubic feet which the scientists had isolated cost them $7,000.

In 1917 somebody unearthed a report in the Department of Agriculture explaining that helium existed in unlimited quantities in the natural gas of Texas and other Western States. The result was that at the time of the Armistice more than 200,000 cubic feet had been extracted and was ready for shipment to the western front. Had the war lasted another year, all the Allied airships and balloons would have been inflated with American helium. They would have been safe from incendiary bullets and bursting shrapnel except for chance hits in vital parts.

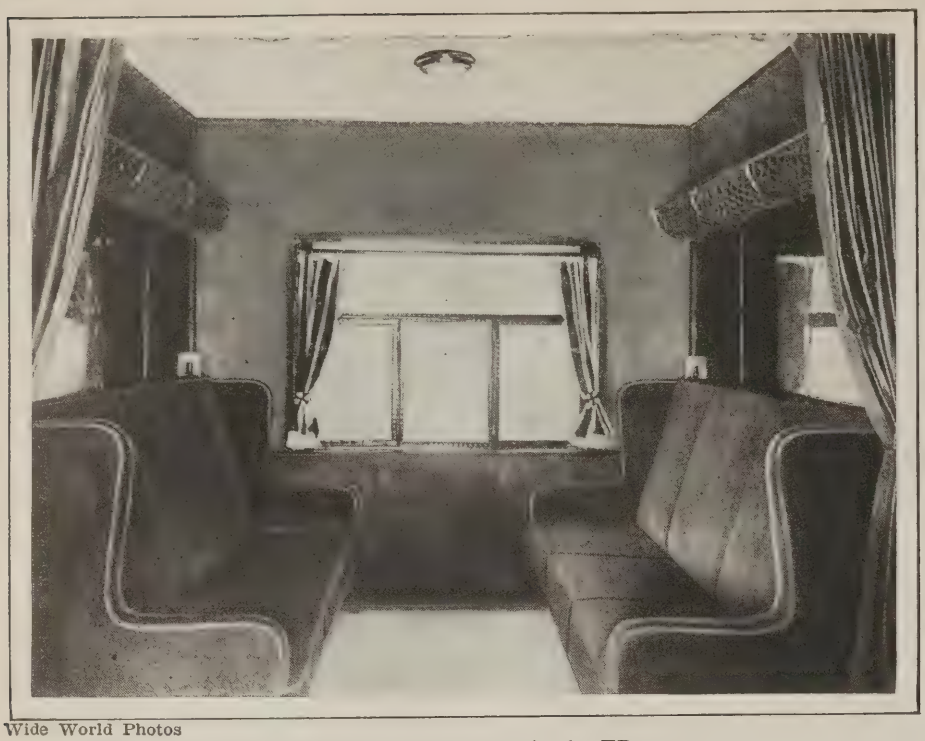
Helium has saved the Shenandoah on several occasions, particularly when she broke away from her mast at Lakehurst last January and with two nose gas cells spilling their contents about the flaming exhausts of the engines fought the worst storm of the season and after seven hours returned to her hangar safely. It was a conclusive test, proving the value of helium and the advantage to the country having a monopoly in it. To-day the Government is producing millions of cubic feet a year at less than 6 cents a cubic foot. The cost is decreasing annually. President Coolidge recently set aside more than 7,000 acres of helium lands in Utah, designating the tract as U. S. Helium Reserve No. 1, indicating that others will follow.

This monopoly in safe gas seems to warrant a strong airship programme for the United States. But while we were deciding the matter after the treaty was signed the other Powers claimed all the desirable Zeppelins. The airship enthusiasts persisted in claiming that rigids inflated with helium would prove so safe in passenger carrying that the traveling and shipping public would be converted by a few months of steady operations. They admitted that it would be years before private interests could undertake such a venture. The Shenandoah had cost the Government more than $2,000,000. Hangars, mooring masts, terminals, way stations, and operating costs would force an investment of $10,000,000 before a private company could launch its first passenger ship. Where, then, was America to popularize lighter-than-air?

It was put up to the Government. General Pershing went to President Harding, who immediately authorized the acquisition of a "replacement" Zeppelin and the employment of the Army and Navy Air Services in demonstrating it before the public, thus paving the way for private initiative and investment.

The American claim was entered through diplomatic channels three years ago. We explained that, instead of two ships to which we were entitled, we would like one twice the size of the ships destroyed. The Germans were willing, even anxious, to build such a craft and send it to this country as a gift. Their industry had been so throttled by the peace terms and stipulations limiting aircraft to impossible sizes and power that they were confronted with utter extinction. They saw in this a chance to keep the Zeppelin plant open and its great sheds standing.

The Allies at first disapproved of the plan. They held to their point that Germany could not build airships larger than 30,000 cubic meters gas capacity. Fi-



Wide World Photos

Passenger compartment in the ZR-3

nally, with the understanding that it was a great favor to us, they permitted construction of one twice that size. That is the ZR-3. The Allies furthermore ordered that it be a commercial airship. This coincided with the desires of both the Americans and Germans who wanted to build a perfect passenger carrier, the result of fifteen years of constant improvement at the Zeppelin factory. They say that the ZR-3 is a fair representation.

The new Zeppelin carries 20 passengers. Its five Maybach engines, aggregating 2,000 horse-power, give it a maximum range of 5,280 miles at cruising speed or a fast speed of 76 miles an hour for 3,500 miles. It surpasses all others in speed and cruising range. This ability to carry heavy loads and to outfly ships of equal length is due to the stream-lined shape of the hull, which tapers gradually from the center. The military Zeppelins and the Shenandoah begin to taper only near the ends.

Another structural departure is the wide corridor which extends the entire length of the ZR-3, built partly into the hull and partly below it. It serves to strengthen the entire framework, and by distributing the various weights supports the loads, besides affording a means of communication to all parts of the ship. In other rigids the crew must make their way precariously along the keel, which averages about fifteen inches in width.

It is the custom to swing all the engine gondolas several feet below the ship, to allow a free passage of air for the propellers. In the military ships the control car is also slung below and prepared to carry an engine if necessary. On the Shenandoah one must climb a ladder between the control car and the hull. The car is only 20 feet long and 10 wide. It barely accommodates the five men at the controls. On the long flights they have been most uncomfortable and dependent upon emergency rations and lunches.

The car of the ZR-3 is larger than a sleeping-car and its appointments rival those of a private yacht. It is built solidly against the keel of the rigid. The control room in front is virtually the bridge. There are wheels for the rudders and other steering apparatus, engine telegraphs and signals, a switchboard for operating the gas valves and ballast tanks. The instrument board holds many dials. Near by is the radio room, a sound-proof and gas-proof cabin especially invented for the ZR-3. The wireless has a radius of 1,560 miles by telegraph and 315 miles by telephone. The electric current is supplied by a generator driven by a small air screw making 3,000 revolutions a minute. The antenna consists of three wires dangling below the leviathan for 390 feet.

Next is the passenger saloon, flanked on both sides by large windows and subdivided into five compartments, each of which has two sofas accommodating four persons. At night the backs of the sofas form the upper berths and the seats the lower. Then the passengers are isolated by means of curtains. Close at hand are small flasks of oxygen in brackets, which one may use in case of height sickness. Or he may call a steward and order hot foods from the kitchen on the other side of the gangway in the rear. During the day hot meals are served on tables set between the sofas. The food is cooked on electric stoves and in kettles set into the white-hot exhaust pipes of the engines. Two lavatories for men and women passengers are located in the rear of the car, where there is also a storeroom for supplies and baggage.

The officers and men work in shifts of a few hours each, depending on flying conditions. In bad weather everybody is on watch. The watches are stood as aboard surface craft. The officers have comfortable quarters in the hull above their control room, while the members of the crew have bunks throughout the hull at points near their duty stations.

With all this the ZR-3 is said to be only a model for ships of the future. Zeppelin engineers have designs for craft many times the size of the replacement ship. Plans exist for a super-rigid capable of flying around the earth in the latitude of New York in 17 days, carrying 100 passengers, baggage, and fuel, without stopping.

Many suggestions have been made for employing the ZR-3 commercially. One company tried to lease it as the first of a fleet of transcontinental passenger carriers. It struck a snag when it found that an act of Congress would be required to lease or sell the ship. The Joint Army and Navy Board has placed it in charge of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics for the first six months. Immediately on its arrival it will be inflated with helium and the American crew will set out on a series of demonstration flights along the Atlantic seaboard. Then inland flights will be made, and gradually the ZR-3 will work into the West and on to the Pacific coast. Later on a model air line may be operated across the country. Or, if conditions permit, a fast mail service between the United States and England will be attempted. At the end of six months the Army Air Service is scheduled to operate it for a similar period, after which the craft will probably be operated jointly by the two services on what may be the first regular transcontinental air line.

The ZR-3 could cross the United States in less than two days, its cargo of first-class mail paying for the trip, the maintenance of personnel and repair facilities. It requires little imagination to see where our air forces could be built up by such pioneering operations, paying their own way and thus reducing the cost of aerial armament, something which apparently is taking the place of the naval construction cost which the limitations treaty sought to curtail. The new airship may teach this country much before it has been flown over the larger cities.

The Opera

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

IN the year 1600 there met at the house of Count Vernio, in Florence, a group of musical amateurs determined to introduce a type of music suitable to accompany drama, a type which they boldly but justly called the "New Music" (*Nuove Musiche*), and which turned out to be the first step toward what we know as opera. These men (Cavaliere, Galilei, Caccini, Peri, and others), later known as the Camerata, had few traditions on which to build, since the only type of artistic music then known was the severe choral music of the Church, which culminated in Palestrina, Orlandus Lassus, and others at the end of the sixteenth century. This was animated by an ideal of expression the direct opposite of theirs. "Of the cloistral mood," says Dickinson, "the Church music of the Palestrina age is the most subtle and suggestive embodiment ever realized in art. It is as far as possible removed from profane suggestion; in the ineffable calmness, pure from every trace of struggle, with which it vibrates, it is the most adequate emblem of that eternal repose toward which the believer yearns." This pure and remote beauty was of little use to the Camerata, who wished to represent the play of passions in the actual world, the daily life of men and women.

New Ideals

THEIR very first attempt was the little drama of "Euridice," set to music by Jacopo Peri (1560–1625) and performed at the wedding of Henry IV of France and Maria Medici. This earliest "opera" was true to type, by the way, in that the librettist gave it a "happy ending" to please its public, having Orpheus bring back his Euridice from Hades, thus, as Parry slyly points out, "relieving the story of its poignancy, and a good deal of its point." But, however little the audiences of opera have usually cared for drama, its composers have at least been conscious of a different aim from that of the Church composers; and this primary difference of aim has brought with it a whole train of differences of method.

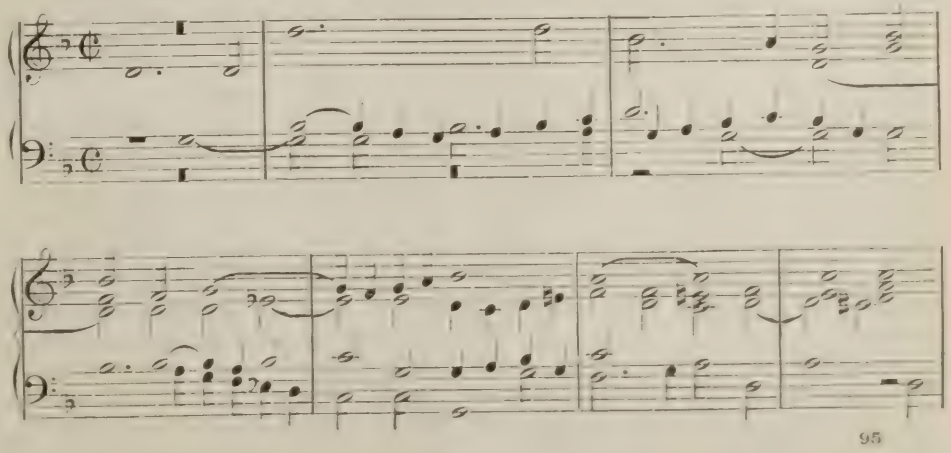
Let us compare, for instance, a bit from a typical Church composition, Lassus's "Hear My Prayer, O Lord," with the deservedly famous "Ariadne's Lament," included by Claudio Monteverdi (1568–1643) in his opera of "Arianna," written only seven years after Peri's "Euridice," but already a much more mature and finished piece of art than that pioneer work. Note first that Lassus, aiming at the "cloistral mood" described by Dickinson, writes for several groups of singers, each impersonal because composed of many individuals, and each given its own melody; while Monteverdi individualizes his Arianna by letting her sing a single line of melody alone, with instrumental accompaniment only, and thus makes her plaint so appealing that it is said to have moved all its early hearers to tears. This free motion of a single voice over an instrumental support is the famous "recitative" that at this period made its first appearance in music. Second, notice that, while Lassus uses only peaceful, pure harmonies, Monteverdi introduces in the second, eleventh, thirteenth, and other measures, harsh "dissonances," combinations of notes that jar with one another and thus intensify expression. Third, Lassus uses a flowing, indefinite rhythm; Monteverdi, a much more definitely marked division into phrases, as in most modern music. Finally, the Lassus example has no definite "key"—that is, it does not circulate around any one note. The "Lament," on the contrary, is clearly in D minor, and embodies the plan of statement (in the first six measures), contrast (in the next eight), and restatement (in the last five) that we find in thousands of folk-songs and dances, and that underlies most of the formal types used in advanced artistic music. In short, Monteverdi is essentially a modern composer.

Their Arduous Realization

THUS in the short space of seven years, between the first meetings of the Camerata in 1600 and the appearance of Monteverdi's "Arianna" in 1607, had been laid the foundations of modern opera. But before the superstructure could attain the magnificent impressiveness we so admire in the work of Verdi (1813–1901), Wagner (1813–1883), and other modern composers two centuries had to elapse—long, full, difficult centuries in which characteristic abuses and defects, corrected over and over again by reformers of devotion and of genius, men like Monteverdi, Gluck, Weber, sprang up ever new like tough weeds in a field prepared for some finer crop, and seem never to be decisively conquered. The history of opera has been more checkered, fuller of strong contrasts between the facile popularity of tinsel and the struggles of genius for the true gold, than any other branch of music. This is probably in part because opera audiences have always contained a large proportion of people who cared nothing for music, but who came to gratify a curiosity about personalities, a love of color, display, and excitement, or a mere desire to be effortlessly entertained. The obligation of intelligent interest is by no group of music-lovers so complacently ignored as by opera-goers. Parry truly sums up the situation when he says: "The problem to be solved in fitting intelligible music to intelligible drama is one of the most complicated and delicate ever undertaken by

Figure I.

From "Hear my prayer, O Lord" — ORLANDUS LASSUS



[1] The substance of this article will appear in Mr. Mason's forthcoming book "From Song to Symphony," to be published by the Oliver Ditson Company for the National Federation of Music Clubs.—The Editors.

Figure II.

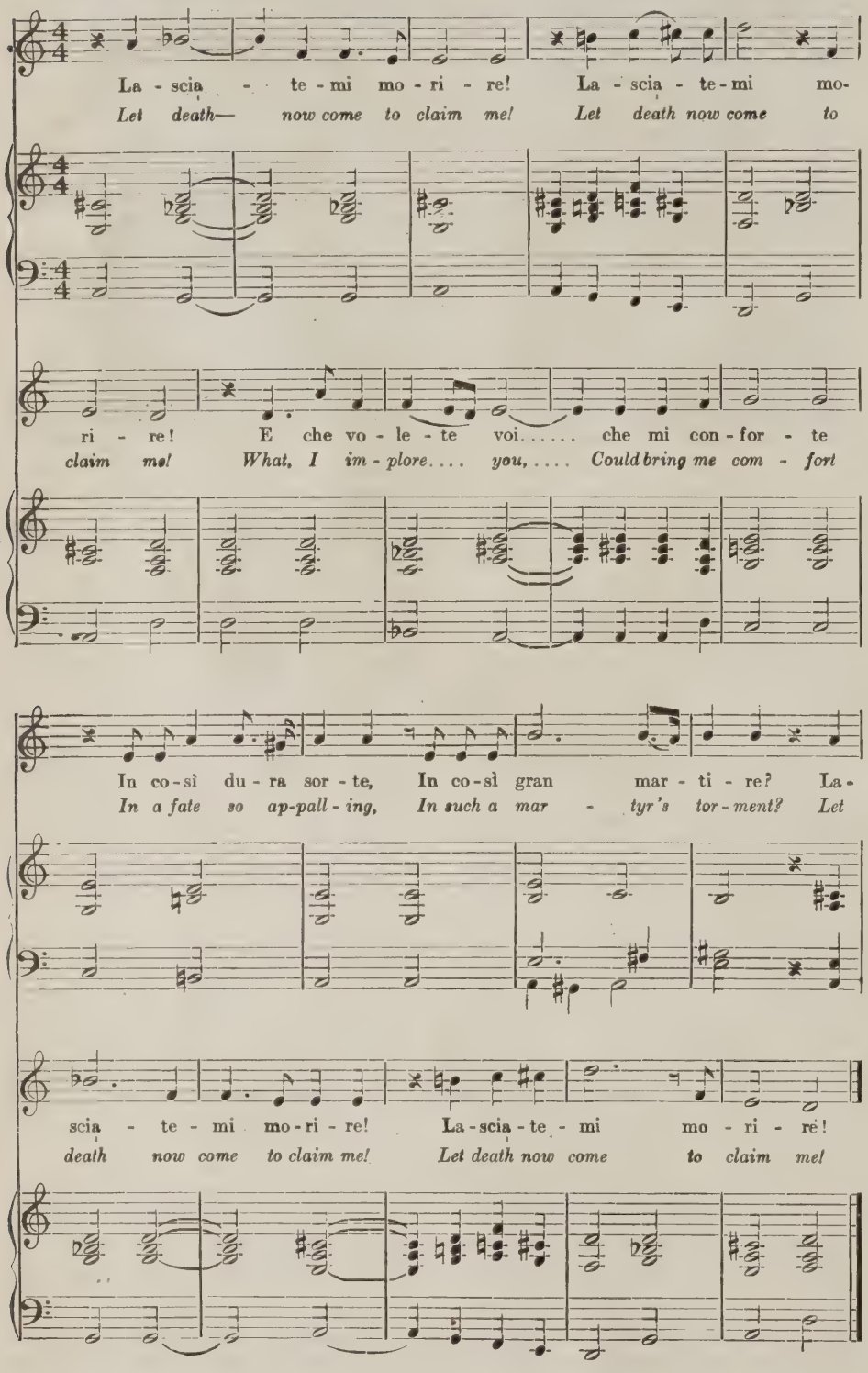
Lasciatemi Morire

(Let death now come)

From "Arianna"

English Version by
CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDE (1568–1642)



man; and the solution is made all the more difficult through the fact that the kind of public who frequent operas do not in the least care to have it solved. Operatic audiences have always had the lowest standard of taste of any section of human beings calling themselves musical. They generally have a gross appetite for anything, so long as it is not intrinsically good." The words hardly seem too severe when we see how constantly from the first the indifference and stupid complaisance of the public has defeated the finest efforts of the greatest geniuses.

Audiences which would completely stop the dramatic action at the end of every song in order to applaud the singer evidently did not take their drama very seriously; and the expressive value of the action is therefore one of the things that reformers in every age have tried to insist upon. In the palmy days of Italian operas in the eighteenth century, when they were the fashion in every capital of Europe, their absurdities as drama almost passed belief. Mr. Surette tells of one of them in which as the hero is pursuing the villain with intent to kill (or the villain the hero, it makes little difference which) they come upon the heroine. A favorable opportunity for a trio! The trio is sung, and at its conclusion the chase is resumed! Well has it been said that such "operas" are nothing more than "concerts in costume." The dramatic element in them is almost negligible. And in art whatever is neglected is always at once dominated by convention, and becomes mechanized, stereotyped, dead. The "drama" of Italian operas was incredibly standardized. Always the story must be drawn from classical mythology. Always, whatever the story, there must be six characters, three men and three women. Each must have certain traditional types of arias to sing at certain prescribed places. Even the verse used was controlled by prescription: blank verse for the recitatives, rhymed hexameters for the arias.

The chorus was used whenever mass vocal effect was wanted, without regard to dramatic appropriateness; it was Gluck who insisted that the chorus should appear only when the story called for masses of people (as he has so splendidly used it, for example, in his Chorus of Furies in "Orpheus"). The same principle, of course, applies to the ballet. The famous fiasco of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" in Paris in 1861 was due to the conflicting ideas of audience and artist on this point. "Wagner was informed," says Mr. Henderson,[2] "that a ballet in the second act was an absolute necessity, because the subscribers, chiefly members of the Jockey Club, never arrived till the middle of the evening, and they demanded a ballet at that time for their especial delectation. Wagner refused to introduce a meaningless dance into his second act, but 'saw in the first act, at the luxurious court of Venus, a most perfect opportunity for a choreographic scene of some real meaning.' . . . The failure of the work was due to the persistent opposition of the members of the Jockey Club, who blew hunting whistles, indulged in hisses and catcalls, and otherwise made such a disturbance that the work did not get a fair hearing."

Wherever the ideal of expression was forgotten it was not only the vocal, choral, and choreographic elements of the opera that degenerated; the orchestral portion suffered equally. The overture, in the typical Italian opera, is singularly conventional. Seldom does it have any-

[2] Article "Richard Wagner," by W. J. Henderson, "Famous Composers and Their Works," p. 541.

Why "Hank" is now always on the job



HENRY didn't show up at work one morning. That was unusual, for Henry had been so regular that the foreman had put "Hank" down as the one man he could count on.

Being so dependable, "Hank" had been given dependable work to do. His was an important job. Nobody else could do it just as it ought to be done.

The foreman made inquiry, but nobody knew why this man wasn't at his post.

Presently, the telephone in a little office jingled. The clerk answered. It was "Hank." "Tell the boss," he said, "I'm in a mess. Wife and kids sick. Nobody to look after them. I've got to stay home."

That simple message started the boss to thinking. He wondered how often men stayed home to take care of a sick wife or children. A check-up proved that family sickness, next to personal sickness, kept the worker at home oftener than any other reason.

Years ago the officials of The American Rolling Mill Company discussed this matter from every angle. They reasoned that it meant loss to the company when a man was off the job. Furthermore, it meant a loss to the man himself. And if there is ever a time a man can't afford to lose his wages, it is when there is sickness in the home. Finally, few men can cook, and wash, and take care of sick folks—that's a woman's job.

The outcome was the organization of a Personal Service Department, whose duty it is to maintain contact with workers' homes, and to render such service as is necessary in order that the wage earner may go to work confident that his sick ones are being well cared for.

Today, visiting nurses make the rounds, and many a Henry Jones goes to his work relieved in mind so that he can put into his work his best effort to the end that the product he helps to make will measure up to the high standard of his company.

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thing to do with the story, or is it more than a formal, meaningless piece, played before the curtain rises and while the audience are finding their seats and greeting one another. Here again Gluck led in reform. "My idea is," he said, "that the overture should indicate the subject and prepare the spectators for the character of the piece they are about to see." How magnificently his own "Iphigenia in Aulis" overture performs this function has been analyzed in detail by no less a master than Wagner, whose own overtures, such as those to "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Tristan and Isolde," and "Parsifal," especially, show to what potency it can be carried.

The work of Wagner's most direct precursor in this matter of orchestral expression deserves a word here. Carl Maria von Weber (1786–1826) was the first to show clearly the power of instrumental tone qualities to delineate, or at least to suggest, all sorts of objects and situations, that Wagner was afterwards to carry so far in passages like the Rhine music, the fire music, the Waldweben, the "Ride of the Valkyries." "At the moment when," says Riemann,[3] "after the first twenty-four measures of the overture to 'Der Freischutz,' with their horn sounds breathing the fragrance of the forests while the string orchestra suggests the murmuring of the leaves, the mysterious boding tones of the two clarinets are heard, the shuddering G and C strings of the violins and violas quiver, and the deep thuds of the kettle-drums and the pizzicati [plucked notes] of the basses arrest the beating of one's heart—then was the romantic opera born."

[3] "Geschichte der Musik seit Beethoven," p. 186.

Thus always do the great individual artists, tirelessly seeking the ideal of sincere and eloquent expression, ceaselessly combating the indifference, the inertia, the trivial conventionality of the herd, advance from age to age the cause of art. And since this is a process that takes time, that has to be slowly and laboriously divined even by genius, we observe that most of the greatest artists have matured slowly; their early works have usually been crude, and their entire life-work has often summed up in itself the wider evolution of art as a whole. Gluck did not begin his reforms until after fifty; Wagner, beginning with the noisy and conventional "Rienzi," finished with "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" at fifty-four and "Parsifal" at sixty-nine; Verdi, who as a young man perpetrated the trivial though attractive "Trovatore" and "Traviata," achieved his masterpiece —"Otello"—at seventy-four and "Falstaff" at eighty!

In Wagner's case we see with especial clearness how the search for expression vitalizes the whole development. Wagner himself, who had a keen instinct for the value of names, recognized this when he called his later works, not "operas," but "music-dramas." The compound word suggests a compound thing—an art-form so far removed from the "concerts in costume" of conventional Italian opera that music and drama are in it conceived to be of equal importance, and Wagner even deprecated concert performance of his music as separating it from the action which was its reason for being. From music he demanded severe sacrifices. The chorus must not be heard except when it participated in the action. Set pieces like arias and duets, with their complete stops, break the dramatic verisimilitude, and he therefore substituted for them a continuous declamation which he called "infinite melody." The orchestra could suggest by definite melodies of its own, associated with definite characters or ideas (the famous Wagnerian "leading motives") developments of the drama, and was thus lifted out of the place of mere accompaniment into an essential part of Wagner's complex art. Finally, the old classic mythological stories were displaced as subjects by legends of Wagner's own forefathers in the Middle Ages; and as he was his own librettist, he could achieve a completeness of fusion between the dramatic and musical elements never attained before. In all these ways Wagner vitalized and humanized this art-form that so easily hardens into convention and stereotype. Through the invincible powers of emotional sincerity, intelligence, and the enormous technical skill generated through them, he securely dominates the whole modern operatic situation.

The Book Table

Democracy and Leadership

Reviewed by HENRY W. BUNN

TO comprehend this book [1] requires the utmost effort of concentration, but the effort is richly rewarded; no greater compliment could be paid. It has to be said, however, that its chief merit is analytical and critical; on the constructive side it is far less satisfying. It is "a defense of the veto power" in the individual and in the State. The veto power in the individual must, according to the author, be exercised by the will; in the State, by the judiciary. In the United States the veto power of the State was by the Constitution vested supremely in the Supreme Court, which "more than any other institution embodies the higher or permanent self of the State."

"An ethical will that is felt as a power of control over the natural man and his expansive desires" is, asserts Mr. Babbitt, one of the "immediate data of consciousness." Character is developed in the degree that the intellect and imagination (in subordination thereto) co-operate with the will. Standards are thus created to which conduct is by the will constrained to conform. The author's view of the State is the organic one of Burke. "Just as man has a higher self that acts restrictively on his ordinary self, so the State should have a higher or permanent self, appropriately embodied in institutions, that should set bounds to its ordinary self as expressed by the popular will at any particular moment."

These are ancient doctrines. That of the primacy of the will was taught by Confucius, Buddha, Aristotle, Christ; that concerning the State was adumbrated by Aristotle, its greatest champion is Burke. That of the primacy of the will, clearly formulated, prevailed through the Christian centuries down to Hobbes; that concerning the State is indeed a corollary of the other, but was never clearly formulated before Burke. The latter was so formulated by Burke incidentally to his attack on Rousseau's "state of nature" and "rights of man." Both are hard doctrines, to be thoroughly understood by only a few, and their maintenance presupposes an aristocracy of merit and achievement; whence its leaders must be drawn if the State is to be preserved against the subversive encroachments of Equalitarian Democracy. The tendency of most modern philosophies—rationalistic, mechanistic, utilitarian, pragmatic, humanitarian, what-not—has been to subvert those doctrines.

The book is mostly an attack on the subversive philosophies and their exponents; an attack vigorous, incisive, sometimes witty; but, as we have intimated, the author scarcely more than hints the methods by which his doctrines are to be restored to their former pride of place. We understand that he proposes to himself this constructive task in another book, which will be awaited eagerly. The best part of "Democracy and Leadership" is the final chapter, in which is vividly presented the struggle now in process in our country between constitutional democracy (our original Constitution is the most brilliant embodiment of the doctrine of the State championed by Burke, and most of the "founders" were in the tradition of the primacy of the will) and the motley array of its enemies, who consciously or unconsciously are warring for "direct democracy."

"Democracy and Leadership" displays immense learning, gallantly carried. It is a book of very great importance, the "lecture" whereof none can afford to omit.

[1] Democracy and Leadership. By Irving Babbitt. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

The New Books

FICTION

ESCAPE. By Alden Brooks. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Dominique Prad, artist in soul, but too loyal to break away from the business to which, for family reasons, he finds himself committed, remains submissively enchained until the age of thirty-seven. Then, the business flourishing and his sisters well married, he feels himself entitled to release; but everybody protests, everything conspires to prevent. Only when

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A WONDERFUL new invention that not only gives you an *instant* appearance of slimness—but actually reduces your bulging waistline to normal in an amazingly short time—is now being used by thousands of men who were formerly over-burdened with an excess of fat.

With this remarkable discovery it is no longer necessary to resort to heart-straining exercises or weakening diets—and few men can take the time or pay the exorbitant fees charged by the professional masseur.

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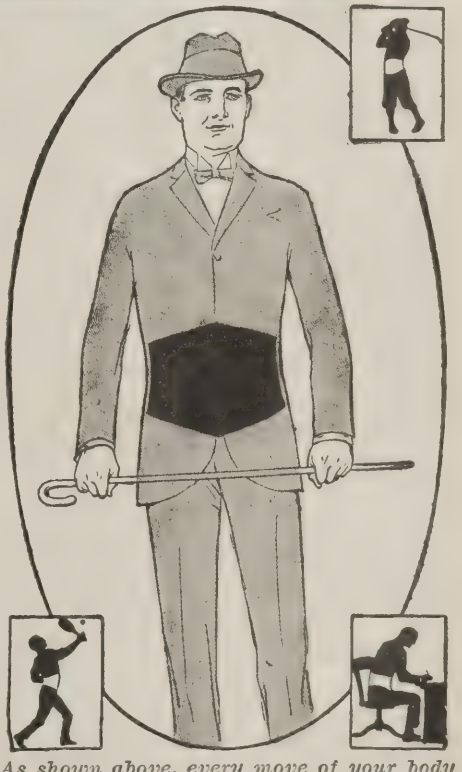
As every one knows, the masseur, by skillfully manipulating the loggy tissues right at the spot, sets up vigorous circulation that seems to literally melt the surplus fat away.

The Weil Scientific Reducing Belt operates on exactly the same principle. Made of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber, it not only reduces your waistline as much as 4 to 6 inches the moment you put it on, but is so constructed that every movement you make, every breath you take, imparts a constant, gentle massage to every inch of your abdomen. It massages away the abdominal fat so quickly and easily that it seems almost like magic. In a few weeks inches and inches of fat should actually disappear.

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Thousands of men who were formerly burdened with bulky, disfiguring fat have not only vastly improved their appearance **at once** with the Weil Reducing Belt, but have quickly acquired a normal waistline in this easy, pleasant, inexpensive way. It is the choice of hundreds of athletes and jockeys. Physicians everywhere endorse it because it not only actually takes off fat, but corrects stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath and puts the sagging internal organs back into place. Satisfaction **guaranteed** or your money back without question.

Mail the coupon at once for full description and special Reduced Price Offer. Address THE WEIL COMPANY, 809 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.



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he breaks under the strain, nervously and mentally, does rebellious nature achieve what the sane and disciplined will could not, and he escapes from the business, from his sisters and their husbands, from his uninspiring Isabelle and her brother, from all the wearisome world that he has known. He escapes dramatically, absurdly, crazily, but he escapes; and the adventures begin which lead him by wandering ways, through long days of hiding and gliding in an old purloined boat along brooks and rivers and canals, with only a gypsy girl for comrade and protectress, to recovered sanity, freedom, and peace. His Silda is convincing, which most gypsies of fiction are not, and she is delightfully different from the usual, theatrically pantherish damsel with gold earrings and a flashing smile. The setting of their idyll among the waterways and little villages of France is charming, and charmingly portrayed. Mr. Brooks's style has a curious staccato quality which used less skillfully might easily seem affected or become irritating, but it somehow misses being either, and the reader's accustomed ear soon finds it the right and natural medium for the story. "Escape" is true romance.

HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES. With Samples. By Ring W. Lardner. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Humbly we own that perhaps we are a highbrow. The idea is distressing, but after reading Mr. Ring W. Lardner's short stories it cannot be thrust aside. We were not amused. Except for an occasional twitching smile, we found ourselves impervious. We have thought ourselves tolerant—nay, appreciative—of slang; we discovered ourselves hating it. We have never refused to admit that distorted grammar, spelling, and pronunciation may at times be hilariously diverting; we yearned for association with precisions in speech. We have considered that persons without culture or correct manners may yet be highly entertaining and companionable; we caught ourselves wondering when the next family birthday would be due, that we might relieve our feelings by the purchase of a Book of Etiquette. But we are patriotic, and we recognized that Mr. Lardner's book is one hundred per cent American. We hope it will have a large sale in England, where they admire American humor. They could not possibly understand it there, but they would be perfectly certain it was funny.

PAM AT FIFTY. By the Baroness Von Hutten. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Even the later middle age and matrimonial bondage of Pam and her Polish husband are not as disheartening a spectacle as they ought to be if our Younger Novelists are right. Alas! we fear only the middle-aged will recall the two earlier novels about this temperamental but nice lady "Pam" (1905) and "What Became of Pam" (1906). They were immensely popular in their day. Perhaps it is change of taste that makes the present book seem more sentimental and less like "life" than its predecessors did, nearly twenty years ago. This Pam is, within limits, an irrepressible wife and mother, as she was an irrepressible maiden. But there are limits—of taste and of conduct—which mark her as old-fashioned in comparison with the middle-aged vamp of current fashion or fiction. Her tendency, or fate, to mix in the difficulties (chiefly the love difficulties) of others puts her to various amusing tests in this group of tales. But Pam doesn't grow old very gracefully, and we look forward with some misgiving to a possible future record of "Pam as a Grandmother."

HOME-MAKER (THE). By Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

Dorothy Canfield in "The Home-Maker" presents the personal problem of Lester and Evangeline Knapp, and solves it. The solution is extraordinary, it is touched with tragedy, yet it restores the happiness and prosperity of a fine little family threatened with moral and material disaster. The story suggests, and is meant to suggest, that similar situations, though not precisely common, are by no means too rare to demand consideration; but for this wider problem the author has no drastic and immediate solution to offer. She can only indicate the need for an education and revision of public opinion that will make any task, worthy and

honorable when performed by one sex, regarded as no less worthy and honorable when because of unusual circumstances or unusual aptitudes it is performed by the other. In "The Home-Maker" we have once more the married woman in business—but this time the reader need not brace himself for boredom—and also, and even more importantly, we have the man as the home-maker. He is inefficient in affairs, a discredited failure, but endowed with imagination, tenderness, patience, intuitive understanding, the combined father-and-mother quality that some men do possess and that makes them wonderful with children. The children—sensitive Helen; plain, good, ordinary Henry; and splendid little sullen, tempestuous Stephen—are no less interesting than their parents, and with them, where their too-efficient mother had failed, poor Lester beautifully succeeds. How it comes about that he obtains his chance to do so, and that Evangeline, loyal to the demands of the home but submitting to them as a creature enslaved, obtains hers to escape to her rightful field of effort outside it—that makes the story. It is a good story, and there are power, pathos, and beauty in the telling.

SAINT'S THEATRE (THE). By Horace Fish. Huebsch, Mitchell Kennerley, New York. $2.50.

Readers who are weary of the dismal pictures of life which occupy the pens of so many of our novelists will find an entire change of scene, subject, and point of view in this story of modern Spanish village life. The *mise-en-scène* is drenched with sunshine; the actors are a peasant community, shrewd, religious, contented; the heroine is a young girl of saintly piety upon whom Heaven has bestowed the gift of healing. Mr. Theodore Dreiser would turn scornfully from such a theme. To his mind, the life of "Sister Carrie" is far better worth describing. Her supposed parents having drunk themselves to death, Teresita disappears for a year, during which time she dwells alone on the mountain, leading, under the protection of St. Teresa, the contemplative life that wins for her the supernatural gift of healing, a gift that finally merges itself into a more normal sentiment. The book is somewhat over-written, the author indulging in a redundancy of phrase that sometimes obscures his meaning, but it is full of color; though the stage is small, it is filled with characters, and the description of the pageant arranged by the villagers to celebrate their beloved priest's birthday is most amusing.

It might be worth while to compare this book with the much-discussed "Main Street." Both are chronicles of a small, self-contained community, but here the resemblance ceases. From the dull smugness of the one, with its self-satisfied "progressiveness," we turn to the simple, uneducated, contented life of the little Spanish village with a feeling that perhaps the "advanced" are not always the ones to be envied.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

MAKING OF A MOUNTAINEER (THE). By G. I. Finch. Arrowsmith, London. 30 shillings.

These climbs and adventures amid storms and avalanches in the Alps and Himalayas will delight the heart of every mountaineer, and there are many thrills for the ordinary reader. Striking views by the author give one a fair idea of the difficulty and interest of the climbs.

As a boy Mr. Finch was fortunate in having a father who believed his sons should be encouraged to enjoy the out-of-doors, and they had early opportunity to climb with competent guides. Soon they learned to rely on their own resources and to profit by each new adventure. To vary their Alpine ascents, they visited

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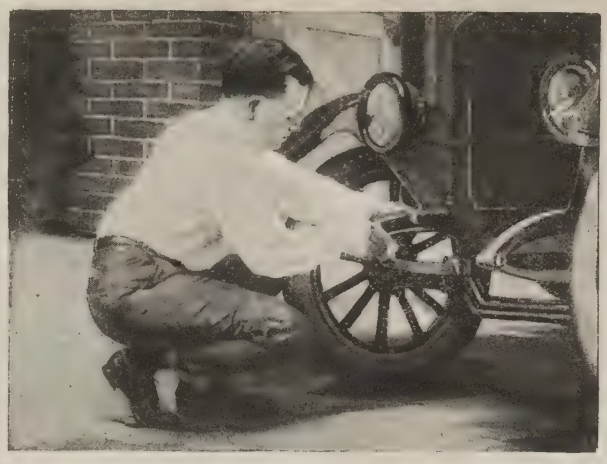
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All this prepared Mr. Finch for his splendid work on the Mount Everest expedition of 1922. In spite of the greatest hardships from cold and storm which held him with two companions for two nights and a day in camp at 25,500 feet, he succeeded in reaching with one companion the record height of 27,235 feet.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

HOWELLS, JAMES, BRYANT, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By William Lyon Phelps. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

The first essay in William Lyon Phelps's new volume is that on Bryant. No good American expecting pleasant dreams would, we feel sure, venture to lie down and wrap the drapery of his couch about him after speaking disrespectfully of "Thanatopsis." Professor Phelps, it is true, thoroughly explodes the popular myth that the poem was a product of precocious juvenility: Bryant was twenty-three when it was first published, with neither the present opening passage nor the famous concluding one, and twenty-seven when it appeared in its final form. But, having thus put it in its proper place chronologically, Professor Phelps is able from his own experience to award an interesting tribute to the influence of this finest achievement of the Father of American Poetry.

"In the year 1908," he says, "when I first saw the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, I happened to be talking with the fireman of the locomotive which made several trips daily between Williams and the Canyon. I told him how overwhelmingly impressed I had been, and asked him if daily familiarity made the chasm lose its power. Was it also to him a sublime spectacle, or just an incident in the day's work? 'Do you want to know how I feel about it?' said he. And then he repeated the whole of 'Thanatopsis'! He had not only learned the poem by heart but applied its teaching daily in the contemplation of majestic scenery. I suppose some underpaid school-teacher had taught him that poem in his childhood, and this was her reward."

The "Other Essays" comprised in the book besides those named in the title treat of Whitman, Thoreau, Lowell, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. All are interesting and suggestive.

SCIENCE

SCIENCE, OLD AND NEW. By J. Arthur Thomson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

"Ants and Plants," "Insect Musicians," "Mothering Among Animals," "Bacteria and Luminescence," "How the Elephant Got Its Trunk," "The New Natural History"—these are the titles of some of the fifty-two chapters of the latest book by the author of the notable "Outline of Science." Instead of attempting to cover the subject of biology in a systematic text, a number of arresting topics are selected and discussed in the light of recent advances. The studies have mainly to do with natural history, biology, evolution, and the present outlook of man. Perhaps one should have had just a smattering of nature study in order fully to appreciate this good book, but any one who has not will find it full of interest and romance. It is inspirational, unconsciously, about nature, but it has sacrificed none of its authenticity to this quality.

Books Received

FICTION

FIGURE IN THE SAND (THE). By Jaqueline Ambler Caskie. American Library Service, New York. $1.75.

LIGHTS ALONG THE LEDGES. By Elizabeth Stancy Payne. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

SAHTAKI AND I. By James Willard Schultz. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.65.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

STORIES OF THE FIRST PIONEERS IN PALESTINE. By Hannah Trager. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

THROUGH CENTRAL FRANCE TO THE PYRENEES. By Maud Speed. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $3.50.

WEMBLEY IN COLOUR. By Donald Maxwell. Longmans, Green & Co., London, England. 21 shillings.

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WANTED—matron-housekeeper for well-known institution. Middle-aged woman preferred, experienced in running kitchen and dining-room, with understanding of young people. One who will command respect and give counsel when needed. 5,396, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged woman as working housekeeper for teacher and elderly father. Small pay, but comfort and independence of an attractive suburban home assured. Miss Ferry, 1 Hicks Place, Flushing, New York.

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CHILDREN'S nurse or nursery governess, for the three youngest in family of five children. Suburbs, desirable location. State salary or experience. P.O. Box 822, Reading, Pa.

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POSITION wanted October first by colored man of character and ability. Excellent references. Would take entire charge of dining room and pantry in small club, exclusive private school or inn catering to refined clientele. Can be interviewed in New York. Any reasonable remuneration commensurate with proven ability accepted. 5,353, Outlook.

CARETAKER, country estate. Experienced, reliable man. 5,403, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED librarian wishes to catalogue private libraries, or would accept position in reference department of a library in New England. Miss S. J. Jewett, South Berwick, Me.

WANTED, by large organization of Protestant women, social worker among delinquent girls. Good salary. Opportunity to establish a wonderful work in the civic and religious life of the community. Address Mrs. James H. Fuller, 1518 Wyoming Ave., Scranton, Pa.

FORMER directress of business women's club house desires some executive position. 5,408, Outlook.

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LADY desires position as companion to lady or any position of trust. References furnished. 5,377, Outlook.

LADY wishes position as companion or housekeeper in small private family. Middle-aged, cheerful, capable. Protestant, American. Country or city. 5,375, Outlook.

NURSERY governess, household assistant, experienced American Protestant, good seamstress, desires position. 5,376, Outlook.

WANTED, by refined, educated, Protestant man and wife, position as caretaker of estate. Reason, a great need of change of environment. Best references given. Prefer personal interview with any party interested. Prefer Massachusetts, southern New England, or New York. 5,383, Outlook.

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POSITION as preceptress or matron. 5,373, Outlook.

MOUNT Holyoke graduate, 45, position as companion. 5,369, Outlook.

YOUNG woman of experience as managing housekeeper, hostess, companion, chaperon to older children, wishes permanent position of trust. Speaking knowledge of French and German. References exchanged. Address Protestant, 65 Plymouth St., Montclair, N. J. Telephone Montclair 8159.

HOUSEKEEPER-companion where maid is kept. City or country. Experience. 5,402, Outlook.

LADY experienced in all kinds of institution work desires position as head of girls' school or institution. 5,401, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as useful companion to lady. 5,392, Outlook.

REFINED young Belgian lady wishes to act as companion, preference to lady going South or California for winter months. Good linguist, best references. Interview if not too far from New York. 5,395, Outlook.

COMPANION to elderly lady, by daughter of clergyman. Experienced in house management, secretarial work. Reference Bishop A. C. A. Hall, Burlington, Vt. 5,400, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, experienced girls' private school, college and camp physical director desires resident position as assistant to school executive or other non-teaching position, or companion or chaperon in private family. Experienced traveler. Best references. 5,399, Outlook.

CLERGYMAN'S widow wishes position as helper or companion in real home. Small compensation. Will go anywhere, South preferred. 5,398, Outlook.

COMPANION.—A capable woman of refinement and adaptability wishes position. Will travel. 5,394, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion with someone going South. Reference. 5,386, Outlook.

NURSE, trained, wishes position as companion to lady or gentleman, or care of child going South or West. References furnished. 5,389, Outook.

TRAVEL.—College woman, ten years' experience with small children, four years in business, desires position (children's companion, secretary, or other) taking her abroad. 5,406, Outlook.

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BIOLOGICAL Science graduate desires position in high school or college. Experienced young woman. Refereseces. Box 538, Salem, W. Va.

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By the Way

THE editor of the Omaha "Bee" knows something about pitching hay. He has been on that job himself. He raps a brother editor of less knowledge, who finds fault with a certain famous hay-pitcher, thus:

"Farmers will notice," says a critic, "that Cal does not take a very big forkful." We hope they do. . . . Experience gained many, many years ago justifies us in indorsing the Coolidge forkful. A big, husky man would pitch a huge bundle of hay every time he lifted his fork, while the small, wiry man was content with lifting half the amount. But long before the day was over, as a rule, the big man would be resting and lifting less at a time, while the little fellow was going on at the same gait he started with. In the end the man who had lifted the smaller quantity but kept at it steadier would be found to have moved the most hay in the course of the day. . . . Coolidge may take a small forkful at a time, but he keeps right on pitching hay, and the farmer will judge him in the end by the day's work, not by the first move he made in the morning.

From "Liberty:"

"Well, Nancy," said Uncle John, who had just come on a visit, "come and take a walk with me and show me your town."

"Alwight," agreed Nancy; "we has two ice-cream parlors—I specks you want to see them first, don't you?"

"Speaking of Scotch humor," a reader of this column says, "I venture to recall to you this story told by Ian Maclaren (the Rev. John Watson), himself a Scotchman, in one of his lectures:

"In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbor called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued went thus: 'Cauld?' 'Ay.' 'Guan to be weety (rainy), I'm thinkin'.' 'Ay.' 'Is John in?' 'Ou, ay! he's in.' 'Can I see him?' 'Na.' 'But a wanted tae see him.' 'Ay, but ye canna see him. John's deid.' 'Deid?' 'Ay.' 'Sudden?' 'Ay.' 'Verra sudden?' 'Ay, verra sudden.' 'Did he say onything about a pot o' green pent afore he deid?' "

There was once, writes one of our contributors, Mr. Willis Thornton, a quaint belief in America that a person was distinguished according to his own deeds and his own life. This curious relic of a more elementary civilization is happily passing. It is now generally recognized here, as in Europe, that pre-eminence is simply a matter of having the right parents, and that distinction descends even unto the third and fourth generations. With this principle in view, why not start a sufficient number of new organizations with a historical background, so that virtually every one will be eligible?

For instance:

Sons of the Four-Minute Men.

Descendants of Retired American Bootleggers.

Daughters of Women Who Knitted Socks During the Great War.

Grandsons of the American Protective League.

Daughters of the Heroic Women of 1924 Who Did Not Bob Their Hair.

Descendants of the Disciples of Judge Lynch.

Sons of Second Cousins by Marriage of Those Who Saw the Dempsey-Firpo Fight.

From "Tit-Bits:"

"Yes," said Mrs. O'Hallagan, "it was two o'clock the following morning when you came home the other night, and it was half-past two the next morning when you came home last night. But I'm telling you, if it's two o'clock in the morning when you come home to-night, or any other night the next morning, you'll have to get up and let yourself in!"

From the Knightstown (Indiana) "Banner:"

At Grade Crossings: Say it with brakes—and save the flowers.

A writer in the London "Times" quotes from the "Agony Column:"

A sufferer from his first attack of GOUT desires to THANK his numerous FRIENDS for their exceedingly kind, if somewhat hilarious, INQUIRIES, which have been too numerous to answer personally.

This recalls to the "Times" the story that some of the company waxed "somewhat hilarious" when, at a public dinner, Charles Dickens as chairman announced that, owing to a severe cold, Mr. Sims Reeves could not keep his promise to sing. Dickens snubbed them by repeating his statement with the variation, "owing to a severe and highly amusing cold."

From "Wittenberg Witt:"

Liddle Sammy—"Faffer, vas your beebles vell to do?"

Big Sammy—"No, but mein gosh, dey vas hard to do."

Answer to riddle in last week's By the Way: An old shoe.

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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

SEPTEMBER 24, 1924

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The Nation's Chief Greets His Eagles

VOL. 138. NO. 4 15 CENTS A COPY

Either it's *Genuine* White Pine, or it isn't White Pine at all-



A GOOD many people have asked why Weyerhaeuser takes so much trouble to brand its output of *genuine* White Pine with the *species-mark*—"Genuine White Pine."

This is done that there may be no *mistake* about it.

It is not meant to imply any derogation to any other wood. Western Soft Pine, for instance, is a soft white wood of excellent working qualities. Millions of feet of it are used every year for interior house trim, and so on. Home-building and industry would be badly off without Western Soft Pine.

But *genuine White Pine* is *the* chosen wood of the pattern-maker, the model-maker, the wood-worker in any craft who needs a close-grained soft wood that works easily and holds true.

These men have been hearing all kinds of substitute talk—"Well, White Pine is just about played out. You can't get the good stuff any more."

The fact is that there is enough genuine White Pine in Idaho alone to take care of all the legitimate needs of generations to come. The real thing—of quality beyond question.

So the Weyerhaeuser Mills—the largest producers of genuine White Pine in America, are now branding every piece of White Pine they manufacture—not only with the Weyerhaeuser trade mark, but also with the *species-mark*, "Genuine White Pine."

YOU see here an example of the way Weyerhaeuser has developed its business into a *specialist lumber service.*

A *personal* service that follows through to the *individual user* of lumber and his local lumber merchants.

In this matter of supplying *genuine* White Pine, for example, there is a Weyerhaeuser Service man whose main function is to advise with such White Pine users as the Pattern-maker.

He is a specialist in woods.

He will help you to determine the particular grades of genuine White Pine best suited to the work in hand—both in working quality and economy.

When the requirements are decided, he will arrange for your specifications to be supplied with *species-marked genuine* White Pine through a convenient local dealer. Or he will facilitate car-load mill shipments when preferred and advantageous.

He then becomes available at all times in the future as other current problems come up.

In short, he is carrying through right to the door of the individual lumber user and lumber dealer the same *personal* responsibility that leads the Weyerhaeuser organization to brand its White Pine both with the Weyerhaeuser trade mark and with the *species-mark* as well.

THE Weyerhaeuser Service Man is now planning his engagements ahead. We should appreciate early correspondence from manufacturers and lumber merchants who wish to have this Weyerhaeuser *personal attention.*



Here is a White Pine pattern that has seen continuous service for more than thirty years. It is a pattern for a truck end, and was made in 1892 for the Northern Pacific Railway. The only repairs necessary in that time were a few small iron strips to hold the sections together. An exceptional record, to be sure, but one that clearly indicates why White Pine has always been preferred by the pattern maker.

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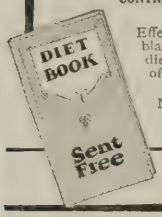
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Contributors' Gallery

P. W. WILSON's long experience on both sides of the Atlantic has given him a bird's-eye view of British and American life possessed by few other men. What he tells us of the practices of British criminal courts should be taken to heart by every American anxious to cut down both our excessive criminal record and our interminable legal delays.



GEORGE MARVIN's articles on sports have been cordially received by Outlook readers whenever they have appeared. In this issue he discusses the overwhelming superiority of our tennis champions. In next week's issue we expect to publish from his pen an account of the international polo games at Meadowbrook.

DIXON MERRITT is Washington correspondent of The Outlook. Born and brought up in the South, he is vitally concerned in the problem of racial relations. His graphic portrayal of the work and spirit of an American Negro is a happy augury of the time when reason rather than passion will play even a larger part than it does to-day in the discussion of one of the most pressing of our American social problems. Mr. Merritt is a seasoned editor and newspaper man.

YUSUKE TSURUMI will be a visitor and a lecturer at many American colleges during the coming year. We are fortunate in having the privilege of publishing his analysis of the perturbed spirit of modern Japan.

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Mind-health, first

DO you know about the new phase of warfare against disease called Mental Hygiene? It is teaching people to guard their *mental* health—just as they have been taught to guard their *physical* health.

Physical health depends to a great extent upon mental health. Excessive anger, hatred, envy, jealousy, fear, revolt, malice—a hundred and one mental conflicts if persisted in—often cause serious mental and physical trouble. With continuing wrong thoughts and emotions we can't be well. That is one of the first things that Mental Hygiene teaches. Its underlying idea is as old as Time. The only new thing about it is that it has now been developed into a science that can be used to prevent mind-sickness and to solve individual mental problems.

Frequently people who are ill take remedy after remedy, travel north, south, east or west—all to no avail. Why? Because the *source* of the trouble—wrong thinking, false beliefs, distorted imagination, misdirected emotion—never has been touched. Such illnesses are not physical diseases although they may be accompanied by physical pain and may be manifested by sleeplessness, nervousness, indigestion and many other physical symptoms.

If you were physically ill—if anyone in your family were threatened with diphtheria or scarlet fever—you would do something about it. Mental sickness is quite as real and likewise should have prompt attention.



Perhaps the old Quaker was wiser than he knew when he said, "Everybody's queer except thee and me—and sometimes I think *thee* is a *little* queer."

Modern science agrees with the Quaker. *No one* has a mind that runs continuously with clock-like precision. All of us are *a little* queer at times. What mental hygiene does is to minimize our individual queerness.

There are men and women—graduate physicians—trained especially to treat troubles of the mind and to teach Mental Hygiene. Their work is known as psychiatry and all over the country wise and successful physicians are practicing it. At the first sign of mental disorder it is the part of wisdom to consult a doctor who understands psychiatry.

Wrong thinking and feeling frequently lead first to unhappiness—then to illness and sometimes even to insanity and criminality.

Dr. William J. Mayo, of the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn., says that mental ailments are the cause of more misery than tuberculosis or cancer.

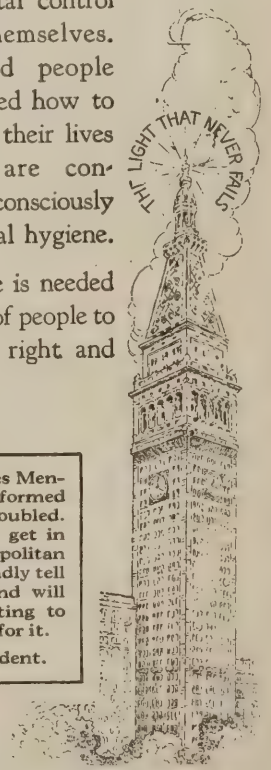
If you are feeling ill and find no physical reason for your discomfort, your doctor may discover that the real trouble is with your mind. This may be true, also, of those who have difficulty in maintaining a happy personal relationship with family, friends or business associates. Chronic worriers and pessimists show evidence of unhealthy mental operations. The million little demons of discontent, fear, disappointment, depression and all the rest are powerless against a healthy mind.

Frequently it is possible to straighten out your own mental difficulties. Sometimes talking them over with some wise man or woman who is by nature a mental hygienist will help to solve the problem. If you have a serious trouble do not keep it bottled up. Repression often is harmful.

Associate with happy, normal people. Exercise and have all the fun you can. Don't devote every minute to work. Take time for recreation—*re*-creation.

For centuries religion, philosophy and inspirational writings have helped men and women to gain poise and mental control—to know themselves. Healthy-minded people who have learned how to plan and direct their lives harmoniously are consciously or unconsciously employing mental hygiene.

Mental Hygiene is needed to help millions of people to think right, act right and feel right.



The time has come when Mental Hygiene—the science of mental health—should take its place with other major activities in the great field of preventive medicine. As the work of prevention progresses, much of the mental suffering, mental deficiency, criminality and insanity in the world will be reduced.

The cost of caring for the patients in mental hospitals alone is nearly $75,000,000 a year. The economic loss, because of their disability, is more than $200,000,000 annually. In several states, one out of twenty of all people who die in adult life dies in a hospital for the insane. The number of beds in public hospitals for the insane in this country equals those occupied by all other sick persons combined.

In 26 states in the Union, in Canada and in many European countries Mental Hygiene Societies have been formed to help those who are mentally troubled. It will be worth your while to get in touch with them. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly tell you where they are located and will mail you a list of books relating to Mental Hygiene if you will ask for it.

HALEY FISKE, President.

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The Outlook

Volume 138 September 24, 1924 Number 4

The Political Steeplechasers Take a Hurdle

PRIMARY elections recently held in various States present, by their results, a crazy picture, the meaning of which mortal man cannot guess. Here and there a figure stands out prominently, almost in high relief, meaning in an isolated way something quite definite. But the canvas as a whole takes on a broad incoherence past the power of cubist to equal.

One of the clear-lined figures is Gillett of Massachusetts. The Speaker of the National House of Representatives, against able opposition, secured the Republican nomination for United States Senator by an impressive majority. He had the support of Chairman William M. Butler of the Republican National Committee, the friend and political manager of President Coolidge. Tacitly, Speaker Gillett had the support of the President. Beyond doubt this result shows the President to be master of his own State. It strongly indicates that the President is master of New England and of the East generally. It gives the Republicans of Massachusetts as their candidate a typical son of Massachusetts, a man of large achievement and of strong character. It appears to contain the well-grounded hope, for Republicans, that David I. Walsh, the present Democratic Senator, may be defeated and that Gillett will sit with Lodge in the Senate.

The result in Michigan is less encouraging to the President and to Republican prospects generally. Senator James Couzens, one of the most active of insurgent Republicans in the present Senate of the United States, was renominated by the Republicans, receiving a substantial majority over Judge Arthur E. Tuttle, his nearest opponent. Couzens was the leading figure in the movement for an investigation of the Bureau of Internal Revenue and the Prohibition Unit of the Treasury Department. The investigation was not dropped, but was allowed to lag, largely because of the illness of Senator Couzens. It will be resumed within the next few days. Senator Couzens has offered to pay a "prosecutor" out of his own pocket, and, if he does not do so, it will be because of the opposition of his fellow-committeemen. Both President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon vigorously protested against employment of counsel by a member of the committee, but the Senator did not abandon his purpose.

Apparently there was little involved in the race except the record of Senator Couzens, a record decidedly not friendly to the National Republican Administration. The Ku Klux Klan is said to have been nominally opposed to Senator Couzens, but it is generally admitted that the Klan took no active part in the Senatorial contest, devoting its energies to the contest for Governor and other State offices.



(C) Clinedinst

Cole L. Blease, former Governor of South Carolina

It is asserted that a large Klan vote was cast, but no candidate said to have Klan indorsement won, and several of them fell considerably short of second place. In the contest for Mayor of Detroit a run-off primary is necessary, but it will be between two anti-Klan candidates, the candidate indorsed by the Klan being in third place.

The only State in which the Klan appears to have held the balance of power is Colorado, where the men said to be Klan candidates. Rice W. Means and Clarence J. Morley, won the Republican nominations for United States Senator and Governor respectively.

In the Southern Field

PRIMARY elections were held in three Southern States—Georgia, South Carolina, and Louisiana. Their significance is as much mixed as that of the Northern and Western primaries. They probably, however, mean less to the Democrats in relation to the National campaign than the Massachusetts and Michigan results mean to the Republicans.

In Georgia, Senator W. J. Harris was renominated by the Democrats by a large majority over Thomas W. Hardwick, former Governor and former United States Senator. The Klan undoubtedly supported Harris. It is not at all certain that the Klan threw the victory to Harris. The Georgia political situation is complicated almost beyond the understanding of an outsider. The Tom Watson bloc, which has dominated Georgia elections for more than a decade, still holds together though Senator Watson is dead. Hardwick suffered, too, from enmities he incurred both as United States Senator and as Governor. His war record was unsatisfactory even to men who had always been his supporters. His Democracy was not exactly "on straight" from the Georgia view-point. His opposition to Wilson policies and particularly to the League of Nations might appear to constitute no issue at this time, but it is to be remembered that a month ago in the adjoining State of Tennessee General L. D. Tyson defeated Senator John K. Shields on that issue alone. A very large percentage of Southern Democrats do not yet look with complacency upon what they regard as official disloyalty to President Wilson during the war or in the days following it. That feeling played its part in Hardwick's defeat.

The Klan will claim credit for the Harris victory, but it is as certain as any political supposition can be that Harris would have defeated Hardwick had there been no Klan issue.

The most astonishing—and the most disappointing—result was the nomination of Cole Blease by the Democrats of South Carolina for United States Senator. The Republicans could have wished nothing worse for the Democrats in the long run, though it will have little effect

on the present National campaign. Blease is of that type of demagogue which sometimes has humiliated the South in the Senate of the United States. True, there have not been many such Southern Senators. But one of them, like a bullfrog in a marsh, can make enough discordant noise to uproar the universal peace.

The victory of Blease over Representative James F. Byrnes is inexplicable on any theory except that an electorate occasionally goes wild. Blease's strength lies in his appeal to the passions of the people and, to some extent, in the fact that he is a member of practically all the fraternal organizations except the Masons. He was twice elected Governor of South Carolina and has been twice defeated for the nomination for United States Senator.

Blease's majority is extremely slender —apparently less than two thousand on the face of incomplete returns—and it may be overturned. Almost certainly, it will be contested.

In the Louisiana primary Senator Joseph E. Ransdell was renominated by the Democrats by a substantial majority. There is apparently no special significance in the result beyond indorsement of a Senator satisfactory to his constituents.

"Bloody Williamson"

THE recent outbreak of violence in Herrin in which half a dozen men were killed has not only recalled the savage warfare between union miners as against strikebreakers of two years ago, but has also called attention to the fact that this region in southern Illinois has been subject to feuds, lawlessness, and group murder at intervals during a long history. In fact, the town of Herrin had rather more than its share of the blame for the atrocities that marked the fighting of 1922, for the mine was not in Herrin and strikers who were guilty of excesses in that labor war came from all over Williamson County armed with guns and with murder in their hearts. Williamson County was "Bloody Williamson" right after the Civil War, when political enemies fought one another in feuds and vendettas, while long before that time the settlers of the county, so it is said, "began by killing Indians and ended by killing one another." All this, and also the history of the recent disturbances in Herrin, is told by Mr. W. L. Chenery in the New York "Times" of September 14.

In these troubles the basic cause is plainly disregard of law. The fighting last month had nothing directly to do with the labor riots of 1922. But there was this connection: public sentiment—that is, the feeling of the majority of the people in Herrin—totally disapproved of any attempt to inflict punishment upon the murderers in the coal riot. Somebody said that "a jury made up all of ministers could not be got to convict any of these men." This sort of feeling got into politics. Men were elected or not elected according as they did or did not believe in letting crime go unpunished. Naturally under such officers vice and crime flourished abnormally—abnormally because Herrin is not a bad, wild Western town, but is a place of churches and schools, and is in most respects civilized. The officials dared not put down vice because of politics. Bootlegging, gambling, and prostitution flourished abundantly. The quarrel that resulted in the death of six men was really one between politicians unwilling to enforce law (including, it is said, the sheriff and the district attorney) and, on the other hand, citizens who wanted to put down vice and tried to do it through unlawful methods—that is to say, through the Ku Klux Klan. It is said that at least four ministers were prominent members of the Ku Klux Klan. The squabbles that resulted in a final clash and a quick, sharp battle, in which three men on each side were killed, grew out of circumstances difficult to trace, but the prevailing enmity underneath this trouble, according to the apparently well-informed account to which we have already referred, is just this thing of unwillingness to enforce law and willingness to put down lawbreakers by lawless methods. Herrin is an object lesson to the whole country.

Send Out the Call

THE joint convention at Quebec September 8 to 12, the fifty-fourth Annual Meeting of the American Fisheries Society, and the eighteenth of the International Association of Game, Fish, and Conservation Commissioners, was notable for the large and representative attendance of internationally minded men and women, including eminent specialists in biological science and biologically good citizenship, and advanced thinkers among State and National executive officers.

Perhaps the most outstanding protest against existing conditions was that deploring the long delay in issuing the call for the International Conference on Prevention of Pollution of Extra-territorial Waters, authorized by the Congress of the United States over a year ago.

It was the unanimous opinion, as expressed in a strong resolution, that the damage from the oily wastes from oil-burning and oil-transporting steamers arising from even a few days' delay would inflict a damage to the fishing interests, to the public marine food supply, and to shore properties, which would far outreach the relatively small advantage to be gained by any specially improved device which the Federal Bureau of Standards is reported to be considering.

It was strongly pointed out that there was danger that the public interest in the fisheries food supply might be unwittingly sacrificed; and that the advantage to the public in the export of crude oil by problematically holding down the costs of transportation for the oil companies would be exceedingly small compared to the very real damage to useful marine organisms, to shipping, and to shore properties arising from the dumping outside the three-mile limit of even a thousand barrels of crude oil, a very modest estimate of perhaps one month's delay. This oil will persist for months, as a blanket drifting and ever widening, deadly to sea birds and to the eggs and young of our most important fishes, and, borne by the prevailing winds, will in time accumulate on our coasts and do much to nullify the beneficial effects of the Federal Oil Pollution Act of 1924.

Complete action for checking this serious economic catastrophe requires a threefold combination. (1) By State laws and executive officers. Some progress is being made. Much more is necessary. (2) By Federal action. This appears to be limited, by the Constitution, to navigable waters. Congress at the last session covered more than a half of this aspect. Completion is expected at the next session. (3) Pollution of the extra-territorial waters. On this, action awaits the call by our Secretary of State and his technical advisers in the Department of Commerce.

Our house is now measurably in order, though perhaps our action lagged nearly two years behind that of England and Holland. Why may we not still make a valuable contribution to this world-wide benefaction by immediately issuing the call for the International Conference, for which all nations have been led to expect our initiative, since we are the greatest oil-transporting nation, and the one today doing most of the damage to the

Answer me one doubt

(3 Henry VI, Act III, Scene 3)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



The loco-weed

From Lewis O. Summersett, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cargill in the Worcester (Mass.) Daily Telegram



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Speaking of Chinese puzzles

From Janet Eastman, Dodge, Mass.

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune



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Fighting for the farmer

From E. W. Lindbeck, Rock Island, Ill.

Meb in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle



Can he get away with it?

From D. C. Wright, New York City



International

General Pershing in civilian dress after thirty-eight years in U. S. A. uniform

world fisheries and the world's marine food supply?

General Pershing Retires

THE country will certainly join with unanimity in President Coolidge's expression of the Nation's indebtedness to General John J. Pershing, who retired from active service on September 13, his sixty-fourth birthday, in accordance with the law governing military retirements.

General Pershing is the fifth American officer who has received the high title (under only the President as commander-in-chief) of General of the Armies. Washington, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan were his predecessors with that title. The fact in itself shows the regard in which Pershing's services were held; Secretary Weeks was literally right in terming General Pershing the Nation's foremost soldier.

The story of his military experience from the day he was graduated at West Point thirty-eight years ago includes participation as a young officer in Indian warfare, in Cuba, in the Philippines, and in the military expedition of 1916 into Mexico. When America joined in the World War, the career and proved ability of General Pershing made him almost inevitably the choice as commander of all the American forces engaged. His skill in welding into efficient armies the partly trained material at his command, and in his conduct of the movements and battles in which our forces were engaged, has been amply recognized by the Allies, by military critics, and by his countrymen. The President rightly described his services in this great conflict as eminent and as having contributed largely to the defense of the world's liberties. In the post-war period of his career General Pershing has devoted himself earnestly to army organization and to putting the country's defense into as efficient shape as its extent will allow. His views on this subject were well stated by him in his address on Defense Day:

> We are a peace-loving people and the whole world knows it, but wanton neglect of a consideration of the question of defense will not prevent war. Human nature has not changed and the millennium has not arrived. To dream of peace is not a guaranty against war. While striving for peace always, let us not forget to guard against an evil day. The very limited forces we maintain are relatively several times smaller than those of any other nation and are negligible in comparison with the leading countries. To-day we are at the lowest limit we should ever be under any circumstances, and we cannot go lower without reverting to our pre-war status.

General Pershing is to be succeeded as Chief of Staff by Major-General John L. Hines, of whom we have recently spoken as an officer of fighting and executive experience and ability.

Combine Two Days and Strengthen Both

OUR first National Defense Day, heralded on one side as a great service to National security and on the other side as a menace to the peace of the world, has passed without visible result for good or for evil. Possibly it served, in some sort, as an advertisement of the need for National preparedness. In a practical way it appears to have had little or no value. It was not worth the differences of opinion which it stirred up.

If the idea of Defense Day—and it is not by any means a bad idea—is to find permanent place in our National life, it should perhaps be combined with the inherent National idea of celebrating the Fourth of July. That day, after all, is our National defense day. It combines the traditions of the past and the sentiments of the present necessary to stimulate practical interest in preparedness. The defense day idea would give it, from year to year, a definite point and purpose which it has too often lacked in the past.

Well Sailed!

AMONG the long list of recent American triumphs a victory in the six-meter yacht race is not to be included. The British fleet of four yachts gained permanent possession of the Seawanaka trophy at the end of a series of seven races in the waters of Long Island Sound. At the end of the sixth race it appeared at first that the Americans had won, for the score was announced as four to two

against the visitors. A protest lodged by the British yachts was, however, admitted by the committee in charge of the races, and the result of the sixth race was thereby reversed, leaving the score three to three. It should be remarked that it is not an unsportsmanlike act for a yacht captain to register a protest if one of his opponents violates the rules. The regulations governing a yacht race have been developed through long experience with the purpose of giving a fair chance to all contenders and also of rewarding skill and seamanship. It is right that they should be strictly observed.

The last race was sailed under conditions which have generally proved advantageous for American contenders. The wind was light and the sea smooth. Yet the British yachts won more decisively under these conditions than under the heavier weather which has always been to their liking. It must have been a great satisfaction to the British captains to win under conditions so unlike those generally prevailing in their own home waters.

The League and War

THE Assembly of the League of Nations, now in session at Geneva, is at least making a courageous effort to frame a pact between member nations to make a general war impossible. The difficulties of reaching an agreement which shall be both effective and acceptable are enormous. It cannot be said that much headway has been made up to this time, but the problems of arbitration, security, and disarmament are being looked at from many shifting points of view. Evidently the League means to try to take the lead in the next disarmament conference. As to arbitration, it is held that it must have some kind of compulsion behind it, and the minute anything beyond economic pressure is broached difficulties arise. It has been proposed that, to quote the British delegate, Sir Cecil Hurst, "the members of the League must if necessary throw into the scale all the forces at its disposal in support of the provisions of the Covenant." But in saying this Great Britain also made it clear that if the British navy is used for enforcement, Great Britain would insist upon following its established practice as to search and seizure of neutral vessels and be responsible for its acts only to the British Admiralty Court. The right of search by a belligerent in war time is undoubted, under restrictions established by international usage, but when and how capture is allowable is a mooted question, made more difficult by the novel character of modern naval warfare as seen in the Great War and by vexed questions as to what contraband is.

War will be forbidden to signatories of the proposed pact, but just what will happen if after three months of attempted arbitration there is no settlement, is vague. Compulsory arbitration, a phrase now glibly used in the debates at Geneva, is a dubious phrase and a thing hard to support by practical sanctions.

The latest reports from Geneva, up to September 15, declare that, as one correspondent puts it, "obligatory arbitration for all possible international disputes is the leading principle of the arbitration pact. Obligatory acceptance of sanctions to enforce the decisions of the arbitrators is its companion." But the same correspondent adds, "How many teeth there will be to the pact is undecided."

One thing is certain; the discussion at Geneva is bringing into light both the possibilities and impossibilities of dealing with war and peace by a League which must ultimately depend for enforcing its wishes on a preponderance of will power among the great nations in the League's rather small Council.

Chile Drives a President from Office

WHEN the first news was flashed to this country a few days ago announcing that President Alessandri, of Chile, had been deposed and that a military triumvirate had seized the reins of government, many persons familiar with the history of that virile and upstanding South American republic were inclined to doubt the truth of the report. Was it possible, they asked themselves, that Chile, which was supposed to be founded firmly on the rock of the Constitution and which for more than thirty years past—since 1891, to be exact—had not seen a change of government by other than entirely constitutional means, had broken free from its high respect for this foundation of government to join some of the other nations of Central and South America where Constitutions were more lightly regarded? Official advices, however, soon confirmed the accuracy of the fact that Alessandri had been driven from his executive office and that the



Photo by Edwin Levick

The six-meter yacht race—left to right, Heron, Echo, Paumonok, Dauphin

Congress had been dissolved, both by means "outside of the Constitution."

This *coup d'état,* it is true, was brought about in a peaceful manner; there was no shedding of blood. It was accomplished quickly and apparently without the unsheathing of a single sword. None the less it was a "revolution." The fact that it was bloodless, that there were no pitched battles, no fighting in the streets of the capital or at the national palace, does not remove the question which must arise as to the constitutionality of the new government. How will the other nations regard it? Will they continue to do business with it *de facto* and then extend full recognition? The answer to these questions will depend on two things: the causes which were back of the overthrow of Alessandri, and the manner in which the new government proceeds to organize itself and gain the constitutional approval of the people of Chile.

The causes for forcing the Chilean executive to resign are believed to have been deeper than appeared on the surface. The passage by the national Congress of a bill granting salaries to its members, and its failure to adopt certain other measures, were given as the excuses for the forcible overthrow of the government. It is not generally believed, however, that either the "sins of commission or the sins of omission" of the Chilean Congress were the sufficient and real cause for the action taken. Alessandri's political opponents desired to get rid of him; and, acting through a military junta, they seized upon legislative deadlock as the match to light the firecracker under Alessandri's chair. The Chilean chief executive had a little more than one year to serve before his term would have expired; but his opponents were not willing to wait more than a twelvemonth to defeat at the polls a man whose policies and principles they feared. His radical and socialistic tendencies must be defeated now, they determined. It was not because of what he had accomplished but because of what he had failed to accomplish that he had failed as an executive, in the eyes of his enemies. He had succeeded in getting little legislation through Congress; on the other hand, the Congress had almost ceased to function and he was held to blame.

The opposition to Alessandri is believed to have been based on his internal policies, on plans which were looked on by his opponents as visionary and chimerical. It was held that these schemes were contrary to the best interests and to the normal, progressive development of the country. It is not believed that the change of government in Chile will affect the foreign policies of the country; and in this connection one of the most important is the question of the Tacna-Arica arbitration in which the President of the United States was selected by Chile and Peru to determine how this long-pending territorial dispute between the two countries should be settled. The protocol in this case appointing the President arbiter was in the nature of a treaty which would be binding on a country no matter what change of government might have taken place.

The United States will be obliged to consider in the near future the question of recognition of the new government in Chile, for it could not, of course, act as arbiter for a government which it did not fully and officially recognize. The Tacna-Arica case is now entirely in the hands of the President of the United States, awaiting his decision; and it is possible that its final announcement may be delayed somewhat pending developments and final settlement of the political situation in Chile.

A Victory That May Yet Be Lost

THE agreement recently concluded between China and Soviet Russia marks, at least on paper, a new era in the diplomatic history of China. It places that Far Eastern nation for the first time on an equal footing with a Western Power—a Power temporarily eclipsed but none the less potentially great. China has realized her aspiration to recover at least from one nation the rights which she believes were unjustly wrested from her by the concerted action of the advanced Powers.

That is the surface meaning of the agreement. Beneath the surface it may have another and almost an opposite meaning.

Chinese gains consist of the following items:

Abrogation of all agreements concluded between China and Czarist Russia and the promise of new treaties based on the principle of equality and reciprocity.

Abrogation of all treaties between Russia and a third party that are prejudicial to the sovereignty of China.

Abolition of extra-territoriality in China; renunciation by Russia of all special tariff privileges and all privileges affecting settlements, barracks, and lease of land in Chinese territory; opening of Russian rivers and territorial waters to Chinese navigation; relinquishment by Russia of her claim to the remainder of the Boxer indemnity.

All of these are comparatively minor items. The two great items—and here is where the hidden meaning of the agreement may lie—are:

Recognition by Russia of Chinese sovereignty in Mongolia and a promise to withdraw Soviet troops.

Recognition by Russia of the Chinese right to buy the Eastern Chinese Railroad with "China's own funds," the price and conditions of purchase to be determined by further negotiations.

The Eastern Chinese Railroad is of supreme importance in Chino-Russian problems. Soviet Russia since 1919 has repeatedly promised to restore this railway to China without compensation. Those promises appear to have been conveniently forgotten in the new agreement. The railway is not to be given to China, but she is to buy it with her own funds at a price to be determined by further conference. This means that China is not to be permitted to float a foreign loan for the purchase of the railway, but must raise the money within her own resources. Under present conditions, which amount practically to financial chaos, it seems impossible for China to raise the necessary money in this way.

The temporary arrangement places the railway under a management in whose personnel China and Russia will be almost equally represented. It does not differ materially from the arrangement now in force except in the important particular that Russia undertakes to supersede France in the management of the railway. France furnished more than sixty per cent of the capital for constructing the Eastern Chinese Railroad, asserts a majority stockholders' interest and has filed protest of the Chino-Russian agreement. Presumably the United States, Great Britain, Japan, and other Powers which participated in the Washington Conference will support the French stand. Resolutions were adopted by the Washington Conference holding that the Eastern Chinese Railroad is a trust to be administered in the interest of stockholders, bondholders, and creditors, a majority of whom are neither Chinese nor Russian. In the light of all these facts, the probability of China's obtain-

ing control of the railway is extremely remote.

The effect of the Mongolia clause of the agreement is equally uncertain. Soviet Russia declares Mongolia to be an integral part of China, but reserves for further negotiations the date and promise of evacuation. If, as competent authorities declare, Russia is again determined to play a dominant part in Asia, these terms may never be agreed upon and Mongolia may remain, as it is now, virtually under Russian protection.

It appears, therefore, that the two biggest items in Russia's payment for Chinese recognition are not cash payments but unsecured promises to pay. Russia's payment on the other items, where the agreement is definite, is not as heavy as it appears to be. Tariff autonomy, by way of illustration, is theoretically valuable, but Chinese imports from Russia are so nearly negligible that the material benefit will be small. As for the old treaties, their abrogation is a matter of course. Nobody seriously expected them to survive the Russian Revolution.

On the whole, China gains very considerable advantages as the price of recognizing the Soviet Government. By a stroke of the pen she has made theoretical recovery of the rights for which she so long struggled in vain. The achievement is due to Dr. C. T. Wang, who laid the groundwork of the agreement, and Dr. Wellington Koo, who brought the parley to fruition. Whether China has made much practical recovery of such rights depends on whether or not Russia sincerely recognizes them as rights or is merely playing to the gallery of radical Young China by way of regaining lost Russian prestige in Asia. It also depends upon whether or not Chinese leaders can bring themselves to serve China as a nation instead of seeking to serve their own interests as sectional dictators. The factional fighting now in progress may lose for China the benefit which she might have gained by the agreement.

"Murder Most Foul"

JUDGE CAVERLY'S decision in the murder cases of Loeb and Leopold opens up once more the question of capital punishment. Is it a sin for the State to take the life of a willful murderer? Certainly not, would be the reply of the majority of moralists, provided it is necessary for the public's protection from murder. Yet there are some sentimentalists who would deny even this. Is it necessary? On that point opinions differ. If used at all, under what limitations should it be placed? Here again there is room for dispute. But all thinking men agree that, if capital punishment is provided by law, it should be applied equably and unflinchingly in all cases clearly coming under the definition of murder in the first degree as contained in the law that provides the penalty.

It is because juries and judges and



(C) Underwood

Judge John R. Caverly, who sentenced Loeb and Leopold to life imprisonment

Governors have been prone to make exceptions, to be moved by emotion or shrinking from doing justice, that the efficacy of capital punishment as a deterrent of murder has come into question. The value of capital punishment, it has been said before in these columns, is in the fact that it is "the deliberate judgment of the community that a man may commit a crime so monstrous that he is no longer worthy to live."

There never were cases that answered that description more closely than those of these Chicago murderers; yet already since their conviction there has been an appeal to the Governor of Illinois to pardon another condemned murderer, on the sole ground that he, like Loeb and Leopold, is under age. And a New Jersey judge is quoted as saying: "Eighty per cent of the crime committed in this country is done by men under twenty-one years of age. There is too much sympathy for the law-breaker to-day and not enough for the law-keeper."

In one point of view Judge Caverly's decision gave satisfaction even to those who think that leniency is misplaced in these cases. He swept away positively and finally the fine-spun webs of argument that there was mitigating force in the plea that these criminals were abnormal psychologically and hence not responsible, or that the plea of guilty in these particular cases gave any claim for leniency. He made his decision assigning imprisonment for life instead of death the penalty, solely because the criminals were under age—eighteen and nineteen were their ages when their atrocious crime was committed. He considered the fact that only two minors had been executed in Illinois evidence that the people of the State did not want the extreme penalty applied in the case of minors. He also thought that this left the court the duty of exercising the choice of punishments. Finally, as he intimated, he thought the penalty of capital punishment ought to be restricted instead of being extended. The probability of release on parole in these cases, he pointed out, is small for a long time because of the concurrent sentences for murder and kidnapping. But the power of pardon still exists.

Judge Caverly expressed a feeling, shared by many, that life imprisonment as punishment might be even more severe and terrifying than immediate death. It might be so, if only there were strong confidence that life imprisonment means imprisonment for life. Until the power of pardon is abrogated by law in cases of convictions of murder in the first degree —with the single exception of its being possible to pardon when new evidence of absolute innocence is produced, such as would have justified a judge in ordering a verdict of not guilty on the original trial—it is quite possible that life prisoners may be set free.

This is really the crux of the whole matter. There is a tender, shrinking feeling in juries and in public sentiment that recoils from inflicting death. But if death is to be abolished as a penalty for willful, atrocious murder, we must have the assurance that its substitute shall be inescapable. There have been numerous experiments among our States in abolishing capital punishment, and in several cases the State turned back to the old penalty as a result of dissatisfaction with the new. Two years ago the then Governor of Ohio, Harry L. Davis, in an article in The Outlook collated the facts and favored general abolition, but it can-

not be said that the figures were sufficiently definite to prove his case, although at that time eight States had no death penalty.

The safety of society is the direct object of law and of penalty—not retributive suffering by the criminal. But the sanctions by which that safety is secured must be adequate and inflexibly applied. The magnitude of the crime of violence in this country, as compared with others no further advanced in civilization, is alarming. The malignant growth must be eradicated at all costs.

A New College and an Old One

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

A REPORT has been published in the newspapers that some of the friends of Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, lately President of Amherst, desire to establish in New York City a college in which the educational theories and principles of Dr. Meiklejohn may be put into practical operation. The basic principle is that the college shall be controlled, directed, and operated by the faculty and the students. The advocates of such an institution believe that faculty and student control, which is always in a state of flux or of normal growth, will save the college from being throttled or hindered in its progress by the reactionary influence of vested interests and tradition.

Dr. Meiklejohn has an investigating mind, an interesting personality, and the gift of inspiring his students with enthusiasm. But, apparently, in this complicated day of the world something more than these Socratic qualities are necessary in the head of an institution of learning. Rooms or buildings must be obtained, equipment provided, books and other apparatus for research furnished, and, last but by no means least, salaries paid. The modern college really needs two heads—a business head and a spiritual head, just as the best newspaper or the best magazine requires a publisher and an editor. The spiritual or intellectual head of the ideal school should be relieved just as far as possible of the details of the material problems; and the business head should interfere just as little as possible with the methods of teaching and mental inspiration. Unfortunately, the tendency of modern American education has been to overemphasize the duties, authority, and influence of the business administrator. This creates the real problem we have to face, and if Dr. Meiklejohn can throw any light upon it ill perform a much-needed service. nger is, as his policies at Amherst indicated, that in his revolt against materialism in education he may neglect the indubitable fact that college professors and students need bread and butter, shelter, clothes, and fuel, just like the common run of humanity.

The material and spiritual elements are as inextricably mixed in the development of a college as they are in the development of the individual. This truth has been set forth in an unusually clear light by another college president, Dr. William H. S. Demarest, of Rutgers, who retired from his post last June after nearly twenty years of service. His final work as president was to publish a history of Rutgers College covering the period of a century and a half from 1766 to 1924. Dr. Demarest's book is written of course primarily for Rutgers men. It does not advocate any fine-spun theories of teaching or any special philosophy of education. It is a plain, straightforward narrative of the founding and growth of the College, but it is full of comments, incidents, and personal touches that make it of interest to any one who likes to follow the curious ups and downs of liberal education in the United States. The difficulties and trials, the calamities and joys of Rutgers's hundred and fifty years of life throw some light on the task which confronts any body of men, or women for that matter, who attempt to found a college.

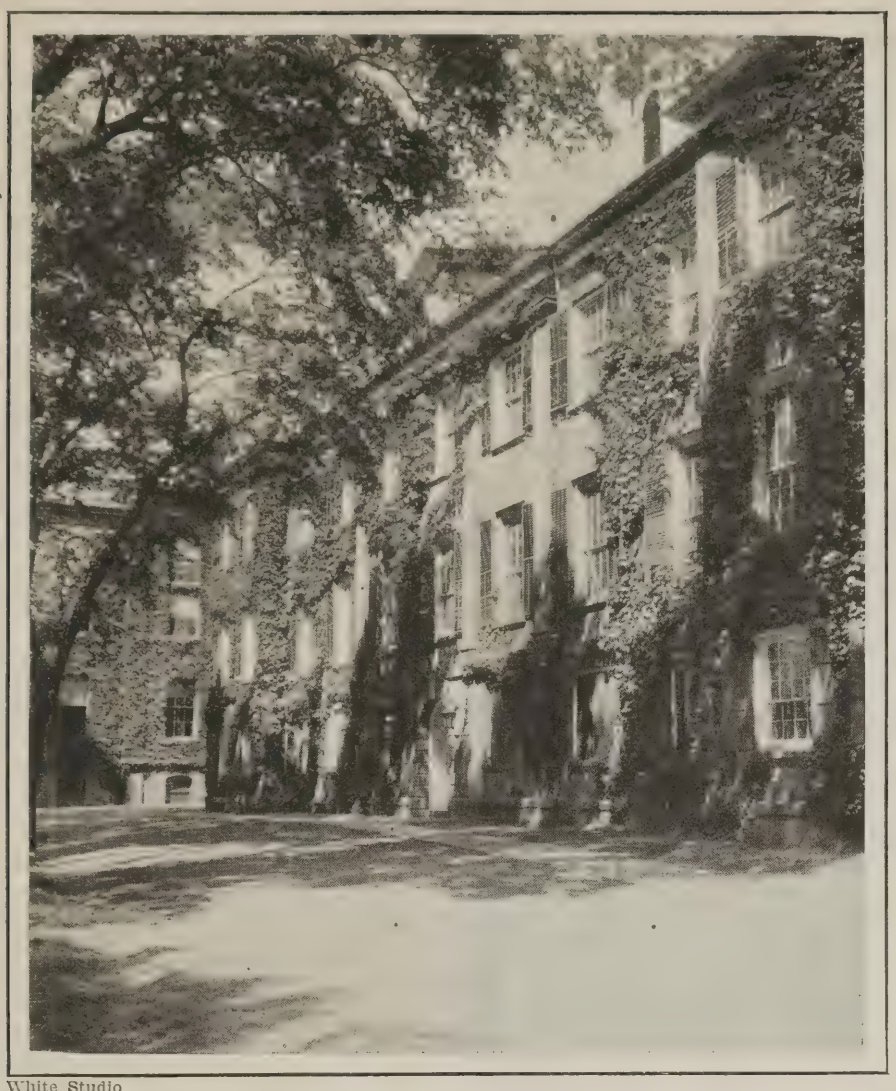
The Dutch Reformed Church of the Provinces of New York and New Jersey felt that they ought to have a college in which to educate ministers and teachers of the reformed faith. After some years of debate and discussion a charter was obtained in 1766, although the actual work of the institution did not begin until the autumn of 1771. The opening was announced as follows in a newspaper of the city of New York:

> The Respectable Public is hereby informed that agreeable to a former advertisement, a Seminary of Learning was opened at New Brunswick, last November, by the name of Queen's College, and also a Grammar School, in order to prepare Youth for the same. Any Parents or Guardians who may be inclined to send their Children to this Institution, may depend upon having them instructed with the greatest Care and Diligence in all the Arts and Sciences usually taught in public Schools; the strictest Regard will be paid to their moral Conduct, (and in a word) to every Thing which may tend to render them a Pleasure to their Friends, and an Ornament to their Species.

This is a pretty large order, which even modern institutions are having some difficulty in filling. Athletics are of course doing much to make the contemporary college student, both male and female, physically ornamental, but the current criticism of the flapper raises a question as to how much pleasure the modern undergraduate is giving to his or her friends!

Queen's College had its first Commencement in 1774. The graduating class consisted of one member, "Mr. Matthew Light, of New Brunswick . . . who delivered Orations in Latin, Dutch and English with high applause." The Revolution nearly destroyed the struggling new college. It is true that in 1788 there were four graduates and two honorary degrees were conferred, with regard to which academic ceremony a local paper says: "On this pleasing event every countenance smiled approbation and every tongue spoke applause." Nevertheless the College nearly succumbed in its struggle against adversity, and no Commencement exercises were held between 1795 and 1809, when the College took on a new lease of life. In 1825 the name of the institution was changed from Queen's College to Rutgers College, in honor of Henry Rutgers, a New York merchant and philanthropist, who gave the College a bell (which still rings, like "the mighty Tom" of Christ Church, Oxford) and five thousand dollars. President Demarest deftly alludes to the fact that in the change of name "a lively hope of favors to come played its part," for other than the five thousand dollars and the bell Henry Rutgers's "donations to the college are unknown." Mr. Rutgers undoubtedly had mercantile genius, for he purchased a great and lasting memorial at a very cheap price.

Rutgers College has the double distinction of possessing what is one of the most beautiful college buildings in Amer-



White Studio

Queen's Building, Rutgers College

ica and also one of the ugliest. Queen's Building, the corner-stone of which was laid in 1809, was designed by John McComb, who built the old City Hall in New York, now regarded as one of America's most precious architectural possessions. Those who are interested in the imperishable beauty of American Colonial architecture might well make a visit to Rutgers if for no other purpose than to see the difference between good private architecture and bad government, or political, architecture. Queen's Building is a joy to the eye; New Jersey Hall, which is the contribution of the State of New Jersey to the College—the name of the architect being mercifully unknown—is quite the opposite. On the whole, however, the architecture of the College is distinctly agreeable and dignified.

At about the time that Queen's Building was erected the College authorities believed not only in good architecture but in good manners. In the laws of the College printed in 1810 it is stated that "every student shall address the president, professors and tutors with becoming respect, shall take off his hat when he meets them and shall remain uncovered while in their presence within doors." And, further, "students of the lower classes are required to yield that modest and respectful deportment toward their fellow students in the higher classes which is due to their superior standing." The boys of 1810 were quite different from the boys of 1924 if the freshmen and sophomores of those days read this last rule without explosions of contempt and indignation. Nevertheless these regulations as to etiquette must have had some effect, even if a superficial one, for a visitor to the College in 1831 remarked upon "the absence of that asperity and roughness of manner which is too often" seen in the ordinary college life of the time, and expressed the conviction that the students' "manners as well as their minds were not left without improvement."

In spite of what some of our impatient younger critics might call its traditional foundation and conservative history, Rutgers has had a steady and prosperous growth. In 1774 it had twenty students; in 1924 it had in all departments 2,477 students and a teaching force of nearly one hundred and fifty professors, instructors, and assistants. At the present moment it has the distinction of being the *alma mater* of a man who may be more influential and powerful in the rejuvenation of Europe than many captains and kings. S. Parker Gilbert, Jr., who is about to take office in Berlin as Agent-General for the Administration of Reparations under the Dawes Plan, graduated at the head of his class from Rutgers in 1912 during President Demarest's incumbency. It is generally agreed that the executive responsibilities which he is assuming at thirty-two years of age are as important as any that the modern financial world has known. Whatever may be the measure of his success in Europe, Rutgers College and Dr. Demarest deserve some credit for their share in his training.

Dr. Demarest's book is a very delightful and informing contribution to the literature of American education. It might well be examined carefully by Dr. Meiklejohn and his friends in connection with their interesting project of founding a new college. They will be especially interested, I think, in the professed purpose of the trustees of Queen's College in their announcement, from which I have already quoted, of the opening of the institution in 1771. The trustees close their appeal for support with these memorable words:

"It is hoped that the above Considerations, together with the healthy and convenient situation of the Place, on a Pleasant and Navigable River, in the midst of a plentiful Country; the Reasonableness of the Inhabitants in the Price of Board, and the easy Access from all Places, either by Land or Water will be esteemed by the considerate Public, as a sufficient Recommendation of this infant College which (as it is erected upon so Catholic a Plan) will undoubtedly prove advantageous to our new American World, by assisting its sister seminaries to cultivate Piety, Learning and Liberty."

To cultivate Piety (respect for the past), Learning (a knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world), and Liberty (open-mindedness toward the future)—I am not sure but that this hundred-and-fifty-year-old motto is a pretty good one for the most ultra-modern university.

The Davis Cup Stays Home

An impressive demonstration of the spirit that makes world champions

By George Marvin

FOUR bareheaded young men in white flannels walk out on the billiard-table green of the Germantown Cricket Club. They are the best players of the game of lawn tennis in the world. Two of them wear sweaters. The other two, in sleeveless shirts, wide open at the neck, are keyed apparently to a higher temperature; brown faces, necks, and arms give them a healthy, sunny look of open spaces, and in manner they move jauntily and easily around the courts. These are the Australians who have come from the antipodes to challenge American supremacy in this game. By contrast the Americans are pale. Thin exceedingly, they may feel the need of their sweaters this warm September day, when even the slave-driven fashion-followers in the stands have abandoned their furs.

By and by, after some practice rallies, two by two they play; Tilden against Patterson and, later, Richards against Wood. In straight sets the Americans win. In neither match was there ever any doubt as to the outcome after the first set. Beautiful exhibitions of the super-game of tennis, they are to the lay spectator rather exhibitions than contests. For little O'Hara Wood, the bandy-legged and beaming Australian, one develops a feeling of sympathy in his plucky struggle, sharing with him a sense of the inexorable as he faces in sure defeat the boyish Olympic champion. Patterson's many nets and outs create in the galleries the same sense of what's-the-use which makes the Australian an evidently beaten man before the match is half over.

The following day another white figure takes his place in the sunlit moving picture, maneuvering over turf made smooth for three generations of cricketers, so close in its green texture that it looks, were you to rub it with your hand, as though it would go shiny one way and dark the other as sealskin does. This is "Little Bill" Johnston of California, former National champion and four times Davis Cup winner and defender, thin, pale, and saturnine like his American mates, but unsweatered. Beside Tilden he takes his place against the Australians, the change in personnel making no difference in the character of the ensuing performance or in the certainty of its outcome. In this doubles match, however, enters an element of contest. The Australians win one set, the only set, out of the total number of sixteen necessary to the completion of the international championship. On Saturday, the final day of the tournament, although the Davis Cup had already been won by the requisite three out of five matches, the largest gallery of the series gathers in good Philadelphia sportsmanship to watch the superb tennis of the two remaining singles encounters. And in splendid antipodean sportsmanship the two tanned and smiling challengers engage, in reverse order, the same rangy and cadaverous champions who beat them on Thursday. Same wonderful green, same autumn sunshine warming the ivy-covered façade of the Colonial club-house, same breeze twinkling the leaves of the Germantown poplars—and same inevitable result. Richards beats Patterson as relentlessly as he overcame O'Hara Wood on the first day; and little Wood makes friends again as he gamely succumbs to big Tilden in three sets that are straighter than those of Patterson's defeat at the same hands.



(C) Keystone

Dwight F. Davis, donor of the famous cup which bears his name, was one of its first three victorious defenders. He now occupies the high office of Assistant Secretary of War

To the ordinary spectator in the stands at Germantown, the man or woman who plays tennis for recreation, the outstanding impression of the Davis Cup finals from Thursday to Saturday was the overwhelming supremacy of the American defenders—Tilden, Richards, and Johnston. The Australians played great tennis all three days. There was nothing the matter with their individual games, and in the doubles they showed the team work which is the natural result of several years' association in international competition. Moreover, when these two men, carrying under their arms the collections of rackets the modern game requires, walked casually out of the club-house for the challenge match, they represented a rare survival of the fittest. *Twenty-two other challenging nations had to be eliminated* before this pair from Australia earned the right to meet America for the huge silver cup emblematic of the championship of the world. In some other sports world championship does not signify world-wide competition. For example, in a game of Oriental origin, polo, only three Occidental nations, Great Britain, the United States, and Argentina, have ever been serious contenders. World supremacy in rowing—either single-sculling or eight-oared shells—has involved only Anglo-Saxon contestants from various dominions of the British Empire and the United States. With the exception of the Olympic Games, which occur at intervals of four years, no international athletic competition has the world definition of these annual Davis Cup matches; and this truth, borne in mind, adds additional significance to the final meeting between the survivors of the elimination tests and the champions.

Consider for a moment just what is the significance of the meeting: Exactly what did Patterson and Wood represent this year in tennis? Six weeks ago at Evian-le-Bains France won the title in the so-called "European Zone" by defeating Czechoslovakia in the final fifth round of a protracted tournament, carried on in different localities, which had successively eliminated the British Isles, Belgium, Ireland, Holland, India, South Africa, the Argentine Republic, Spain, Denmark, Hungary, Austria, Switzerland, New Zealand, and Italy. Mean-

while in the "American Zone" during the summer months Canada had beaten Cuba, only to be eliminated by Japan; Australia had vanquished in turn China, Mexico, and Japan. In the inter-zone finals, played on the historic courts at Longwood, Massachusetts, early in September, Patterson and Wood of Australia met and overcame France three matches to two—though the young French champion, Réné Lacoste, defeated both Patterson and Wood—thus conclusively earning the right to be immediate challengers for world supremacy in tennis.

How and why is it, then, that the survivors of such a tremendous competition should have failed so conclusively in the crucial test? Their singles and doubles game was better than the brands of all the other tennis-playing nations of the earth. Why was it ineffective against America?

Sitting there in the stands at Manheim and watching one after the other the successive victories of the three Americans, some plausible answers to this question suggested themselves as obvious during the course of the three afternoons of play. In brief, the Australians played number one lawn-tennis. The Americans played super-tennis. Even with that sense of inevitability, the play was always absorbing, sometimes thrilling, to watch. No man in the game to-day hits the ball quite so hard overhead as Gerald Patterson. You wonder, after a Patterson "kill," why the same ball is available for the following service. He ruins it. A very powerful, big man, he has the faculty of putting every ounce of his strength into the devastating swing of his racket. The impact of the gut-strings makes a sound like a solid board as the smitten ball bounces far up into the stands. A return is out of the question. Against him no opponent lobs frequently because a lob, unless out of reach behind him, is generally a clear gift. Patterson's service also is terrific, fully as severe as Tilden's, and no one else's on the first ball so difficult to return. He is a seasoned veteran of international tournaments, a world's champion in former, Wimbledon, terms, and several times a Davis Cup finalist.

As for O'Hara Wood, he, too, is a resourceful, seasoned player of the type that "Bob" Wrenn used to represent, sound in all departments of the game above and below the eyes, enduring, courageous, often brilliant. Both backhand and forehand he has a free mastery of his shots off the ground or in the air.

In neither man is there any noticeable tennis weakness—the reputed erratic backhand of Patterson was a distinct strength in his match with Richards—



International

Tilden (left) won in straight sets over his Australian opponent, Patterson, who with his colleagues represented the survivors of a contest in which the best players of twenty-three nations competed

but in common they share one trait which may be an ingredient in their defeat at the hands of their American opponents. They both play tennis as though they enjoyed it, like a game. On the other side of the Germantown nets three masters of strategy and science practiced their profession. In every match this difference was apparent. By contrast the men from the antipodes swung their rackets and moved about the court in a happy-go-lucky fashion. A point lost or won appeared to make no great difference to them. Each seemed good-humoredly much of the time to regard the outcome as a foregone conclusion. The three Americans—Tilden gaunt and austere, Richards pale and set, Johnston white and grim—were out for just one thing—to win. Every shot, every move, was precise with determination; there was never any sense of abandon about any of their work. The Australians were playing all the time. All the time the Americans were winning. That is the Americanism of it. The defenders won, first, because they were their particular expert and seasoned selves. And they won, secondly, because they were Americans in spirit and in the infinite capacity for taking pains in sport.

In physique Tilden is the very type of Uncle Sam sans chin-whiskers. Inches over six feet, he is very sparely built, thin legs and arms, small waist and abnormally broad shoulders. But, unlike most men of Gothic architecture, he is perfectly articulated. On the court he handles himself with the nimbleness of a Japanese. Rangy men usually move deliberately—the elder Doherty and Malcolm Whitman, champions of other days and men of similar type, played tennis suavely, andante in mood. Tilden is staccato; his stride is short and quick, all his movements nervously tense. The power of Patterson's wallop is evident. You can see and feel it. But it is diffi-

cult either to see or sense where the severity of Tilden's service and drives come from, so quick and spasmodic are his deliveries. It is the unusual combination of dimension with quickness, of reach and speed, power and adroitness—these physical traits together with an alert mentality trained through specialization in one pursuit during many years—which has made Tilden the champion of champions. The authorities are all in agreement that no man to-day can win against Tilden at his normal best, and a majority of them believe that no man in the history of the game has reached his mastery.

Richards is an approximation to the Tilden type, less tall, less rangy, less quick, but with the same rapier-play of technique. For one so young—Richards is only twenty-one years old—he is, nevertheless, in tennis extraordinarily mature. He not only outplayed his opponents—he out-thought them. Cool and calm and pale, he appeared most of the time quite unmoved by the struggle through which he triumphantly progressed. Only two or three times his real youthfulness appeared when after an error, shaking his racket in both hands, he mutely apostrophized the heavens.

Very decisive were these final contests for the world championship. Each one of the four singles matches was played off in less than an hour, one of them in forty-two minutes. Several sets were finished in less than twenty minutes. Judgment saved time and effort. On the American side there was little or no lost motion. Each man knew exactly when an opponent's shot was bound out and let it go. Except in the doubles, the Richards-Wood, and the Richards-Patterson singles, few long rallies roused in crescendo the enthusiasm of the stands. In a majority of instances the point was won or lost with the return of the service or the following shot by the server. Quick, sharp, decisive plays—monosyllabic tennis.

At the end of each match winners and losers clasped hands over the net in a gesture and with an expression that was pleasant to see. Enemies on the courts, these same men have been friends for years, an enmity and friendship founded upon many former struggles in Australia, in England and on the Continent, and on the clay or grass courts of America.

By the middle-aged observer, with memories of other championships before the war, several changes in style of play might have been noticed. Time was when the server tossed the ball high in air to land destructively upon it after the interval of its descent. The Daughertys brought this style of service to this country from England. McLaughlin in his



Keystone

The Davis Cup in its twenty-four years of adventure has traveled a distance more than twice that around the world. It is one of the most famous trophies in the athletic world

two years of championship added savagery to it. Tournament players all over the country copied it. At Germantown the other day not one of the five ultimate survivors of the 1924 tennis season served that way. Tilden hits the ball almost immediately it has left his hand, and of the remaining four only Patterson threw the ball clear into the air. Another difference was the general preference for the base-line in the singles matches. For many years the server ran in on both balls of his service, an exhausting process which the McLaughlins, the Clothiers, the Larneds, and the other finalists of ten years ago victoriously vindicated. None of the four singles contenders ran in on his service at Philadelphia. Tilden rarely left the base-line, and the others as a rule came to the net only after they had forced their opponent into a position sufficiently difficult to delay his return. Patterson lost many points from being caught in mid-court by chop shots at his feet which he could easily have returned from the base-line.

Thus on the lawns of the Germantown Cricket Club, September 13, was concluded very conclusively a process that began on the lawn of the White House at Washington on March 17. Dwight Davis, the donor of the cup and one of its first three victorious defenders, has become a member of the President's official family as Assistant Secretary of War. In both capacities he suggested that the drawings for the preliminary international matches among the twenty-three challengers be made this year under National auspices and that the President himself should draw the first name from the actual Davis Cup, which in its twenty-four years of desirability has traveled a distance more than twice that around the world. In his letter of acceptance Mr. Coolidge said some things which are worthy of more than passing notice because of their bearing upon the game of tennis as an active influence in the cause of international relations.

> As the donor of the Davis Cup and a leader in popularizing friendly competitions [the President wrote to his Assistant Secretary of War] I think you have done a most valuable service. It is a service in behalf of national amity. . . . The International Tournament has never failed to make this event one of world-wide interest. It becomes an occasion for establishing better acquaintance throughout the world, and particularly for setting up fine standards of sport and giving them a universal significance. I am persuaded that the erection of such standards in the realm of sport is bound to afford a fine example in every other department of human activity. It cannot fail to inspire a purpose of good sportsmanship, of honest competition, of hard hitting and clean play, in every other realm, whether it be business, political, or what not. . . . Good health, straight thinking, clean morals, are all sure to be gainers through the arousal of interest in the right kind of sport.

The ceremony of the draw which followed the President's cordial acceptance took place on the south terrace of the White House grounds and inaugurated the competition with an impressiveness very rare if not unprecedented in amateur sport. The place and its chief sponsor gave to the forthcoming world tournament a political sanction, and the presence of ambassadors, ministers, or other official representatives of every one of the twenty-three nations and dominions entered, involved a wide international sanction of the spirit expressed in the President's letter of acceptance. The sportsmanship of tennis, the camaraderie of clean amateur sport, which knows no

international barriers, clearly in evidence during the final challenge matches, has characterized as well all the other preliminary contests.

May it not, therefore, be a just cause for additional patriotic pride if we may believe that the same American spirit, which has now come triumphantly through five years of international tennis competition, has accomplished also something enduring in unity and good will among the nations of the earth?

Common Sense and the Criminal Law

By P. W. WILSON

A Britisher draws a contrast between the methods of his own courts and ours

THE trial of Nathan F. Leopold, Jr., and of Richard Loeb on a charge of murdering their neighbor Robert Franks, aged fourteen years, has deeply stirred the public opinion of the United States. In 1923 there were 10,000 criminal homicides in this country, or fifty times as many as in Great Britain, with less than half the population. In addition, the number of suicides is at the rate of a further 10,000 per annum. It is a fearful mortality for the richest nation in the world.

For this phenomenon there are many causes, racial, religious, and social, and into one pertinent factor the Bar Associations of the United States and Canada —following the investigations of Chief Justice Taft—have been inquiring. This summer there has been an unprecedented pilgrimage of leading lawyers to England, where every phase of legal procedure has been examined.

It happens that we can see by an actual case precisely how English law would have dealt with the Chicago murder. I will tell the story, step by step.

On May 1 the attendant at the left luggage office of Waterloo Station, London, noticed blood on a handbag there deposited. He informed the police, but not, I think, the press. Detectives watched the office.

On May 2 a man—Mahon—claimed the bag. He was arrested and taken to the police station, where, in his presence, the bag was opened. It contained woman's clothing and gruesome fragments. The man was invited to explain. And pending an explanation he was detained.

After an hour at the police station, during which there was no attempt to cross-examine the man, he volunteered a statement. He was warned that what he said might be used as evidence against him, but he knew well that he could not longer keep back the truth from the police. He wrote and signed a confession, admitting that, at a bungalow near Eastbourne, he had violently quarreled with a woman living there with him, that she had attacked him with an ax, and that in self-defense he had killed her in a struggle, either by strangling or otherwise.

I do not say that there is never an attempt by the English police to draw a confession from a prisoner. But I have never heard of any process even remotely approximating to the third degree. British justice, unless its canons are ignored, means a trial wholly public. The alternative method of private inquisition, whether it be by prolonged questions by alienists or any other method, is regarded in Britain as a survival of the bad practices of Continental despotism. It happened that this prisoner had an evil record. The fact was suppressed absolutely until the jury had delivered its verdict and the judge had passed sentence. The prisoner's statement was shown to his legal advisers and paper was pasted over portions which, by consent of prosecution and defense, were immaterial to or calculated to prejudice a fair trial. The prisoner's parentage or what psychologists thought of his mentality had nothing whatever to do with the hearings. He was a citizen, held to be responsible as such to the state.

The Wheels of Justice Begin to Turn

How he tried to dispose of the body makes unpleasant reading. Enough that it was these efforts which led to his detection.

On May 3 the police found what was left of the remains at the bungalow. Immediately the prisoner was brought before the magistrates in that locality. No photographs were permitted in court. After formal appearances and remands to a future date, the case was opened before the magistrates on May 22, and after about five days' hearing the prisoner was committed for trial on June 6, one month after arrest.

In the meantime there had been opened the inquest, which about the same date brought in a verdict of willful murder against the prisoner. Either the decision of the magistrates or the verdict of the coroner's jury would have been sufficient to indict the prisoner before the Grand Jury. And in this, as in other cases, the Grand Jury, as a matter of course, brought in a true bill, without discussion, and so left the matter to the Assizes. At the preliminary hearings the prisoner withheld his defense, and no attempt of any kind was made to extract it from him.

Another point to be made clear is this —from the moment that a crime was suspected it was the aim of all concerned to prevent a trial by newspaper. There was inevitably an immense sensation, but the police at the inquest intervened between the prisoner and the cameras. And with the arrest and charge of murder the case became *sub judice* and any comment upon it would have brought a newspaper at once under risk of summons for contempt of court. A heavy fine or imprisonment would have been ordered, without the slightest hope of a successful appeal.

The publicity promoted by interviews with counsel, with judges, with the police, with relatives, with the prisoner, is either cut out entirely or reduced to a minimum. And with this vitally important result: it is only through a report of the legal proceedings that the public can reach the facts. Instead of the crime being everything and the trial of the prisoner, with his punishment, a mere paragraph and postscript, there is no full account of the crime, except as a narrative of retribution. You cannot read of the offense without appreciating the guilt of it. The extraordinary gravity of homicide is driven home to old and young alike.

On July 16, at the Sussex Assizes, the prisoner was tried for his life. The trial lasted five days. The judge was not a county judge of subordinate or local jurisdictions. He was a judge of the High Court, removable only by joint resolution of both houses of Parliament. His salary is the same as the Prime Minister's, and, in addition, he is assured of a handsome pension on retirement. He is appointed, not elected; and he need not worry over re-election.

Merely dilatory tactics by the defense would have had no chance of success. Three jurymen were briefly challenged, and others substituted for them. And

when a juryman fainted and had to be replaced the case was rapidly reopened, the evidence taken was repeated from the judge's notes, and as little time as possible was lost.

The prisoner, though admitting the act of homicide, pleaded "not guilty." Had he pleaded "guilty," there could have been no prolonged argument before the judge, as in the Chicago case. A plea in mitigation of sentence would have been in order, but without much delay the judge would have sentenced the man to death. The idea of pleading "guilty" and then trying a case for murder without a jury would be in England unthinkable. On these lines justice, as there conceived, would be fatally impaired.

The sanity of the prisoner was assumed. And the fact that his ethics were perverted counted not in his favor, but against him. If, however, the defense had alleged insanity or mental disease, that plea, like every other, would have had to come before the jury. And the idea of a judge hearing evidence as to the prisoner's glands after the plea of "guilty" had removed the case from the jury may also be dismissed as incredible in British practice and utterly subversive of whatever has been thought sound in British jurisprudence.

Insanity Has No Relation to Wealth

A PRISONER must be sane when tried and executed. If he be certified insane, he becomes at once a criminal lunatic, and is so sequestrated in an institution. But there has frequently arisen the question whether a prisoner, normally sane, was insane when he committed the violence. When Hatfield tried to assassinate George III, he was held to be acting under a delusion and confined for life. Bellingham, however, when he assassinated Prime Minister Percival, under a similar delusion, was executed. And in the case of M'Naughten, who shot Sir Robert Peel's secretary, Drummond, it was successfully pleaded that the prisoner knew what was right and wrong but lacked the self-control required to choose the former—a view afterwards held to be too lenient. To put the matter in a nutshell, England recognizes insanity as a valid defense when the insanity is genuine, but not as a pretext to be pleaded for the rich on terms which are beyond the means of the poor.

It is only within the last dozen years that prisoners have been allowed in England to give evidence on their own behalf. Lawyers were much divided on the question whether this doubtful privilege would help a prisoner or not. The bungalow murderer did give evidence, and almost collapsed under the strain. His cross-examination lasted for three hours. I do not know how truthfully an American trial is depicted in the movies, but if the gestures there displayed are accurate it follows that English proceedings are quieter. This year a Frenchman was indicted for poisoning an innkeeper whose wife he admired. It was recognized that he was a foreigner who did not understand the English language. The prosecuting counsel therefore surrendered his right to the last word, and there was assigned for the defense of the prisoner a counsel of high distinction. Indeed, so polite was the Court that the Frenchman was utterly deceived as to his danger. Accustomed to the methods pursued in his own country, he assumed that a prisoner presumed to be guilty would have been browbeaten by the judge and the prosecution. Instead of this happening, he was treated with elaborate courtesy and then sentenced to death. He could not understand such a conspiracy of charm, and the surprise drove him into hysteria. English courts are good-humored, but none the less formidable.

An English jury appointed to a murder trial may bring in one of three verdicts, namely, an acquittal, manslaughter, or murder. The Scottish verdict of nonproven is equivalent to acquittal. But there are no degrees in murder as defined in England. That verdict, if once given, involves a sentence of death. The jury may add a recommendation to mercy, but it is of no binding force. The judge must sentence and the King need not reprieve.

Until recently there was no appeal against the sentence, except to the sovereign, acting through the Home Secretary. Such appeals were and are disposed of within a month. There is no protracted delay over executions and no death-house is needed for numerous prisoners whose fate is uncertain. Execution is by the rope, and no more humane method has been devised.

With rare exceptions, women are reprieved. And there is a movement for relieving a judge from the duty of pronouncing the death sentence on a woman. In no case of pregnancy can the prospective mother be executed. Last year, however, a wife who conspired with her lover to murder her husband was hanged. No reason could be discovered for executing the man and pardoning or reprieving a woman who was at least equal to him in guilt.

In addition to the prerogative of mercy (exercised in the United States by the President and Governor), there is now in England, as in other countries, a Court of Criminal Appeal. The grounds of appeal are severely restricted. They are, broadly, a new fact, a lapse in law, an unfair instruction from the judge, or some such circumstance. The Court can order a new trial, but it tolerates no attempt to arrive at that result by resort to immaterial technicalities.

Where Murder Means Punishment

A CASE of murder in England is taken seriously because England still hangs murderers by the neck until they are dead. In her criminal statistics there is nothing remotely comparable with the statement, let us say, in the New York "Times" of February 10, 1921, that out of 679 homicides in New York during the previous year only one perpetrator was brought to justice, or the similar statement that out of 118 homicides in Philadelphia during 1917 only one had to pay the ultimate penalty. There may be in England a difference of opinion over capital punishment. But the nation is determined that willful homicide shall be no joke. On September 3—exactly four months after arrest—the bungalow murderer, Mahon, was hanged.

With regard to Leopold and Loeb, counsel would doubtless plead for mercy on the ground of youth. But one thing is certain: that plea would have been utterly stultified by the defiant and impudent demeanor of these prisoners themselves. Such an exhibition would have alarmed and angered everything that is responsible and authoritative in English public life, and we may take it for granted that judge and jury, with the nation behind them, would have decided ere this to stamp upon a temper so cruel and so wicked. With a judge in ermine and with barristers in gowns and with the press in its proper place, these degenerates (and all like them) would have known in advance that murder is something you cannot get away with.

A century ago England hanged thieves who stole a sheep. She has had judges who were monsters of greed and ferocity. And from the United States she has learned lessons—for instance, the children's court. Also, it is easier to organize justice in a small, coherent country than in forty-eight States of a Union that covers a continent. What, however, English experience has shown is that the reform of justice along simple unemotional lines does, of itself, diminish crime. No nostrum of psychology is effective compared with the time-honored policy of speedy arrest, public trial, rapid procedure, and, above all, certain punishment. It is only when punishment is assured and adequate that redemptive agencies can begin their task.

A Window Toward the Infinite

By Charles Fitzhugh Talman

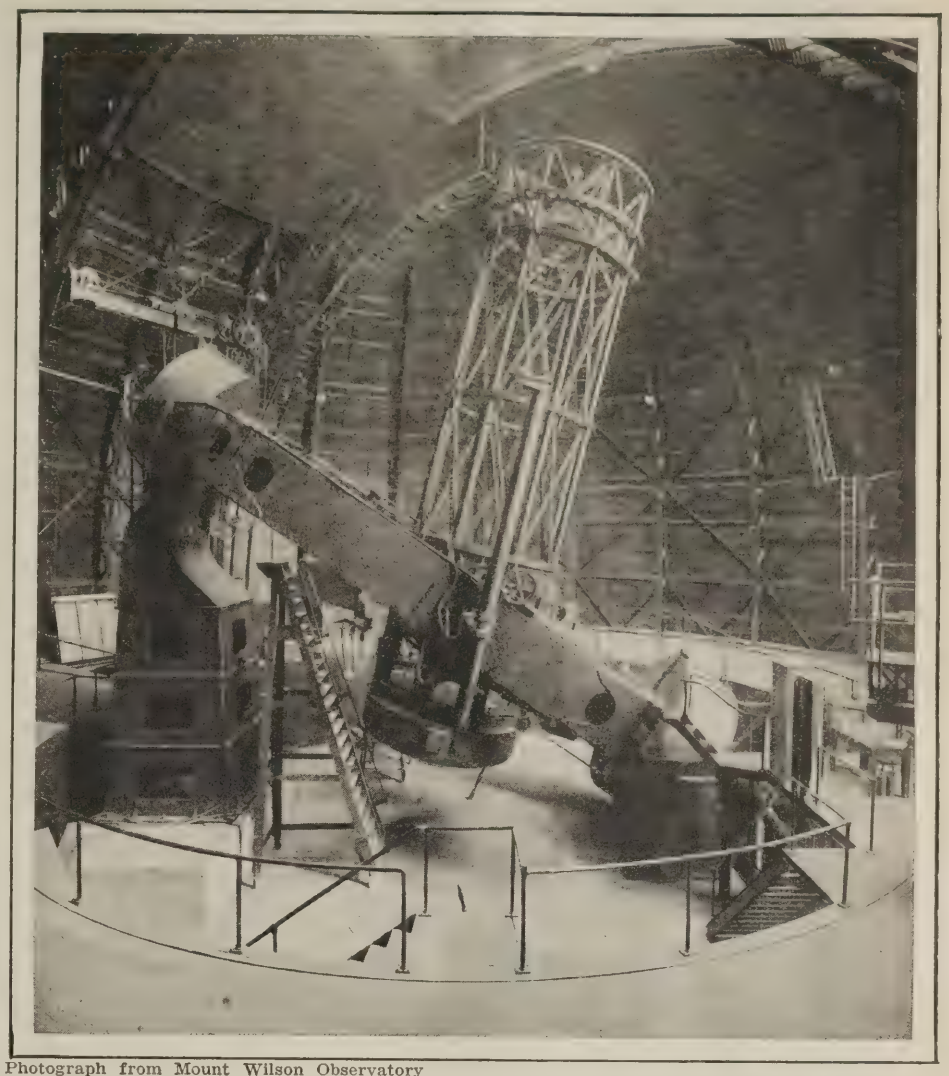
MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY is twenty years old. Carnegie's money built it; Hale's inexhaustible genius planned it and presided over it until last summer; a brilliant staff of resident and distant collaborators strengthened the Director's hands; and the limpid atmosphere of a southern California mountain-top gave full scope to its wonderful instruments. Thanks to these advantages, it has within two decades built up a new science of celestial physics—contributed more to the common stock of astronomical knowledge than any dozen other establishments in the world.

This neighbor of Hollywood deserves the average citizen's attention. The things it is doing are as romantic, spectacular, original, and adventurous as anything that happens in Screenland.

The work at Mount Wilson is in many respects the antithesis of popular conceptions concerning the business of star-gazing. The layman may or may not agree with Brillat-Savarin, who ranks the invention of a new dish with the discovery of a new star, but he little realizes what a poor compliment this is to the gastronomer. At Mount Wilson discovering a star is a much less momentous occurrence than scratching a match. Five years ago a new telescope was installed there which instantly brought within the range of observation several hundred million stars previously unknown.

Keats put the wrong explorer on a peak in Darien, but his picture of a new planet swimming into the astronomer's ken was good enough for the age before photography. At Mount Wilson and elsewhere these natatorial events no longer happen. The astronomer keeps his eye at the telescope for the prosaic purpose of guiding it while it takes pictures. Long afterward the new planet or what-not turns up on the plate. And it's all in the day's work.

The Mount Wilsonites, however, are not much interested in planets. They are after bigger game—the stars—and they have concentrated their efforts upon our bright particular star, the sun. Three telescopes of novel design—one horizontal and two vertical—bring the solar rays to fixed points of observation. Here the spectroscope, combined with the photographic plate, performs feats beyond the wildest dreams of a generation ago. It explores the sun's atmosphere vertically as well as horizontally; maps its currents and measures their speed; observes diversities of temperature and magnetic forces; gives us, in short, a more comprehensive picture of the sun's *weather* than meteorologists can obtain of the weather on earth.



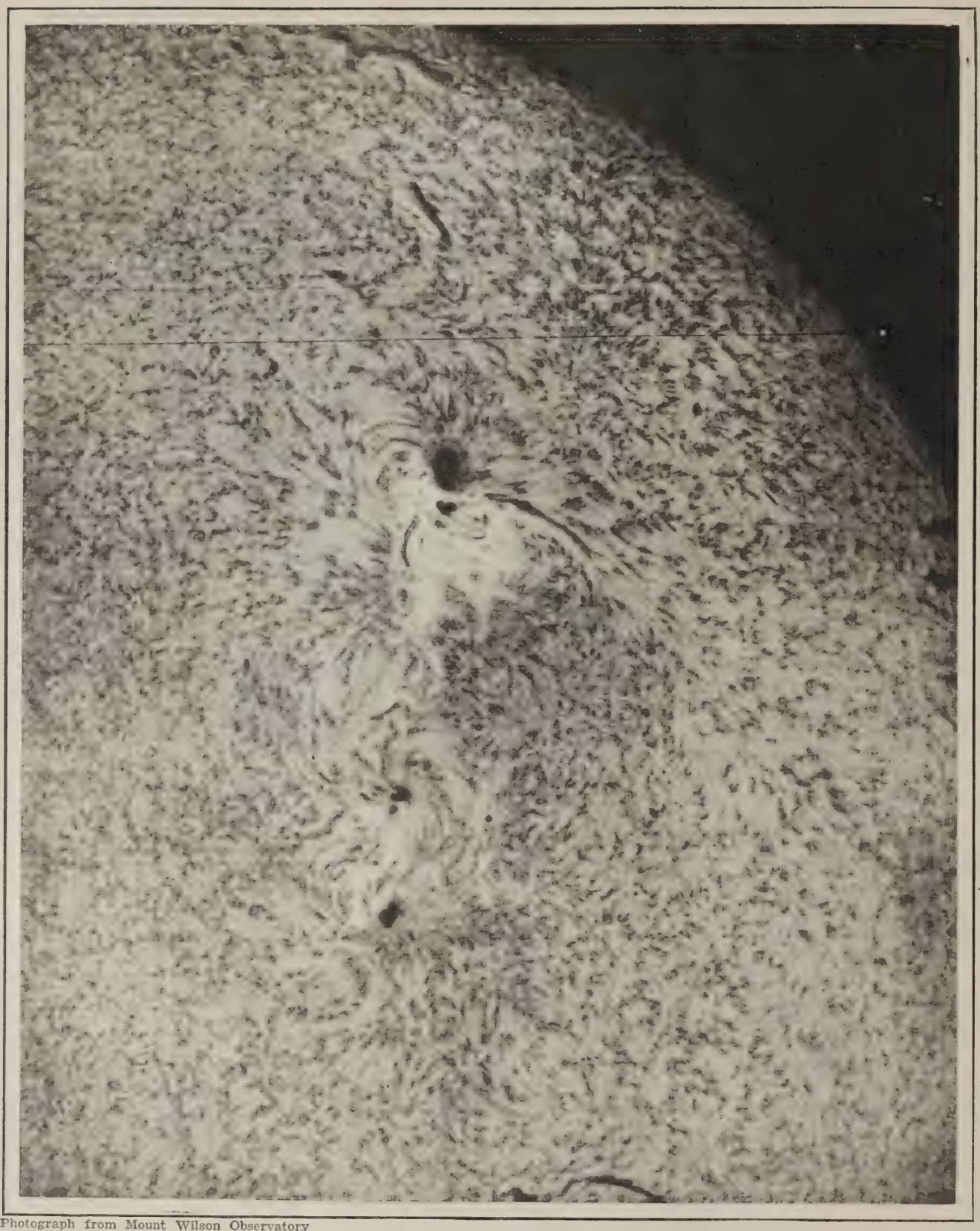
Photograph from Mount Wilson Observatory

The Colossus of Telescopes

The 100-inch reflector on Mount Wilson is not merely the world's hugest telescope. It is the super-keen eye that has plumbed new depths of space. It has, for example, increased by hundreds of millions the number of stars accessible to observation. (This statement is not fantastic. See recent annual reports of the Mount Wilson Observatory in the Year Books of the Carnegie Institution.) Equipped with a new adjunct of astronomy, the interferometer, it has lately performed the task—once believed to be forever hopeless—of measuring stellar diameters. The moving parts of the telescope weigh about a hundred tons. Any desired movement is accomplished merely by pressing an electric button

With the aid of knowledge thus acquired from the sun, the astronomers search the remotest depths of space and bring back news of the stars. Few stellar distances were known until the men at Mount Wilson learned how to measure them wholesale with the spectroscope. The crowning feat (until to-morrow betters it) was to put an uncouth steel beam across the end of the biggest telescope, equipped with an arrangement of slits and mirrors that gave, for the first time in history, a direct measurement of a star's diameter. Even the newspapers reacted to this achievement, and a star not of the stage or screen was accorded a whole column on the first page.

The most unconventional adjunct of this observatory is the splendid physical laboratory maintained at Pasadena, a couple of hours by motor down the mountain. Here the cosmic processes observed with the telescopes are reproduced in miniature. Electric explosions give temperatures surpassing those of the sun. Enormous pressures and powerful magnetic fields simulate conditions in solar and stellar atmospheres. At Mount Wilson the physicist checks the work of the astronomer, and *vice versa;* with the paradoxical result that their combined efforts are enriching physics no less than astronomy.



Photograph from Mount Wilson Observatory

Sunspots as Solar Tornadoes

The spectroheliograph is an instrument, developed chiefly at the Mount Wilson Observatory, for photographing separately the normally invisible gases in the upper layers of the sun's atmosphere; chiefly calcium and hydrogen. The above picture, taken with this instrument, shows hydrogen only. The picture bears little resemblance to an ordinary photograph of the sun's surface on the same scale. Such pictures reveal the true nature of sunspots. They are clearly seen to be whirls or vortices in the solar atmosphere, analogous to terrestrial tornadoes



Photograph from Mount Wilson Observatory

A Wealth of Lunar Scenery

The revelations of the telescope have made the visible half of the moon's surface much better known than many parts of our own globe. The study of the moon is not included in the programme of work at Mount Wilson, but a few lunar photographs, taken for the purpose of testing the powers of the new 100-inch reflector, proved to be by far the finest productions of their kind extant. One of them, here reproduced, shows a multitude of craterlets and other minute details that were unknown before this picture was taken

Charles Plummer—Radical

A Southern white man takes counsel with a colored friend who believes in getting back to the root of things

By Dixon Merritt

CHARLES PLUMMER and I are much the same kind of men. There are differences, to be sure. He is a Negro and I am white. Our work has been entirely different. He has been "night line" hackman, coachman to a United States Senator, head waiter in some large hotels, personal caterer to a President of the United States on his trips, and, after he had earned the money for it, student at a college wherein he was the only Negro. I had my college career before I went to work, which has been with newspapers and magazines. Each of us spent his boyhood on a Southern farm, but those farms were a thousand miles apart. We are the same kind of men because we have a body of the same traditions back of us, and we have both been old-fashioned enough to cling to them.

Small wonder, then, that we liked each other on sight when, one morning before the stenographers arrived, Charles Plummer walked into my office in Washington. Deep called unto answering deep. Five generations of love and trust and mutual dependence cried for expression. The affection that I and my fathers have felt for our black mammies went out to a black mammy's son. The devotion that his fathers gave to their "white folks" yearned, here in this strange city office, to a "po' chile" far afield in a hard world.

Charles Plummer, since he left college, has been engaged in industrial school work among the Negroes of the South. During the past few years his attention has been taken up largely with the migration of Negroes from the South to the industrial centers of the North. He has been among those Negroes, trying to serve them, when they brushed the lint of the cotton fields from their clothes and started North. He has been among them at the other end of the line as they settled into their new, strange work of the factories. He has seen them in great numbers at the half-way point—as they came through Washington, going eagerly to their promised land of better wages. He has seen them in diminished but still great numbers as they came back through Washington on their way home, somewhat apprehensive as to how they would be received. He has seen them again after they arrived at the homes they thought to leave forever and has helped them to re-establish the old relationships there.

So I took counsel of Charles Plummer—not at that first meeting, but when we had become acquainted—as to what this migration movement means and what, if anything, is to be done about it. I desired to have the situation shown me as a thinking Negro sees it. I was brought up with, and somewhat by, thinking Negroes, and their advice has always meant much to me. There was nothing strange or modern in my seeking such advice. I am sure that my grandfather never in his life formed a final decision on any weighty matter without first consulting at least one Negro such as Plummer, minus the college education. It has always been our custom to seek the advice of the more substantial Negroes as to how we are to do our duty by the people of their color. They have not so much consulted us as to how they were to do their duty toward our color. They simply did it, and no palaver about it. Possibly this proves that, within their own sphere, they thought more clearly or felt more truly than we. However that may be, we have taken care of each other so long—and, if we must say it ourselves, so well—that it would be a passing strange thing if we failed to reason together on any new problem.

I approached this man-to-man conference with Charles Plummer firmly fixed in the belief that the movement of Negroes to the industrial centers of the North is a good thing for the Negro. Wages are undoubtedly better. Living costs are higher, to be sure; but, even when allowance is made for that, the margin between wage and living cost is enough wider in the industrial centers to buy more of the comforts of life than the average Negro can have on the farms of the South or in his customary vocations in the cities of the South. It has seemed to me that the Negro could do more for himself in a Northern factory than on a Southern farm.

Charles Plummer says my reasoning is dead wrong. He admits the higher wages, even the wider margin between wages and living costs. But, he says, the Negro very rarely strikes roots into that alien earth. Though the first factory he enters gives him a larger income than he could have had at home, the picture of fabulous earnings is still before him, and he drifts from place to place, seeking higher wages than he can ever receive. Rarely, almost never, does he make a home to which he attaches himself and his children. The best that he could have done at home might have been to buy a few acres of land and build thereon a little house—a cabin, if you care to call it so—but it would have been home. A garden, some peach and apple trees along the fence, a trellis with morning-glory vines growing over the door, would make a place, says Charles Plummer, that his children could love, around which their better sentiments could cluster—a shrine, a memory, an ideal, that in after life would bring them back to the true course if their wayward feet should haply stray away for a little while.

No such home as that, Charles Plummer says, is made by the Negro in the industrial city. He is very firm in the belief that the Negro finds no abiding-place there. He drifts again and again, and when his children are grown, and probably gone wrong, he drifts back South too late to make a home that will mean anything to the children for whose welfare he is responsible. The Negroes who went out of the Mississippi Valley on the first wave of the migration, he says, are still drifting back home, and will continue to do so for years to come. Of those who were carried North on the newer tide of migration from the coastal plain, more than half have gone back home.

"So, you see," says Charles Plummer, "I am opposed to factory migration because it deprives the Negro of the opportunity of making a home—of owning a home—in which to bring up his children as responsible, useful men and women. But I have even stronger grounds of opposition, and one of them is this: The morals of my people simply will not stand up under the strain of industrial city environment. I am sorry, but it must be said that packing together in industrial centers means a generation of Negroes in which the criminal element will be larger than ever before."

Whether he is right or wrong I am not prepared to say, but Charles Plummer is convinced that his race cannot make material, moral, or intellectual progress under factory-town environment at the

North. The Negro, he says, is not an originator. "It is no discredit to the Negro," says Charles Plummer, "to assert that he is at this time necessarily an imitator. The bulk of whatever progress he makes must be borrowed from the white people with whom he comes in contact. And his opportunity for worthwhile contacts in the industrial centers of the North is not to be compared with that among his own white people at the South. Many Negroes go North in the belief that they are going to a land of social equality. Not only do they fail to find that in any real sense, but they find that they are separated from the source of strength which they had in frank, cordial, understanding discussion with the white folks at home. The good Southern white man and the good Southern Negro understand each other in a way that has never been true of the men of two dissimilar races anywhere else in the world. The Southern white people have never failed to direct the Southern Negro toward his own good."

I called his attention to the fact that there are in the South, even on the farms of the South, many white men who are Negro haters.

"Yes," he said, "there are bad men and thoughtless men in your race and in mine, but you know as well as I know that they amount to little in any community. It is the good Negroes and the good white people who can control. Unfortunately, many good men and women in my race have been led to be distrustful of the guidance of the white people. With their background of slavery, with a lurking fear that somebody may wish to return them to such a state, and with that fear stirred from outside sources upon occasion, it could hardly be otherwise. But I assert that the white people of the South are as ready now as they ever were to guide the Negro in the right direction; and the right direction is toward living an industrious, contented life where he is understood and appreciated.

"Make as much as you will of hatred between the races. I know a force a hundredfold stronger, if we will only give it the opportunity to make itself felt. It is love—the love that has so long existed between your people and mine. If that is not the force that can build up the Negro race, there is no such force in the world.

"I recall a meeting of white men and Negro men in New York City at which Booker Washington presided. A Negro physician from Washington made us all feel bad by telling of the trouble he had keeping household servants—Negroes did not want to work for him because he was a Negro. He was followed by a roughly dressed old Negro farmer from Mississippi who called himself the potato king of the South. He and his boys had just harvested eight thousand bushels of potatoes. The old Negro began his speech by telling how he had recently found his former master's son in distress, how he relieved that distress, how they sat and talked about the old farm till they both broke down and cried. 'And,' he said, 'while I have a dollar that boy shall never want.' One Negro depressed and embarrassed us by talking of his servants. Another Negro exalted and glorified us by speaking of his slavery and the love that grew out of it.

"Slavery, I thank God, passed before I was born. But I thank God just as fervently that it gave the American Negro the greatest asset he ever had, the greatest asset he has to-day, in the love of the good people of the South. If for no other reason than that we would like to advance ourselves, we cannot throw that love away, and we can avail ourselves of it only as we remain in touch with it.



(C) Harris & Ewing

Charles Plummer

"With all the progress that the colored race has made, with all the education it has acquired, too many of the young Negroes lack something that their unlettered fathers and mothers possessed. Those old Negroes had the secret of making people love them. Some Negroes still possess that power—I even dare to hope that I have a small measure of it myself. But if it could be general, if the average run of Negroes could endow themselves with that faculty of the old fathers and mothers, I should fear no race prejudice that exists to-day and none that ever could exist in this country.

"Now can you understand why I am exerting whatever influence I have to send back to the Southern farms the Negroes who are running away from a greater asset than they can find anywhere else in the world? I am advising them to go back home, consult with their white folks, buy a piece of land if it is no more than a few acres, and live the contented, useful lives that they are capable of.

"If I advised them on politics—and I guess I do sometimes—I should tell them when they get back home to stay away from the polls. The Negro question is never to be settled by the ballot. The Negro is the one man in the United States who cannot cast a secret vote. I do not mean that he cannot properly mark an Australian ballot. I simply mean that he has been so long and so solidly affiliated with one party that the secret of his ballot is known before he casts it. Even if he should be voting with the other party, his color fixes the public conception of his politics. If he casts a ballot at all he votes, or is supposed to vote, against the people who have done most for him. It does not destroy their love for him, but it makes them feel bad. He had better stay at home on election day and shuck his corn. But the main point I am insisting on is that he stay at home and have some corn to shuck instead of going somewhere else in search of big wages."

"Just the same," I said, "I still believe that many Negroes would be better off in Northern factories than on Southern farms."

"Pardon me," said Charles Plummer, "have I created the impression on you that I believe differently? Certainly the Negro who has the qualifications and the background that would enable him to make good in a new environment might

do at least as well, and I have no objection to his going. But mostly that kind of Negro does not want to go. He is making good at home and is content to stay there. The majority of Negroes who go North are the ones who are not taking the trouble to do well at home, and of course most of them will do even worse away from home. I simply want to see these Negroes do the best thing possible for themselves. For the exceptional one that best thing is a job in a Northern factory. But I want every Negro who is thinking of going North to seek, before he starts, the advice of the white people whom he can trust and of the experienced, thoughtful Negroes of his acquaintance. I want him to have the benefit of the heritage that his father and mother, his grandfather and grandmother, even in their days of slavery, laid up for him in the love and guidance of the white people whose experience is broader than his."

I sought the judgment of Charles Plummer, and he gave it. I do not wholly agree with it. His view of the Negro and the ballot, for example, is not my view. None the less I respect his view. In my time I have sought the judgment of many such Negroes as he on many things. It may have been the question of where to set a steel trap to catch a raccoon. It may have been the question of what a gentlemen's conduct should be under a certain set of circumstances. It has been a thousand things, first and last. And I have rarely found those judgments wrong.

In this case I merely call attention to the fact that it is not the judgment of a provincial Negro, but of one who knows the world and men; not of an outstandingly big Negro, but of one close enough in touch with the common people of his race to know their lives; not of an unlettered Negro, but of one who went through school on his own money; not of a Negro unfamiliar with his subject, but of one who has studied his subject from various angles. He has not thrown a flood-light on the subject, but he has turned a spot-light on an interesting portion of it.

What Young Japan Is Thinking About

By Yusuke Tsurumi

A liberal generation faces the chaos that comes from disappointment and disaster. Which way will the balance swing?

WHAT is Young Japan thinking about? Everything—that is new. Conjecturing, wondering, thinking, Young Japan is peering into a future that is more uncertain than that which any previous generation has confronted. But its outlook is undismayed, eager. Out of the turmoil of change and reconstruction Young Japan "greets the unseen with a cheer."

"There are three things to be feared," said a young student at Keio University in addressing a Father-and-Son banquet in Tokyo last June—"three things to be feared: Earthquake, Fire, and Parents." These three; and the greatest of these is Parents. It is a good thing for Japan that the coming generation, like its predecessors, fear "parents" most. Herein lies the strength of the Empire that is bound together by the ties of a relationship which is realized like that of the family. The disrupting effects of Occidentalism have left still unimpaired the veneration for ancestors which makes of Shinto an abiding and a practical faith in modern Japanese life, holding the loyalty of family and kindred the supreme ethic in the social organization of the nation.

Let me give you a striking example of this. In Tokyo there is a very brilliant young Liberal who is destined to play a leading part in the public affairs of the country. In trying to form a working philosophy of life he was greatly attracted by the Christian doctrines taught by his missionary friends in Tokyo. He wanted to become a Christian, but before taking the radical step of baptism he asked the teacher whose wise counsels had been most helpful to him, and who had aroused in him an emotional response to the new faith, this question. He asked if all those who, through no fault of their own, had been ignorant of Christian doctrine must remain forever out of heaven. When he was told that all such necessarily were denied salvation, he found that he could not accept such a religion. He could not cut himself off from communion and unity with his ancestors, a reliance which was of the very fiber of his existence. And so, although to-day he remains genuinely sympathetic with the life of Christ and with the examples of conduct Christ taught by living as well as by words, he can no longer be sincerely sympathetic with denominational Christianity as taught by the missionaries.

At the beginning of the world war ten years ago the question on the lips of many foreigners was, "Is Japan going to swallow up China whole?" A few years later the very same people, with a change of mind which was impressive, began to query, "Is social revolution coming in Japan?" The latter is the question which still remains without a satisfactory answer to-day. A change has taken place in Japanese tendencies which is sufficiently well indicated by the two general questions just quoted. And the questioned Japanese have been baffled, hardly knowing how best to answer.

The uncertainty and the difficulty come from the general ignorance of the real temper of the Japanese race. And this is hardly to be wondered at when we ourselves realize that Japan is not an easy country in spirit and present tendencies either to gauge or to describe. Some indexes, however, do stand out whereby we may learn what Young Japan is thinking about. What Young Japan is concerned with to-day may become the guiding influences of an older Japan to-morrow and in the long days-after-to-morrow.

Young men are more susceptible than old men. In this respect Young Japan is not unlike Young America. In recent years, however, Young Japan, unlike Young America, has been peculiarly affected by the alien influences of the outside world. Let me try briefly to describe how these influences have affected the mind and the thinking of Young Japan. The most marked impressive force came during the Great War, during the first two years not noticeable, but thereafter becoming increasingly felt and noteworthy. With unprecedented prosperity and new and vivid contacts a tide of democratic ideas came flooding into the country, and, much to the alarm of the older conservative generation, spread far back into the estuaries of Japanese thought. The old régime called these dangerous ideas and tried to stamp them out. Their labors were in vain. Young Japan had begun to catch fire. In this social and political conflagration Professor Nitobe—who has lectured in Amer-

ica—and Professor Yoshino were the torch-bearers.

The Revolutionary Fire

THEN came a still greater influence, a more abiding change. The Russian Revolution of 1917 made an impression upon the receptive minds of Japanese youth, already harrowed and plowed by the progress of the war, which can hardly be overestimated. For some time previously Russian literature had been widely appreciated by the inquiring minds of my generation in the universities, but after 1917 Russian writers jumped to the first place in popularity. Things Russian became the order of the day—intellectually, and so socially, politically.

This trend of our young intellectual world would not have affected public opinion in general much, had it not been reinforced by the material changes which were taking place in the country at this juncture. A business boom, unparalleled in the history of the country, was going on. Every form of industry and commerce flourished. The new prosperity was intoxicating. It made men bold. The demand for every form of service exceeded the supply, and there was, accordingly, no fear of unemployment. Young men after graduation from college were rid of the nightmare of job-hunting. Labor ceased to take thought for to-morrow. With no fear of losing jobs by free expression, all through the ranks of labor and salaried employment, young men began to express themselves in word and act with a new freedom, even with recklessness.

Matters soon took another developing turn, going even further than the conservative forecasters had apprehended. The new democratic ideas gradually assumed a more radical aspect. Socialism began to appeal to the fancy of the old as well as the young men of an awakening Japan. On the wake of the business boom followed labor troubles. For the first time in its history Japan began to experience the inconvenience of strikes of all kinds. At first the demands of the malcontents were purely economic, but gradually they invaded the domain of business control, as notably in the case of the Kawasaki Dockyard (the largest ship-building plant in Japan) strike of 1921.

In all these struggles of labor, intellectual young Japan was rendering active support. More susceptible by nature and immaturity to theory than to actual practice, it went a long way towards the Socialistic conception of life. At this moment new leaders began to appear on the horizon. Socialistic writers like Sakai, Yamakawa, and the late Osugi, belonging to the extreme left wing of



Photograph by Yeghi Art Studio, Ltd.

Yusuke Tsurumi is one of the outstanding figures in the Liberal Young Japan of which he intimately writes. A son-in-law of Viscount Goto and well endowed with this world's goods, he has, nevertheless, turned his back on the great commercial opportunities open to him to give his services to public and patriotic affairs. In the June elections for the Japanese Diet he was narrowly defeated after a brilliant and original campaign in a difficult district. He has been a frequent, and always an interesting, contributor to both the vernacular and the English press of Tokyo. During August he delivered a series of notable addresses before the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Massachusetts, and is now occupied in a series of lectures at the Universities of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Dartmouth, Princeton, and Pennsylvania which will keep him in this country during the autumn and early winter. The vigorous and inquiring spirit of Young Japan could hardly find a spokesman better qualified than he to interpret its objects and hopes to Young America

Socialism and advocating violent measures for the accomplishment of their objects, increased their hold on the imaginations of Young Japan. In all the shops and on the streets books on Socialism sold thousands of copies, and radical writers for the many new magazines vied with one another in extreme views. A group in the Imperial University organized a society called "Shinjin Kai," or "The Society of New Men." They were chiefly interested in the new-born labor movement, and many of the members after graduation actively enlisted in the ranks of labor agitators. The future careers of these dedicated young men of the "Shinjin Kai" are to be watched with real interest. Some of them have already sprung into national prominence.

Socialism, bound up as it was with the labor movement, did not develop smoothly. A break came, weakening what was beginning to assume the proportions of a formidable political development. The panic of the spring of 1920 and the following period of depression brought the pendulum back again. Wages dropped and many factories had to go out of business. Labor became, under these chastening influences, less and less arrogant. Finally in 1921 the laborites, in whose ranks Socialistic influence had been gradually waning, parted company with the Socialists, and the labor groups thenceforth took on a distinctively trade-unionistic aspect. This changing character of the labor movement coincided with a change in the political attitude of Young Japan. In 1920 the eager spirits had had no patience with the less dynamic doctrines of a slowly developing liberalism, but less than two years later they began to swing around again to the former ideas of a liberal democracy which antedated the Russian influence. With this change in the general trend of ideas came a corresponding substitution of intellectual leaders. The bare economic interpretation of life, never really adaptable to Japanese temperament, gave place gradually to a more idealistic theory and the more idealistic liberal thinkers began to rise in popular estimation. It was at this period that writers like Arishima, Kurata, and Kagawa reached the quickly won height of their influence and Professor Yoshino's sane counsels began again to count with Young Japan.

A Novelist's Voice

ONE of the most interesting and significant figures of the present troubled day in Japan is Toyohiko Kagawa. As a comparatively young man of thirty he jumped into national prominence with one bound, the publication of his novel "Beyond the Death Line." You have extraordinary "best sellers" in America, but Kagawa's novel has already run through *three hundred editions* in two years. The book is really an autobiography, in which the author describes his experiences as a social worker, under great difficulties and even persecution, in the slums of Kobe. In America you have had books of this kind, but in Japan Kagawa's book was a human document entirely new to the people who read it. And they read it by the hundreds of thousands. Kagawa is a Christian So-

cialist, and the subject-matter of his book comes from his first-hand, vivid experience in preaching the Gospel of Christ among the outcasts and the abjectly poor. He lived in the worst of the slums of Kobe—the worst slums in Japan—only coming to Tokyo after the earthquake of last September to live and work among the calamity-stricken refugees who were the objects of state, municipal, and private charity. He lives among the poor as one of them, sharing all their vicissitudes, and, Christlike, he is idolized by those for whose sake he has forsaken all else. His book has aroused a keen interest not only in the author himself but in the cause he advocates and the self-sacrificing life he preaches by living it.

A Devout Socialist Leader

An entirely different type from Kagawa is Takero Arishima. His life was dedicated to art and its ideals, and, rather than fall short of the philosophy of life he set for himself, he died. Although, like Kagawa, he began his career as a pious Christian, in his maturer years he forsook the faith for a Socialism in which he religiously believed. Inheriting a large fortune from his father, as he became more Socialistic in view, his property became an inconsistency and a burden to him. Just a year before he died he renounced it all: the title to his estates he gave to the tenants occupying them and his money to a labor association. In his novels and poems we find an ardent soul perplexed with life yet on fire with living, seeking and never finding, more of the sunrise and the sunset than of the long day between, a character out of Tolstoy, the Russian writer whom he most admired. He was also an apostle of the American poet Walt Whitman, many of whose poems he translated with singular happiness into Japanese. His influence is very great with Young Japan—a flame in the darkness. Last summer he committed a double suicide with a woman writer in their bungalow at Karuizawa. The mystery of their love and death is buried with them; their house is regarded as a shrine.

Although in intellectual sympathy with Socialism, Arishima was by nature and inclination an idealist and a dreamer, singing of love, peace, and good will among men. In him Japan lost a humanitarian liberal, because throughout his short life he was unconsciously preaching the gospel of liberalism.

If I were to try to say in one word "what Young Japan is thinking about," that one word would be Liberalism. Not that they are thinking of the abstract thing we call "Liberalism," but that their thought, their ideas, their methods, their aspirations, are becoming more and more actuated and inspired by liberal tendencies. Young Japan is a far more liberal Japan. Momozo Kurata, the third and youngest of the three mentioned above, captured the reading public with his first drama, "The Priest and the Disciples," written when he was barely twenty-five years old. Liberally significant in that it is a Christian interpretation of Buddhism, it sold almost as widely and aroused as much attention as Kagawa's "Beyond the Death Line."

These three writers were all imbued with Christian ideas. Others, representing different creeds or schools of thought, are also very influential in shaping the development of this generation along liberal lines. Young novelists like Akutagawa, Satomi, and Tanizaki stand particularly for Oriental culture, upholding Oriental, as opposed to Occidental, Christian, idealism. Tanizaki is the most liberal of the three. He, with Kikuchi, one of the most popular writers of the younger school, with a strong Socialistic tendency, will bear watching because each in his separate way is of the kind zealously to propagate public causes in writing. Kikuchi is a member of the Japanese Fabian Society, started in March of this year. Who knows if he may not be the incipient Bernard Shaw of Japan?

Another very interesting figure among the young novelists of Japan who are influencing thought is Mushakoji, born the second son of an old titled family. Like Arishima a Tolstoyan, but not content with mere writing, he is translating his ideas into concrete action by starting what he calls a "New Village" of his own, in which a rapidly growing society of friends are trying out communism in practical terms of every-day life.

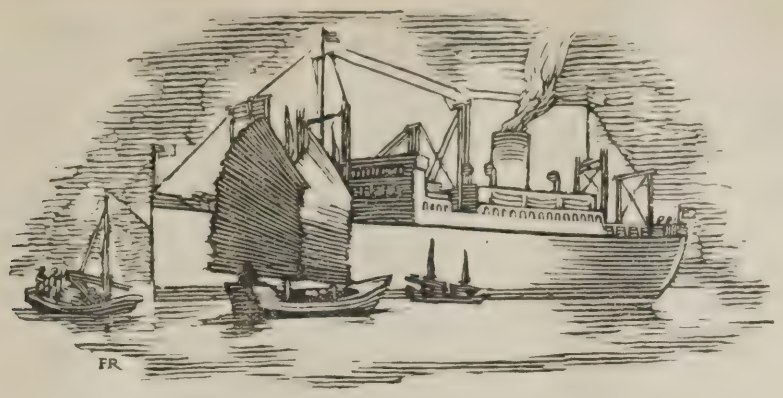
The Promise of the Conference

This liberal tendency of Young Japan, which I can here only briefly sketch, received a great impetus from the Washington Conference two years ago. The decisions there reached met with an enthusiastic response from a perplexed generation in my country. Yukio Ozaki, a veteran statesman and ex-Cabinet member, went on a nation-wide campaign in the interests of disarmament, stirring up a hope of better days wherever he went and carrying the majority of the Young Japan of which I am writing with him. Early in 1922 a resolution for curtailment of all military expenses was put through the Lower House of Parliament. Liberalism was becoming the order of the new day. Then came the terrible disaster of September first of 1923, the effect of which upon Japanese mentality needs some brief analysis.

The Earthquake and the Reactionaries

Immediately after the earthquake and fire the entire metropolitan area, with its many millions of stunned population, was thrown into unexampled confusion. The chaos about them was reflected in the sufferers' state of mind. This I knew and felt myself. In those dark days of commotion and distress people took the law into their own hands, vigilance committees were organized all over the devastated area, police powers and duties were assumed, and the martial spirit, which had been for years in comparative abeyance, became again most highly prized. When the false alarm of Korean uprisings was heard through the confusion, distressed and bewildered people everywhere welcomed—even worshiped—the sight of uniforms and flags. A friend of mine, who for many years had been a stanch believer in liberal movements, said to me that he had never felt so profoundly moved as when, through the dust and panic of September 3, he beheld a company of soldiers marching into the suburban district where he lived and where mobs of people, frightened by every kind of wild rumor, had come swarming by thousands from the country districts. Distracted for the safety of his wife and little children, the sight of those brown uniforms and shining bayonets meant for him safety, salvation. He said to me repeatedly, "It is all very well to talk in abstract terms when things are calm, *but we need an army—I tell you we need an army.*" And this was the same man who, only a few months before, had been agitating for the drastic curtailment of army expenses.

Liberalism received a marked setback from the earthquake and fire and the distress which followed. No wonder that reactionaries took advantage of these occurrences which deeply affected the thinking of Young Japan. Still more profoundly has the liberalism of Young Japan been affected by the reaction from the immigration legislation recently passed in the United States, which has correspondingly strengthened the position of the reactionaries in my country. It is too early now to make a forecast. But it must be frankly admitted that Young Japan, at the most critical period of its changing growth and just when it was gratefully and in a spirit of confident friendship turning towards American standards of life and thought, has received a serious blow. A cry goes up for a return to Oriental culture, a cry of disappointment. "The feet of the young men!" Whither shall they turn? We in Japan are in an acute age of transition imperfectly realized even by ourselves, and things are moving rather fast.



"THE MEDITERRANEAN ERA *died with the discovery of America; the Atlantic Era has reached the height of its developement; the Pacific Era, destined to be the greatest, is just at its dawn.*"

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Swiftly, on the Pacific Ocean, is growing the greatest commerce the world has ever seen.

Three-quarters of the earth's population are awakening to a recognition of new wants. They are demanding food, clothing, machinery. In exchange, they have billions in raw materials and manufactured articles to send us.

Already, Japan alone makes annual shipments to the United States amounting to over 300 millions of dollars and imports from us goods to the value of 360 millions.

Our trade with Japan has trebled in a decade.

With China it has quadrupled.

It has doubled with Australia and the Philippines.

For the year ending June 30, 1923, the trade record of the United States with various countries on the Pacific showed:

	Exports to U. S.	Imports from U. S.
China	$169,619,408	$96,851,718
Australia	54,727,517	96,310,785
Alaska	52,984,275	29,981,604
Philippines	74,757,909	44,054,419
Dutch East Indies	48,575,781	9,976,420

It has made beginnings with Siberia, richest in possibilities of all trans-Pacific lands.

And of our Pacific Coast commerce with the Orient, today more than two-thirds flows through the ports of the Pacific Northwest!

With the growth of this commerce the Pacific Northwest ports are growing—and will continue to grow with constantly increasing speed. For they themselves mark the path which the huge bulk of our trade with Asia must for all time follow. Here are the definite advantages that assure this fact!

The Pacific Northwest ports are nearer by several days' sailing to Japan, to China, to the Philippines, to Siberia, than the South Pacific ports.

They are nearer by rail to the Atlantic Seaboard.

They are endowed with harbor facilities unparalleled anywhere else in the United States.

They are the very door to Alaska, whose annual traffic with the United States comes to more than 80 million dollars.

Back of them lie the great states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming—the Pacific Northwest, one-sixth the total area of the country, containing half its standing timber, half its potential water power, producing one-sixth its wheat and half the commercial apple crop of the world, yielding metals, coal and oil at the rate of a million dollars a day, manufacturing products worth five million a day, and sharing with Alaska the world's greatest fishing industry, worth a hundred million a year.

The growth of the ports of Washington and Oregon is reflected in the development of the entire Pacific Northwest, where the population is increasing more than twice as fast as that of the United States as a whole.

"— the Pacific Era, destined to be the greatest, is just at its dawn." And the American Pacific Northwest, dominating the main highway of its tremendous commerce, already feels its influence.

To American industry *now*, the Pacific Northwest offers its greatest opportunity for expansion.

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R·R·
The Great Northern Ry·
The Northern Pacific Ry·

Burlington Route · Northern Pacific · Great Northern

The Book Table

The Glory That Was Rome

A Review by BRANDER MATTHEWS

THESE two stately and sumptuous tomes[1] are an honor to American scholarship and to American literature. They are to be classed with the ever-delightful studies of Gaston Boissier—and it is not possible to pay them a higher compliment. Like Boissier's series of volumes, they present the results of research with no parade of learning and with none of the apparatus of pedantry. Like Boissier's, they are written for readers whose Latin is only a younger brother's portion; and therefore all of the necessary and elucidating quotations are translated into the vernacular. Like Boissier's again, they are not encumbered with foot-notes, all needful references being relegated to the appendix. To say this is to say that the American author, while he has amply availed himself of the science of the Germans, has attained to the art of the French. He has given us a book which scholars must respect and which the rest of us can enjoy with confidence. My own enjoyment has been so unqualified that I feel the need of curbing my enthusiasm, lest I fall into that overt and excessive praise which would be doing the author a disservice. Perhaps I may allow myself to go so far as to express my opinion that Professor Showerman's book is one which ought not to be neglected by any of those who are interested in the most interesting of all the cities of the world, ancient and modern—the only city of the world which is as interesting in this twentieth century of ours as it was twenty-five centuries ago.

It is a splendid historical pageant that is here set before us, a triumphal march down the corridors of time. The author begins at the very beginning, before there was any Rome or could be. He describes the geologic upheavals which resulted in the Italy which we know to-day; and then he tells us about the dimly perceived races of prehistoric men who came one after another into Italy when at last it had emerged from the sea. He does this succinctly, with a clearness and a sanity quite Latin in their sharp brevity. He tells the story of the founding of Rome twice—once as the Romans themselves believed it to have been and a second time in accord with the beliefs of modern investigators who have attained by infinite labor to a knowledge of Roman origins far beyond the knowledge possible to Livy and Vergil. He shows how Rome fought with the neighboring cities and overcame them one after another and spread its rule first over all Italy and finally over all the shores of the Mediterranean and even over distant Britain. He makes us see how the Republic waxed, how it waned at last, and how the Empire rose on its ruins, giving to the harassed world two centuries of peace. He makes visible to us the lightness of the Roman rule and the grateful affection which bound all the inhabitants of the Empire to the city which was its heart.

And so he descends the stream of time, from the unknown past to the immediate present. What he has given us is not the annals of Rome, with all the events significant and insignificant in chronological order; it is not even a history of Rome, although it may have that appearance; rather is it a character-study of the city itself and of the men who made it, century after century. It is an evocation of the Roman spirit, of the abiding forces which were responsible for its greatness, which were modified from era to era, but which never completely lost their vitality, their vigor, and their controlling power. It is when he is dealing with this spirit, not faultless—and Professor Showerman no more extenuates than he sets down in malice, it is in dealing with this indomitable spirit that Professor Showerman achieves the stern eloquence which gives distinction to his pages. Here it is that he reveals himself as an inspired interpreter. He never indulges in mere rhetoric; he can be picturesque on occasion—picturesque without pretentious effort; and his manner has always the urbanity which is a truly Roman characteristic.

I have ever maintained that it is the bounden duty of a reviewer to support his opinion of a book by quoting typical passages from it—in other words, by letting the author speak for himself. Here, then, is Professor Showerman's

[1] Eternal Rome. The City and its People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Grant Showerman. Two volumes. Yale University Press, New Haven. $10.

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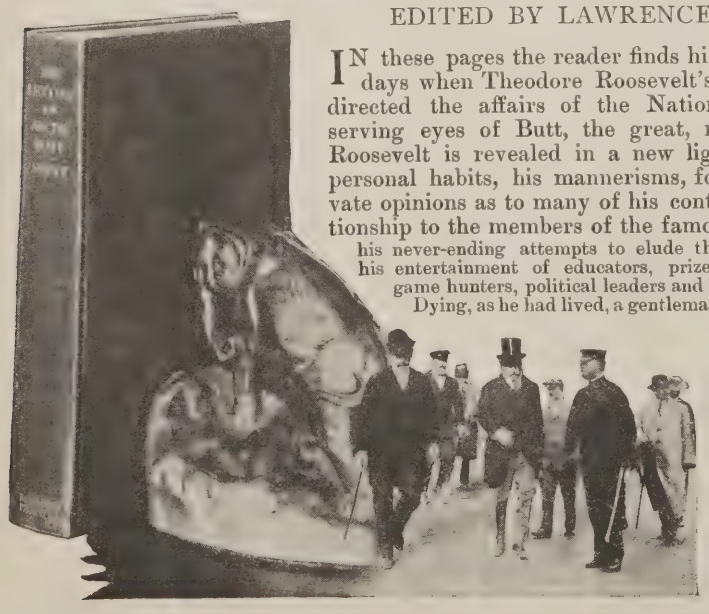
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Dying, as he had lived, a gentleman and a soldier, Major Butt was last seen on the ill-fated *Titanic*, with coat stripped off, standing beside the life boats, ready to strike down or shoot the first man who would attempt to dispute that established law of the sea—"Women and children first!" His letters are a real heritage to his country.

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statement of the process of Roman expansion:

> The growth of Roman power was grounded in nature. The Roman state was not a fortuitous or forced assemblage of heterogeneous parts, but an organism instinct with life. Its expansion was a process of living accretion and assimilation. Its protoplasm was the family. The family was added to the family, the clan to the clan, the community to the community, the people to the people, the nucleus gradually growing larger, more compact, and more vibrant with life, until the term of growth was reached in the latter days of the citizen-soldier, and the organism began to decay and fall apart, in turn to give life in a different form. There is a sense in which all that exists is only a product of nature, and whatever is, is right; but the process of Roman growth was peculiarly free from the mingling of artifice with nature. The arteries of Rome pulsed with the bounding blood of unspoiled youth. Her expansion was the irresistible push of healthy, growing things. The Romans of the later and more conscious age were nearer the truth than they were aware when they talked of the Will of the Gods and the Destiny of Rome. (pp. 59–60.)

That is one sample of Professor Showerman's restrained style, restrained but cogent. And here is another, explaining why it was that in time virtue went out of her and Rome began to reveal the weakness which at the end was to carry her down to destruction:

> The Rome of Cato's last years, the Rome that had conquered Carthage, Macedon, and Syria, the Rome of assured imperial sway, the Rome that was soon to pillage Corinth and plow the ground where the Punic city stood, was already turning from provincial ways to the ways of the world. Her noblest and strongest sons she had left on the battlefields of a hundred years of momentous wars. Her veins had been all but emptied of the old-time pure and vigorous Latin blood, and into the void was fast flowing the blood of the nameless, the alien, and the slave. She was to assimilate it and make it her own, and to go forward on her eternal way; but she had passed a moment in her eternity that was never to occur again. The day of the citizen-soldier was all but past. The character which through singleness of purpose and self-domination had raised her to a pinnacle of power and usefulness was fast becoming a memory. (p. 75.)

As I have been transcribing this paragraph, I found myself wondering whether or not it might contain a moral for us here in the United States separated from Rome by a thousand leagues and by two thousand years.

I have mentioned that Professor Showerman has eschewed foot-notes, massing his references to authorities in the appendix, where they fill a dozen pages. He has also supplied a useful (and indeed necessary) chronology, which fills nearly as many pages. The ample index has thirty double-columned pages. So it is that the machinery of these volumes is all that the most exacting reader can demand. We have also a dozen plans and maps; and twoscore illustrations, skillfully selected. In paper, type, page-form, and printing the book is excellent. I have said that Professor Showerman's work is an honor to American scholarship and to American literature; and I may add that the production of his book is an honor to the Yale University Press.

To this comprehensive praise of a book which I admire almost unreservedly I am compelled to add one cavil. Professor Showerman's style is level with his theme; his English is nervous and exact; he is a master of the necessary noun and of the inevitable adjective; but now and again he falls from grace. It grieved me greatly to find him guilty of retaining the Latin plural of nouns long solidly established in our hospitable tongue. He writes *fora, rostra, mausolea, gymnasia,* and *formulae;* and he knows —none better—that *forum, rostrum, mausoleum, gymnasium,* and *formula* are now right English and that therefore they are entitled to form the customary English plurals. This is a piece of petty pedantry entirely unworthy of an American scholar of Professor Showerman's distinction; and it almost tempted me to launch at his head "the awful curse of Rome!"

The New Books

FICTION

LITTLE FRENCH GIRL (THE). By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. $2.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick's latest novel, "The Little French Girl," displays the distinction, discrimination, skillful portraiture, and beautifully limned background her readers have learned to expect. The scope, fidelity, and finish of her art were never more in evidence; its charm perhaps never as much so. It is a book concerning which one feels impelled to sweep aside generalizations and talk intimately about the characters as of interesting people one has just met and of the places—especially Les Chardonnets, upon the breezy heights, its fluttering goldfinches above and sea-gulls drifting by below the cliff-edge—as if one had just come happily from a visit

there. Alix, the little French girl—is she not a dear and exquisite young creature, with her mingled childlikeness and wisdom, her hard French practicality, and her gentle French politeness, elegance, and grace? The mother, too, who commands her pathetic devotion; the gracious and lovely Madame Vervier, who has been divorced once, who has another forgotten husband somewhere in France, who has lovers and lays schemes, yet is neither mercenary nor debased, nor for a moment shaken in her serene self-respect—is it not a rare portrait which can make credible to the Anglo-Saxon reader a figure so alien to the possibilities of his race? Madame is wrong, and is fated to pay in the end for her mistake; but though she will regret, she will never repent; except as her daughter is affected, she could see no occasion to. These two are the triumphs of the book; but the fine young Englishman, Giles, and his intensely British family, and the little French group surrounding Madame Vervier are scarcely less excellent in their degree.

The contrast between French and English in everything, from landscape costume and cookery to the fundamental and essential things of the spirit, is throughout presented and elucidated with delightful clarity and discernment. Frequently passages occur of the kind which move one instinctively to look about for some one to read them aloud to—as, for instance, almost at hazard, this bit descriptive of Giles's sister Ruth:

"She was large and tall and brightly fair. She had little gaiety, but she gave an impression of massive cheerfulness; and it knocked you down if you impeded it, and strode almost gravely on its way."

Ruth was English; but most of us have met that kind of person. Few of us, with unlimited time and space at our disposal, could make as clear to anybody else as those two sentences what kind of person that kind of person was.

"The Little French Girl" is certainly one of the very best of recent novels; even more certainly, it is one of the most enjoyable.

SCIENCE

NEW DECALOGUE OF SCIENCE (THE). By Albert Edward Wiggam. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $3.

"Men have never been really righteous," says Mr. Wiggam, "because they did not know how. They could not obey God's will, because they had no way of finding out what it was. Science only can supply mankind with the true technology of the will of God. We are still in the stone age of ethics. The time has arrived for a new Decalogue, a new Ser-



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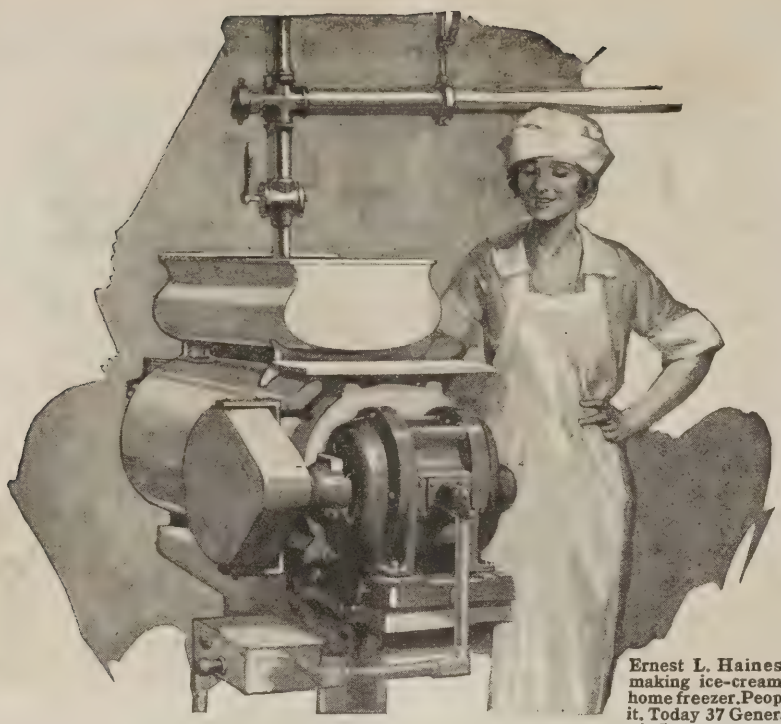
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mon on the Mount, a new Golden Rule. These new codes of conduct have none of the absolutism of the old. They are fluid as evolution, flexible as human nature. Yet the new dispensation is just as divine, as inspired, as the old. It is filled with warnings of wrath, both present and to come, for the biological ungodly, as well as with alluring promises for those who do his scientific will."

The new Decalogue in no sense subverts the old, but supplements it; it is a "crystallization of all the stupendous ethical meanings of modern science." "The righteous man is simply the man who acts intelligently. The best man is the man who submits his conduct to the most rigid tests of critical analysis and objective experiment." The new world is "a world of dangerous but glorious moral liberty where the sole test of righteousness is the practical results of action, and where the categorical inspiration, with its ready-made *a priori* moral judgments, has given place to the vastly sterner but more effective requirements of inductive logic."

What, then, in the author's view, is truth? For to this question every one who offers himself as a philosophic guide must furnish an answer. Truth, he asserts, is "a way of apprehending and comprehending the universe, intelligent administering of experience; an affair primarily of doing."

The author, you see, is, like most philosophers of to-day, a pragmatist of sorts. But he does not, like so many pragmatists, leave his reader, stripped of the warm habiliments of faith, naked and hopeless in "the cosmic chill." He clothes him anew in sufficient but easy garments of hope, descants thrillingly of the cosmic adventures ahead, and bids him fare forth briskly and blithely, fearing nothing; welcoming as angels those bugaboos of his past life, new ideas.

There is little novelty in Mr. Wiggam's matter, though he occasionally seems to think so. The novelty is in the manner. The greater part of the matter is arranged somewhat artificially under ten "commandments" or "duties." First, the statement of the duty; then a discussion thereof. The duties are as follows: Of Eugenics; of Scientific Research; of the Socialization of Science; of Measuring Men; of Humanizing Industry; of Preferential Reproduction; of Trusting Intelligence; of Art; of Internationalism; of Philosophical Reconstruction. The most important are the Duty of Eugenics and the Duty of Preferential Reproduction. Indeed, so much stress is laid on eugenics that the book might not improperly be called a Treatise of Eugenics. Given the rule of eugenics on earth, and we "should worry."

The book is written with the highest gusto. The author has a fire in his belly. He is exceedingly careless of his style; so much so that on a first hasty inspection of random passages one might suspect him to be scarcely literate. The punctuation is unbelievably bad. The observations on literature provoke the thought that Mr. Wiggam has applied his powerful mind to an intensive study of the blurb. Yet Mr. Wiggam has a style, a very notable one. He rises at times to a certain majesty. "Science," says he, "has thrown us into planetary days, and we face it with a provincial politics and a town meeting morals" (*et seq.*, page 274). He is a humorist, a wit, a vivid phrase-maker, a superb paradoxer. What a good one that is on the Great Commoner, where he plausibly makes Moses out to be the first great evolutionist!

BIOGRAPHY

AMERICAN MIND IN ACTION (THE). By Harvey O'Higgins and Edward H. Reede M.D. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Mark Twain, Emerson, Lincoln, and others subjected to an American adaptation of the Freudian analysis. The author has made the discovery that

Mark Twain failed as an artist, and the book will appeal to readers who enjoy criticism and philosophy of this order.

FREDERICK ANDREWS OF ACKWORTH. By Isaac Henry Wallis. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $3.

The life of the head master of the English Quaker School at Ackworth.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

FRENCH RIVIERA (THE). By Pierre Devoluy and Pierre Borel. With a Preface by Arnold Bennett. The Medici Society Limited, Boston. $2.50.

This is another charming addition to the attractive set of "picture guides" issued by the Medici Society. As the collective title of the series indicates, much of the interest and value of its several volumes are derived from their splendid illustrations, by which readers are enabled to get a better idea of the beauties of the Mediterranean countries than any number of words could convey. The texts, however, are far from negligible, being in each case prepared by writers particularly devoted to and familiar with the districts covered.

PORTSMOUTH ROAD (THE). By Charles G. Harper. Published by Edwin Valentine Mitchell, Hartford, Conn. $2.25.

An interesting and well-illustrated book about one of the great highways of England. First published in 1895, and well worth this reprinting. Full of anecdotes and legends.

SOUTH INDIAN HOURS. By Oswald J. Couldrey. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

In these days of nationalistic intolerance it is refreshing to come across this charming and sympathetic record of the manners and customs and daily doings of another race. Written by a British member of the Indian Educational Service (who, by the by, is also a poet and a painter), the book takes us straight into the heart of that Land of the Lotus which still is so redolent of ancient romance, in spite of the author's complaint that the flood of Western innovation has changed all but two things. Only religion and agriculture remain what they used to be, he says.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND SOME CURRENT ILLUSIONS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By John Bassett Moore. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

"The immediate object of the publication of the present volume," says the distinguished author, whom in his capacity of Judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice our country regards with pride as its unofficial representative, "is to contribute something towards the restoration of that sanity of thinking and legal and historical perspective which the recent so-called World War has so seriously disturbed."

It is a valuable and much-needed contribution. The essays all deal with one



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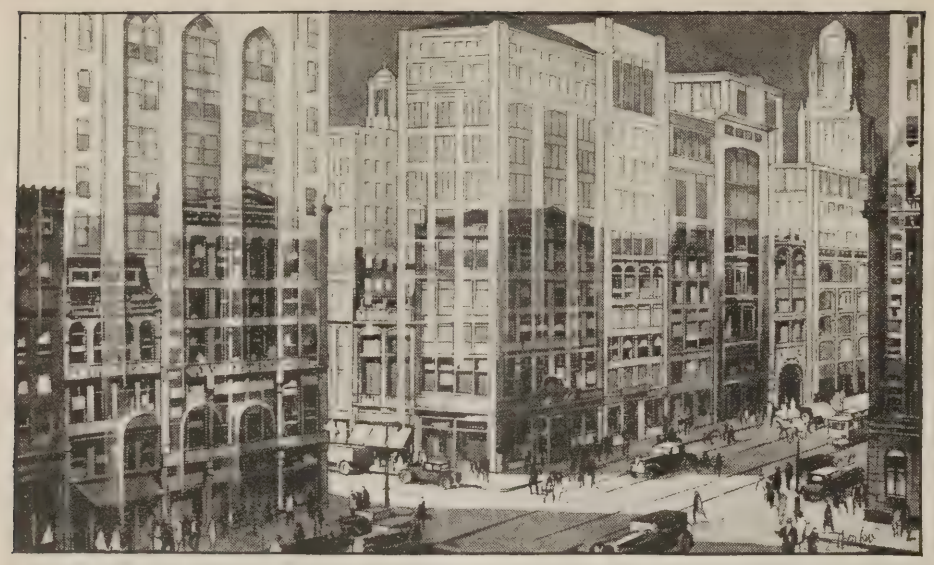
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or another aspect of law (chiefly international law) or arbitration. Of especial importance are the essay entitled "The Permanent Court of International Justice" (which includes the full text of the Statute of the Court) and that entitled "Aircraft and Radio," an account of the proceedings of the recent international conference, composed of a Commission of Jurists (whereof Mr. Moore was President) and their Military and Naval Advisers, for formulating a code of rules for regulation of the use of aircraft and of radio in time of war. The General Report of the conference is printed with the essay.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

NATURE OF LOVE (THE). By Emmanuel Berl. Translated by Fred Rothwell. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

This is a translation—apparently from the French, but the title-page is reticent about it—of a philosophical consideration of love. The author's name is more Teutonic than Gallic, but his manner of writing is so lacking in heaviness, his scholarship is so pleasantly unlike that of the Germans, that it seems safe to assume that he is a Frenchman. He considers love from the view-point of the idealist, the realist, the biologist, and the sociologist.

TALKS TO YOUNG PEOPLE ON ETHICS. By Clarence Hall Wilson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 80c.

A discussion of right and wrong conduct, written without priggishness.

MISCELLANEOUS

ROSES FOR ALL AMERICAN CLIMATES. By George C. Thomas, Jr. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

An extremely useful rose book, which should save many rose lovers from the disappointment so often incurred through ignorantly attempting the impossible or needlessly difficult in their choice of varieties. Mr. Thomas divides the country into climatic zones, and appends to his description of every rose the zone or zones in which it will flourish. These descriptions are unusually full and clear, and the drawbacks as well as the good qualities of each variety are faithfully set forth. There are well-arranged chapters on each of the great rose groups, with long and careful lists of varieties under each; there are also directions for planting and care, and there are helpful illustrations, including some admirable ones in color. A most valuable guide for any one planning an extensive planting of roses; and even the owner of a modest plot might well profit by a study of its pages before selecting the precious few which, all the more because they are few, should be those most fitted to bring him an abundant crop of beauty.

Books Received

FICTION

DIVINE LADY (THE). By E. Barrington. Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc., New York. $2.50.

RED CAPS AND LILIES. By Katharine Adams. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

SHADOWS THAT PASS. By Otto Rung. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.75.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

IS GOD LIMITED? By Bishop Francis J. McConnell. The Abingdon Press, New York. $2.

NATURE OF GOD (THE) AND HIS PURPOSE. Conference on Christian Politics, Economics, and Citizenship Commission Report at Birmingham, April 5–12, 1924. Vol. I, 3 shillings. Vol. II—Education, 3 shillings. Vol. III—The Home, 3 shillings. Vol. IV—The Relation of the Sexes, 3 shillings. Vol. V—Leisure, 2 shillings. Vol. VI—The Treatment of Crime, 2 shillings. Vol. VII—International Relations, 2 shillings. Vol. VIII—Christianity and War, 2 shillings. Vol. IX—Industry and Property, 3 shillings. Vol. X—Politics and Citizenship, 2 shillings. Vol. XI, Vol. XII—Historical Illustrations of the Social Effects of Christianity, 2 shillings each. Longmans, Green & Co., London.

EDUCATIONAL

RURAL SCHOOL MANAGEMENT. By Harry L. Eells. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.80.

FRANCE. By Mme. et G. H. Camerlynck. Allyn & Bacon, New York. $1.25.

OUR FAITH IN EDUCATION. By Henry Suzzallo, Ph.D. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.25.

FARMING FEVER (THE). By Wheeler McMillan. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Financial Department

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

How to Buy a Bond

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

"IN a free country like ours, whose constitution and laws protect human and property rights to the utmost, it is easier for the thrifty individual to find sound investments than in almost any other country or in almost any other historical era in the world. There are available to the investor to-day an abundance of sound securities, a wealth of information concerning them, and a multiplicity of agencies handling them never before equaled. The way is thus open to any intelligent American, with the backbone to save a portion of his income, to accumulate a competence with a minimum of risk and trouble. With millions of thrifty Americans making such accumulations, the continued growth of the material

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prosperity of all Americans is assured." This quotation is from a little book, "Buying a Bond," published recently by "Barron's." The quotation is apt at this season of political discussion because it states, succinctly and truthfully, something of the interrelationship between government, freedom of the individual, opportunity, and our financial structure. The quotation, moreover, is typical of this excellent book.

We have had a good deal to say in this department about bonds. Bonds are staple investments. There are bonds and bonds; good bonds, bad bonds, risky bonds, bargain bonds, speculative bonds —as many varieties of bond, in short, as there are of industries and loans. There is an entire fascinating science of investing in bonds. Most of us, of course, have neither the time nor the money to play with this science, but if we are seeking plain, elementary facts and ripe judgment about the essentials of bond buying, we can find it in this volume.

In a book on bonds one would naturally expect to learn something detrimental to stocks, for there are still people who divide from their fellows on the ancient issue of stocks vs. bonds as investments. I find this brief résumé of an important study made under the auspices of the Harvard Business School:

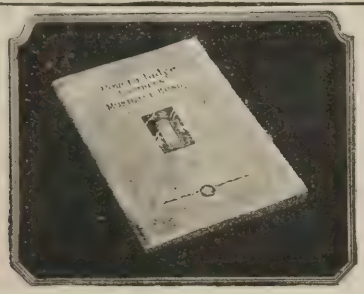
"Every issue of industrial preferred stock between $100,000 and $25,000,000 in amount offered to the public between June 1, 1915, and June 1, 1920, was investigated as to its market value on January 1, 1923. A total of 607 issues was covered by the investigation. No quotation of value was ascertainable in the case of seventy. Another 114 issues were quoted at less than 25 per cent of par, 169 between 26 and 90, while only 200 were worth more than 91, and 54 issues had been retired. Average value of the 537 issues for which any value could be found was 70½, compared with an average offering price of 99½. The total volume of these 537 issues was $1,097,361,000, so that the shrinkage of 29 per cent in an average period of four and a half years amounted to $318,000,000. This truly dismal showing is sufficient commentary on the advisability of purchasing industrial preferred stocks other than thoroughly seasoned issues."

In mitigation of these statistics it should be noted that the period in question, that is, from the middle of 1915 to the middle of 1920, covered the rise and fall of the Great War, with the abnormal and often wildly unsound financing that accompanied it in some quarters. But the warning in the main is much to the point. Too often is the unwary investor misled by the term "pre-

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During the past year the Financial Editor of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. A nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service.

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ferred," indicating to the hasty mind something which is to be preferred to everything else. Preferred stock is simply stock in a preferred position—that is to say, in a better position than common as to earnings and upset value. It is no better than the business, and the first question of the investor in preferred should be as to the nature, management, financial policy, sales record, possible future, and so on, of the business itself.

"As a class," the head of a great trust company says, "we do not regard preferred stocks with particular favor. It would be misleading to make a general statement on this point. Such an issue as Eastman Kodak preferred ranks above many good bonds. In general, however, it is to be remembered that preferred stock partakes more of the nature of a debt than a share in the equity, since the return to the holder is strictly limited, while it does not have the safeguards thrown around good bonds."

Eleven Pertinent Points

Eleven tests for judging light and power bonds are suggested in a recent study of this field of investment issued by Bonbright & Co. We pass them on as follows:

1. Interest charges should be earned twice (before depreciation).
2. Bonded debt should not exceed eighty per cent of property value.
3. Bonded debt should not exceed five times gross earnings.
4. Property should be adequately maintained with combined maintenance and depreciation not less than twelve per cent of gross.
5. Company's right to operate property should extend beyond life of bonds or be indeterminate.
6. Company should be free from competition.
7. Company should have satisfactory public relations and competent management.
8. Company should preferably have customer ownership of preferred stock.
9. The territory served should be prosperous and growing both in population and industry.
10. Earnings should show an increase in gross and net for a period of years.
11. The company's main vehicle of financing should be a modern mortgage, with the issuance of additional bonds restricted to eighty per cent of the cost of additions to property and allowable only when interest charges are earned twice.

Leading Questions

"What do you think of first mortgage bonds on real estate?" is a frequent ques-



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tion of subscribers. Our answer usually takes the form of questions to the prospective purchaser: Is the company putting them out responsible, and has it a good record? What percentage of the value of the mortgaged property is covered by the loan? If the bond is on a specific piece of property, what is likely to happen to that property during the life of the bond? Can you afford to put your money into a security which is not as readily marketable as something listed on the exchanges?

In regard to the point of salability of first mortgage real estate bonds, it should be said that most of the best corporations dealing in this class of security "make a market" when the owner is forced, for good and sufficient reason, to cash in. Few guarantee a ready market, however, and for this reason the buyer should always be certain that the funds thus invested will not have to serve as emergency funds.

Safe as a City

In answer to some arguments directed against real estate bonds, one large house makes these points: Are public utilities or industrials in any better position? Will a utility or industrial built out of the same brick and mortar at the same labor cost fail to decline in value while buildings smash? If commodity prices, taxes, freight rates, coal, and all of these things drop in price, are industrial earnings and utility rates immune? Most assuredly not. If the readjustment comes, it will hit utility bonds, industrial bonds, just the same in both physical security and earnings.

"Real estate bonds are as sound and as safe as our great American cities. True, there may be a surplus of apartments or office buildings at certain periods. Then the law of supply and demand takes hold and construction stops until the slack is taken up, and no one is hurt."

Name, Please!

It will be of great assistance to this Department if inquirers will be sure to give the exact name of the security about which they desire information. We recently were asked for facts about the stock of the Arkansas Power Corporation. There is an Arkansas Central Power Company and an Arkansas Light and Power Company, separate organizations with quite different histories and prospects. In asking about bonds please always give the exact title of the bond, plus the date of maturity and the rate of interest. We received a letter not long ago which required considerable correspondence solely because such data were not supplied in the first instance.

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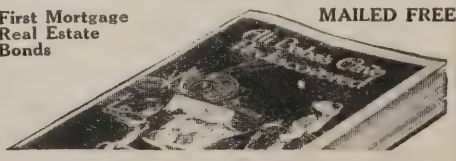
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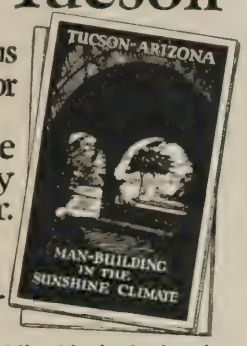
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CHILDREN'S nurse or nursery governess, for the three youngest in family of five children. Suburbs, desirable location. State salary or experience. P.O. Box 822, Reading, Pa.

WANTED—Young woman able to drive car and assist in care of boys 4½ and 7 years old. Attractive country home. 5,421, Outlook.

MOTHER'S helper wanted for two small children near Wilmington, Del. State experience, salary expected, references. Address Mrs. N. T. Booth, New Castle, Del.

Teachers and Governesses

NURSERY governess for three children, ages 8, 6, and 3. Refined home; good wages. Must be experienced; best references required. Telephone Yonkers 3810. Mrs. H. B. Johnson, 635 Palisade Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

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CHURCH, community, or institution position, religious or humanitarian work, by successful minister. Business and professional training, executive ability. 5,423, Outlook.

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POSITION wanted October first by colored man of character and ability. Excellent references. Would take entire charge of dining room and pantry in small club, exclusive private school or inn catering to refined clientele. Can be interviewed in New York. Any reasonable remuneration commensurate with proven ability accepted. 5,353, Outlook.

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COMPETENT, experienced Vermont woman, middle-aged, would like position as companion for lady going to California or South for winter. References exchanged. 5,411, Outlook.

ENGLISH gentlewoman desires position as assistant superintendent in institution, lady housekeeper, companion, or any position of trust. Highest references. 5,412, Outlook.

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POSITION as traveling companion to lady going South. Address E. H. B., Box 188, Falmouth, Mass.

FORMER housemother in girls' school wishes position as housemother-chaperon or companion, or an assistant to clergyman in his parish work, or an executive position of some kind. 5,432, Outlook.

RESPONSIBLE position wanted by capable, middle-aged woman. Club, community-house, or private. Refinement essential. References exchanged. 5,434, Outlook.

GAMEKEEPER seeks position, life experience. Best references, Europe and America. Apply 5,439, Outlook.

REFINED and well educated young lady desires position as companion. Excellent references. 5,437, Outlook.

WANTED by married man position as poultryman or gamekeeper. Best references. Apply 5,436, Outlook.

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LADY used to arranging flowers in tea-room, also teaches motor mental rhythmics for children and adults, wishes position near N. Y. C. Prefer country. References. 5,378, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as governess; experienced teacher, Scotch lady, traveled, speaking knowledge of French. Excellent references. 5,405, Outlook.

AMERICAN woman, experienced, desires position in school or institution for deaf or normal boys. Supervisor, matron. Can manage sewing-room. 5,414, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher desires position by the hour. Pupils from six to fourteen. Class or individually. Highest references. 5,427, Outlook.

GOVERNESS-housekeeper, entire charge children, home. Experienced. Excellent references. L. Mackenzie, Brookside Drive, Greenwich, Conn.

GOVERNESS, mother's assistant. Educated, experienced woman. 5,438, Outlook.

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By the Way

In a symposium by the New York "Evening World" on the question "What would you do if you had only a year to live?" one answer includes "a month of military training." The writer's programme (condensed) for his twelve months of life is as follows:

January—Hard work in a factory.
February—Theaters, music, dancing.
March—Sightseeing trip to Europe.
April—Reading the best literature.
May—Work in garden.
June—Motor trip across continent.
July—University summer course.
August—Citizens' training camp.
September—Fishing and other sports.
October—Campaigning for better government.
November—Distribution of estate.
December—Rest, meditation, prayer.

Every one knows what B.C. 47 means. But does every one know how to express the same thing in French and German in abbreviated form?

From "Punch:"

Counsel—"Now, sir, perhaps you will give me a straightforward answer to the simple question whether the plaintiff was trying to pass between the motor bus and the taxi or between the taxi and the lorry, and whether, if and when you saw him, he was near either or any two and which of them respectively."

Under the head "Not Knocking Nobody" the "Journal" of the American Medical Association reprints this news item from the Ojibwa (Wisconsin) "Courier:"

Erick Erickson returned to his farm. He has been to Mayo Brothers' hospital at Rochester, Minnesota. He also had the bad luck to get in a fierce cyclone at St. Peter, Minnesota.

A ship news reporter says in the "American Magazine" that "a man who all of his life has lived a commonplace routine is likely to talk enthusiastically when he completes an ocean voyage. Our best bets for news are politicians, actors, business men, social leaders, writers, and lawyers. Politicians are the easiest of all people to interview. Diplomats don't say much, because they cannot speak as individuals." Sometimes the reporters play tricks on the men who refuse to talk. A nobleman who had turned the reporters down cold on his arrival here was out of his stateroom when the reporters went to see him again on his leaving for home.

"On his table were flowers without any card. The joking reporter wrote on a card 'From the Ship News Reporters' and pinned it to the bouquet. Later he came back to America, and when we boarded his ship he came to us and was all smiles. 'I want to thank you for your extraordinary courtesy,' he said. 'The flowers were beautiful, and it was such a gracious, such a hospitable and truly American thing for you to give them to me.' Then he talked quite freely, and we got a nice little story for our papers."

From "Life:"

The radio is hardest on those that have to listen to those that listen to it.

A new disease: A correspondent sends "By the Way" this extract from a Y. M. C. A. report coming from Valparaiso, Chile: "The Association building's alive with *activitis*, from early morning until late at night."

From the "Kansas City Star:"

The most badly fooled person is not the woman who thought her hair wouldn't be any more trouble after it was bobbed. The real joke is on the husband who thought there wouldn't be any more expense.

The compliment paid by Leslie Stephen, when a boy, to his mother is well known. The father was what in America would be called a "grouch." When he had vetoed some family excursion the mother exclaimed, "Did you ever know your father to do anything just because it was pleasant?" "Yes, mother, once—when he married you!" This pretty speech is matched by one in Cornelia Stratton Parker's new book, "Ports and Happy Places." Mrs. Parker had taken her nine-year-old son on a pilgrimage to see his birthplace. He was surprised to find how attractive the house was. He gazed at it long and earnestly, then turned to his mother and said, "I can't tell you how much I thank you and Dad for letting me be born in such a nice place."

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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

OCTOBER 1, 1924

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Especially interesting are the two new Chippendale designs, shown first and fourth at the right, which reflect the latest vogue in the most expensive floor-coverings. The small all-over floral motifs, illustrated third and sixth, come in soft tones that make them admirably suited for quiet, inviting guest rooms. An antique Oriental rug now exhibited in the British Museum inspired the second and fifth designs.

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Contributors' Gallery

GEORGE WITTEN has spent a year in the investigation of fraudulent and worthless stock promotions in the United States. In doing this work he kept in close touch with the State and Federal authorities, brought about a number of arrests, and caused a great many promotions to be discontinued. Mr. Witten began his work by answering every suspicious stock-selling advertisement he could find, always using a fictitious name.

"COMMERCE VS. CITIZENSHIP," by Charles K. Taylor, is one of twenty lessons on civics taught by the Socratic method, which will soon appear in book form. Three or four of these chapters have already been published in The Outlook, and it is partly in response to the many letters from Outlook readers that Mr. Taylor has decided to put his writings into more lasting form.

CAROLINE DAWES APPLETON is the wife of Captain Appleton, of the United States Army. In the past three years, during which she lived in Porto Rico, Mrs. Appleton made the people of the island and their problems the subject of careful study and research.

IN this number of The Outlook we have two members of the same family contributing: Gregory Mason, former staff

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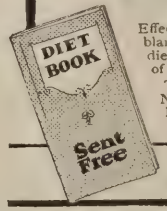
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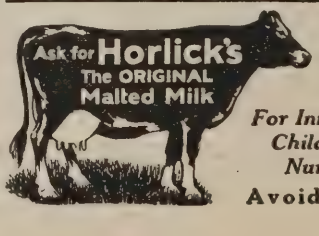


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Avoid Imitations

correspondent of The Outlook and the author of "The Amphibious Hobo," in this week's Book Table, is the nephew of Daniel Gregory Mason, whose series of articles on the understanding and appreciation of music are appearing in current issues.

The Mail Bag

Low Water in the Lakes—the Real Explanation

THE article by Captain Buie which appeared in your issue of July 16, entitled "Draining the Great Lakes," contains much of interest, but unfortunately gives a wrong impression of the causes of present low water and consequent loss to the public resulting from the restricted draft now permissible for navigation on the Great Lakes.

The emphasis which Captain Buie lays on the importance of Lake shipping is timely, but I fail to see how he can come to the conclusion that "We have reached that point where it is impossible to dig channels deeper fast enough to keep ahead of the fall of lake levels; the more they dig, the shallower the channels become."

Governmental investigation shows that the dredging in the St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair, and Detroit River has not affected the waterway to the extent he has described. There are many reasons for the lowering of the water in Lakes Michigan and Huron, some of which may be found in lesser precipitation, higher evaporation, less ice obstruction, and the use of water by the Chicago Drainage Canal. The digging of deeper channels has unquestionably had some effect on water levels, but it is by no means the major, nor even an important, cause of the depletion of the Lakes. One reason for this is the fact that the material dredged has been deposited in other places in the rivers, where it has a retarding effect.

It is regrettable that so good a presentation of the problems of the Great Lakes should be marred by what seem to me vital inaccuracies in facts and conclusions. I fear that the impression left with the reader will be that further deepening of the Lake channels is useless, which is by no means the case. If such an impression became general it would work serious harm to the public interest, since the economic return from the securing of deeper channels is definite, and the need of such improvement is emphasized by the present low water.

L. C. SABIN.

Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.



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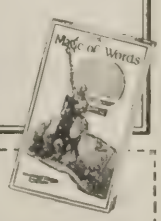
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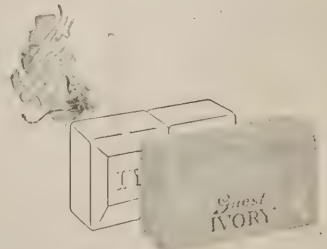
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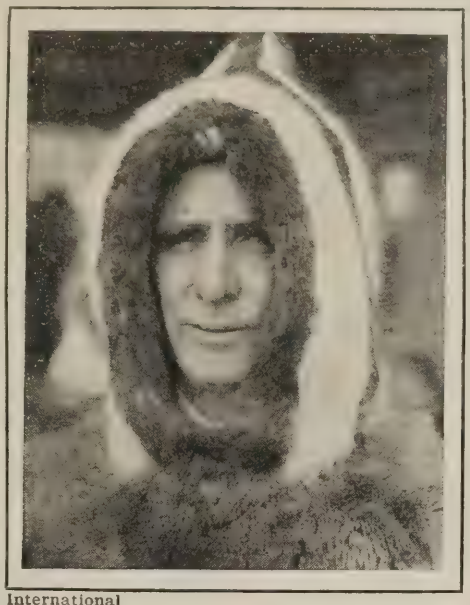
Volume 138 October 1, 1924 Number 5

Back From the Arctic

CAPTAIN Donald B. MacMillan made the round trip from Wiscasset to Wiscasset in fifteen months. It was his eighth polar voyage and the fourth voyage of his eighty-eight-foot auxiliary schooner Bowdoin. Already he and his crew are talking about starting again next June.

As an explorer MacMillan emphatically makes the best of things; he plans well, endures bravely, lives amicably with the Eskimos, always brings back scientific knowledge worth having.

This time his budget of polar information is especially interesting; he confirms previous reports that the glaciers are pushing southward and that some are now reaching the seas that never within our knowledge did so before and are adding to the number of icebergs off the Newfoundland coast; he found positive proof that the coast of North Greenland is gradually sinking; he took a dog-sled trip of a thousand miles to Ellesmere Land; he found coal in that country; he made extended observations of the earth's magnetism, six hundred miles north of the magnetic pole; he found some singular conditions as to radio—he could hear distant Pacific stations better than he could nearer Eastern stations; he received 100,000 words of press news alone over the radio; he amazed the natives with "movies," some showing things that happened to them in 1917; he collected valuable material in the fields of ethnology, geology, and geography.



International

Donald B. MacMillan

Particularly notable are Captain MacMillan's remarks about the Eskimos. He believes they are on the up-grade despite the fact that tuberculosis has appeared among them. They need only moderate supplies of things not obtainable in the Arctic—ammunition and wood, for instance. MacMillan commends the policy of Denmark in letting the Eskimos follow their own bent as to tribal matters, domestic customs, and maintaining their own slender stock of superstitions, while protecting them from debasing influences —"I noted general prosperity and happiness among them," he says.

It is quite clear that the veteran explorer has abundant material for a good and entertaining book as a result of this prosperous voyage.

For Clean Speech

THE Holy Name Society, an organization of Roman Catholic men the primary purpose of which is cleanliness of speech, recently held in Washington, D. C., what might be called its six hundred and fiftieth annual convention. For, while the Holy Name Society as an organization in America goes back hardly more than fifty years, the Society really



(C) Keystone

Captain MacMillan returning in the Bowdoin to Wiscasset, Maine, after his expedition to the Polar regions

was founded by Pope Gregory X in 1274. He issued a commission to John of Vercelli, then ruling Master-General of the Dominican Friars, which serves to show that the language of the thirteenth century, at least the papal language, did not greatly differ from that of apostolic times. Thus runs the salutation:

> Gregory Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our beloved son, master of the order of preachers, health and apostolic benediction.

The letter goes on to confer authority upon John of Vercelli to promote reverence for the Holy Name, particularly to eradicate so far as possible blasphemy and the use of profane language in general. John addressed an encyclical letter on the subject to all of the superiors of his order. Soon the organization spread over Europe, and so has come down to the present time.

It is estimated that 100,000 delegates attended the recent convention in Washington. The Society has 2,000,000 members in the United States. It is practically unique among organizations in that its members are not elected, but come in on their own declaration of desire to be members.

The purposes of the organization go, of course, beyond the primary purpose of clean speech, but that alone is vastly worth while. It is good to know that in the United States there are two million men pledged against the use of profane language, that most useless of all vices.

Indications are that profanity is on the decrease in the United States. Time was in this country when swearing was looked upon, in some quarters, as a sort of manly attribute. That day is, happily, past. Doubtless the Society of the Holy Name men, never preaching reform but personally refraining from profane and obscene speech, has exerted a powerful influence in bringing about this beginning of a gratifying change.

The meeting of this society of men with a great purpose furnished an ideal opportunity for President Coolidge to say that there is no place in the Government of this country for religious proscription, that there is no room for questioning or quibbling with the principle that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for public office in this country. "This," said the President, "is the essence of freedom." He found a better way, it will seem to many, of dealing with the question of proscriptive societies than the way of "denouncing by name" a particular society.

A Dawes Committee for the Farmers

THE farmer has been ardently wooed by both the elephant and the donkey during these mid weeks of the Presidential campaign. It is doubtful if ever before in the history of American politics so determined a drive has been made by two great parties to "sell" their policies to a single class of voters. The effect of the efforts is not immediately perceptible in a large or definite way, though it is apparent that both appeals have made an impression.

Farmers' organizations do not, of course, express an organic opinion on campaign developments. Washington specialists in farm organization work are saying, however, that John W. Davis, after floundering badly during the early part of the campaign, "got right" in his Omaha speech. The programme he enunciated in that address does not go far beyond the declarations of the Democratic platform, but it evidently is in more digestible shape for farmer consumption.

The Republican appeal to the farmer vote has been made in the main by General Dawes, who still believes in finding out the facts before deciding what to do, in diagnosis before medication. His Sioux Falls speech practically pledged the Republican Party to make some such investigation of the farmers' troubles as the Dawes Commission made of the European problems, and then to act in some such definite way when the facts are found.

While farm leaders believe, of course, that they already know what is wrong with agriculture and what is needed to effect a cure, or at least an improvement, they are not averse to having the facts investigated so that Government officials and the public generally may know what needs doing and what is to be done. Their insistence will be, however, for prompt action, and this is perhaps to some extent assured by President Coolidge's announcement that the committee advocated by General Dawes will be appointed at once and will proceed with its work even while the campaign is in full swing.

Means Again

THE pernicious nature of "government by investigation," so sensationally begun in Washington last winter, has been made strikingly apparent by the latest Gaston B. Means incident. This man, who was perhaps the most important witness in the investigation of Attorney-General Daugherty, gave a statement to the former Attorney-General admitting that he had lied and stating as a fact within his knowledge that many of the other witnesses had lied. He further said that the fabric of falsehood was woven with the assistance of Senator Wheeler, "prosecutor" of the Daugherty committee and now candidate for Vice-President.

Mr. Daugherty made this statement public by calling it to the attention of John W. Davis, Democratic candidate for the Presidency, but by the time it was published Means had made another statement in which he appeared to say that the statement given to Daugherty was not true, and in which he did say that he was induced to make the first statement by promises of aid from Daugherty in his effort to escape punishment for criminal offenses of which he is convicted.

It is beyond human power to discern which, if either of them, is true. But that does not matter much. The two statements prove, if proof were needed, that Gaston B. Means is not a reliable witness, and that therefore some of the so-called evidence introduced in the Daugherty investigation was not evidence at all. Senator Wheeler may not be guilty of having deliberately arranged for false testimony, as Means says he is, but the fact that he used and relied upon such witnesses as Means certainly does Senator Wheeler no credit. There is, clearly, no credit to be got out of association with men of the Means stamp. Mr. Daugherty, however, as well as Senator Wheeler, is besmirched by association with Means. It will be remembered that Means was a Secret Service investigator in the Department of Justice during a part of Mr. Daugherty's incumbency of the office of Attorney-General and undoubtedly did confidential work for him.

What the Means incident proves is, not that Daugherty was falsely accused, but that the methods of investigation were wholly wrong. Indeed, they were so wrong as to constitute a menace to the Government. This miserable mix-up of statements by Means will serve a good purpose—the only good purpose, perhaps, that the man could serve—if it calls forcibly to the attention of the people the danger of investigations such as the one conducted by Senator Wheeler.

Mr. Daugherty sent the original Means statement to Mr. Davis with the

Progression hath miscarried

(Love's Labor's Lost, Act IV, Scene 2)

Berryman in the Washington Evening Star



From W. C. Barnes, Washington, D. C.

James in the St. Louis Star



Bitter-sweet

Sykes in the Worcester (Mass.) Daily Telegram



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Out of his reach

From Janet Eastman, Dodge, Massachusetts.

Pease in the Newark Evening News



Borrowed for effect

From E. Rowland Munroe, Newark, New Jersey

demand that the Democratic candidate refrain in future speeches from asserting misconduct of the office of Attorney-General. Mr. Davis has not had time, as this is written, to reply, but it is announced that he is giving careful consideration to the development and will reply as promptly as possible. Senator Wheeler replied, apparently without taking time for careful consideration. He belittled the significance of the incident, said that Means had always tried to shield the former Attorney-General personally, and that Means's statement that he had lied was not surprising. He said further that Means had recently urged him to reopen the investigation, promising further sensational disclosures. On the whole, Senator Wheeler's treatment of the incident simply tends to discredit still further his own witness.

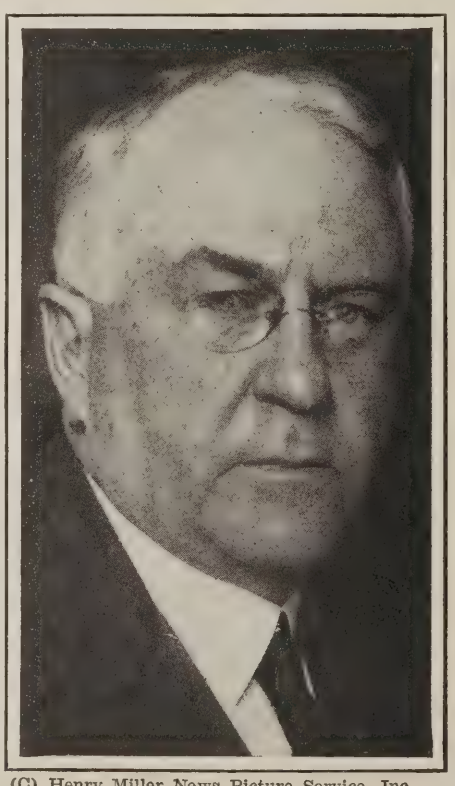
And Now Couzens

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the airing of the Means mess another investigation began in Washington. A committee, of which Senator Couzens, of Michigan, is now chairman, is undertaking to find out what goes on in the Prohibition Enforcement Unit and the Internal Revenue Bureau of the Treasury. The machinery for making the investigation was set up last winter while the Daugherty and the oil investigations were in progress, but was not actually put in motion for several reasons. Senator Couzens undertook to employ Francis J. Heney as committee "prosecutor" and to pay him out of his own pocket. This proposal found strenuous opponents, including President Coolidge, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, and some of Senator Couzens's associates on the committee. While the proposal was still under discussion Senator Couzens became ill. The hearing was postponed, and the general belief was that it would be abandoned. After Congress adjourned, however, a determination was reached by a majority of the members of the committee to proceed with the investigation. Senator Watson, of Indiana, strenuously objected and, when his protest did not avail, resigned the chairmanship of the committee. Senator Couzens was then elected chairman.

Undoubtedly the committee can render real service if it conducts the investigation in the proper manner. It is admitted, even by those in charge of the work, that prohibition enforcement is not as effective as it should be. There are defects in the system of income-tax collection which everybody would like to see cured. If the Couzens committee carries out the purpose for which Congressional investigations are really intended and discovers facts on which can be based legislation for better administration of the two units, it will render a genuine public service.

If, on the other hand, the committee pursues the sensational and unsound methods of the Wheeler and Walsh committees and seeks to uncover scandal instead of constructive facts, it can do nothing but harm. The temptation to this latter course may be extreme, inasmuch as the work is to be done in the closing days of a National campaign which, it may be supposed, will be affected by the investigation. Very likely any political effect will be different from the effect that members of the committee may expect.

Senator Couzens was recently nominated by the Republicans of Michigan for a second term in the Senate. His record is not one of friendliness to the National Republican Administration. He may, if he thinks superficially, take his indorsement as a commission from the Republicans of Michigan to attempt discrediting the Republican Administration in Washington. If Senator Couzens thinks to the root of things, however, he will realize that partisanship and factionalism have no part in the investigation of governmental activities, and that his sole duty as chairman of the committee is to find facts to aid in framing better legislation for the administration of prohibition enforcement and tax collection.



(C) Henry Miller News Picture Service, Inc.
Senator James Couzens, of Michigan

Mr. White Challenges the Klan

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, the famous editor of the Emporia "Gazette," has become an independent candidate for Governor of Kansas upon a platform of one plank—"Free Kansas from the Ku Klux Klan."

When he filed his petition for a place on the ballot, Mr. White made a statement remarkable for candor, force, and directness. His petition, he says, is the largest ever filed in Kansas, but none of the petitioners live in his home town or county. "I wish," he says, "honestly to test sentiment."

Whether or not Mr. White can accurately test sentiment on this matter by means of the ballot-box is, necessarily, a question. The Klan issue, in Kansas as in most other States, is inextricably tangled with other issues. Ben S. Paulen, the Republican candidate, and Jonathan M. Davis, the Democratic candidate, both are said to have Klan indorsement. But, because they are Republican and Democrat regularly accredited by their parties, they will receive the votes of many men and women hardly less opposed than Mr. White himself to the Ku Klux Klan. The actual voting strength of the Klan can never be determined in a general election.

This does not mean that Mr. White may not be able to defeat both of the regular party candidates, who are said to have Klan indorsement. The vigor with which he enters the campaign will go far to carry him successfully through it. He gives to his candidacy an admirable basis by divorcing it at the outset from special pleading for special classes of population. "I call to my support least of all," he says, "those who are oppressed by the Ku Klux Klan."

In his estimate of Klan membership and his analysis of Klan purpose Mr. White is vigorous if not sufficiently liberal. "The Ku Klux Klan," he says, "represents a small minority and is organized for the purpose of terror." The Klan as it exists to-day has, of course, other purposes, which Mr. White will probably find he has to reckon with.

La Follette's Madison Square Speech

THE very cordial reception given Senator La Follette in New York will hardly justify a radical historian to begin work on "The Winning of the East."

It proves something, to be sure, but hardly more than that there are in New York fourteen thousand persons willing to spend an evening indoors—and about half of them willing to spend a couple of dollars—to hear Senator La Follette expound his theories of governmental reform. It does not furnish even a clear indication of what strength the independent candidate has in the metropolis.

An audience of 20,000, which is about what Senator La Follette had, inclusive of the crowd in Madison Square Garden and the overflow crowd outside in the Square, is less indicative of general sentiment than an audience of comparable size would be elsewhere in the country. Then, too, it is to be remembered that there are and have always been a great many—numerically, though perhaps not relatively—radicals in New York City, and this was their first opportunity to hear a radical speech on a genuinely National scale.

None the less, Senator La Follette had a reception that might cheer the heart of any campaigner. To the crowd that heard him his doctrines undoubtedly are appealing. His plan for giving Congress a veto power over the Supreme Court, his declaration that important decisions of the Supreme Court always are in the interest of the powerful and to the detriment of the weak, and his determination that the question of declaring war shall be referred to the people—these ideas nick with the desires of the audience that filled Madison Square Garden.

Can the Weak Trust Congress?

THERE appears to be no conclusive proof that the Madison Square Garden audience—or, for that matter, Senator La Follette—thinks below the surface of these questions. If the audience and the candidate do so think, it must occur to them to doubt that a Congressional veto on court decisions would better serve to protect the weak. Granted, for argument's sake alone, that the Supreme Court of the United States does too often decide cases in favor of the strong, it is not in the record of our Government that Congress is more immune to the blandishments and emoluments of strength. In fact, the general judgment of informed persons would be that the legislative branch of the Government is more easily within reach of influence than the Supreme Court. There has been fairly clear proof at odd times that individual members of the legislative branch have been grossly and materially influenced by the strong. So far as our memory serves, there has never been such proof against even an individual member of the highest court of the Nation. It probably follows, therefore, that if those who are strong should influence the Supreme Court to a wrong decision they could at the same time do something toward influencing the Congress to withhold the veto.



P. & A. Photos

Senator La Follette discusses his political prospects with Samuel Gompers

Senator La Follette, indeed, is not quite true to himself in the belief that Congress would remain immaculate when the Supreme Court could be debauched by those who are strong. He, in common with Mr. Davis, contends that Congress actually was corrupted by the strong to write the present Tariff Law to serve the interests of the strong against the interests of the weak. That contention is not to be accepted as fact, but it does go to show that Senator La Follette is not quite consistent with himself when he believes that Congress, in overruling decisions of the Supreme Court, would never be influenced by the powerful, but would unfailingly render decisions in protection of the humble.

While he was in New York Senator La Follette found or had forced upon him the occasion to address the Steuben Day celebration audience. What he said in praise of the Germans in America was, in the main, probably true. But the speech will serve to recall to the minds of people the country over a chapter in Senator La Follette's record which, one would think, a candidate would be glad to leave in the dark, or at least out of the full glare of the spotlight. Senator La Follette's war record is not his strong point with the people of the country generally.

On the whole, Senator La Follette's trip to New York probably has not strengthened his candidacy.

The League's Protocol

IT is largely due to the statesmanship and fair-mindedness of Edouard Benes, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, that the League of Nations through its Assembly has made progress at Geneva in its effort to frame a protocol that should be acceptable to the member nations and should be followed by a new international disarmament (strictly speaking, reduction of armaments) conference. This latter would naturally deal with military rather than naval strength, as no one wants at present to disturb the results arrived at in the Washington agreement.

It was announced on September 22 that the proposed protocol had been presented to the League's Commission on Disarmament with addresses by Dr. Benes and representatives of France, Great Britain, Italy, and Belgium. If the protocol is duly signed by the representatives of the great nations in the Council and ratified in all by fourteen member nations of the League within a reasonable time, the disarmament conference will be called. It is thought that it may meet in Geneva next June. It is

stated that the protocol draft has been made public, but the text in full has not, up to September 23, been published in this country.

In its general provisions, the protocol seeks to apply practically Dr. Benes's condensed programme—arbitration, security, enforcement. It offers to signatory nations three methods of arbitration—before the World Court, or the League's Council, or a special court formed by mutual consent. It proposes to insure respect for arbitration by applying "sanctions" (in the ultimate analysis, that means force or threats of force) to the aggressor nation. What, then, is an aggressor nation? The protocol in elaborate language says in essence that it is one that will not submit its dispute to such arbitration or will not carry out the decisions of the arbitration court; not only one, but both of two disputing Powers may thus put themselves into contempt of court, so to speak, and be dealt with as aggressors. A non-member nation (the United States, for instance) may apply for the settlement of an international question under the protocol without joining the League.

Just how compulsion is to be applied is a little foggy in the reports that have reached America. The League's Council must consent, whether by a majority of members or unanimously seems to be still under discussion—for the protocol as it stands is not necessarily in its final form. "Regional accords," openly arrived at, are allowed for a certain amount of mutual support between nations (France and Belgium, for instance) as a guard against definite danger (say, attack by Germany, in the case above named). Ratification of the protocol is made a prerequisite of partial disarmament.

The comment generally made upon this honest attempt to secure world peace is, first, that it is an effort to give the League substance and reality—or, as some put it, to "save its face" by putting teeth into Article X of the Covenant; secondly, that, elaborate as is the programme, ultimately a consensus of opinion among the Great Powers is needed to bring about the pressure of force, if arbitration fails, and that the same thing was true before the League existed. It is too early, however, to weigh the actual concrete value of the protocol plan; that it is an intelligent and carefully worked out proposal to encourage arbitration and to keep international rivalries and ambitions in check is conceded.



(C) Underwood

Dr. Edouard Benes, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, proposer of a protocol to promote peace, submitted to the Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations

The Best Kind of Safety First

SAFETY first is not always a counsel of cowardice. It is sometimes the counsel of intelligence and courage. The proper use for the warning is illustrated by the article in this issue telling of the foundation of a new school of tropical medicine in Porto Rico. It is also illustrated by the work of the eminent physicians and scientists who gathered this summer for a conference on the problems of safety for the white man in the tropics. A group of ninety doctors, representatives of nearly every civilized nation, met in Kingston, Jamaica, and took up in turn the various diseases peculiar to tropical countries with the avowed determination of making the tropics a safe place for the white man. American medical science and the good work of American sanitarians have already cleaned up Cuba, the Canal Zone, and the Philippines; British medical experts are endeavoring to make habitable the vast lake regions and plateaus of Central Africa; while Holland, Belgium, and other nations are earnestly wrestling with the problem of stamping out disease among the natives of their colonial possessions.

Dr. William E. Deeks, Chairman of the Convention, hit exactly the purpose of the Convention when he said: "Life constantly grows more strenuous in the North. Coal is higher in price and harder to get. Deforestation is a cause of worry. Food is higher in price every year. Already there has begun a migration to the warmer portions of the earth, where living is easier and where food is less difficult to obtain. Remember that there is a vast belt of territory surrounding the globe, on either side of the equator, most fruitful and most delightful in which to live, that has been practically closed to the white race on account of the diseases which in the past have taken toll. It is our duty to clean up this vast territory, to make it habitable, and the purpose of this Convention is to correlate our best experience and methods so that it will be easier for all of us to carry on the warfare against tropical disease."

The Convention, international in scope and purpose, was held under the auspices of the United Fruit Company, which maintains nine large hospitals in the various cities of the Caribbean and which has been foremost in the fight against disease and unsanitary conditions in the West Indies.

The work of the United Fruit Company in caring for the health of its employees and the regions from which it must draw its supplies constitutes a dramatic chapter in the history of modern business. It is typical of the type of activity which nineteenth-century philosophers would have called "enlightened selfishness." The fact that this work has been necessary for the development of the company itself in no way minimizes the public benefits which have been derived from such labor.

The Generals of the Army of Science

IT was stated at the Convention that never before had such a distinguished group of medical experts assembled for the purpose of combating tropical disease. England sent a group of men who for the last three decades have labored to keep intact the health of England's far-flung possessions: Sir Leonard Rogers, C.I.E., whose work in India won him world-wide recognition; Sir Arbuthnot Lane, Sir James Fowler, Sir Thomas Oliver, Sir Arthur Newsholme, and W. W. Stephens, head of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, were present. Germany sent Frederick Fulleborn, the authority on parasitic growths. From France came Pierre la Pine. There were representatives from the South American republics which border the Caribbean, while the United States was represented



Sir Leonard Rogers, C. I. E., who won fame in India



Dr. Milton J. Rosenau, Harvard Medical School



Dr. Aldo Castellani, specialist in tropical diseases



Dr. Frederick G. Banting, discoverer of insulin

Invaders of the Tropics

by a galaxy of medical and scientific experts, foremost among whom were Dr. George Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation; Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, admittedly the world's foremost bacteriologist; Dr. Deeks, head of the United Fruit Company's Medical Department; Henry R. Carter, surgeon-general of the Public Health Service; Milton J. Rosenau, of Harvard; Charles A. Koifoid, of the University of California; and Dr. William H. Park, head of the New York Health Department.

Outstanding figures during the ten days' labor of the Convention were Dr. Aldo Castellani, whose work on tropical diseases is known as a classic, and Dr. Frederick G. Banting, winner of the Nobel prize and discoverer of insulin. Dr. Castellani in one of the initial meetings said that tropical diseases were very much the same the world round. There is one exception, the sleeping sickness of Africa, caused by the bite of the tsetse fly; but the two greatest, most serious menaces to health in the tropics are malaria and dysentery. The doctors have virtually conquered plague, cholera, yellow fever, and hookworm. There may be sporadic outbreaks, but they can be quickly cleaned up, and unceasing watchfulness is all that is needed.

Malaria, borne by mosquitoes, which are bred in the equatorial swamps, is the one great outstanding foe of the white man in the tropics. It would appear that sanitarians and doctors will have to work together in order to eliminate this worst and most persistent cause of illness in all tropical countries.

The work of the conference is to be given world-wide publicity by a book which is to be published for free distribution to the medical foundations and hospitals of the world.

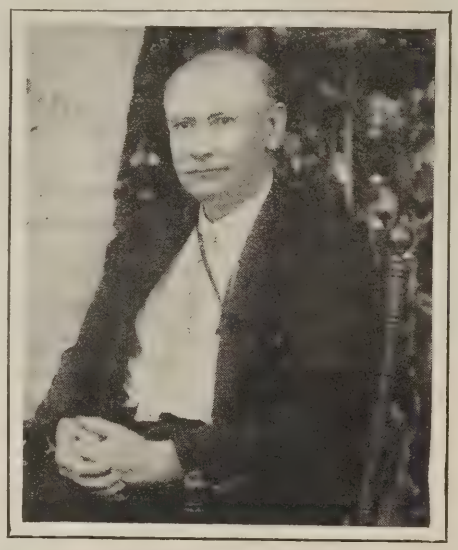
"It is a fact," said Sir Thomas Oliver, "that more has been accomplished by this Conference than any other concerted step toward cleaning up the tropics and making it safe for the Caucasian."

To Save Our Game

"God send something to shoot at!" Thus, in "Lorna Doone," prayed the great John Ridd when fear was upon him—prayer, not for removal of the danger or of his own fright, but for something, anything, to bang away at.

Something to shoot at is a boon for a nation no less than for a man. One who has studied the subject deeply says that "our boys" accomplished their great results in the World War because, from their childhood, they had something to shoot at—good hunting and true sportsmanship.

Our National prayer, therefore, might well be to spare us something to shoot at, something, also, to photograph and to see beauty in. And that prayer we can answer ourselves by conserving our game, largely by properly administering and properly observing the migratory bird treaty law. That law is administered by the Secretary of Agriculture through the Bureau of Biological Survey, but the



Dr. William E. Deeks

benefits to be derived from it depend in large measure upon whether or not the public observes it and insists upon regulations for its enforcement which will save the game birds from extermination.

Under the direction of the Biological Survey, an advisory board passes upon moot questions affecting regulations. This board makes recommendations for regulations. The Secretary of Agriculture accepts or rejects the recommendations in the light of the biological data at his command.

Of the questions just now under discussion, one is most conspicuous. Are the bag limits on certain species too large? The fact that our game, through progressive agricultural changes, has become much more segregated, or "pocketed," leads many to believe that some of the present bag limits are too broad in certain localities, until certain especially destructive factors can be educatively controlled.

Congress acted wisely in legislating to check the enormous waste arising from the pollution of coastal waters by oil. It is hopeful that similar legislation may be enacted for the inland waters, and that every State will arouse itself to put in force the State laws and municipal regulations necessary to check this nationally discreditable wastage of crude materials and of life in so wide an extent of our public waters.

Meantime most persons who have no selfish interest would urge a careful revision of the bag limits and open seasons until such a time as a complete chain of adequate reservations can be established along the now well-known paths of migration, thus insuring food and rest for migratory game birds and mammals, and a southward extension of the breeding range, particularly of geese and ducks, and perhaps of swans and cranes. This must be supplemented by other constructive measures which may offset the present excessive development of the elements of destruction. Most of all, for example, is needed a widening of the areas suitable for the sojourn of migratory game birds, where a reasonable amount of shooting may become available, and where equality of opportunity is guaranteed to all well-intentioned citizens.

Keeping Democracy Safe For Itself

LACK of public interest in the present Presidential campaign, wherever it may be found, may be due to one of two causes. It may be due to the fact that the voters have made up their minds on the evidence they have and are simply waiting for the 4th of November. In that case, it may not be a sign of indifference. It may, on the other hand, be due to the idea that no great issues are involved. In that case, it may be a sign of indifference, or at least irresolution and indecision.

For a decision already made on the evidence at hand concerning the main issues of this campaign there is some justification, but for indifference there is none. So far from being an issueless campaign, this is one in which have been raised some of the gravest issues ever presented to an American electorate. They are not mere issues of policy; they concern the fundamental law and institutions of the country.

Between now and election day the American people should be re-examining the nature of American democracy.

Every form of society has its own virtues and its own perils. Chivalry, for example, as the very word itself suggests, denotes a virtue that was developed and could only have been developed under a state of society very different from that

of to-day. With the virtues of democracy we Americans are familiar; but are we as ready to see and provide against its perils? In this campaign, as in no other campaign in a generation, we are called upon to face some of those perils, learn what they are, and put ourselves on guard to preserve our democracy from them.

To deny that there are perils in democracy is to be hostile to democracy itself. No more discerning observer of American life and institutions ever committed his observations to writing—not even James Bryce—than that great French admirer of America and the Americans, Alexis de Tocqueville. He found in America supremely exemplified the distinctive characteristic of democracy—equality of conditions; and in the concluding sentence of his great work, "Democracy in America," he leaves us this warning: "The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal, but it depends on themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness." As he said, it was because he was not an opponent of democracy, in fact because he was convinced that democracy was even then (over eighty years ago) an "irresistible fact, against which it would be neither desirable nor prudent to contend," that he frankly uttered what he believed, and the intervening years have almost invariably proved, to be the truth. As Francis Bowen, late Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, wrote of him, de Tocqueville "showed that the welfare of a nation under democratic rule can be maintained only on condition of such a union of general intelligence and religious faith with submissiveness to constitutional restraint, as is rarely exemplified in the history of mankind." It was this self-restraint on the part of the American people, this regard for the safeguards which they had erected against the perils of democratic rule, that converted this son of a royalist French count to democracy. He knew French history and was well aware of what had happened to his country because it had allowed democracy to step across the line that separates it from despotism; and it was with French history in mind undoubtedly that he wrote, "None but attentive and clear-sighted men perceive the perils with which equality threatens us, and they commonly avoid pointing them out."

In this campaign the people of America are called upon to become clear-sighted and attentive in order to see certain perils which they have been asked by certain politicians not to defend themselves against but to invite and welcome.

What these perils are we shall indicate in later issues of The Outlook.

They Pay the Price

THE OUTLOOK publishes in this week's issue the second of a series of stories dealing with the wiles and winnings of fake promoters. Other articles in this series will be published in succeeding issues.

There may be one group of people who will read these articles with a feeling that the warning which they contain has no particular bearing upon their own fortunes. We are thinking of small-town merchants and business men who may feel that they are in no personal danger from the salesman of fake stock and blue-sky schemes. Directly, of course, they may escape his lures, but indirectly they are perhaps the heaviest sufferers from his dishonest ventures.

Every time that citizens of their home towns indulge in speculative orgies a definite amount of money is taken out of local banks and removed from the sphere of activity of the local storekeepers. It is not the remote and wicked financiers of Wall Street that suffer most. It is the institutions of Main Street that are the real losers. When money is properly invested through reputable banking institutions or brokerage houses, there is a steady and regular increment in the form of dividends which constitutes a benefit to the institutions and industries in the town in which the investor lives.

From pure self-interest the small-town merchant ought to be among the leaders of those who are seeking to checkmate the wiles of the fake promoter.

Dartmouth Makes a Self-Analysis

IT always seems absurd to question any long-established institution, and yet Dartmouth, not only through its faculty but also through a specially appointed committee of seniors, has been delving into a question of this very kind. "Why," it is asked, "do colleges exist, and what ought they to do?"

The report of the special Senior Committee is exceedingly interesting. It is interesting because it publishes unblushingly obvious facts known to many of us and accepted without question merely because they concern an ancient institution. It is also interesting because it is constructive as well as destructive.

The objects of a college, they tell us, should be to stimulate independent thinking, to "inspire to an intellectual life," to encourage undergraduates to dig out knowledge for themselves and aid them in developing conclusions therefrom, and to prepare them for intellectual leadership. The members of this Senior Committee are definitely sure that these are things our colleges do not do. They state that the way is completely blocked by the "lecture course" system, a kind of attempt at mass education, which, they feel, should be abolished, and the students encouraged to work personally for the information they desire. Two paragraphs from this senior report might well be quoted:

"The criterion is his [the student's] ability to absorb, retain, and regurgitate on the proper occasions about fifty per cent of the information the instructor sees fit to include in his course, together with the latter's supposedly authoritative commentary thereon."

"He [the student] doesn't know how to investigate a subject. He only knows that if he reads with ordinary care certain designated pages of a certain designated book he will know enough about the particular subject to answer the questions he may be asked about it by the instructor—who knows that he has only read with ordinary care certain designated pages of a certain designated book."

Undoubtedly we have been trying to educate, both in school and college, after the factory "mass production" fashion. On the other hand, for the last decade colleges and universities have been overwhelmed with enormous student bodies. To make possible the highly desirable individual touch in education would require larger and abler staffs than most of our institutions now possess. And yet it is an ideal worth striving for. Lecture-course education cannot really educate. It can at best place in the mind a number of conceptions. Real education must include a knowledge of the use of these conceptions. It must include the equipping of a mind with intellectual tools and a knowledge—a practical knowledge—as to their use. It must aid an individual to stand on his own feet mentally, and to be more than a rather inefficient human phonograph record.

Again, if a college would prepare un-

dergraduates for intellectual leadership, it would have to make a rigid selection of candidates for admission, admitting only those of superior talent. This is something that the Senior Committee demands. Eventually, perhaps, following some of our schools, our colleges may begin to group undergraduates on a basis of ability. At any rate, methods should be devised for educating a student according to that student's capacity. This is something far beyond the powers of any mere lecture system.

Self-analysis, when carried out so painstakingly and intelligently as that of Dartmouth, cannot fail to stimulate other institutions to do likewise, and out of such discussion may develop a method of collegiate education more closely meeting the spirit and needs of the day.

Shall the Supreme Court be Supreme?

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

A SLIP of the pen, or rather of the typewriter, in an article on the Constitution which I contributed to The Outlook of September 10 has resulted in the receipt of a number of letters of correction. I am rather glad I made the mistake, because these letters, indicating as they do a widespread interest in the Constitution, confirm my belief that the preservation of constitutional government is the paramount issue in the Presidential campaign. My mistake is succinctly pointed out by a member of the bar of Rochester, New York, in the following letter:

Rochester, N. Y.,
September 8, 1924.

Dear Mr. Abbott:

I quote the following from your article from September 10th issue of The Outlook, page 47:

". . . and the original Constitution forbade that any amendment should be made prior to the year 1808."

As the first twelve amendments were adopted prior to 1805, either you are mistaken or the said amendments were adopted "unconstitutionally."

Yours very truly,
RAYMOND H. ARNOT.

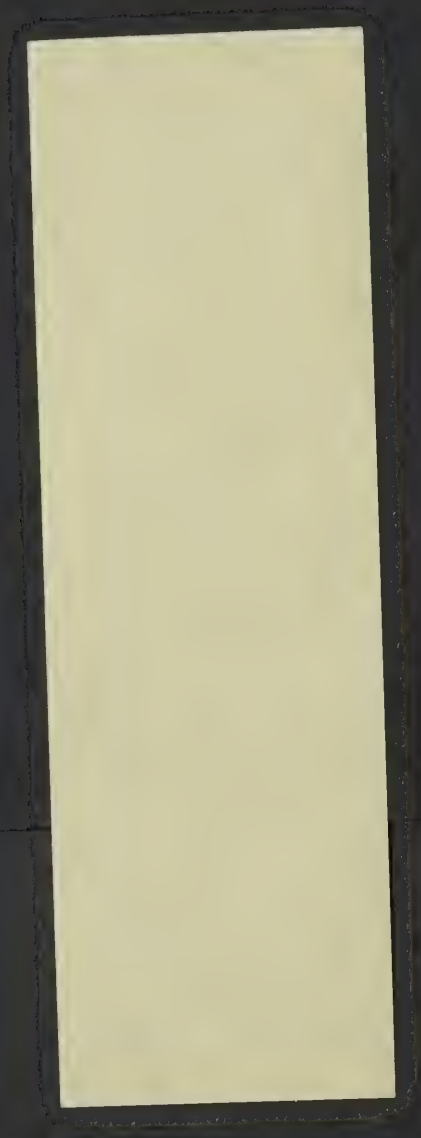
Of course my statement as it appeared in The Outlook and as quoted by Mr. Arnot is wrong. My argument was, and still is, that the Fathers who framed the Constitution seriously doubted the wisdom of Congress in certain particulars, and therefore laid direct prohibitions upon its actions. In pointing out these limitations of Congressional power what I wrote was this: "Congress, for example, cannot amend the Constitution without the consent of the States, and the original Constitution [that is, the Constitution drafted in 1787 and effective in 1789] forbade that any amendment of *Section 9, Article I,* should be made prior to the year 1808." Unfortunately, the words in italics were omitted by the copyist.

Another correspondent, the Rev. F. C. Reid, of Los Angeles, who was a lawyer before he became a clergyman, and whose letter printed in The Outlook of September 10 started this discussion, questions my statement that the transference of the power of passing upon the constitutionality of laws from the Supreme Court to Congress would be to change the fundamental structure of our Government. He still insists that "the claim of any court of the right to pass upon the constitutionality of a duly enacted statute is an invasion of the rights of the legislative body, and a usurpation of authority." This, of course, is going back a hundred years and reasserting the claim of Thomas Jefferson in his contention with Chief Justice Marshall. The country accepted Marshall's view and rejected Jefferson's, and for a century the complicated and difficult business of governmental administration has been based upon the supremacy of the Supreme Court in Constitutional controversies. To adopt Jefferson's theory now would be to abandon the great mass of decisions and precedents which have been woven into the very fiber of our Government. It would make so radical a change in procedure that it may logically be said that the very structure of our Government would be fundamentally altered.

In attempting to establish his theory Jefferson used all the great power of the Presidency. Not only that, he also brought about the impeachment of one Justice of the Supreme Court and threatened the impeachment of John Marshall himself. Jefferson failed. Is there any more likelihood that success will crown the efforts of Senator La Follette, Mr. Reid, and other similar reactionaries? For to go back to a theory of government abandoned over a century ago is not progressive, but reactionary.

Mr. Reid argues that, as the Constitution does not specifically assign to the Supreme Court the power to pass on the validity of laws, that power was usurped by Marshall and is unconstitutional. Marshall, on the other hand, believed that this function of the Court was derived from the Constitution by the doctrine of "implied powers." This belief he expressed in the famous case of Marbury vs. Madison. Marbury had been appointed Justice of the Peace by President Adams. Madison, President Jefferson's Secretary of State, refused to give him his commission. Marbury sued in the Supreme Court for a writ of mandamus to compel Madison to deliver the commission. Put into the language of laymen, Marshall's opinion ran something like this:

> Marbury was legally appointed and could not legally under the Constitution be removed or restrained from office except for malfeasance. A President cannot be interfered with by the courts in making an appointment, but the appointment having once been made the appointee has a vested right which he can defend in the courts even against the President. If a purchaser of public lands is granted by the Constitutional authority a patent to those lands and the Secretary of State withholds the patent, the purchaser has a legal remedy for the injustice which he suffers. The withholding of Marbury's commission was a plain violation of his Constitutional vested right.
>
> Is a mandamus—that is to say, a writ or order from the court commanding the President and Secretary of State to give Marbury his commission as Justice of the Peace—the proper remedy? It is. But what court shall issue the writ? Can the Supreme Court do so? Section 13 of the Judiciary Law of 1789 says that the Supreme Court shall issue such writs. If the Supreme Court cannot issue such a writ, it must be because the law of 1789 is contrary to the Constitution.
>
> The Constitution defines exactly in what kinds of cases the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction and says that in all other cases its jurisdiction shall be appellate. Mandamus proceedings are not included among the cases defined by the Constitution for original jurisdiction. But the law of 1789 says that the Supreme Court may originate a writ of mandamus. The Constitution says it may not. Which shall the Court obey, the Constitution or Congress? If it obeys Congress, the Constitution is not worth the paper it is written on and our Nation will fall to pieces, for its very



existence depends on the Constitution. That fundamental document cannot be changed or amended by Congress alone. The process of amendment is defined by the Constitution itself. When the Court is confronted with a law which plainly contradicts the Constitution, it must declare that law null and void.

Marbury was duly appointed Justice of the Peace; the withholding of his commission is an injustice; he has a legal remedy; that legal remedy is a mandamus; but the law under which he asks the Supreme Court to issue the writ of mandamus, not on appeal from a lower court but in original jurisdiction, is unconstitutional. His plea is denied.

Even to a layman the logic of this argument is incontrovertible and clearly exposes the fallacy of the theory of legislative supremacy.

So much for the philosophy of the question. A correspondent in Toledo, Ohio, puts its practical aspect in a nutshell:

Toledo, Ohio.
Sept. 10, 1924.

Dear Sir:

As a subscriber to and constant reader of The Outlook I was much interested in the letter of your correspondent, Mr. F. C. Reid, Los Angeles, Cal., and your reply thereto, both appearing in The Outlook for September 10.

The best answer to Mr. Reid's argument [in behalf of the right of Congress to determine the constitutionality of its own acts] that I have seen appeared on the editorial page of the Toledo "Blade" of August 9. It is as follows:

"Look at the Congressman with whom you are most familiar, and then think over the question of whether Congress should be made superior to the Supreme Court of the United States."

The country will answer this question, and answer it right, in November. Common sense will win.

Truly yours,
A. J. SPENCER.

Those who declare that the Supreme Court has the despotic power to frustrate the popular will forget or ignore the fact that the Constitution provides an orderly way in which the people may exercise their undoubted sovereignty even over the Supreme Court. The Constitution may be amended whenever a decisive majority of the voters so elect. Thus the Thirteenth Amendment followed the Dred Scott decision of 1857 and the Sixteenth Amendment followed the decision in the Pollock case of 1895. The will of a particular Congress, often passionate, factional, and partisan, is by no means always the sober and well-considered will of a majority of the people.

The Four Horsemen

By GEORGE MARVIN

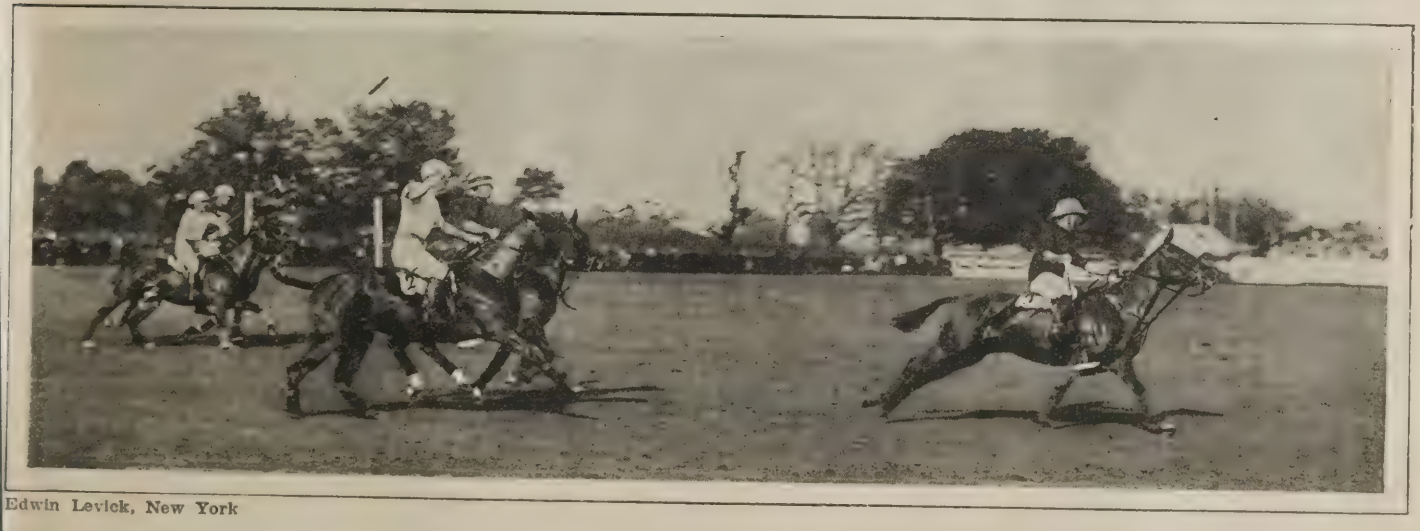
The story of a game that keeps alive the skill of chivalry

LITERALLY four horsemen of the polo apocalypse were these hard-riding defenders of the cup. Because to the princes and principalities and uncommon people in the robin's-egg-blue bleachers, to their British opponents on the field, the game they played was a revelation. A revelation of what a man can do with a mallet on horseback, impressive enough in its four separate demonstrations; but, more impressive still, a revelation of team-work so unusual as to amount to fourfold instinct.

Nothing more becomes a man than horsemanship. There is item, a man. And then—something considerably more, chevalier, caballero—there is the man-on-horseback. And nowhere—now that knighthood is dead and the cavalry maneuver has practically disappeared from modern warfare—nowhere, except possibly in the Grand National Steeplechase, is the man-on-horseback so raised to the *n*th power as in International Polo.

That is one reason why it is difficult, if not impossible, to watch British-American polo sitting down. You don't need a "dope sheet" to register intelligently and emotionally on what takes place before you. You get it, you respond to it, at sight. The thing is patent to every normal man or woman capable of seeing and feeling. Four helmeted men in blue riding furiously knock a white ball in one direction—object, goal; while four white riders in mad career block the blue's efforts and wallop the ball in the opposite direction—hockey on horseback.

But what speed! speed! speed! And



Edwin Levick, New York

Speed!—man and beast. The British horses were fully as fast as the Americans', but in speed of instinctive play and in quickness of thought the four horsemen of the United States outshone all but one of their opponents



International

With the Americans it was simply a question of being anywhere in the neighborhood of the ball. Hitchcock made shots like this all around his pony with equal ease and power



International

An "off-side forehander," under his pony's neck, by Milburn, the American captain—by common consent the greatest back who ever played the game

then, by whip and spur and urge of voice, knee, and hand, more speed! Up and down and across a field that looks in the afternoon light as crisp as a putting green and half a mile long—and is, as a matter of fact, more than three hundred yards in length—the blue and white play flashes. The horses get down to running with the utter devotion of whippet dogs, necks outstretched and bellies to the ground. Their drumming hoofs throw showers of divots in the air, cutting up the putting green and convincing the skeptical of the committee's wisdom in postponing the games for dry weather. When the play is reversed and swerves towards the opposite goal, all eight flying horsemen, at forty-five-degree angles, veer with it as a flock of pigeons on the wing wheel in unison, sunlight and shadow across their wings. During the interval between each "chukker" of seven and a half minutes, while eight cool and grave-faced cossacks ride off to change their sweating ponies, a small army of green-keepers in blue denim deploy in open order from the side-lines to replace the divots and pound the battlefield back to its original condition.

When the great Milburn, or "Tommy" Hitchcock, or Lacey of the Argentine, cuts loose on Salisbury Plain, for a run down the long field or a scurry along the boundary boards, the packed stands rose automatically in parallel tribute, a rising vote by the "Ayes" in an enthusiastic mass-meeting. An actual half-mile of hand-picked and assorted spectators responded to the passing of the game in their neighborhood as an Iowa wheat field answers to the touch of a prairie breeze. Vicariously they gulped some of the "delight of battle" which the galloping horsemen drank "with their peers far o'er the ringing plains of windy" Mineola. And, after the second and deciding game, in their many thousands they desisted from the homeward scramble for special trains and private cars long enough to watch the winning Americans —and the no less winning Prince of Wales, who has almost become an American heir apparent—drink deep from the well-defended Hurlingham Cup what General Bullard in his presentation speech happily and tactfully called "the waters of Meadowbrook."

A noble game! All the joy of hitting a ball with something that makes the urge to tennis or golf or hockey or baseball—plus horse. Hitting and horsemanship. A venerable game, too, but now as always a game for princes and viceroys and maharajahs and millionaires, an imperial game. In Imperial China it used to be possible, with Mongolian ponies at $100 apiece and other costs in proportion, for men of moderate means to drink the deep delight of what they called polo. In this country, as in Europe or Argentina, the game is far beyond the reach of all but the immoderately rich or the immensely subsidized. Its prohibitive expense prevents it from ever becoming popular except as a spectacle. *Hinc lacrimæ,* for it is a breeder of fine qualities in horse and man. The horse world was combed for the two long strings of "ponies" (some of them with the breeding and size of race horses) which paraded in single file around the field before each game. As they filed by the crowd rose to its feet and uncovered out of respect to the national colors which headed each string. They remained standing in recognition of beautiful horseflesh and its equivalent in much fine gold. The average value of these hundred horses was over three thousand dollars, and all together they represented an investment of half a million.

Individually and as a team, with one brilliant exception, the Englishmen were less impressive than the British four who carried the same cup back to England in 1914 or their invading countrymen who in the preceding year almost beat Harry Whitney's famous "Big Four," consisting of the Waterbury brothers, Milburn, and himself. The exception was Luis Lacey, swarthy and silent, with a football harness strapped over his injured right shoulder, the only man outside the United States who carries the limit polo rating of ten goals handicap. A British citizen born in Canada thirty-seven years ago, Lacey learned his polo in the Argentine, where he has spent a good part of his life in the saddle. It is American polo, in style and effectiveness quite on a par with the North American game of the only two other ten-goal men in the international ratings—Hitchcock and Milburn. To see these three maneuver on horseback and hit the ball was well worth the full price of admission. "Circus stuff," said the baseball fan, metaphorically from the State of Missouri, who sat next to me among the proletariat in the east stand. Morosely silent at first, he warmed up as the game progressed and began to encourage the players with "Atta boys" in a splendid spirit of undiscriminating sportsmanship.

"I'll tell the world," said he as Lacey, racing past us, lifted a prodigious drive far down the field, "I'll tell the world, that guy packs an awful clout!"

With this shining South American exception, all four of our cavalry in each game outclouted the enemy—yards and yards at a time. And therein lay one ingredient of their overwhelming victory (16 to 5 and 14 to 5), for besides clouting hard and far they smote to one another in passing or for the goal straight and true. The other five Englishmen, besides Lacey, who took part in the two championship games rode beautifully and generally hit with precision. By contrast with the world-beaters their drives lacked depth, their riding was constrained, their whole game noticeably to a layman was less effective. Among the Americans Watson Webb is admitted to be the most finished horseman. He sits in his saddle as though he had been dropped into it from a great height. From the waist down he is part of his horse. Like his right-handed mates, he swings a wicked mallet in his left hand, but, more after the tradition of English polo, he achieves his shots by deft horsemanship, more "correctly," as an Englishman would say, meaning that a player should first try to get his horse into the position from which a given shot may be pulled off to the best advantage.

In this sense Hitchcock and Milburn—and, with a lesser degree of abandon, Malcolm Stevenson—play with magnificent incorrectness. They chuck the rubric and discretion to the winds. "Circus stuff," yes; cowboy stuff, American stuff. Anywhere in their neighborhood the ball is unsafe: off-side, near-side, under their ponies' necks or bellies or behind their tails, at rest or in motion, on the ground or in the air, they "clout" it unmercifully. By contrast to the more correct though hardly less devastating Webb, they swarm all over their mounts, out of their saddles half the time. In their and Lacey's cases it isn't horsemanship so much as horse mastership. Only a centaur kind of instinct born of lifetimes on horseback makes it possible. Milburn began playing polo at Oxford twenty-five years ago; Webb and Stevenson have played nearly twenty years. Young Hitchcock at twenty-four and Strawbridge at twenty-seven have had ten years of active tournament play. All five are saturated with the game. Although they don't have to, all these gentlemen actually do work. But business has never been allowed to interfere with their polo.

The papers made more of dissensions in the British ranks than the facts justified. But even a little discord injures morale and saps confidence. Moreover, the men who lined up against Milburn's four had had almost no practice as a team before the day of the much-postponed matches. Lacey was kept out by injuries and up to the last moment the most effective combination of the remaining available players had not been decided upon. The one substitution the Americans made was on account of an accident to Stevenson in the last chukker



P. & A. Photos

With a crippled shoulder he played American polo on the British team. Luis Lacey of the Argentine, who saved his side from a worse defeat. The Prince of Wales is also present

of the first game. For the remainder of that final period and throughout the second game Strawbridge creditably filled his place at Number Three. The substitutions of Colonel Melvill and Major Phipps-Hornby, on the other hand, were made in the forlorn hope of strengthening the British side after their poor showing in the first game.

A good deal of the contrast in teamwork was therefore accountable. The team-effectiveness of the Americans was even more noticeably superior to that of the challengers than their individual prowess. Milburn, Hitchcock, and Webb have been playing together for five years. With Louis Stoddard, now President of the Polo Association and also a ten-goal man before his retirement this year from international competition, they brought the cup back from Hurlingham in 1921. With Stevenson, who has played with and against them in differing combinations for many years, in the pivotal position at Three they have repeatedly shown such combined strength as to justify the majority of English and American polo authorities in calling them an even "Bigger Four" than Whitney's, the biggest four the game has yet produced. Such team-work as theirs was well-nigh unbeatable. It was sometimes uncanny. Whithersoever the ball went, there was a white horseman keeping tryst with it. They knew beforehand where it was going, anticipated its arrival, and by that split-second of anticipation beat the Englishmen to it. Several photographs show this graphically: a player about to make a shot, the white riders already swerving towards the new alignment while the dark tunics keep on in the original direction of play. Once, when Lacey knocked the ball out from behind his own goal line to three of his side waiting for it, Hitchcock, starting actually before the ball was hit, kept an accurate appointment with it, stopped it on the fly, and then with one clean shot drove it squarely between the goal posts.

Equally as intimate as their liaison with the ball was their foreknowledge of one another's intentions. Generally on a combined run down the field for goal the back of Number Three, if he is unhindered, will yell, "Leave it," to the man ahead of him on the ball, thus enabling his Number One or Two to ride off the opposing back and get up in position before the goal. Other contingencies involve some expression of intention or warning. But rarely was Captain Milburn's deep voice heard, a rare voice, vibrating with command. He didn't have to use it. Time and again, after a brief look over his shoulder, the flying Webb would abandon the ball to ride on into Lacey or Atkinson, and so clear the coast for the hotly pursuing Hitchcock or Milburn, while just as instinctively a vigilant Stevenson reined in to cover the defensive territory temporarily abandoned by his chief.

Football co-ordination by signal is impressive enough in its smooth perfection on the days of the big games. But here was a co-ordination as perfect between four men and four horses over a territory nearly three times as great without one signal, without a word. And here, then, was another, and perhaps the most determining, of the several ingredients of victory.

Practically all of the British horses brought over for the use of the challenging team have now become naturalized by recent sale in America. The Prince of Wales sold seven of his best ponies which he had contributed to the string besides the one he gave to little Miss Guest. Fairy Story, Lord Wimbourne's bay mare, which carried Lacey ahead of everything on the field during two chukkers, brought the top price of $10,500, and the rest were disposed of at prices ranging down to $2,000. This was the best array of polo ponies ever brought overseas. All agreed that there was little to choose between the equine strength of the two sides. In several encounters, besides brave Fairy Story's supreme bursts of speed, the challenging horses outran the best that we could do. It was not the horse, but the horseman—the Four Horsemen—who overwhelmed the invaders in holding the International Cup for three years more in America. By mutual agreement, on account of the extreme expense involved, an interval of three years must elapse before the cup may be challenged for again.

Commerce vs. Militarism

Another Socratic lesson on fundamentals of citizenship and social progress

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

IN previous articles I have shown how some very fundamental concepts were taught a class of boys by the "Socratic" method—a method which encourages the members of a class to develop the desired concepts themselves by means of questioning. These questions have actually been asked, the replies noted, and the lesson built upon the result. Should you care to experiment yourself, each idea should be developed before passing to the next, although frequently you may have to ask more questions concerning a particular point than space will permit here.

In this lesson the typical history of militaristic nations and of commercial nations is brought out by using Assyria to represent the first and the Arameans the second. Before beginning the questions a brief outline of the histories of these ancient nations had been given.

Teacher. We are talking about the Assyrians, who came from Assur, in the northeast corner of the Fertile Crescent. Were these people likely to be peaceable or warlike? Weak or hardy?

A Boy. They would have to be warlike, or Babylon would have crushed them.

Second Boy. They would be hardy, being surrounded by fierce people. They were most likely shepherds too, and that would make them hardy.

Teacher. Babylon was getting weak, and these Assyrians began pushing south and west. In the west they drove the Hittites back—and the Hittites were an intelligent and warlike race too. And then they ran across the city of Damascus, where the Arameans had their capital. Would it be any advantage to these Arameans to have their city between these Babylonian civilizations and Egypt, and at the same time in touch with the people of the eastern Mediterranean?

A Boy. Well, they could learn things from all those peoples.

Teacher. They did. They learned the alphabet, for instance, from the Phœnicians, farther south, and copied the Egyptian manner of writing with ink on paper, which was much better than using clay tablets. But what other great advantage would their situation give them?

A Boy. It would help them in trade—in commerce.

Teacher. In what directions could they develop this commerce?

A Boy. They might trade as far as India, and as far south as Egypt, and maybe with some places like Crete, where they made such fine pottery.

Teacher. That is just what happened. Their merchants moved continuously over the Fertile Crescent—from Egypt to the lower Tigris and Euphrates Valley. Now if these folk handled most of the trade, what advantages would it bring them?

A Boy. It would bring them wealth.

Second Boy. They would learn all the good things the other peoples knew.

Third Boy. They would build up a fine organization too.

Teacher. Would it make them friendly, or not, with the peoples with whom they traded?

A Boy. Friendly. You'd be friends with people you did good business with.

Teacher. Do you think the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Babylonians, and other folk would look upon the Arameans as enemies, or would they look upon them with favor?

A Boy. They would be friendly toward them.

Teacher. Sure enough. So they would. Commerce builds up alliances and friendships. What do you suppose holds the British Empire together—that is, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia?

A Boy. They are all the same people.

Teacher. Would that hold them together? Didn't any of their people ever break away?

A Boy. Sure! We broke away ourselves.

Second Boy. They hold together because they are afraid of England.

Third Boy. No, they aren't. England couldn't do a thing if they all broke away.

Teacher. Well, have they any advantages by sticking together?

A Boy. Yes; because if any one attacks England, or a colony, all can pitch in and help. Guess they hang together for strength.

Second Boy. And trade. They must trade with one another, and so keep together.

Teacher. Did England get these colonies through conquest?

A Boy. Mostly through commerce, I guess—even India, when ships began trading there.

Teacher. Well, when Babylon became weak, and the Assyrians began spreading over that part of the world, they came across Damascus. In 1300 B.C. the Assyrians began to spread, yet the Arameans were so well organized and so highly developed that they kept back the whole power of Assyria for centuries, though Assyria through this time was growing and getting stronger and stronger.

It wasn't till 732 B.C. that a military genius among the Assyrians captured Damascus, but the able Arameans still maintained their city and their commerce, and survived when Assyria went down to a deserved oblivion. In 722 B.C. an Assyrian general who was besieging Samaria seized the throne of Assyria and became Emperor, taking the historic name of Sargon, and so he is known as Sargon II, and he with his descendants for a couple of generations made Assyria one of the great empires of the world.

Sargon II began conquering all adjacent peoples. He then built a great city, called after himself Dur-Sharrukin, or, as we would say, "Sargonburg." It was a magnificent city, with ornate buildings, requiring a great amount of skilled labor, materials, and supplies. The total cost was tremendous. Were these Assyrians originally a wealthy people?

A Boy. No, they were shepherds and the like, half-wild people.

Teacher. How did they get the great wealth necessary for this building?

A Boy. They took it from people they conquered.

Teacher. Would they get much wealth this way?

A Boy. Sure, if they conquered many places like Babylon and Damascus and Samaria and other peoples' cities.

Teacher. What would become of such wealth?

A Boy. Well, we said they built their city and palaces with it. But I guess the king got a lot and generals and nobles got all they could get.

Teacher. Would this affect the way they lived?

A Boy. Guess it would. They'd take it easy, and I guess they'd begin blowing it in for a good time.

Teacher. And how about their

sons? Would they be apt to be as able as their fathers?

A Boy. They'd be too used to taking it easy and having a good time.

Teacher. And *their* sons?

A Boy. They'd be no good at all.

Teacher. Then how would wealth gained through conquest affect the leaders of a people? And their descendants?

A Boy. It would make them soft. They'd be no good.

Teacher. Well, all that happened, but at first things went fine. A son of Sargon II, Sennacherib, conquered down as far as Egypt, as well as Greek cities in Asia Minor, and eastward he finally crushed Babylonia. And Esarhaddon, son of Sennacherib, conquered the lower part of the Nile Valley from the Egyptians. A little time before Egypt could have swept Assyria away, but the same thing happened to Egypt that is about to happen to Assyria.

And the Assyrians were very cruel. They would destroy a town if any man there rebelled, killing all the people as a warning. Has any modern nation used that plan?

A Boy. The Germans did in the war. They would take a big revenge for one or two that would resist them.

Teacher. Do you know of any modern nation that used the policy of "frightfulness" to keep conquered peoples in subjection.

A Boy. Germany used it in the Great War. They destroyed people and villages to scare the people and keep them quiet.

Teacher. Do you think this policy would work well?

A Boy. No, it wouldn't. It would make the people so mad they would hate the Assyrians and rebel against them whenever they got a chance.

Teacher. So you see the Assyrian Empire was made up of a lot of nations held together by force. Would these subject nations love Assyria, do you think?

A Boy. They would hate Assyria, but they might be afraid to do anything she did not like.

Teacher. Would they be loyal to the Empire in an emergency?

A Boy. No; they would break away at the first chance.

Teacher. How would Assyria hold the Empire together, then?

A Boy. By force. It would take a big standing army on guard all the time.

Teacher. Where would all these soldiers come from?

A Boy. If they had a very big army, I guess they'd get men from farms and from industries.

Teacher. Do you think such an army would use up many men?

A Boy. Fighting other people all the time and keeping down rebellions ought to use up a good many men every year.

Teacher. Where would they get more men to keep up their army?

A Boy. Where they got their first men—from farms and from industries.

Teacher. How would this weaken Assyria after a while?

A Boy. Well, they'd run short of farmers and workers.

Second Boy. And they'd be using up their best men all the time, too, leaving the weaklings home.

Teacher. But they had to have workers on farms and in industries, so what would they do?

A Boy. Well, I guess they'd use slaves and prisoners of war.

Teacher. Would these workers be loyal in an emergency? And would they work their best?

A Boy. No; I guess they'd be disloyal if they got a chance, and I guess they didn't do any more work than they had to.

Teacher. That is all true, and, furthermore, they had to use men from conquered peoples in their army. Would such soldiers be trustworthy in an emergency?

A Boy. They'd do Assyria all the harm they could.

Teacher. Can you think of a similar situation in the Great War?

A Boy. Yes; Germany and Austria had taken most of Poland, and Germany had taken Alsace-Lorraine from France.

Teacher. Would men from those districts be a real aid to the German and Austrian armies, or sources of weakness and danger?

A Boy. They would be disloyal, and surrender to the enemy if they got a chance, or even fight against Austria and Germany.

Teacher. Who can give now all the bad results of keeping nations subject with military force and of using this standing army for further conquests?

A Boy. It uses up the best men, and after a while only the men with poor physique and brains are left.

Second Boy. And slaves, or prisoners of war, or hired foreigners, have to take the place of the fit men who have gone.

Third Boy. Even the army, after a while, would have to take in disloyal men from conquered peoples or hired soldiers from other nations.

Teacher. All that happened; and meanwhile the steady, intelligent, commercial Arameans, though they had been conquered once, built up their commerce again, gaining almost all the trade of the Assyrian Empire, and to such an extent did business get into their hands that their language became more dominant, even in the capital—Nineveh—than the language of the Assyrians themselves.

And another thing. What was happening to the leaders—the able group that built up the empire in the first place and provided all the expert leaders?

A Boy. We said they got too much wealth from conquests and lived easy and went to pieces after a while.

Teacher. So now you have a great empire, holding many people subject, hated by all, maintaining a huge army, but with an army filled with disloyal men, with farms and industries filled with slaves and prisoners of war, and with the leaders weak and degenerate through luxury. What was more than likely to happen?

A Boy. Well, somebody was likely to take a chance and smash the whole thing—and it would go easy.

Teacher. True enough. First the Aramean tribes increased and began closing in from the west. Then the Kaldi, or Chaldeans, as we call them, united with the first Aryan peoples seen in that part of the world—the Medes and Persians—besieged Nineveh, and finally conquered and destroyed it. And all the peoples from the Persian Gulf around through Damascus and down into Egypt were wild with joy at the overthrow of their dreadful and cruel conquerors. And Assyria never came back! While the Arameans, with their rebuilt city, highly trained but small and defensive army, through their steady commerce made their influence felt from India to Egypt, and Damascus stands to-day, though but two hundred years after the fall of Nineveh Xenophon, the Greek leader, passed that way and found of Nineveh only a vast mound of mud and refuse.

Who can give now the heart of this discussion?

A Boy. I guess the most important point is that a military nation that tries to conquer and hold other countries is bound to go to pieces, because they destroy their own people, and because their empire would be filled with disloyal and rebelling people.

Second Boy. And they would go to pieces because their leading people would be weak and stupid through living in ease and with too much luxury.

Third Boy. And a country that kept a good army for defense, like the Arameans, and made themselves strong through commerce would be likely to last a long time.

Fourth Boy. And these commercial people would be the most civilized, for they would be bringing in new ideas all the time from all over the world.

The Piano and Its Effect on Musical Style[1]

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

What is Good Style?

MANY people consider that what is in good style is determined by fashion. It is good style, they would say, to wear furs in summer and transparent silk stockings in winter, because fashion has so decreed. Those who have more independent minds, less swayed by herd feeling, realize that fashion, the voice of the majority, is necessarily conventional, and often quite mistaken. Such was Thoreau's feeling when told by a tailor that he must have his coat cut a certain way, because "They are wearing them so now." "What have *They,*" asked Thoreau, "to do with *me?*" In the same way a woman of independence will know that furs in summer must always be in bad taste, because inappropriate. For it is appropriateness in a style, recognizable easily by common sense, that makes it good, and inappropriateness, however large a majority are too dull to recognize it, that makes it bad. Flimsy evening dress in a mining camp would be in as bad style as rubber boots in a ballroom.

If we bear in mind that taste in art does not differ from taste in dress, we shall understand why it took the early composers for keyboard instruments a long while to work out a good style. The style they inherited, devised for voices, made use of those sustained melodies, smooth, flowing, and but slightly accented or rhythmed, that were exactly right for voices, but quite wrong for keyed instruments. If one lets one's fingers stray over the keyboard of a piano, one finds them naturally picking out *chords,* clusters of keys that fall conveniently into the grasp, just as in playing that very similar instrument the harp (Italian *arpa*) they naturally pick out "arpeggios" (broken chords). Detached chords, of which certain ones can be *accented* so that a strongly rhythmic effect is produced, are thus the natural medium of instruments quite as much as sustained or, as the Italians say, "*legato*" melodies ("tied together") are the natural medium of voices—instruments for the dance, voices for song. And so until instruments came into wide use in the seventeenth century dance had far less influence on artistic music than song. In the suite, the sonata, and the symphony dance and song are indissolubly blended.
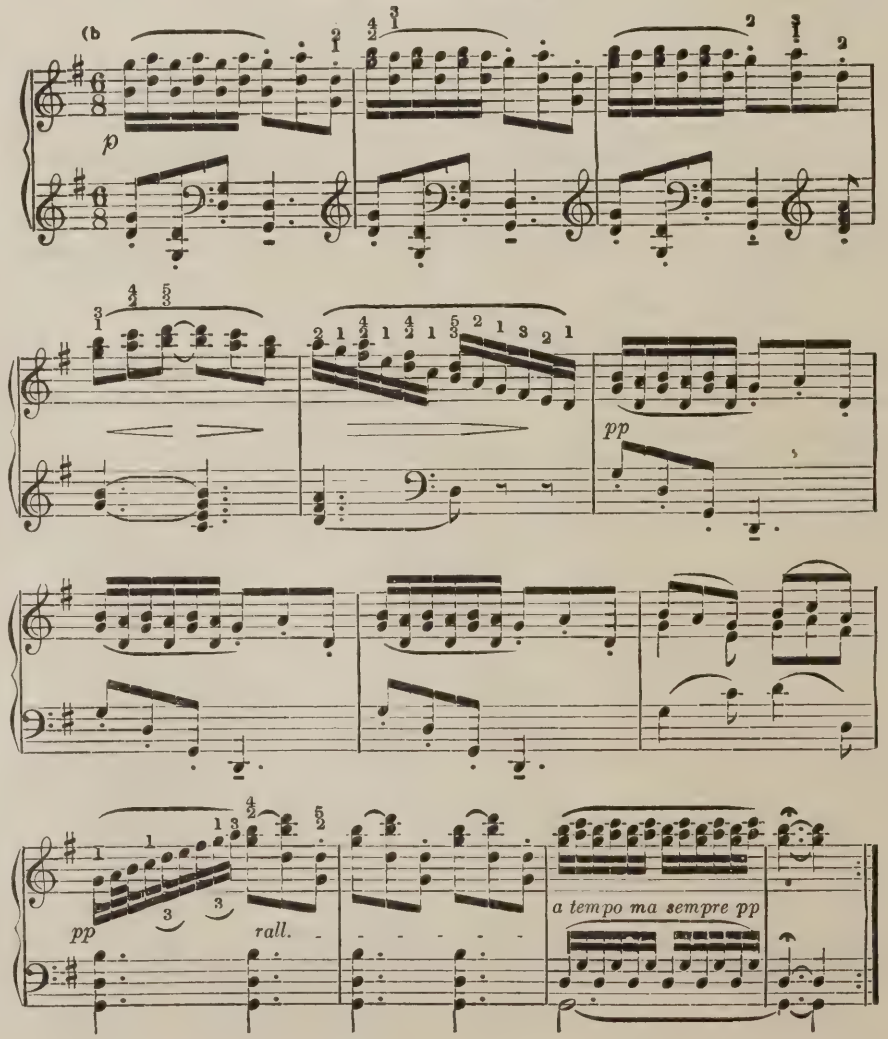
The Harpsichord

ALL three of the keyboard instruments—the harpsichord, the clavichord, and the piano—share one fundamental peculiarity. Their tones are produced by a single action (in the harpsichord a plucking of the string by a plectrum, in the clavichord a pressing by a tangent which remains in contact with the string, in the piano a striking by a hammer which falls away), and these tones cannot be renewed save by a fresh attack. In this they differ fundamentally from the sustained tones, not only of voices, but of bowed instruments like the violin family and of blown instruments like the wood or brass wind and the organ. All these can sustain or even swell their tones. The keyboard string instruments have essentially non-sustained tones, which are loudest at the moment of attack and thereafter steadily dwindle. The harpsichord, therefore, will evidently be at its worst in slow singing melodies, where there will be holes between the notes, so to speak, and at its best in quick, rattling, highly accented pieces, where scales and arpeggios gyrate and flash, where there is an agreeably exciting strumming of strings, and where we are more dazzled by the brilliance and skill of the player than set dreaming by the beauty of his thought.

A temperament ideally suited to such an instrument was that of Domenico Scarlatti (1683–1757), who may fairly be described as the first virtuoso, and who in his rôle of "wizard" reminds us of the great piano virtuoso, Franz Liszt. "Scarlatti," says Mr. Philip Hale, "wrote music for his instrument, not music that might be, if necessary, played on it. Seldom does he weave a contrapuntal

Figure I.

From Scarlatti's "Pastorale"



[1] The substance of this article will appear in Mr. Mason's forthcoming book, "From Song to Symphony," to be published by the Oliver Ditson Company for the National Federation of Music Clubs.—The Editors.

web. His speech is pungent, decisive. The short themes are like rapier thrusts. They are repeated with singular insistence. He loves to surprise in rhythm. He is seldom sentimental. The slow movement bores him." And not only Scarlatti, but most of the composers of those "sonatas" or suites of short pieces which were turned out by the thousands during the eighteenth century, Couperin (1668–1733) and Rameau (1683–1764) in France, Handel (1685–1759) and Bach (1685–1750) in Germany, wrote for the harpsichord largely in the spirit of dance, and with the rhythmic energy and freedom from sentiment appropriate to dance. All kinds of dances from all the countries of Europe went to make up their suites: lively bourrées and gavottes, courtly minuets, stately loures and polonaises, noble pavanes and sarabandes, and rollicking gigues and rigaudons. In all of these (save perhaps in the sarabandes of Bach, which often attain deep sentiment) we find the well-marked, strongly accented, and quite unsentimental style of playing suitable to the harpsichord.

To make up for its lack of sentiment the harpsichord, besides its brilliancy, had one invaluable faculty unshared even by the piano: chameleon-like, it could change its *tone-quality* or *color*. Its tones were started by plucking the strings with plectra or pluckers. Now these plectra could be made either of hard, brittle substances like quills, or of sôfter materials like leather, and the tone produced would be accordingly brilliant and clear, or soft and veiled. Different sets of plectra could be thrown into operation by pedals. In Scarlatti's well-known "Pastorale," for example, the first five measures shown in Figure I could be played with medium soft plectra, and the remaining measures with very soft ones, like an echo. Thus the frequent "echo effects" in the old music were contrasts not merely of loud and soft but of opposing qualities, like those of different stops in organ music, or of strings, wind, and brass in the orchestra. This is one of the peculiar effects of harpsichord music which is lost when it is transferred to the piano.[2]

The Clavichord

THE harpsichord of Scarlatti was smaller in size and weaker in tone than the modern piano. Still smaller and weaker was the clavichord, in which the tones were produced by the pressure of metal tangents or "touchers" on the strings instead of by plucking. Bach wrote for this little instrument one of the greatest works in all musical literature, the "Well-Tempered Clavichord." This devotion to an instrument with such obvious weaknesses and limitations (for it is also incapable of the contrasts of tone-color of the harpsichord) is explained by the supreme importance of expression in music, and the fact that the clavichord has an expressiveness nearer that of the human voice than that of any other keyed instrument, not excepting the modern piano. Through the tangents the player retains control over the strings and by varying his pressure can change their vibration, can coax from them a curious little quaver, called the *Bebung*, a sort of wistful tremble like that of the voice of one speaking with deep feeling. This gives an intimateness of utterance, a command of those relationships of loud and soft and light and shade on which expression depends, that more than compensate for any lack of absolute power.
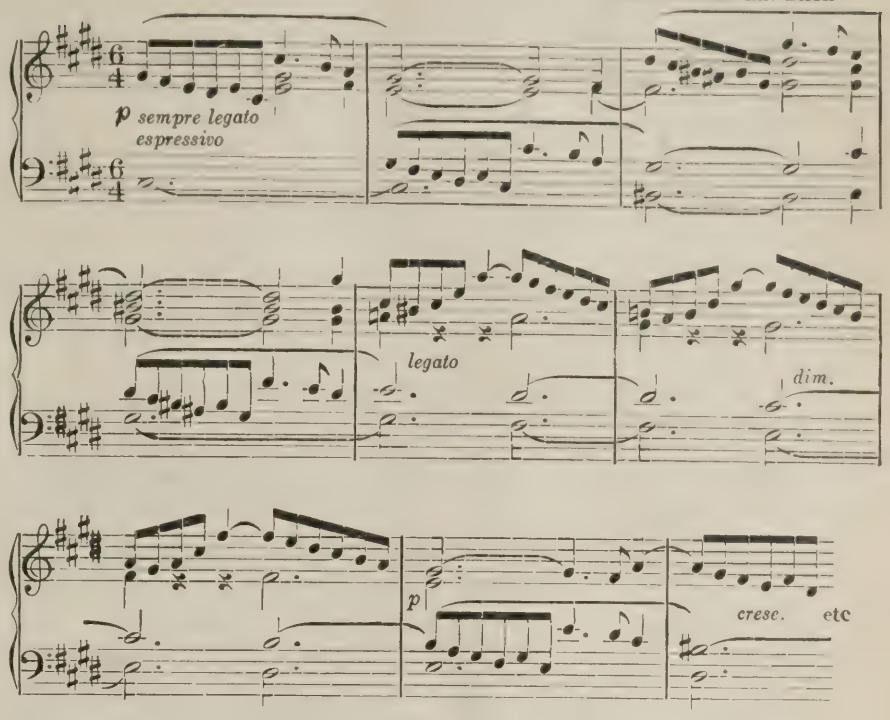
Consider, for instance, such a characteristic bit as the opening of the Prelude in C Sharp Minor from the first book of the "Well-Tempered Clavichord" (Figure II).

How instinct with feeling is this melody! How the phrase soars up to that high C sharp with a natural swelling of tone that could be *sung*, as it were, on the clavichord, while it could only have been plucked on the harpsichord, and how tenderly and regretfully it sinks back to the G sharp, where it finds rest! And how confidently the same melody in the left hand corroborates in the second measure what the right has said in the first; how subtly and thoughtfully it varies in the fourth what the other says in the third! In all Bach's music is this sense of utterance, of something weighty and significant being said. His music is all inner feeling and expression; outward brilliance like Scarlatti's plays little part in it. He is very little a virtuoso, very much a poet. Above all, he has the self-control of the truly strong. He is content to suggest rather than fully to realize, and he loves the clavichord better than its bigger and coarser brother because he knows so well that art lives by delicate and just relations, and not by brute force.

Figure II.

Opening of Prelude IV, from "The Well-tempered Clavichord"

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH



The Piano

MOZART, in whose time (1756–91) the pianoforte became a formidable rival of the earlier and smaller instruments, combined in himself the instinct of virtuosity which Scarlatti satisfied so well with his harpsichord and the instinct for pure beauty and noble expression which made Bach turn to the clavichord, and found both to some extent satisfied by the new instrument, for which he wrote a number of his later works. The increased dynamic range of loud and soft to which it owes its name (pianoforte means "soft-loud") must particularly have delighted him. Most pianists, it is true, fail to profit by this characteristic power of light and shade; they use only the loud end of the range, and ought to be called fortists rather than pianists; but in the hands of a true poet like Mozart the piano with its hammers has a far greater range than the clavichord with its tangents, and even

[2] In our own day harpsichords and clavichords have been manufactured by the Chickering Company, and played in concert by Arnold Dolmetsch, Arthur Whiting, Wanda Landowska, and others.

with the necessary sacrifice of the *Bebung* is correspondingly expressive.

Even more important was a peculiarity of the new instrument of which Mozart was quick to take advantage. As the earlier keyed instruments, because of their quickly dwindling tone, had been able to produce the effect of sustained harmony only by striking the same chord over and over again, a special technique had been developed to break up the chords into repeated "figures," as they were called. Such we see in the excerpt from Scarlatti in Figure I, or in the well-known first Prelude of Bach in the "Well-Tempered Clavichord." Now as the piano developed, its tone became so sonorous that, in order to avoid confusion, felt dampers had to be introduced to stop the vibrations of the strings as soon as the fingers left the keys. The first result was to limit the "figuration" of chords to the stretch of the hand; and from this limitation arose the very formal, stereotyped figures for the left hand in the early piano music, known as "Alberti basses," and found even as late as in many of Beethoven's sonatas (See Figure III *a*). In 1780, however, was invented the damper pedal, which made it possible to lift all the dampers away from the strings by one motion of the foot, thus keeping in vibration all strings whose keys were struck until the foot was lifted and the dampers replaced. Simple as it sounds, this device revolutionized piano music. Not only did it make possible such free coursing of the left hand over the keys as we see in the example from Chopin (Figure III *b*), with its great improvement upon the Alberti bass in interest and sonority, but it eventually made possible effects of "fusion," "atmosphere," kaleidoscopic color, undreamed of by its inventors. Thus it was the steady advance of the piano in sonority of tone and brilliance of articulation, in rhythmic power through accent, in expressiveness through dynamic gradation, and in sustainment and fusion of tone through the pedal, that made possible the vigorous sonatas of Beethoven (1770–1827) and the romantic and warmly colored pieces of Schubert (1797–1828), Schumann (1810–56), and Chopin (1809–49).

It was, above all, Chopin whose marvelous sensitiveness of ear enabled him to work out all those possibilities of color that were latent in the instrument. The testimony, not only of his compositions (such as the A Flat Étude, the B Flat Prelude, and many of the nocturnes), but also of his contemporaries, makes his method unmistakably clear to us. "Imagine," said Schumann, writing of Chopin's own performance of the A Flat Étude, "an æolian harp that had all the scales, and that these were jumbled together by the hand of an artist into all sorts of fantastic ornaments, but in such a manner that a deeper fundamental tone and a softly singing higher part were always audible, and you have an approximate idea of his playing." Marmontel speaks of Chopin's "supple, mellow touch, sonorous effects of a vaporous fluidity of which only he knew the secret." Liszt described his modulations as "velvety and iridescent as the robe of a salamander." This beauty given to the musical image (the theme or melody) by an atmosphere of more delicate tone in which it floats—an effect peculiar to the piano and the harp, in which alone such fusion of many tones is possible—is all the more exquisite when the melody itself takes full advantage in the interest of expressiveness of the dynamic range of the modern piano. In such pieces as Schumann's "Romance" in F sharp major, or "Warum," or the exquisite "Prophet Bird," in many of Chopin's nocturnes and preludes, even in the "Songs Without Words" of Mendelssohn (1809–47), not to speak of more recent things like the charming "Lyric Pieces" of Grieg (1843–1907), we find a mingled beauty of songful melody and atmospheric harmony and color that the piano alone can render.
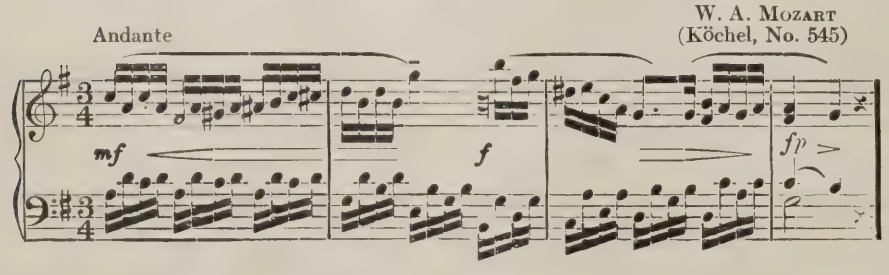
Meanwhile the mere physical form of the piano was increasing by leaps and bounds throughout the nineteenth century. The piano made by Cristofori in 1720, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York,[3] weighs less than the iron plate alone (320 pounds) of a modern piano, which as a whole weighs 1,040 pounds. The older instrument has a range of fifty-four notes, the new of eighty-eight. "One or two octaves of the bass strings" in the modern piano "contain enough metal to string the Cristofori pianoforte throughout." The string on the modern piano corresponding to the highest note on the Cristofori "exerts a strain of 170 pounds for each of its three unisons. A few such strains would crush the frame of the Cristofori pianoforte like an egg-shell."

One natural result of this extraordinary growth was an abuse of the brute force of the new piano by those who lacked the taste or the self-control to respect its native limits. Despite the technical interest and even the musical beauty of much of his work, a prime offender in this abuse of the piano was Franz Liszt (1811–1886), who, essentially a virtuoso, piled up effect on effect, and boasted that the orchestra could do nothing that he could not reproduce on the piano. "Chopin," says Mr. Arthur Whiting, "was a harp and spoke as one of the harp family. . . . Liszt knew all instrumental languages and their idioms. The speech of the pianoforte was his mother-tongue, but it was interspersed with foreign words; orchestral expressions were so frequent that the pianoforte language was often crowded out. . . . Chopin and Liszt stood at opposite poles—Chopin withered in the presence of the public—Liszt was the creation of the public. . . . The playing of Chopin transported all to a land of romance where every one was king. The playing of Liszt thrilled, astonished, and overwhelmed. . . . Chopin's art was one of suggestion. He said: 'I only sketch; I let my hearers fill it out.' Liszt . . . furnished everything and expected from the public only cries of excitement or the silence of awe."

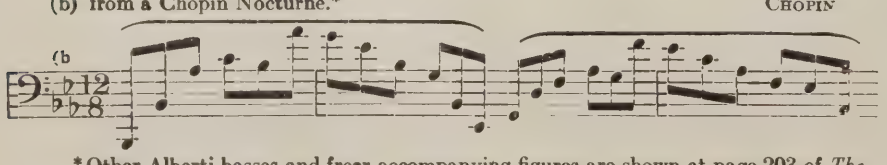
The "overwhelming school," as Mr. Whiting well names it, has on the whole failed to keep its hold on our interest. Like all sensationalism in art, it first ex-

Figure III.

(a) Phrase from Sonata in C major showing the use of the "Alberti Bass."



(b) from a Chopin Nocturne.* Chopin



*Other Alberti basses and freer accompanying figures are shown at page 203 of *The Romantic Composers*, by Daniel Gregory Mason.

[3] These comparisons are given by Krehbiel in his "The Pianoforte and Its Music," page 48.

cites the nerves, then surfeits and jades them, leaving us indifferent and bored. Our fathers gasped in wonder at the athletic feats of a Rubinstein, and no doubt many attendants at piano recitals are still more impressed by noise than by music; but the better taste has decidedly announced its preference for the true pianistic style of Chopin, as it is embodied in his followers—Debussy (1862–1918), Ravel (1875), Scriabine (1871–1915), and other modern impressionists—whose study is rather that of delicate sonorities and shimmering atmosphere than of those massive pilings of tone on tone, of climax on climax, in which, after all, the orchestra is more at home than the piano.

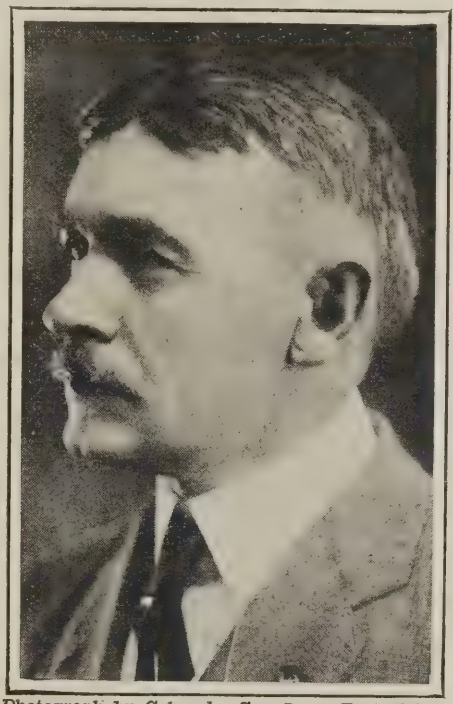
The Key to the Tropics

A new American medical school shows how that key can be made

By CAROLINE DAWES APPLETON

THE opening of America's first resident School of Tropical Medicine in San Juan, Porto Rico, will cast a shaft of clear light upon an obscure corner of the Nation's life—a scene that is Porto Rican and yet could be reproduced in at least twenty States of the Union, barring its attributes of local color. It is the home of the Porto Rican *jibaro* or mountain laborer, who is an American by act of Congress.

On the road to Bayamon, or that which leads to Manati or Aguadilla, or again that which twists in a scarlet ribbon of flamboyant trees through the humid valleys of Coamo into the hills above Gyuama, are small thatched huts elevated by stilts and crowded about with banana trees. They are leaning, abject, but fairly clean; they are well in the path of the purring motors of twenty makes of high-grade cars that streak past and take heed only of the quaint, the archaic, and the picturesque, and leave rickety walls and gaping children veiled in a cloud of dust. These houses are stricken by an ancient blight. It is called hookworm. It has a simple, sinister sound. In such a house, for instance, lives the woman Magdalena, in whose veins runs the blood of Spanish conquerors and a blend of the stately Indian of the Caribbean. Her many children, dark, straight-haired, deep-eyed, with an odd, small smile trembling about the mouth—all are named for saints or for those Porto Rican patriots, like Muñoz Rivera, whose names are the names of saints. Her husband, Juan Cruz, wields the machete of the cane fields, or, with Magdalena and all those children who can more than walk, picks coffee upon the hot, humid slopes that yield a fine berry. Recently, since the revolution in Brazil which reared a column of coffee smoke upon the southern horizon, the United States has come to learn what good coffee our godchild grows, down there—the same bean which France has ground for half a century. Upon this good harvest of the baronial planter Juan Cruz and his family depend for their rice and beans and for the worm which has been his undoing. It is Juan Cruz's curse that the very nature of his labor brings about the ills which weaken him so that he labors no more. The blight, like the word, is a simple, sinister one. Through it a certain historical opprobrium, the epithet "lazy" and the term "po' white trash," attaches to Porto Rico and to certain sections of the United States.



Photograph by Colorado, San Juan, Porto Rico

Colonel Bailey K. Ashford, Medical Corps, United States Army; international authority on uncinariasis and sprue; member of Author's Society of London and decorated by many European countries for distinguished War service. Dr. Ashford went to Porto Rico with the American Army and remained to investigate anaemia, which he discovered to be hookworm. His efforts brought about the establishment of the new School of Tropical Medicine in Porto Rico

The entire physical and spiritual life of Juan Cruz and the woman, and the children whose names are blessed but whose future is bitterly problematical even under a benign parent government in Washington, is undermined by this blight.

Of the technical term uncinariasis, or even the simpler "hookworm," Juan Cruz is entirely unfamiliar. He is driven to the doctor, to the dispensary, only by the pressure of circumstance.

"Why have you sought our dispensary?" he is asked.

"I can no longer work," says Juan Cruz, adding with a note of chill desperation, "You must make me so that I can work." Then, when the whole anæmic, diseased condition has been revealed by the terse questions of the diagnostician—

"Of what did your father die?" he is asked.

"Eh?" says Juan Cruz dully.

"Your father. You say he had all these things the matter with him—don't you know what he died of?"

"*Ah, si!*" says Juan Cruz with brilliant assurance. "He died the natural death—*la muerte natural!*"

Thus it appears that the worm has become traditional. They who have died in laboring, sweating, half-starving droves in Porto Rico in the early days of hopeless ignorance of sanitation and hygiene—they died a "natural death" from which by the grace of God the brood of Juan Cruz is to be saved. Let us, by all means, to war upon the worm!

There is a new drive inaugurated by many powerful scientific foundations, operative all over the world. Their campaigns will be expensive and extensive.

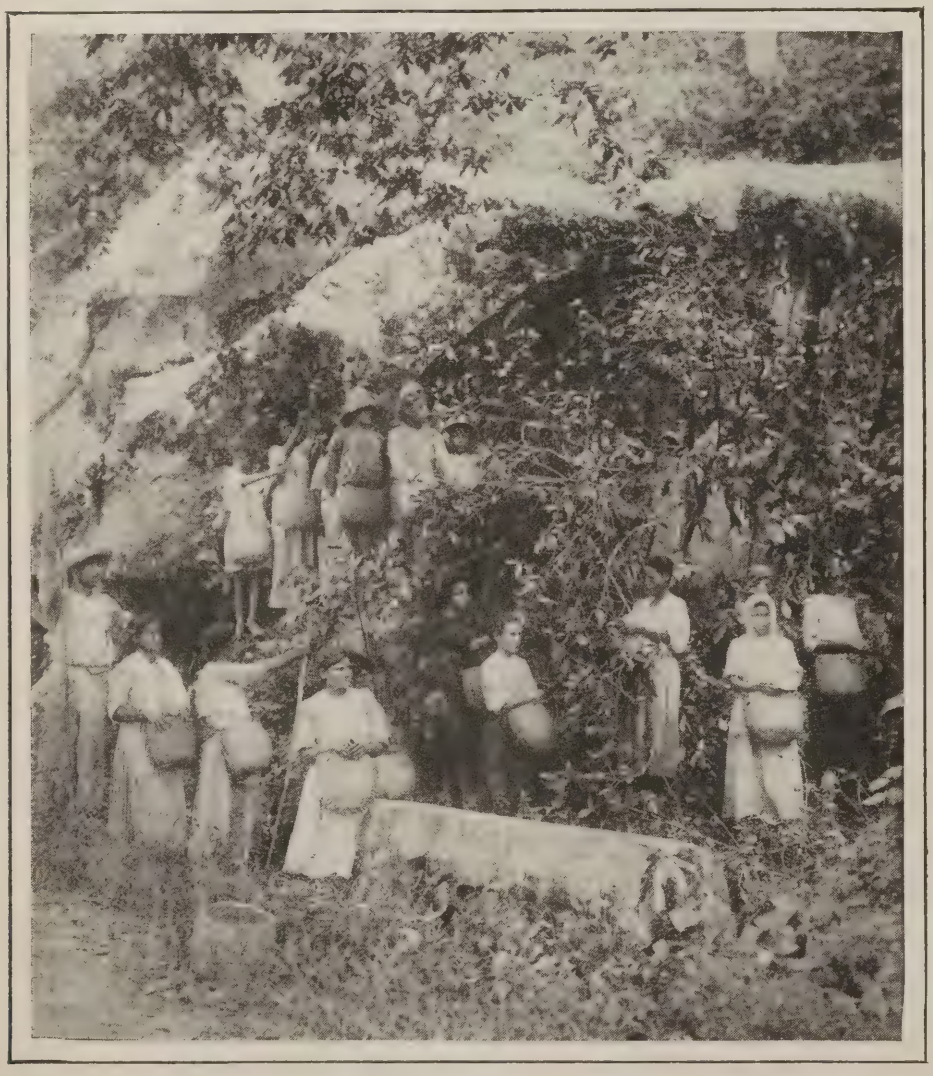
Highly significant and important among these is the new School of Tropical Medicine in Porto Rico. The formal organization will incorporate the clinical

work and existing facilities of the former insular Institute of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene which was the outgrowth of the Porto Rico Anemia Commission headed by Colonel Bailey K. Ashford, Medical Corps, United States Army, which in 1904 began a campaign that successfully treated over 300,000 cases of what the world has since elected to call "hookworm disease." The School will be established under the auspices of Columbia University. Through the courtesy of Dr. Ashford, who resides in Porto Rico and devotes his energies to the eradication of disease from that tropical Eden (in which he claims to find perfection beyond any human dream of beauty!), The Outlook obtains the following announcement of the purposes of the School, which is the first of its kind to be established by American enterprise:

"The manifest necessity for an American School of Tropical Medicine *in the tropics* is great, and this school is the response to that necessity and is the first. In response to the rapidly increasing demand for men to carry American commerce southward the medical science is being called upon daily to furnish its quota of representatives, not only to care for Americans but to sanitate American tropical estates and to care for those who travel from the United States to tropical cities every year to remain for short periods. Not only this, but the laborers employed by Americans to work on their estates, most of them native to the soil, must be cared for as well, disease prevented, and the threat of physical inefficiency averted if American business, as in the case of the building of the Panama Canal, is to be a success in the tropics.

"When to all this we add those who desire to become medical missionaries, and the medical officers of the Federal Services who are carried into tropical conditions, we can see why an American School of Tropical Medicine in the tropics is a necessity.

"An arrangement has been made between Columbia University and the Insular Government of Porto Rico by which, with the Institute of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene of Porto Rico as a nucleus, a School of Tropical Medicine will be founded in San Juan, Porto Rico, under the administration of Columbia University.



Workers on a coffee plantation in Porto Rico—"The United States has come to learn what good coffee our godchild grows down there"

"The School will open November first. The first session will be centered in the Institute of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, pending the erection of an appropriate building for which moneys have been appropriated by the Insular Government."

The curriculum embraces all phases of research and investigation in tropical diseases, and an inexhaustible wealth of clinical material is available.

There can be no doubt that this remarkable scientific gesture has had unusual support by the insular legislature, whose innovations and reforms have done fully as much towards the almost miraculous development of Porto Rico under a quarter of a century of American occupation as have the Americans themselves. Porto Rico has long been recognized in Europe as a rich field for scientific research, and the high ability of native scholars was an asset with which the Spaniards parted with some bitterness. Their sense of loss, remarked upon frequently in the pages of Spanish history, was perhaps unnecessary. Porto Rico's scholars have accomplished the difficult feat of remaining Porto Rican while assimilating a New World system of development. They have retained a scholarly use of the Spanish tongue and have added to it an exhaustive knowledge of English, French, and German.

The new School of Tropical Medicine will draw men from many countries and will serve to rewrite many pages of history. I am reminded by Colonel Ashford of the pictureful year 1765, when the dashing Field Marshal Alexander O'Reilly visited Porto Rico. He made report to his King upon social, fiscal, industrial, and religious conditions in the charming isle, and summed up the unfortunate inhabitants in a sweeping gesture of intolerance. "Lazy!" declared the Field Marshal; "and to encourage their laziness there is a balmy climate!" This flattering tribute to the climate has appeased Porto Rican pride, no doubt, but there remains the stigma of laziness. It is about to be removed from the otherwise fair page of Porto Rico's history. The island engages at this moment in a whimsical review of critical comment of this kind, secure that the stigma is about to be removed. A Benedictine friar in 1773 bewailed the poverty and improvidence of the Porto Rican; Colonel Flinter, an Englishman in the service of Spain, once expressed himself contemptuously of the cigar-smoking, hammock-swinging *jibaro;* and a M. Ledru, concluding a voyage on behalf of France, was struck with the lamentable condition of the *puertorriqueño* as being *d'une paresse et d'une insouciance inconcevable!"* This bitter historical injustice has

rankled. We should know. We have suffered it in behalf of some of our Southern States whose poverty and ill health have been but poorly understood and interpreted abroad. The apathy of our "po' white trash" need not be constitutional, but, like the indigent idleness of some Porto Rican *jibaros* who jarred upon Field Marshal O'Reilly's energetic consciousness, can be due to a worm!

At that it is an imported worm. Looss in a "Note on Intestinal Worms found in African Pigmies" speaks of "the occurrence of New World hookworm in natives of Central Africa," and in confirmation of this a Porto Rican, Dr. Guiterrez, traced the offending worm to the African Gold Coast, giving rise to the theory that it was brought to Porto Rico, as to the southern American Colonies, by "slave-traders who conveyed Negro slaves, in ships, in olden times." Probably Africa, which harbors so many historical phenomena, can endure the stigma, which, thanks to the lifted beacon of medical science in Porto Rico, is about to be removed from the continental and Porto Rican American alike. "These men are not lazy—they are ill," says Dr. Ashford in a valuable paper on "Uncinariasis in Porto Rico," published by the United States Senate. "The *jibaro* has been the lever which has raised the bank account of Porto Rico, and, with an average of forty per cent of hemoglobin and two and a half millions of red corpuscles per cubic millimeter, he has labored from sun to sun in the coffee plantation of the mountains, in the sugar estate of the coastlands, and in the tobacco fields of the foothills in addition to his personal co-operation in other industries and commercial enterprises. He is a sick man, and deserves our highest respect and merits our most careful attention as a vital element in the economic life of the island. The American people should take seriously into account his future, which at present is anything but promising."



Houses of the poor in Manati, Porto Rico—"These houses are stricken by an ancient blight; it is called hookworm"

It was, incidentally, the campaign by the Porto Rico Anemia Commission which was organized by Colonel Ashford, and of which the new School in Porto Rico is directly descended, that attracted the attention of Mr. Rockefeller, through Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, who corroborated the baneful influence of the disease in our own Southern States and thus opened a treasury of millions to cleanse the entire world of an insidious disease.

Pretty Girls and Handsome Men

By George Witten

THEY were both good to look at. They represented the finest type of young Americans—athletic, energetic, and ambitious. She was small and graceful, with clear, intelligent blue eyes, smiling lips, a determined little chin, and chestnut curls that fell over a finely shaped forehead, distinctly feminine, yet obviously capable. He was of medium height and clean cut. Though not of powerful build, strength radiated from him. It was a strength of character rather than mere physical force. His dark eyes looked fearlessly toward the future. His clean-shaven face had still an eager, boyish expression.

They had met at a business college, where they had gone to reinforce their high school educations before commencing the real fight of life. Now they were entering the great business arena shoulder to shoulder—fearless and hopeful. Idealists, believing the world good and that honesty and hard work would overcome all obstacles to success.

On the upper deck of the ferry-boat Frank read to Mildred the "Help Wanted" advertisement that had lured him to seek a career in New York's financial district:

> Wanted—A young man who is not afraid. One who intends to win. One who is willing to work for success. To such a young man I have a real opportunity to offer.
>
> Manager, Blank Corporation.

Frank had found the Manager and perpetrator of this fine-sounding advertisement incased in a glass compartment in the bustling, businesslike office of a corporation that was proclaiming loudly to the world that they, and they alone, held the secret that would, when put into operation, revolutionize the steel industry.

The Manager greeted Frank with a manly handshake, silently appraising him for a full minute.

"I think you're the man I'm after," he said. "Your coming to me tells me you want to win. Knowing men, I can tell from your appearance that you are made of the right stuff. Be seated."

Frank took the proffered chair, his heart hitting a few extra beats at the thought of his coming up to the standard of this obviously great man.

Then followed a long explanation, in "strictest confidence," of the secret that was to revolutionize the steel industry and make millions for the men who put it into operation. First of all, this great enterprise needed men of proved sterling quality—men who couldn't be beaten. Next, it needed capital. Now the men who proved themselves by raising the capital would be the executives of the industry. Each would hold a position according to his merit—determined on by the amount he raised.

Of course the corporation could have a million dollars in a few days, but accepting it would mean putting the industry into the hands of the capitalists, and that would end in the enterprise being

killed, because its success would be a tremendous blow to the big interests.

With the confidence of youth, Frank told the Manager of all his hopes and ambitions. The greatest of which, of course, was Mildred.

"Splendid!" said the Manager. "Mildred, you say, graduated with you at the Business College. There is a place for her here." He was full of friendly enthusiasm. "Bring her over to-morrow, and we will work out a plan by which you young people can make a place for yourselves in the world—working side by side." He slapped Frank on the back and threw a fat arm across his shoulders. "To-morrow, my boy," his voice was low and earnest, "we will start the big fight."

So Frank was taking Mildred to meet the Manager. Their eyes sparkled with the thrill of the enterprise on which they had set out. On that day they were going to start their big life struggle—just as did the daring young men and women who first ventured into the great American wilderness and together overcame obstacles and built homes for themselves.

The Manager beamed on them benignly. He loved honest people. The more honest and more credulous, the more he could make from them. Here was a couple he could mold to his own liking.

"I have been thinking of you young people," he said in his kindly, bland voice. "First we will go over the plan together for Mildred's sake; then I have drawn up two lists of people for you to see. It will only take a short time to raise the necessary capital. When that is done, we will open branch offices in all the big cities. I think we shall put you in charge of our Philadelphia office. You two could manage our force there very nicely."

After a further explanation of the "secret," he gave them each a list of prospective stock purchasers to call upon. In their first enthusiasm they did not notice that all the names on Mildred's list were men, and all on Frank's women. Later Mildred found that all her prospects were elderly business men, while Frank's were women of means around the ages of thirty-five and forty. After a few days Mildred was booked up for a number of luncheons and dinners. These elderly business men had too much to do during business hours to give their attention to a new enterprise, but they were always glad to go to some quiet restaurant where there were no distractions and talk the matter over.

At first Mildred had declined these invitations; then she found that her prospects lost interest in the enterprise. Well, she was out to win, and if it was necessary to eat lunches and dinners with elderly men to succeed, then eat she would. These tête-à-tête parties proved both pleasant and profitable. For generally Mildred's laughing eyes and Cupid's-bow lips could persuade her escort to take a little flutter, say, five hundred or a thousand dollars. These little flutters called for more dinner parties, and sometimes an evening at the theater. But she was "producing," and the Manager was highly pleased with her work.

She became an adept at "stringing" her prospects. Often the first small flutter of an investment was followed by a larger stake. Mildred had charm, she was a prize to be coveted, and the elderly business men had hopes. Mildred was always careful that she never entirely crushed these hopes; she would simply put off their fulfillment to another day.

This is one of a series of articles by Mr. Witten dealing with the wiles of fake promoters, who annually take a heavy toll from the American people

Life to her became one continual round of luncheons, dinners, and theaters, interspersed with rides in luxurious automobiles and occasional sails in yachts. Her commissions on the stock she sold were handsome, but it took most of this money to buy the clothes she found it necessary to have to keep up with the people and places she frequented. Of course her own resources were often augmented with costly presents of furs and jewelry from the more hopeful of her elderly admirers.

It was a relief to Mildred that she saw little of Frank these days, for he too was busy. Afternoon teas, luncheons, dinners, bridge parties, matinées, automobile rides, all took up his time. But he too was "producing," and the Manager was highly pleased with his work.

Ladies of uncertain age like to have their friends see them in company with a good-looking young man, especially if he is polished and attentive. Frank was both. He was no longer clean shaven, having cultivated a neat little mustache. He wore spats, carried a cane, and talked with a languid droll.

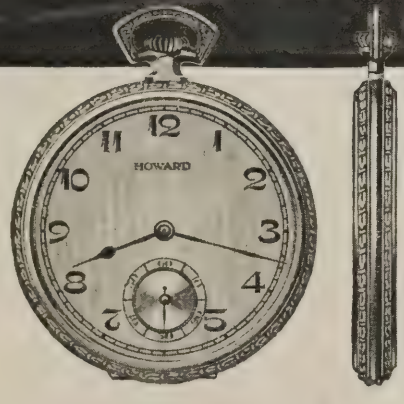
When Frank and Mildred were together on Sundays, as they usually were during the first few weeks after they became stock peddlers, their conversation was restrained. There was much that each had to hide from the other. In each other's presence they felt ashamed of the methods they were using to raise funds for the great enterprise, but they consoled themselves that they were merely working for a big purpose, and that when the funds were raised they would set the present life aside and settle down.

In time their Sundays were taken up by their prospects. For weeks they never saw each other. The Manager was shrewd enough to keep them apart in the office, and now they only went to the little town in New Jersey when they were worn out and needed rest; then they spent most of their time sleeping. The branch office in Philadelphia was forgotten, and the home they had planned seemed now like a childish dream. They were both blasé, cynical. They cared nothing for each other, or for any one else. Gradually they came to realize that they were part of a gigantic swindle, but it didn't worry them. When they did think about it, it was merely to look around for other fields of operation when the Corporation blew up, as they knew it would sooner or later.

There are hundreds of Mildreds and hundreds of Franks who by their charm and personality are separating unwary men and women from their money and turning it over to scores of Managers, who daily set their traps for young Americans of sterling quality, whom they can send out to unwittingly filch the public. These Managers are clever, and never are they guilty of even suggesting methods that are not honest and worthy. They merely engineer matters so that the young people they dupe are thrown into contact with necessary temptations. Read the "Help Wanted" columns of the Sunday papers, and you will find numbers of these trap ads.

The writer in answering these advertisements came across several concerns conducting schools for the purpose of training young men and women to become "gyp" stock salesmen. The instructors of these schools are loud in their denunciations of dishonest methods, yet in every lecture to their pupils they insidiously instill thoughts of schemes that would be sure to "produce," but which they know are dishonest and which they know many of the class will practice. These concerns not only rob the public of money, but they daily rob young men and women of their self-respect, and start them on the downward path.





—tick -tick -tick -tick

IF MORE men carried Howard Watches, fewer households would be constantly in the dark as to the correct time of day.

Oh! the clocks in some people's houses! They may be fast, they may be slow—and nobody knows which—that is, for *sure*.

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The Book Table

An Amphibious Hobo

A Review by GREGORY MASON

WHETHER they deal with unusual experiences or not, most travel books are the work of mediocre or worse than mediocre writers. A few are the work of gifted authors describing ordinary experiences. Once in a blue moon a writer of rare talents describes experiences of unusual interest, and the result is a travel book to buy, borrow, or beg.

Such a volume is "Voyaging," by Rockwell Kent.[1] To begin his voyage Kent made a little preliminary jaunt of seven thousand miles, from New York to Punta Arenas, in a freight steamer. At Punta Arenas, on the Straits of Magellan, the southernmost city of the world, he bought a lifeboat from a wrecked steamer. "She was a double-ender, clinker-built, with light, bent ribs. The stem was splintered; seven planks were stove or rotten; she was warped, dry as a bone, and open everywhere. She was of slipshod factory construction, with every knee and brace a false one sawed from straight-grained plank. Such was our boat, a derelict. She cost me twenty dollars."

[1] Voyaging. By Rockwell Kent. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $7.50.

In this boat Kent and his partner in adventure, an erratic young Norwegian, the ex-mate of a windjammer, started for Cape Horn. All circumstances considered, it seems fair to say that the feats of Thomas Fleming Day, William Nutting, and John Kelly, each of whom crossed the Atlantic in a small sailboat, were cautious and colorless by comparison with Kent's accomplishment.

When Kent and his partner reached Tierra del Fuego at the head of Admiralty Sound, they left their boat and took to their feet. With nothing else to carry them, they cut a new trail across an unexplored piece of mountain range. Footsore and penniless, they made their way to the small town of Ushuaia, the southernmost village in the world, as Punta Arenas is the southernmost city. Nearly everywhere they were hospitably received by Indians, poachers, outlaws, and exiles, who considered Kent's flute-playing ample compensation for the food and lodging given to the wanderers. At Ushuaia, Kent borrowed a small sloop. In this he penetrated the Wollaston Islands to within a few miles of Cape Horn, when the boat's proprietor lost his courage, in the face of snorting weather, and turned homeward.

Even from such a brief sketch it can be seen that this was an adventure rare enough to give even a commonplace writer an interesting book. But Kent's record of his voyaging is a work of art. To those who enjoyed the drawings with which Kent illustrated the story of his Alaskan experiences in "Wilderness" the black-and-white illustrations in this volume will be a delight. Moreover, the book is delightfully written—now and then there are really purple patches in Kent's prose.

Not the least of the abilities of this versatile amphibious hobo is his knack for picking out the important facets of everything he sees. As he crosses the track of Darwin's ship Beagle (which, by the way, a great passenger vessel is soon to follow in circumnavigating the whole continent of South America), and as he picks up the footprints of the early missionaries and traders, his comments have the nutty flavor of good biography and history.

A rollicking spirit blows through "Voyaging," crude sometimes, but clean and strong like the winds of the Horn. Here is a specimen, a glimpse of the weary American and the lame Norwegian arriving at Ushuaia:

> . . . The mate was spent with pain.
>
> "Let's rest a bit," he said as we reached the outskirts of the town, "because we've got to blow in in style."
>
> In a few minutes he could stand it. With heads thrown back and swinging arms, to our marching tune of "John Brown's Body" we tramped in.
>
> The dogs announce our coming, folk come to their doors and stare.
>
> "Where are you from?" asks a fellow.
>
> "Admiralty Sound."
>
> "God! Where are you going?"
>
> "CAPE HORN!"



Courtesy G. P. Putnam's Sons.

From "Voyaging," by Rockwell Kent

The New Books

FICTION

HISTORICAL NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT (THE). By Rafael Sabatini. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Dramatic episodes of history (similar to Dumas's "Celebrated Crimes") related by a novelist and historian.

RED SAND. By T. S. Stribling. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

Offhand it is hard to recall any American novelist since Richard Harding Davis who has had much success with the Latin-American scene. Our fiction writers with a flair for exotic background go to Africa, the Near or Far East, and

Which Type of Character Is YOURS ?



Quick Thinking, Quick Acting Type



Slow Thinking, Quick Acting Type



Quick Thinking, Slow Acting Type



Moderate, Well Balanced Type

Signs That Reveal Character —at a Glance

Do you know some people who look like the types shown above? Do you know some who have the mouth of one, the nose and eyes of another and the ears of still another? The size and shape of their features tell exactly what kind of men and women they are. Learn the meaning of these little facial signs and you have the wonderful secret of analyzing character, which is the sure, quick way to business and social advancement

WHEREVER you go—whatever you do—you are bound to meet people. Your ability to say and do the things that please them—your ability to make them think what you want them to think—to make them believe what you want them to believe—to make them do what you want them to do—all this depends on your ability to size them up.

That is the real secret of putting big ideas across in every business—it is the secret of popularity—it is the secret that makes men big—it is the secret which, consciously or subconsciously, lies behind every success, in every field of human activity.

How to Read Character At a Glance

Written on the face and body of every man, woman and child are unmistakable signs of their character and abilities. The color of their hair, the size and shape of their hands—the eyes—nose—chin—all denote certain definite traits of character. These signs and their meanings have at last been classified and tabulated in an amazing new course which shows you how to analyze yourself and others at a glance.

In this wonderful new course, entitled "Reading Character at Sight," Katherine M. H. Blackford, M.D., the world-famous character analyst, reveals the tell-tale signs that denote both character and abilities. Dr. Blackford has been employed at record fees by such corporations as the Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., the Scott Paper Co. and other big concerns, to pick and place rightly the men they employ. And 98% of Dr. Blackford's selections have made good at the jobs in which they were placed.

As a result of Dr. Blackford's revelations thousands of men and women have decided just what their life work really is and have thereby doubled and tripled their salaries. Others have saved themselves from business disaster and unscrupulous partners. Many salesmen are using the knowledge they gained to judge and approach their prospects. Executives use it in dealing with their employees. Lawyers are finding it of great help in their court work and in their action toward clients. Public speakers employ it in judging their audience, and in debate.

Leaders of Men Are Readers of Men

Every great success is built on the ability to judge people. Rockefeller, Carnegie, Ford—every prominent man you ever heard of—succeeded largely because he knew how to pick men accurately and quickly. The man skilled in character reading looks upon a stranger as on an open book. Ease and confidence are his, due to a complete knowledge of that person's true character.

And now you too can acquire this success-making power through Dr. Blackford's wonderful new course "Reading Character at Sight." These seven interesting handy booklets are well-bound and printed in large clear type. They contain scores of half-tone illustrations which bring out clearly the important little points emphasized by Dr. Blackford. They show you how to quickly analyze yourself and others. Maybe you are in the wrong job. Perhaps your real ability is being wasted. If so it may be costing you thousands of dollars every year. Don't go on in doubt when a few minutes' pleasant reading will reveal startling truths about yourself.

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Dept. B-410, Garden City, N. Y.

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the South Seas, but by chance or design the better ones seem to have avoided those countries of color which are at our very doorstep. With the pleasure which novelty brings, therefore, we mark the rise of a first-rate American writer who understands the psychology of the people across the Caribbean.

In his first novel, "Birthright," Mr. T. S. Stribling handled Negro characters with an understanding which marked him as unique in a literary age dominated by the popular magazine insistence that story populations must be one hundred per cent American. His second book, "Fombombo," showed no new capacities of importance, but in "Red Sand" he more than fulfills his earlier promise. Like Richard Harding Davis, he has gone to Latin America for his scene, but "Red Sand" is distinctly superior to any novel written by the hero of 1898. For not only is Stribling a born story-teller, but he has something important to say. Moreover, he has had the courage to put no character in this vivid drama of bull-fighting but Venezuelans, and he has had the skill to make all the characters live. To the superficial, "Red Sand" may be a romance with a tragic ending; to the discerning it is a work of art.

BIOGRAPHY

GENERAL BOTHA. By Earl Buxton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

The former Governor-General of South Africa does not claim to have written a complete biography of the man who probably did more than any one else to shape the Union of South Africa and to keep it loyal to the Allied cause during the Great War. He merely records his own personal reminiscences of a man who was at once a lovable human being, a great commander in peace as well as war, and an international figure of unusual interest. The book is somewhat overburdened by trivialities, but full of valuable material.

MEMORIES AND FRIENDS. By Arthur Christopher Benson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Essays upon many notable figures, including Ruskin, Mrs. Oliphant, Oscar Browning, Henry James, and Rupert Brooke.

POE: MAN, POET, AND CREATIVE THINKER. By Sherwin Cody. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

In this book, as much compilation as treatise, the author has done good service by assembling and arranging the salient facts of Poe's life and work. Inevitably his own critical apparatus has been set going. Smith's facts about the "real Jones" are bound to be selected as well as collected, since Smith, as well as Jones, is a man, and not merely a mechanism. Having chosen Jones as a theme worthy of his typewriter, Smith's good opinion

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The Light That Failed
Departmental Ditties and Barrack-Room Ballads
From Sea to Sea
Letters of Marque
From Sea to Sea
Letters of Travel
American Notes
From Sea to Sea
American Notes
City of Dreadful Night

The Thousandfold Thrill of Life

A horny-handed and sin-seared skipper, a lawless soldier with a light-o'-love in every port, a cattle keeper on shipboard, an engineer amidst his oily engines, are put before us—says the editor of The Warner Library—so that we recognize them as lovable fellow-creatures responsive to the thousandfold thrill of life.

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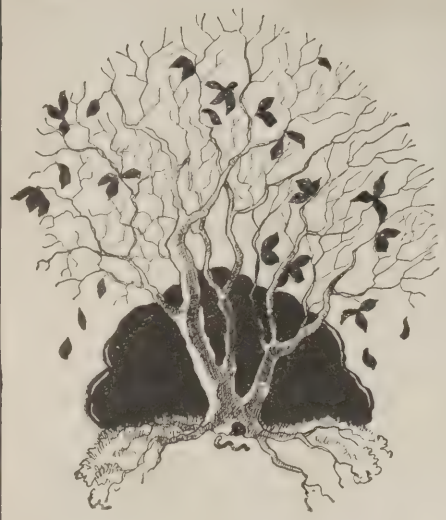
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of that gentleman is insensibly heightened. If Jones has been a fighting man and made enemies, Smith is his predestined champion. Mr. Cody has a little of the air of proprietorship which belongs to biographers in general. He leans too readily towards superlatives in his praise of Poe as man, poet, and creative thinker.

His sense of humor does not always serve him. He does not seem to feel the frequent bombast and hifalutin of Poe's private letters. He finds only beauty in Poe's relation to the child cousin whom he married; and he finds nothing ludicrous in Poe's philanderings with other women. There is something resembling Swift's relations to Stella and Vanessa in Poe's attitude towards his feminine admirers—Mrs. Shew and Mrs. Osgood and Mrs. Whitman, and the more or less mysterious "Annie" (also a Mrs.) of Lowell. For years he made love on paper to both Helen and Annie in terms far short of the dignity of real passion. They are immature, mawkish, like the letters of a schoolboy to a classmate or the pretty schoolma'am. The sooner they are forgotten, the better; and with them should have been burned long since such letters as the hysterical and illiterate (and, alas! complacent) screed from "Annie" here reprinted by Mr. Cody as evidence that she, among all his women, was really Poe's "best friend." To put it baldly, Poe in his relations to women was chiefly spoony, and Annie was a fit and safe person to spoon with.

Of Poe's status as poet Mr. Cody is an excellent assessor. He does not claim too much. His contention that Poe, in revising it, always improved his verse for the better is doubtfully borne out by the examples quoted here; and too much weight is laid upon the poet's famous analysis of his own methods, as applied in particular to the composition of "The Raven." We have always suspected that Poe was "spoofing" in that article—or whatever may have been his solemn equivalent for that cheerful process. For Poe as a "creative thinker" of a high order this writer hardly makes out his case. He was a creative artist, within almost the narrowest possible range, the beauty-love-and-death range of adolescence. Otherwise he was an ingenious theorist upon art, with flashes of inspired insight. To try, as Mr. Cody tries, to make a world philosopher of him, on the basis of works like "Eureka," is to confound the rainbow with the sun. "Eureka," says Poe, is a prose poem, in which he "designs to speak of the Physical, Metaphysical and Mathematical—of the Material and Spiritual Universe—of its Essence, its Origin, its Creation, its Present Condition and its Destiny." A

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tolerably broad design, and somewhat inconsistent with Poe's expressed belief that a poem must be short, and that "Paradise Lost," for example, is therefore inferior as poetry.

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ENGLAND'S LABOUR RULERS. By Iconoclast. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $1.50.

A series of brief, journalistic, but nevertheless highly interesting sketches of the men composing Great Britain's first Socialist Government. Done by the anonymous writer who recently published a larger study of Premier MacDonald, they are palpably written from the inside, yet with great fairness. In an American they arouse first of all wonder at the difference between the men in public life over there and here. Men of the same type and caliber have little, if any, chance in politics here, and until they have, of course, we shall be where we are.

INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND (AN). Vol. V. By C. R. L. Fletcher. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.25.

This volume covers the period from Waterloo to 1880.

NAVAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR (THE). By Thomas G. Frothingham, Captain U. S. R. The Harvard University Press, Cambridge. $3.75.

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Articles, mostly reprinted from the "Saturday Evening Post," on the League of Nations, the Constitution, internal government, the Presidency, and the Supreme Court.

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HOME OF AN EASTERN CLAN (THE). By Mrs. Leslie Milne. The Clarendon Press, Oxford.

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Dick—"Ah, my dear, I've seen boomerangs flying about in Australia till the air was thick with them."

Dora—"Oh, Dick, why didn't you bring me some of their feathers?"

The explosion of a pipe into which a cartridge had found its way with the tobacco; a wound from the fin of a fish; an eye-shade catching fire; a peck from a pet rooster held in the lap; a jab in the eye from the horn of a cow—these are some of the causes of 279 serious eye accidents reported to the National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness during one month.

From "Life:"

Car Owner—"You sold me a car about two weeks ago."

Salesman—"How do you like it?"

Car Owner—"I want you to tell me everything you said about that car all over again. I'm getting discouraged."

A man who had a flower garden which adjoined a golf course was annoyed by the caddies coming over the fence to look among his flowers for lost balls. He got a can of "tree tanglefoot," he writes to the "Rural New Yorker," and began to smear the posts and the top wire of his fence with it. A player who saw him applying the tanglefoot asked him what the idea was. "To keep the bugs from coming over the fence." "Oh, you mean the golf bugs," was the rejoinder. One application kept both balls and bugs from coming over, it is affirmed.

From "Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern:"

She: "Does he belong to the 400?"

She: "Yes, he's one of the ciphers."

English readers find our Indian place nouns, like Mattawamkeag, queer. Well, here are ten English towns taken by us from a long list compiled by a London "Daily Mail" correspondent: Huish Champflower, Ryme Intrinsica, Toller Porcorum, Nether Wallop, Great Snoring, Zeal Monachorum, Panchasweek, Swine, Barton in the Beans, and Kingston Bagpuze.

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The Outlook

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An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

OCTOBER 8, 1924



The Roosevelt-Akeley Elephant Group for the Museum of Natural History

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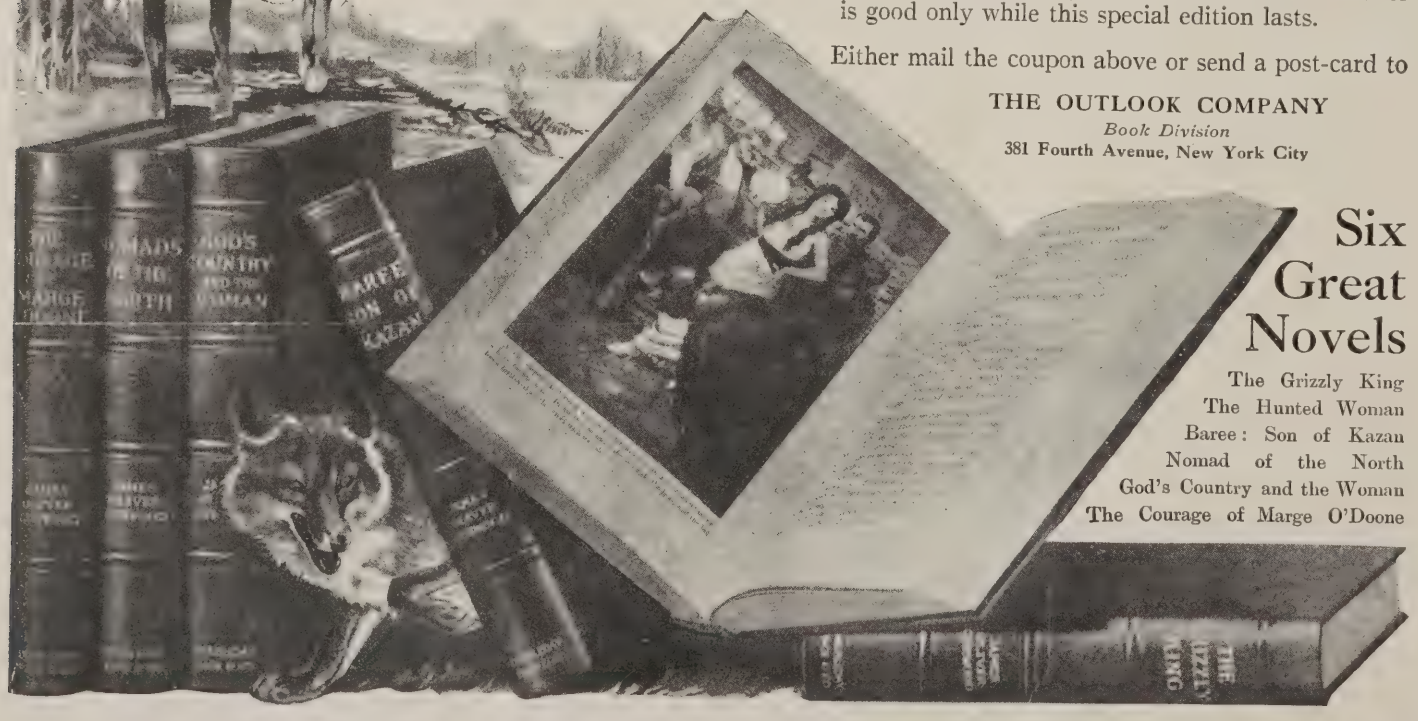
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The Outlook

Volume 138 October 8, 1924 Number 6

The Governorship Race in New York

IF he were not the son of his father, judgment upon the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt as the Republican candidate for Governor of New York would be simpler and would be juster to him. Because of his father's great career and personality, he enters the contest with the advantage of a certain prestige, but also with the disadvantage of an inevitable comparison that at once affords the basis for unfair criticism. This comparison seems the more plausible because of the parallel between the outward circumstances of his father's career and his own. Each in turn was a member of the Assembly in the New York Legislature, a fighting colonel at the front, and Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Theodore Roosevelt the younger made a particularly honorable record in the war for bravery, gallantry, and competence as an officer. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy he rendered very distinguished service in the preparation of the Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armaments. By his home environment, by his education, and by his experience in office he has had an exceptional training for the public service. There ought to be more men of such training in American public life than there have been in the past.

He has been called upon to meet a very formidable antagonist. Governor Alfred E. Smith has obtained a popularity in New York State which is almost, if not quite, without precedent. In spite of the fact that he is widely considered the favorite of those professional Roman Catholics who would like to employ political means for the furtherance of the interests of their Church, and in spite of the fact that he is regarded as a champion of those who would like to break down the operation of the Prohibition Law, he has earned the respect of many of his political opponents for his integrity and for the humane influence he has had upon social legislation. "Al" Smith has always run ahead of his ticket. His following is larger than his party.

To displace such a man from public office is no light task. In this campaign Colonel Roosevelt will have a full opportunity to display all his ability.



(C) Underwood

Theodore Roosevelt, Republican candidate for Governor of New York

Mr. Davis Replies

TO Harry M. Daugherty's demand that he cease making "vague and all the more reprehensible" references to him in his speeches, John W. Davis replied that his references to the former Attorney-General had not been vague, but quite definite and open, and that he found no warrant for withdrawing any of them. "If the Constitution is to endure," wrote Mr. Davis, "the first requisite is that men who hold office under it shall be honest and faithful in their trust. Its real enemies are not the Reds and Bolshevists of whom you speak, whose shadows frighten you, but corrupt and impotent public officials and their associates."

The importance of any statement from Gaston B. Means, upon whose denial of his testimony Daugherty based his demand for silence, was brushed aside by Mr. Davis. The significance of Means, as Mr. Davis saw the situation, was not any statement that he made or denied or reiterated, but the fact that he was employed by Mr. Daugherty as an agent in the Department of Justice "when his character was already notorious." Neither did Mr. Davis make any defense of Senator Wheeler, or even suggest that the indictment against him did not have foundation in fact. What he did point out as significant with regard to Senator Wheeler was that the Department of Justice, under Mr. Daugherty, made no effort to procure an indictment "until he had assumed a leading part in the criticism of the Administration and of yourself."

In the outset Mr. Davis might have done better than to base his campaign so largely on the scandals of the present Administration, but he was not injured in his exchange with Mr. Daugherty. Indeed, it appears that Daugherty, if he has affected the campaign at all, has further injured the party that already had suffered enough at his hands. The public was in a mood to regard the Daugherty incident as a closed chapter, and the Democratic attack on that line was making little impression. Mr. Daugherty's effort to defend himself, particularly through the discredited and discreditable instrumentality of Means, has served to give the whole sorry business a place of more importance than it deserves in the campaign. Mr. Daugherty, if he could not remain deaf to things said about him, should have had the tact—and the nerve—to remain dumb. It was the only service he could have rendered his party.

Secretary Hoover on Government Ownership

HERBERT HOOVER can always be depended upon to do any job he undertakes in a thorough and workmanlike way. This is notably true of his discussion last week in a radio address of Senator La Follette's advocacy of Government ownership for railways and public utilities.

The facts adduced by Mr. Hoover are so much to the point and so complete as

an exposition that this statement might very well be recommended to all who wish to study the topic of Government ownership regardless of the present campaign.

La Follette has declared that he stands for Government ownership not only of railways, but of every other public utility, adding, for emphasis, "every one." Mr. Hoover piles up facts and figures to show what an enormous proposal this is, and declares that such a scheme would turn the purpose of our Government into money-making, which is not its function. It would add, he asserts, $40,000,000,000 to the public debt and, apart from the financial vastness, it would in its political philosophy abandon our own form of social organization and inject into our National effort "an economic patent medicine from Europe."

The difficulties of any satisfactory Civil Service system that would develop if nearly three million new employees should be taken into the public service, as would be necessary, were pointed out convincingly. The political possibilities of influence as between parties would be dangerous, the speaker said, when the body of office-holders, with their wives and dependents, should be thus enlarged to become over twenty-five per cent of the whole vote cast.

The fallacy of the common argument that what is done abroad can be done in the United States was dealt with by Secretary Hoover in a comparison of the efficiency of foreign government-operated railways with those in our own country. He showed that in Italy, Germany, Sweden, and elsewhere the number of railway employees has constantly been increasing while the traffic and receipts have been decreasing. On the other hand, the number of employees of American railways is about the same as it was ten years ago, while there has been a ten per cent increase in the traffic. This shows that, as Mr. Hoover says, "American railways are the only railways on earth showing increased efficiency in the last ten years."

This is only an outline of parts of Secretary Hoover's quite remarkable address. It certainly should be published in full and circulated widely, not so much for campaign purposes as because it is a notable array of knowledge bearing precisely on subjects about which too many are apt to talk with more theoretic confidence than actual information.

Lotta and the Soldiers

THOSE of us who have recollections of the stage forty years ago or more will recall the sprightly entertainer—she could hardly be called an actress in any large sense of the word—who was always called solely by the diminutive of her first name, Lotta. Her full name was Charlotte Mignon Crabtree. Her best-known performance was probably in an adaptation of Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop" in which she "doubled" the parts of the pathetic Little Nell and the whimsical and eccentric Marchioness. Lotta was immensely popular with those who liked a sort of superior vaudeville worked into the form of a play. She danced, sang, and rioted over the stage in innocent and catching high spirits, but she had no pretensions to high dramatic art.

Since Lotta's retirement many years ago, by fortunate investments in real estate and in theatrical companies she prospered exceedingly. Now, after her recent death in Boston, it appears that her estate, estimated roughly at four million dollars, is almost entirely to be devoted to benevolent or helpful purposes. Apart from comparatively quite small legacies to individuals, money is left by Lotta for a "dumb animal" fund, including (unfortunately, we think) a sum for so-called anti-vivisection agitation, a theatrical fund to help members of the profession in need, a Christmas fund for needy persons, a fund for aiding discharged convicts, a hospital fund for free beds in Boston Hospital, an educational fund for pupils in the New England Conservatory of Music who need assistance, and an agricultural fund intended to aid graduates of the Massachusetts Agricultural College to engage in agricultural pursuits.

The public interest in Lotta Crabtree's benevolence is, however, naturally centered in the fact that half of the entire property—perhaps two million dollars—is left to establish a trust fund for men and women who were in the service during the World War and who were disabled, maimed, wounded, or sick, and for their dependents. Miss Crabtree declared her pride and admiration for the heroic and patriotic service rendered by our soldiers and sailors and others in the service during the war and expressed her feeling and purpose in saying that she selected in this particular trust "the noblest and most deserving philanthropy to which my estate can be put."

This great donation is one of the largest of its kind ever left by an individual not generally known to the public as possessed of vast wealth. The American people will have a warm and earnest feeling of respect and admiration for the woman who has thus finely revealed her patriotism as well as her philanthropic sympathy.

Trying to Outlaw War

AGGRESSIVE war—that is, war conducted for the mere aggrandizement of the nation that makes it—ought to be regarded as criminal.

So far as that is the honest purpose of those who at a meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva are discussing plans for outlawing war, all Americans can sympathize with it and approve it. That there are difficulties in the way of determining what war is merely aggressive and of deciding what ought to be done in case of a nation that is suspected of designing aggressive war is evident from the very discussion that has been taking place.

To Japan the rest of the world and particularly America should be grateful for making clear one of the most serious of those difficulties. Briefly, the plan under discussion would provide that any nation, whether a member of the League of Nations or not, that would refuse to arbitrate a matter under dispute could be judged an aggressor, and would be virtually outlawed. The citizens or subjects of an outlawed nation would have no right under international law. Their property, for example, might be seized. Under the Covenant of the League of Nations domestic questions are excluded from international concern. Japan caused consternation when Mr. Adachi, her spokesman, made it clear that Japan would not support the plan if it were so framed that Japan could be regarded as an aggressor in case she took steps "to defend her legitimate interests" in repelling an attack upon her honor. Especially in view of the references made in the discussions to the exclusion of Japanese attempting to migrate to the United States and Australia, for example, the implication was obvious. If such a matter as the control by each nation of its own immigration policy is left to that nation without international interference, Japan threatens to withdraw from the whole undertaking. On the other hand,

Learn to govern better

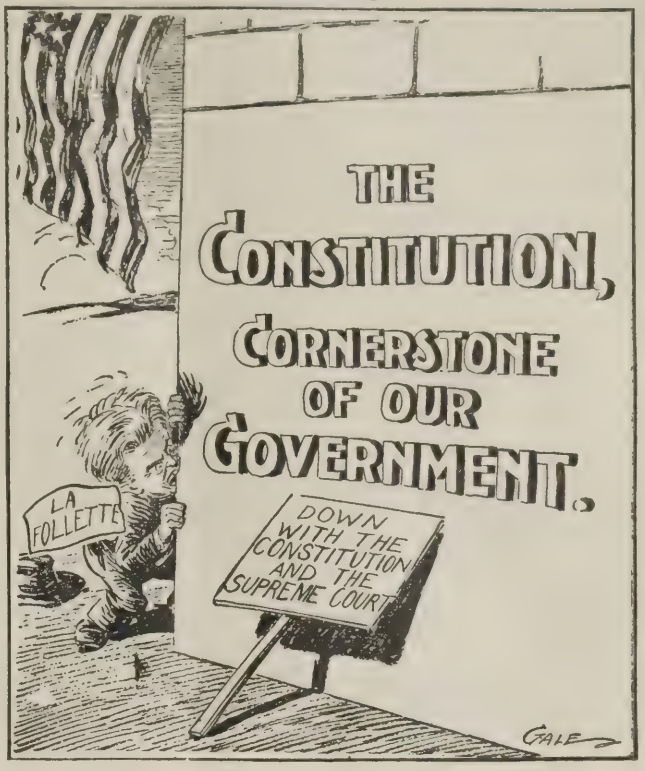
(2 Henry VI, Act IV, Scene 9)

Knott in the Dallas News



As La Follette would have it

Gale in the Los Angeles Times



Biting on granite

From Mrs. H. M. Collins, Los Angeles, Cal.

Kuhn in the Indianapolis News



Moral—Don't give him the chance

From Dr. Kate Williams, Indianapolis, Ind.

Kirby in the Erie (Pa.) Daily Times



What about the science of Government?

From Ruth S. Momayer, Erie, Pa.



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Airplane View of the Latest Bridge over the Hudson

This structure at Castleton, New York, twelve miles south of Albany, is designed to carry the freight traffic of the New York Central lines at the high level of 135 feet above the river. This view was made looking south and east. At the far end of the bridge in a straight line the tracks of the Boston and Albany Railroad run east. At that end of the bridge the tracks of the New York Central Railroad will swing sharply to the right and run south at an easy grade to Stuyvesant, ten miles down the river, where they will join the main line to New York. At the right in this picture the tracks are running westward into the new freight yards at Selkirk, which will be the largest in the country, thence westward in an almost direct line to join the four-track lines in the Mohawk Valley at Hoffmans. The white streak under the far end of the bridge is the present rail route to New York on the east shore of the Hudson used by the New York Central.

if domestic questions are left as matters subject to compulsory arbitration, what might be the effect on the United States? Nations that would like to dispose of their surplus population by sending them to America—in the course of time this might be true of all the nations in the League—could attempt by means of this agreement to coerce America into an immigration policy satisfactory to them. Japan has done us a favor by being outspoken and frank.

In this whole discussion there has been much confusion of thought. Aggressive war, for example, has been confused with offensive warfare. It is not always easy to distinguish between a war fought for purposes of defense and a war fought for purposes of aggrandizement, for the methods of warfare in each case may be identical. Japan, for example, fought Russia in self-defense, but in hostilities she was the aggressor. Then, too, there is the confusion between the attempt to make war a crime and the attempt to prevent war. It is one thing to punish a crime when once committed; it is another thing to attempt to prevent a crime by injunction. We may be sure that there will be no really successful means of preventing wars of aggrandizement unless wars of aggrandizement when once undertaken are really punished. How difficult it is to deal with an outlaw nation our experience with Germany should teach us.

The Castleton Cut-Off

THERE is nearing completion at Castleton on the Hudson the largest single railroad project in America, a $25,000,000 construction. Commonly referred to as the Castleton Cut-Off, it has a significance many times greater than the somewhat undignified name might imply. In arriving at an understanding of what that significance is the reader may forget railway construction engineering for the moment and think of the topography of New York State.

The Hudson River at Albany is practically at sea-level. The Mohawk River at Schenectady is 211 feet above sea-level. This is the only abrupt rise in the whole route from New York to Buffalo. The New York Central Railroad literally runs almost on a water-level route. This fact has its importance in the railway merger by which the Van Sweringen brothers recently gained control of a system of roads reaching from the Atlantic seaboard far into the interior.

Their competing line, the Erie, between Jersey City and Buffalo, rises to 1,379 feet between Deposit and Susquehanna and to 1,408 feet at Silver Spring. The only entrance to the interior of the United States through the Appalachian chain without climbing a mountain is the New York Central route through the Mohawk Valley.

This, then, is what the Castleton Cut-Off means—it overcomes the only objectionable grade on that route, the abrupt rise at West Albany.

This grade has always necessitated splitting trains into two, three, sometimes into four parts. It makes pusher engines necessary. It throws traffic into the "neck of the bottle" at Albany, where lines converge. Through that bottle neck 8,800 cars of freight are forced daily. Albany is approached from the east over two drawbridges, which are open eight or ten hours a day to let boats through.

By three engineering feats, the Castleton Cut-Off gets rid of all that congestion. Those feats are a connecting railroad from Stuyvesant to Feura Bush on the West Shore Railroad, twenty-eight

miles; the mile-long steel and concrete bridge; freight terminals at Selkirk with immediate track room for 11,000 cars, and ultimately room for 20,000 cars.

With those tasks completed, as they will be before snow flies, westbound freight on the Boston and Albany will no longer dip into the Hudson Valley and cross the river at low level, but will continue on the high level across the new bridge. Freight from New York will follow the Hudson north to Stuyvesant, where by a slight grade the trains will begin to mount the high level of the bridge, on which they will proceed as do the trains from Boston.

That is the Castleton Cut-Off in operation. It will save only four and a half miles' distance, but it will avoid a 130-foot dip and climb into and out of the Hudson Valley. It will eliminate pusher engines and the splitting of trains. It will overcome congestion at Albany, the guardian of the gateway to the continent.

Electric Treatment for England's Ills

ENGLAND is urged to do what the United States and other coal-producing countries have talked for some years of doing; burn its coal at the pit mouth. A report recently prepared on the subject by a committee under the guidance of Lloyd George recommended a nation-wide shift to the scheme of centralized combustion and transmission of power to the industries by electric current. Quite consciously, the report proposes a revolution comparable to that of a century ago from manual power to coal.

Coal, the report asserts, lifted the country out of the slough of debt and depression into which the Napoleonic wars had led it. By the still unreaped benefits of centralized coal consumption the country, it is argued, can be rescued from the after effects of the struggle of 1914–18. The effort expended in hauling coal to factories, in manning a multitude of small coal-burning plants, and in maintaining working populations in congested centers where living is difficult can be saved. The delay between mine and consumer, which costs heavily in interest, and likewise the loss of valuable coal by-products irreclaimable save by large-scale consumption, can be avoided.

The difference in production costs, in the belief of the advocates of the plan, would suffice to restore vigor to industries now struggling; would enable industrial England once more to strike its old gait. The inducement is a tremendous one to a nation relying chiefly on its output of manufactures for subsistence.

The industrial revolution of the nineteenth century raised the lamentations of men like Ruskin, Tennyson, and Morris. They apprehended that it must build up the slum and darken the sky and cheapen the individual man. Whether the electrical revolution now proposed will repair or aggravate the harm attributed to the adoption of coal is a question of no little social import. It is worth noting that the British advocates of electrified industry believe, just as do the proposers of like schemes here, that the change will render widespread social benefits.

Not only is it to make the world less grimy, but it is to reduce human congestion at great industrial centers. Since electric current can be delivered at any place and in any quantity, men will no longer have to do so much work in close proximity to great industrial power plants. They can be spread out where housing is less cramped, food nearer at hand, and a healthy, varied life more readily attained. If this belief is correct, a revolution establishing electricity as the general extension of coal may have even more social than economic significance.

A Great Gift to a Great Cause

TWO of the most distinguished and distinctive American institutions are Hampton Institute and Tuskegee. Hampton Institute, the older and the parent school, has not only served the cause of Negro education well, but has also been an influential factor in developing all our American ideas of the purpose of education. Tuskegee has carried on the work of Hampton a stage further, for it has applied the principles of Hampton to a school officered and staffed by Negroes.

There will be wide rejoicing over the fact that the Rockefeller General Education Board has given $1,000,000 to the combined endowment fund of Hampton and Tuskegee on consideration that another million dollars be raised.

This generous and wisely bestowed gift has called forth from Dr. Robert R. Moton, the Principal of Tuskegee and the successor of Booker T. Washington, a most encouraging statement concerning the present status of Negro education. Dr. Moton says that the greatest advance in the history of Negro education has been made since 1919. He calls particular attention to the provision for public education in the Southern States:

> In North Carolina, for example, the amount raised by taxes alone and spent for Negro education increased from $250,000 in 1913 to $4,000,000 in 1923, while the value of school property rose from $500,000 to $5,000,000. Other Southern States are following North Carolina's lead.

Certainly the seed sowed by Hampton and Tuskegee has fallen on fertile ground.

A College That Made History

IT appears, on first thought, hardly possible that an educational institution only one hundred years old could have been a pioneer in American education, but the record appears to run that way. Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, now attained to its one hundredth birthday, broke new ground as truly as did Harvard, now nearly three hundred years old.

By the time these pages are read Rensselaer will have celebrated, on October 3 and 4, the one hundredth anniversary of its founding. For those intimately connected with the institution the celebration serves as a reminder of many notable things accomplished through a century of service. For all of us it serves at least as a reminder of how new a thing is scientific education as we know it. Though practically every school of higher learning that makes any pretense of covering the educational field has to-day its department of science, Rensselaer was the first college of science not only in the United States but in the English-speaking world. Indeed, it appears to establish beyond question the right to be called the mother of scientific schools in America.

Rensselaer was the first institution to offer a course leading to a degree in science, the first to offer courses in agriculture, the first to confer a degree in engineering. Its graduates established in many colleges much older the departments of engineering, agriculture, botany, zoölogy, physics, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, astronomy, and the like. Old classical institutions such as Harvard, the newer ones such as Johns Hopkins, the State universities such as Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, are equally indebted to Rensselaer. So, also, is Cornell, and, in a different field, Wellesley and Mount Holyoke, for Rensselaer was



The Russell Sage Laboratory of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

the first institution to advance through its faculty and graduates the education of women.

In the application of science to practical affairs the influence of Rensselaer has been no less profound than in the extension of scientific instruction to institutions. The records of Rensselaer show that its graduates were in charge of the construction of three-fourths of all the railroad mileage in the United States, and of most of the great bridges across the rivers of America. Rensselaer graduates directed the geological surveys of one-fifth of the States of the United States, though the larger part of that work has been done since scientific schools became numerous.

This last-mentioned achievement shows that, though Rensselaer cannot hope again to occupy the place of exclusive eminence in the scientific field that it held for so long, it continues to do more than its proportionate share of practical scientific work.

The centennial celebration brought together graduates who now hold important positions in the faculties of educational institutions and official stations in scientific societies in all parts of the world. One hundred and ninety-eight such institutions sent back Rensselaer graduates as delegates to the centennial celebration.

Do the Classics Help?

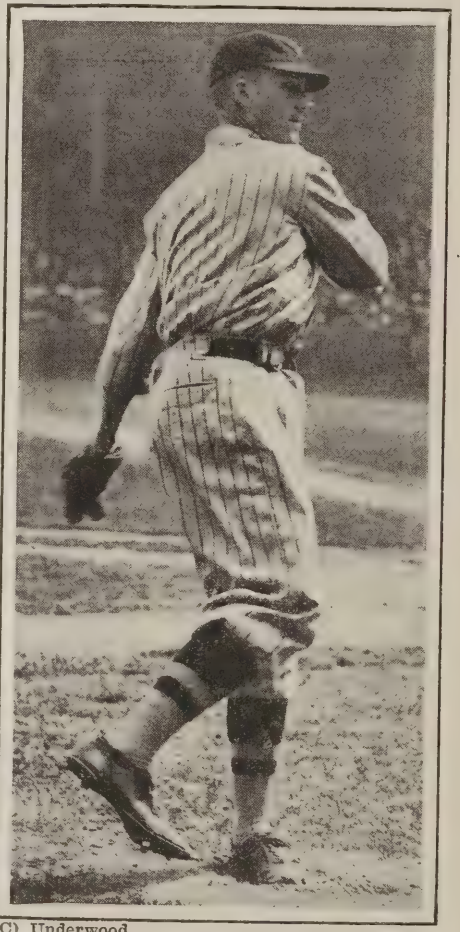
THE ever-recurrent debate as to the value of the classical education has been opened again by the publication of certain results of an inquiry into the study and teaching of the classics which has been conducted by the Classical League for some years. The President of the League, Dean West, of Princeton's Graduate School, admits that it will not do to push statistical conclusions too far, yet believes that there is evidence that, "aside from its direct and cultural values, Latin does something for those who study it which gives them in other fields of mental effort a margin of advantage that may fairly be called substantial."

One such proof comes from the laborious tabulation of college entrance examinations for ten successive years. From this it appears that not only did the candidates for college who had studied Greek and Latin in their preparatory work get relatively high marks in the college examinations in those branches, but that they had also higher marks in mathematics, physics, history, chemistry, and modern languages than did the candidates who had taken no classic work in the secondary schools. Their superiority was found to be a little over thirteen per cent. And analysis shows also that, the greater the amount of classical study in the secondary school, the higher the marks on the whole college examination.

Another report of the Classical League takes up specifically the study of Greek—the enrollment in the schools is "so small as to cause deep concern;" in the colleges there are only about 16,000 Greek students. The League's report deplores the fact that "Greek is usually left to take its forlorn chance in a scramble with easier studies of less intellectual power and of quick commercial use." There is no doubt that, far more than Latin, Greek opens to the mind of the student stores of literature, philosophy, and poetry that are highly stimulative to the imagination. One hopes that there will always be adequate and thorough training for those who wish to enter this field. That comparatively few prefer Greek to Latin in their choice is partly due to the fact that Latin is held to be more directly valuable for drill and analysis in the structure and elasticity of all language, and of English in particular.

A referendum to high school seniors asking why they took Latin brought out the fact that the majority did so simply and solely because they "had to have it" to get into college, while a fifth of the replies alleged parental pressure as the cause.

Such elaborate analysis of examinations as the Classical League is carrying on are not altogether conclusive, because there are elements in the question which cannot be put into figures—the relative



(C) Underwood

Walter Johnson, pitcher of the Washington team, which has won the American League pennant

ease of the different courses, for instance. Yet it is interesting to note the inference drawn, that "the formal disciplinarians of other days, even when wrong in their premises, were right in many of their conclusions as to the disciplinary values of Latin (and Greek) and as to the extent to which these values may help in the study of other subjects."

Washington Exults!

ACCORDING to the newspaper headlines, the National capital went mad with joy last week when the Senators, Washington's American League baseball team, won the pennant of the League, and thereby became the rival of the New York Giants, of the National League, for the world's championship.

These accounts represent politics as for once being almost ignored. We are told that crowds stood in the pouring rain to learn the result of the game; Congressmen and newsboys rejoiced together; the President's secretary sent a telegram of congratulation to the manager of the victorious team; and every one expressed pleasure that Walter Johnson, the famous pitcher of the Senators. would at last have his first chance to pitch in a world's championship game.

Some one, apropos of the rather stale parody to the effect that Washington has always been "first in war, first in peace, and last in baseball," has gone into the earliest archives of baseball and has found that in point of fact the Washington club known as the Nationals in 1867 was (long before the major leagues were thought of) a champion club, and that it won something like fifty games in its travels over the United States. The statement is added that this old-time Washington team "averaged forty-eight runs per game"—which in its way was a record of a sort!

The baseball season of 1924 has certainly been continuous in its interest because of the closeness of leading teams in both leagues and the chance down to the very end that in the National League either the New York Giants, the Pittsburgh Pirates, or the Brooklyn Robins might win, while in the American League the fight between the Washington Senators and the New York Yankees has been at least equally close.

A good many baseball fans who are not terribly fierce in their local baseball fervor have shown pleasure rather than sorrow at the fact that the World's Series this year will not be between two New York teams. Those who feel that professional baseball has become too much a question of winning by sheer expenditure of very large sums will also like the situation. After all, skill, judgment, and training as well as money are important elements. This is illustrated this year by the fact that when the so-called "million-dollar infield" of the Giants "cracked," largely because of accidents, the reconstituted infield and the whole team pitched in and won more steadily than the Giants had before the break.



Photo by Edwin Levick, New York

Mr. Robert Jones smiling over the acquisition of his new trophy. The design of this cup, as of many others, leads one to wish that some national fine arts commission could take the selection of championship awards under its paternal wing

The feeling of pleasure at Walter Johnson's success is universal. He is not only the fastest pitcher in the world and an all-round good player with a long record for continuous fine work, but his repute for fairness and personal conduct and character is excellent. Technically, however, probably the highest credit for the success of the Washington team is due to its youthful manager, who also plays second base, Mr. Stanley Harris. He is still called a "boy wonder," although he began to play in the major league team eight years ago. He is, in fact, the youngest manager (his age is twenty-nine) ever to win a big league pennant.

The Boy Grew Up

A BEDTIME story for would-be golfers might begin like this:

Once upon a time there was a young golfer who played the game very well. He wanted to grow up and be a champion. He wanted to be a champion so much that when he made a bad play he sometimes threw away his club and grew very angry. That is why, dear little golfers, he had a hard time attaining his ambition. By and by he learned how foolish it was to lose your temper, even when you have a very bad lie or when you pull a shot into the rough. When he had learned this very simple lesson, my dear young golfers, he won the open championship and the amateur championship of the United States, and every-

body said to him, "What a wonderful player you are and what a credit you are to the game!"

What connection this bedtime story has with the fact that Robert Jones, last year open champion of the United States, has now won the amateur golf championship we leave our readers to decide.

Shall America Lapse Into European Class Government?

ON Fort Putnam at West Point there is a tablet commemorating the fact that that mass of masonry and earthwork on the soil of New York was erected by a regiment from Massachusetts. On these heights above the Hudson River commanding a view unsurpassed for noble beauty there thus stands a reminder of the fact that long before there was a United States of America there was a united American people. Von Holst, the German author of the "Constitutional and Political History of the United States," has made it very clear that the structure of the Nation rests upon the American people's unity. The Revolution was conducted not by peoples but by a people. As von Holst says, "the transformation of the Colonies into 'single States'" was accomplished "in the name of the whole people."

This fundamental fact of American Constitutional history, symbolized by that fort in the Highlands of the Hudson, is expressed explicitly in the Preamble to the Constitution:

> We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

While the Republic was still young, the unity of the American people was attacked by a coalition of political theorists and designing politicians in the alleged interest of the several States; that attack was destined to culminate in civil war.

To-day that unity of the American people is subjected to a new attack by a new coalition between designing politicians and political theorists. This time the attack is made in the alleged interest of several classes. If this attack is sustained and meets with any success, it may culminate in a disaster even greater than the war of 1861; for, in comparison with sectional warfare, class warfare when it becomes violent is barbarous, brutal, horrifying.

It was because the American people were a united people, not divided into recognized and permanent classes, that in its birth the Republic of the United States escaped the terror that accompanied the birth of the French Republic. It was the division of the people of France into classes—nobles, superior clergy, minor clergy, *bourgeois,* peasants, artisans, and the like—that made it impossible for France to escape the horrors of wholesale assassination, which, as Gouverneur Morris foresaw at the time, would bring the nation under the "yoke of a single despot." Among the evils which American democracy has so far happily escaped are the evils brought about by this very division into classes which has cursed the democracy of Europe. Here there are no classes, for the occupation and status of a man may not only vary from the occupation and status of his father and of his son, but may change with the year or the season or the very day or hour. A man in America may easily be a landowner, an artisan, a farmer, a clergyman, a shopkeeper, in succession. There can be no permanent class interests unless there are permanent and fixed and predetermined classes.

It is largely because America has created this classless democracy that people by millions have fled from class-ridden Europe to these shores.

And now, incredible as it may seem, there is a party—for such Senator La Follette's collection of particular groups has temporarily if unofficially become—that is preaching the division of the people into classes and countenancing class warfare. The Socialist Party, which is the one Nationally organized political party among the La Follette groups, is avowedly organized for the conduct of class warfare according to the European model. Among the political theorists supporting Mr. La Follette there are others besides the avowed Socialists who welcome this effort to turn back American democracy into a state like that prevailing in Europe, and speak rather contemptuously of the American achievement in escaping hard and fast class divisions. Thus (we quote from an editorial in the "New Republic"): "The Progressive cause of 1912 was . . . at its best a genuine attempt to apply the traditional American politico-social ideal to contemporary needs. . . . The Progressive party of 1924 is not composed primarily of voters . . . who are prompted to a progressive outlook by the desire to improve the opportunities and the lives of other people. . . . They [the agrarian and working classes] are starting on a career of self and class improvement, partly through political and partly through economic agencies. . . . The enlightened, disinterested, and classless public opinion upon which the Roosevelt Progressives counted simply does not exist to the extent which the success of a progressive program demands." The purpose thus declared by this journal of political theory is also manifested by the course of Mr. La Follette and his political lieutenants. They are appealing directly to groups as classes—even including among these classes as a group with a permanent interest distinct from the rest of the people a society of German-Americans. Those who believe it desirable that the people be divided into classes tending to become permanent and crystallizing, so that the individual will be confined to his own class and the son will remain in the class to which his father belongs, will see no peril in this effort to destroy by contemptuous innuendo as well as by open attack the unity of the American people upon which the Constitution rests. But those who prize the unity of the American people and believe that the Government exists, not for the promotion of one class at the expense of another, but for the "common defense" and the "general welfare," will put all the force at their command into the effort to repel at the polls the invasion of America by this distinctively European idea.

Librarians and Soft-Shell Crabs

AN editorial writer for the New York "Times" expresses surprise and grief to hear that the chairman of the Circulation Committee of the New York Public Library has reported on the shelves of the various branches of that institution 200,000 books in such a condition that they should not be given out. Not only are the pages torn and the bindings broken, but, from too much

use, they have become filthy and disgusting.

The writer of the article in the "Times," with that air of detachment which sits easily upon all of us in discussing the other man's job, finds "no possible excuse" for the condition of the books. He thinks that such deterioration is often gradual, but that there must have been conspicuous instances when the damage might have been noticed and a fine assessed.

No doubt there were such instances and no doubt penalties were imposed. There was not much doubt, for example, in another library when an adult reader returned a book which obviously had just been dropped in a mud-puddle. The only person unable to observe anything wrong was the borrower himself, who denounced the course which the librarians took as a piece of fussiness, and another proof that public institutions are governed by red tape. For the most part, however, it is as difficult to discover the exact moment when the damage has gone beyond fair wear and tear as it would be for the mother of a large family of children to say exactly when the process of destruction to which her sons' clothes are subject has been unreasonable.

Probably the writer of the article had slight familiarity with conditions in free circulating libraries in the crowded sections of large American cities. When books are lent annually, not by the thousands merely, nor by tens of thousands, but by the millions; when children and their parents swarm about the desks and when the library assistant has to be not only the "teacher," as she is called, but the guide to manners and conduct, the cause for astonishment is, not that books lent eighty or a hundred times to little East Siders become filthy, but that there are any books left at all.

We remember looking in amazement and admiration at the well-arranged shelves in the Public Library of Nantucket. Such perfectly ordered rows of books in such immaculate condition are rarely seen even in a private library. There was no reason for believing that the Nantucketers did not read their books, but a Sherlockian might deduce the supposition that they kept on new white-kid gloves while they were doing it. Possibly Louisa Alcott, whose ambition was to have her books the most dog's-eared in the library, would have seen with comparative calm the soiled and tattered rows in the public libraries of the metropolis.

Children are not always the worst offenders in the treatment of public library books, nor are educated persons always aware that their annotations and marks are not desirable upon the leaves. A distinguished-looking man, who covered the margins of scores of pages of a library book with his comments in pencil, was seriously grieved when informed by the librarian that his decorations were unwelcome. The volume he had chosen was John Locke on "Human Understanding," and he really believed that he had added to the value of the work. The volume was one in an expensive set of books, and could not have been replaced by itself. In a library conducted with severity he might have paid heavily for his labors, but in this instance he got off easily by paying for the time it took a skillful person with a good eraser to remove the annotations. Of course the only feeling of the offender was a deep sense of outrage that his learned exercises should perish.

A group of librarians, many of them from manufacturing cities, were once discussing the assorted articles which are returned with library books, sometimes having been used as book-marks. Such commonplace and harmless objects as gloves, handkerchiefs, love letters, and medicine bottles were too frequent to attract interest. Next come somewhat more deleterious substances like banana skins, cookies, and sandwiches. One librarian related the instance of a reproof administered to the mother of a family for the very buttery condition of a book returned by her, and the defense which she made. The librarian's complaint was preposterous, she said, and she evidently experienced real sorrow as she said it. They always took the greatest care of the library books at her house, and, to keep them from the destructive fingers of the baby, invariably kept the books in the ice-box. As two or three librarians instantly claimed this anecdote as having occurred in his or her own library, the housewife's custom is apparently general. In the matter of odd book-marks between the pages of a returned volume, one librarian claimed the blue ribbon by citing a slice of raw bacon, which one of his assistants had salvaged from a copy of Mr. Service's poems. But his claim was instantly given second place when the chief of a famous library in a great manufacturing city countered with a soft-shell crab, which turned up between the leaves of a book on engineering.

Congress Should Not Be a Court

WE have already shown that the reasoning upon which Mr. La Follette bases his demand that an amendment should be introduced giving Congress power to decide upon the constitutionality of its own acts is erroneous in that it is not a fact that the Constitution vests all legislative power in Congress, and, moreover, that the tendency of the La Follette proposal is not progressive but reactionary.

It remains to point out that he is arguing from false premises in assuming that the Supreme Court decisions declaring acts of Congress unconstitutional are often the opinion of one man because of a 5-to-4 division. In fact, that is a rare thing. A correspondent sends us a complete summary of all such decisions, and sums up the matter in the comment, "All the clamor about 5-to-4 decisions arises out of seven cases decided in 135 years!" Of the entire number of decisions declaring acts of Congress invalid (48 in all) 19 were unanimous, 7 were made with only one dissenting vote, 10 with two, 5 with three. Just half of these 48 decisions were made prior to the Civil War. Five of the seven 5-to-4 decisions, it is true, have been made in this century, but surely that is a small basis from which to make a large deduction. Of course there have been a large number of cases in which the acts of Congress have been upheld.

Wherever any decision is made by more than one man a majority must govern, and there is always a possibility of a narrow-margin decision. If the power were given to Congress to judge its own acts, the majority (or two-thirds, if the amendment so ordered) would decide, and a change of one vote might change the decision. Unanimity in legal decisions is a chimera.

As Mr. Frederick points out on another page, the proposal is very different from that which would submit the meaning of a State's constitution to a popular referendum after a court decision had been challenged as not representing the will of the whole people, who made that constitution. Obviously that would be a cumbrous way to interpret the Federal Constitution. It is not at all what is now advocated.

Congress may properly extend its field of action by amendment. But it must not be allowed to change its function by being turned into a judicial as well as a

legislative body. Mr. La Follette's proposal to submit to the people an amendment to that effect will not arouse enthusiasm among thinking voters.

Heredity in Politics

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

OF course heredity was one of the pronounced factors in the Republican nomination of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the younger, for the office of Governor of the State of New York. Like his illustrious father, the present Theodore served creditably in the New York Legislature, achieved an honorable reputation for efficiency and bravery in war, and, if elected, will graduate, as his father did, from the Assistant-Secretaryship of the Navy into the Governorship.

This interesting parallel calls to mind some other notable instances of heredity in the statesmanship of the English-speaking peoples. Of course hereditary monarchy and hereditary nobility are as old and as widespread as civilization. The inheritance of political leadership, however, is a result, not of custom and laws, but of nature. There have been two outstanding instances of such inheritance in English history—one persisting through many generations, the other appearing in only two.

Lord Salisbury, whose family name was Cecil, became Prime Minister of England in the reign of Queen Victoria. Three hundred years earlier his direct paternal ancestor, William Cecil, had been Chief Minister of Queen Elizabeth, and William Cecil's son, the first Lord Salisbury, had been Chief Minister of James I. Prime Minister Salisbury's grandfather was Lord Chamberlain to George III, and his father was a member of Prime Minister Derby's Cabinet. Thus England had a Robert Cecil as governing Minister in the sixteenth century and a Robert Cecil of the same family line as governing Minister in the nineteenth century. It is true that the Cecils were helped on their long political journey by inherited wealth and patents of nobility, but if they had not also possessed an inherited genius for politics they would in three hundred years have passed into obscurity, as so many other ennobled English families have done.

The second striking instance of English political heredity is found in a family of English commoners—the Pitts. "The family of Pitt," says a contemporary English historian, "is undoubtedly the most distinguished in the political annals of England. Modest in origin and little aided by wealth or connection, it gave the country two Prime Ministers of its own name. . . . For two generations it dominated the fortunes of England. It doubled the House of Lords and controlled half the House of Commons. Its policy acquired much of the British Empire and withstood the assaults of her fiercest foes. It initiated parliamentary reform, religious toleration, and modern finance."

William Pitt the elder inherited from his grandfather, an East Indian nabob, some wealth and a great deal of gout. He became Prime Minister when England was struggling with France for supremacy in North America, and so he is associated with some of the great crises in our own history. George Washington as a young officer of twenty-six years served in Pitt's army, which fought the French and Indians in the wilderness of the Ohio; and Pittsburgh, the site of which was visited and commended by Washington as an officer of British troops, bears the great Prime Minister's name. The elder Pitt was an opponent of Lord North and an advocate of justice and liberty for the American colonies. "If," he once said, "I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I would never lay down my arms—never! never! never!"

Doubtless the younger Pitt was elected to Parliament because he was the son of his father, but, once in the House of Commons, his native talents were so manifest that his rise was rapid and he became Prime Minister—that is to say, the virtual ruler of the British Empire—at twenty-four, an unprecedented achievement. He died at forty-six, by some historians called the greatest of England's Premiers. In comparing him with his father, Edmund Burke said that he was not a chip of the old block, but the old block itself.

But England has not a monopoly of political phenomena like those appearing in the lives of the Cecils and the Pitts. The United States has produced at least two families in which political heredity has been a pronounced characteristic. The singular history of the Adams family is a familiar one, but the Harrisons are sometimes forgotten, although they deserve to be remembered. Benjamin Harrison, a Virginian aristocrat, whose ancestors, says Senator Beveridge in his Life of Marshall, "had been Virginians even before the infant colony had a House of Burgesses," who dressed elegantly in blue and buff, tied his white hair fashionably in a long queue with a black-silk ribbon, and wore knee-breeches and high boots, was a member of the Continental Congress and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. In the Continental Congress his executive work as President of the Revolutionary War Board was meritorious. When Virginia became a State, he was chosen one of its first Governors. Altogether he was a distinguished figure in the Revolutionary period. His son, William Henry, was an accomplished soldier, Territorial Governor, United States Senator, Foreign Minister, and was finally elected ninth President of the United States. Benjamin Harrison the second, great-grandson of the Virginian patriot, grandson of President William Harrison, and son of a very respectable Congressman of the Whig Party, became a general in the Civil War, was cited for signal bravery, at forty-seven years of age was sent to the United States Senate, and in 1888 was elected twenty-third President of the United States. His dignity and undoubted ability in international law and relationships were very likely greater than his popularity, but he certainly did not tarnish the family name to which a reasonable luster had been given by his grandfather and great-grandfather. Thus in the Harrison family there is a record of political service in four generations.

It is hardly necessary in pursuing my theme to speak in detail of the Adams family, whose members in the domains of politics and the history and literature of politics have to their credit achievements unequaled by any other family in any other country or any other epoch. For continuity and effectiveness of political influence they are not outranked even by the Claudian family of Rome. John Adams, Revolutionary patriot, Ambassador, President, and man of letters; his son, John Quincy Adams, Ambassador, Senator, Secretary of State, President, Congressman, and man of letters; his son, Charles Francis Adams, the incomparable Civil War Minister to England

and man of letters; and his four sons—Charles Francis, a publicist and man of letters; John Quincy, a lawyer and legislator who was offered and declined a seat in President Cleveland's Cabinet; Henry, a Legation secretary and a political historian and essayist; and Brooks, an unusually gifted writer on topics of sociology and political economy:—such is the merest outline of the intellectual inheritances of this remarkable family. The list sounds like one of the "begat" genealogies of the Old Testament!

Biologists can trace the perpetuation of physical characteristics through heredity. It seems to be true that there is a biological law in the intellectual life by which a family strain is handed down from father to son, especially in the field of political thought and action.

Baiting a Marine

Special Correspondence from Philadelphia

DEVIL-DOG Butler, at present of Philadelphia, he who has been putting the fear of the Lord into evil-doers thereabouts, took an envelope from his desk, opened it, and drew forth an ordinary half-page of newspaper. On this was written boldly, in heavy black crayon:

YOU ARE FIRED
The Mayor

General Butler's strained expression relaxed. There was a roar of laughter, joined in by the burly Superintendent of Police. "Interesting," said the latter, "but hardly official."

And the pity of it is that behind that anonymous joke there was an impending tragedy—the wreck of one of the most successful campaigns against crime and vice any American city has known for many a long year.

It is an amazing situation. Mayor Kendrick, it seems, has been on the point of dismissing his notable Director of Public Safety, and yet it was this same Mayor who obtained the General for Philadelphia in the first place, and then backed him to the limit, to the horror of the political machine that had supported Kendrick for Mayor. And there is no doubt that both men are bitterly chagrined and wonder how on earth they ever got to such swords' points. Make no mistake. The Machine is not forcing the Mayor to dismiss the General, though it would like to do so. It is really a conflict of personalities, though there is little doubt that the Machine has made the most of it. In fact, one would think the Mayor and the Marine had become marionettes, moved by a malign demon, the part of the demon being played by the self-same Machine.

There were reasons why the Machine wanted to "get" Butler. First of all, he was entirely too successful in his war on offenders against the prohibition laws. They did not mind so much his driving brigandage out of the city. Imagine it, if you please. For four or five months there has been no large hold-up. Butler has made it uncomfortably hot for all kinds of thieves and very expensive for liquor-sellers. Though this last aroused



(C) Underwood
General Smedley D. Butler

the ire of many minor politicians, some of the better ones thought well of it. It gave them a better standing to have their wards cleaned up.

And the Machine was not angry when Butler reorganized the police force, from spirit to uniforms—and these latter are very *chic,* if you get what we mean, even to the use of Sam Brownes, of large holsters at side, and of obviously well-filled cartridge belts. And the mounted police look like cavalrymen. "And that's exactly what they are!" exclaimed Superintendent of Police Mills.

Of course a police force is not a Marine regiment. You cannot duplicate army discipline, because conditions are different. But the General went as near to Marine standard as he could, rigorously dismissing the unfit and just as rigorously promoting the able. The rank and file may not love the General, but they respect and admire him, and that means something. As for Philadelphians in general, they swear by the General and declare he has done just what he was brought to do. As this seems to be true, other matters should not be permitted to become significant.

With law and order on the road to effective establishment, the General, warmly supported by the Mayor, reduced the number of police precincts by about a half. These precincts had been identical with the city wards, giving the ward politicians a strong grip on the police organizations in their bailiwicks. But the new arrangement effectively broke this grip, for now a police precinct might contain parts of several wards, and no one ward boss could exert much influence on any particular police lieutenant. This was the last straw. Threats against the General now became more open, despite the popular indignation they aroused. But there was only one way to "get" the General, and that was by breaking down the friendship and co-operation existing between him and the Mayor.

This has been accomplished. Certain people saw to it that every possible small difference between the two was magnified a hundred times, and the press—which should have known better—made stories of these half trumped-up differences. Every kind of expedient was used to egg on one against the other, to try the other's patience and temper, and to breed suspicion and resentment. And to make matters worse, by temperament the General is too outspoken and the Mayor needs a little more of the saving sense of humor. So co-operation came to an end.

And so it came about that the General began to talk about their having to "fire" him, because he would never resign, and the Mayor to remark that as he had nerve enough to bring the General to Philadelphia, he also had nerve enough to get rid of him if necessary. Truly a lamentable state of affairs! And what a fiasco—when one considers how gallantly the two started their campaign and when one remembers the brilliant accomplishment to date!

At this writing the General is ill, and a letter the Mayor has prepared for the General has not yet been delivered. Perhaps it may never be, or it may be changed a great deal. Both, you see, have a breathing space in which to think it all over. For there is much to be said for both sides. And, after all, it is no

matter of merely local interest. It is one that has the attention of every American city having the same problems as has Philadelphia. It is worth knowing if an honest and efficient police can end the era of crime that is such a disgrace to the Nation at present.

There is no doubt as to the feelings of the people of Philadelphia. On the evening of September 29 there was held a crowded mass-meeting—crowded despite a driving rain. The object of the meeting was to express public confidence in General Butler and appreciation of his work. And there was a good word for the Mayor too. Said the Chairman, William A. Glasgow, of the Law Enforcement League, "The Mayor was fearless and big in getting Butler. Now let him be fearless and big in retaining him."

This great meeting decided that there was something at stake transcending personal feelings. "Let General Butler and the Mayor compose their differences," they said; "the important matter is the welfare of Philadelphia."

This is the matter in a nutshell. A breathing space has been provided, giving both of these earnest, forceful men time to think it all over and to realize that their personal feelings, after all, mean little when the end in view is considered. A little mutual appreciation and a little good humor, and we can have a stronger alliance than before.

C. K. T.

Senator La Follette and the Courts

By KARL T. FREDERICK

A clear-cut analysis of the revolutionary change that would inevitably follow the adoption of the proposal of the Senator from Wisconsin

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE, speaking at Madison Square Garden in New York City on September 18, devoted a considerable part of his address to a discussion of what he deems to be a serious evil in the Federal judicial system and to a remedy proposed by the platform upon which he is campaigning for the Presidency. The plank referred to reads: "We favor submitting to the people for their considerate judgment a Constitutional amendment providing that Congress may, by re-enacting a measure, make it effective over judicial veto." His remarks made it quite clear, not only that he desires the amendment to be submitted, but also that he advocates its adoption. The purpose of this article is to inquire into the significance of this proposal. Such an inquiry should in fairness precede its acceptance or rejection.

The Power La Follette Would Destroy

THE exercise of judicial power which is the object of the suggested limitation is solely that extraordinary one by which the courts treat as null and void a legislative enactment determined by them to be "unconstitutional." The Senator impliedly disclaims any intent by this amendment to interfere with or modify the ordinary power of the courts. His apparent object is to provide a speedy method by which a decision holding a statute to be unconstitutional may be effectively reversed. His criticisms were directed solely at Constitutional decisions of the Supreme Court, and, quite naturally, he chose as the particular objects of his attack, and as arguments for his proposal, those in which the Court was itself divided in opinion.

The Senator may be pardoned for stating his criticisms in a somewhat violently partisan manner. We are quite accustomed to campaigns of adjectives, and it may possibly be true, as candidates for office appear generally to believe, that votes are more easily to be won or lost by an effective use of superlatives or by tagging men or issues with popular or unpopular epithets than by an appeal to reason. They love to settle an issue by branding an opponent as "reactionary" or "demagogic," claiming at the same time the special virtues of the "liberal" or high-minded "progressive." Nevertheless we may be permitted at least a mental reservation before we accept Senator La Follette's statement that "The opinion of Mr. Justice Holmes in that case [involving the Child Labor Law], in which Justices McKenna, Brandeis, and Clarke concurred, demonstrates *beyond the possibility of a doubt* that the law was *plainly* Constitutional." We may be permitted to recall that in the opinion of five learned members of the Court there was not only a doubt of its constitutionality, but a conviction of its unconstitutionality. We are not, however, disposed to criticise the Senator for stating his case in the strongest possible language.

While, as we said, the argument was directed at decisions under the Federal Constitution, it is worthy of note that if the amendment is desirable in respect to the Federal Constitution, it is equally desirable with respect to the Constitutions of each of the forty-eight States. We may therefore assume that Senator La Follette would approve a proposal to amend the Constitution of Wisconsin as well as the Constitutions of her sister States so that any decision of the highest court of any State holding any particular act to be beyond the power of the Legislature, and therefore unconstitutional, might be nullified by the repassage of the act by that Legislature. Is it desirable that Congress, is it desirable that the Legislatures of the several States, should be the final and supreme judges of their powers under their respective Constitutions?

An Old Complaint

THE criticism of judicial decisions is not new. It is as old as the courts themselves. Human nature is fairly constant in its manifestations, and society has tolerantly permitted the disappointed litigant to "cuss the court" in private. The desire that judges should be "responsive to the will of the people" has been voiced in many ways and at many times. Without the sugar coating of a high-sounding phrase, is this more than the wish that judges, in deciding the rights of the particular parties to the litigation, should do so with eyes cocked on the weather-vane of popular approval? Proposals for the recall of judges by popular vote have been earnestly made. They have, however, met with little serious support. Twelve years ago Colonel Roosevelt proposed in cases involving constitutionality the "Recall of Judicial Decisions" by vote of the people. His suggestion, however, was fundamentally different from the present one. (See "Atlantic Monthly," July, 1912, page 46.)

It has remained for Senator La Follette to propose that the representatives of the people should themselves be made the supreme and final judges of their power. His argument is that this is necessary in order to accomplish desirable and progressive legislation. That

without this Congress frequently finds itself powerless to do what it wants to do in that direction.

Let us examine the proposition. In the first place, we may remark that the proposal necessarily introduces a new method of amending the Constitution. It does not avow any such purpose, but it accomplishes it nevertheless. Results whether in chemistry or society are not limited to avowed intentions. Cause produces result by an inevitable law of nature. Whether we enlarge a provision of the Constitution by express amendment or by the more subtle and insidious method of "interpretation" is not material. Suppose, for example, that there were no Eighteenth Amendment, but that Congress nevertheless enacted a "Volstead Law." We may presume that the Supreme Court would declare it "unconstitutional" because it transcended the power of Congress as a regulation involving an exercise of police power which was expressly reserved to the States. Congress nevertheless repasses the act, and thereby makes it "Constitutional." Would that not be a very effectual amendment of the Constitution?

Suppose again that without the Seventeenth Amendment Congress were to pass a law providing for the election of Senators by direct vote. Would not repassage of this law after a judicial "veto" make it Constitutional and amount to an amendment of the Constitution?

Suppose Congress, after Senator La Follette's proposal has been adopted, were to pass a law providing for the election of the President by direct vote of the people. Would not the repassage of this act after a judicial "veto" make it the law of the land?

The Senator, to be sure, seems to believe that Congress would be very conservative in exercising this new-found power. To his mind, it would be used only in the case of the "five-to-four" decisions of the Supreme Court of which he disapproves. The question, however, is not as to the restraint which might be shown by Congress in exercising the power, but rather as to the extent of the power itself. We may very well believe that the Senator would like to see it exercised to the extent of adopting all of the Federal amendments which he advocates.

And where would it end? Imagination easily envisages Federal divorce laws, Federal murder laws, Federal real estate tax laws, Federal building codes, until presently every power is Federal, because Congress, in its infinite wisdom, wishes to exercise it for the benefit of a long-suffering "people."

Once this proposal is adopted, all that Senator La Follette or any other man will have to do to accomplish what is to him the "great reform" is to persuade Congress that the particular act is desirable. No longer will he have the task of persuading the people that the principle is sound. We may very well consider what will become of the States in the process.

The Surrender of the People to Congress

THE fact that this proposal inevitably introduces a new method of amending the Constitution leads to something much more fundamental. The proposal transfers sovereignty from the people to Congress.

One need do no more than mention sovereignty to show its overwhelming importance. Where lies the sovereign power? In England it is now deemed to reside in Parliament, for the very good reason that Parliament is supreme. Its word on all matters is law. True, the people elect its members, but they cannot, in the extreme case, control them, except by revolution. Parliament is limited by no written constitution. The Constitution of England is a bundle of precedents adhered to solely by the self-restraint of Parliament. Parliament may extend its own existence as long as it dares. It has done so more than once. It can pass any law that it sees fit, and no court can say it acted beyond its power or "unconstitutionally." It can confiscate the private fortune of any citizen. It is, in law, supreme. It has no superior except force by revolution.

In our own country sovereignty is said to reside in the people. They established the Constitution, and under it they delegate power to Congress and the other branches of the Government. But Congress is not the sovereign, it is not supreme, it is limited in power by the Constitution. Senator La Follette recognizes this fact—indeed, he loudly proclaims it: "Jefferson laid down the principle that the people are sovereign over their governments. That declaration stands as an everlasting challenge which we invoke in our day against those who have set privileged interests above the political and economic rights of the people." Again he quotes his platform: "Over and above constitutions and statutes, and greater than all, is the supreme sovereignty of the people, and with them should rest the final decision of all the great questions of National policy."

In the face of these declarations he proposes—not, as Roosevelt did, to let the *people* amend the Constitution by recalling or overruling a Constitutional decision of the Supreme Court—but rather to let *Congress* effect the amendment without any submission of the question to the people. Is it likely that the present cumbersome method of Constitutional amendment would ever be resorted to if his summary method were adopted? And if it were, could not Congress amend the amendment at any time? The supreme power, the actual power, would lie in Congress, freed forever, barring revolution, from effective Constitutional restraint. Sovereignty is not a formula, it is a fact. Sovereignty passed to the House of Commons as a fact in England because of the control which that body was able to exercise over taxation. Sovereignty will pass from the people to Congress as a fact if Congress be given the power to amend the Constitution as and when it will. Senator La Follette's proposal inevitably gives it that power. The most that he can say is that Congress is likely to use the power with moderation, is not likely in practice to go farther than it thinks the people will approve. But again we remark that it is not a question of moderation in the use of power, but of the possession of the power itself.

The fires of political passion burn very fiercely at times. What will restrain those flames when power lies at the hand of the dominant party? Do the people desire to elect a Congress the only limit to whose power is its self-restraint? Do the people desire to choose representatives who may as a matter of right decide for themselves the limits of their powers? Do the people desire to surrender their sovereignty into the hands of this small body? Many people believe that Congress not infrequently fails to interpret and give effect to the true desires of the people. Is it more likely to be truly representative if it has unlimited power?

And given this unlimited power, what becomes of our written Constitutions? Will they not become, like Magna Charta, merely extremely interesting historical documents, sources from which to trace our social evolution?

The power to change the Constitution from time to time to suit its will is the very essence of sovereignty. Once possessed by Congress, the sovereignty of the people passes, to be survived and limited only by the "divine right of revolution."

These are the qualities inherent in the Senator's proposal. They are its logical and necessary attributes. Neither denials nor the most laudable and public-spirited motives in the world can change the fact. If they are the ends which the Senator desires, then let him continue to advocate this proposal. If not, then he must turn his back upon it and seek other remedy for the evil which he deplores.

Two Moods of



Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum

THE Sand Cart, by George Bellows (above), has recently been added to the collection of the Brooklyn Museum. An appreciation of Bellows's work published in The Outlook early this year has its application to this picture: "Bellows is emphatic, masculine. And he finds congenial themes at sea, not so much because it is the sea as because of the chance for color contrast and for bold design."

THE Oak Tree, Brookhaven, Long Island, by Frederick W. Kost (at the right), is from a memorial exhibition of the works of Mr. Kost at the Brooklyn Museum. The artist studied in Munich and Paris, but it was Long Island, Staten Island, and the vicinity of Greater New York which furnished the subjects for the majority of his canvases. Mr. Kost was born in New York City in 1860 and died in 1923. He received honors at the Paris, Buffalo, and St. Louis Expositions. Other examples of his work are in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, and in the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia

American Art



Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum

Russia Through Russian Eyes

By NATALIE DE BOGORY

C. Haney

An old revolutionist discusses the new Revolution

MANY years ago, in the seventies, an intellectual upheaval disturbed some of the young nobility of Russia. Many young men and women showed signs of mental growing-pains; they began to question the old, established order of things and to read such revolutionary writers as John Stuart Mill. There was nothing dangerous to the state in this revolt, for it was only youth rebelling against age. But, since the movement held a sociological flavor, the Russian Government took it seriously and started persecuting the young rebels. So in sheer self-defense they finally turned into revolutionists, and some of them were driven so hard that they actually became dangerous. The culmination of those little beginnings we see in the Russia of to-day.

One of these young rebels, who tore fine hand-made linen shirts into strips to wind around his legs peasant fashion as a symbol of his contempt for his birth, was Vladimir De Bogory-Mokrievitch, whose subsequent career and writings placed him among the important men of the Russian revolutionary movement. He was among the first to undertake that idealistic pilgrimage known as "going among the people," an attempt to educate and revolutionize the peasant. His name is connected with some of the most sensational events in Kiev, which read like dime-novel exploits, except that they meant prison and even death to some. He was one of the group which was finally driven to terrorism as a protest against senseless police activity. These young idealists, living in a world all their own, were hounded like criminals, and finally tracked to earth. De Bogory-Mokrievitch was arrested with a number of other prominent young men and women, and one of the sensational trials of the period fell to their lot. Three men were condemned to die. He, however, received fifteen years' hard labor, as did others, the sentences varying according to the importance of the criminal. So from the university bench these youthful enthusiasts started on the road to Siberia, where De Bogory-Mokrievitch and his friends were to serve their sentences in the silver mines of Kara, in farthermost eastern Siberia. In those days there was no railroad, and the prisoners walked, there being no wagons except for the political prisoners, since most of these were nobles. The rest of the party was made up of simple criminals, exiled to different villages throughout Siberia.

For months the weary march continued, with men dying on the road, and, finally, hunger setting in as a result of the inadequate sums allowed by the Government for the nourishment of the prisoners. De Bogory-Mokrievitch, meanwhile, had conceived a plan of escape, which he carried out with two other political prisoners; they exchanged places with some criminals, who were honored by the selection as well as by receiving rewards. As the village of exile approached, the three political prisoners exchanged places with the three criminals, and were duly released in the small Siberian hamlet. De Bogory-Mokrievitch left the village immediately, fearing that the substitution might be soon discovered, and pushed towards Irkutsk, where there were friends who could help him. Without money or clothes, and soon with the police on his track, he walked nights and hid through the days, and it was only the sheer pluck of other political exiles which saved him from the clutches of the police.

Death on His Trail

IN time he turned into an itinerant merchant, both as a means of earning a living and to be better able to organize the escape of his friends from prison. He was already in Kara, living under the prison walls and definitely working out a plan of escape, when one of the criminals recognized him from the prison windows and denounced him. He had to escape once again, with the police hot on his trail, for there was a price on his capture. Across Siberia he raced in his cart and horse, and the police followed him. It was only the chance breaking up of the ice on the huge Lena River the day after he crossed it which saved him. The police could not follow.

He arrived in St. Petersburg in 1882, just at the time of the murder of Czar Alexander II. He did not feel that the act was a wise one; nevertheless his own danger was great, for he was forced to remain hidden for weeks while the spies searched the city for revolutionists. The arrangements were finally made for his escape from Russia, and with the help of smugglers he got across the border on foot.

Once outside Russia, De Bogory-Mokrievitch turned liberal, for he felt that none but an active revolutionist should preach revolution, that no man has an ethical right to send a man to his death unless he too runs the risk. He became Constitutional Democrat, and felt that evolution rather than revolution would solve Russia's sorrows. Meanwhile he worked on his "Memoirs," now considered a classic on the revolutionary movement of that period.

The Dream that Faded

WHEN the Revolution of 1917 came, delirious with joy, he turned his eyes towards Russia—the free Russia of his dreams. A parliamentary Government was to be established, the peasant was to see justice—he was to see his dream come true!

With much trouble, he obtained permission to enter Russia after an exile of over thirty years. He sold his property and wound up his affairs. He intended to finish the remaining years of his life in his beloved mother country.

He arrived in Petrograd just as the Bolsheviki entered into power. Here it is best to quote him on his impressions of Bolshevism. We spent many days just talking, while he tried to pass over to me the experience of fifty years of political thought and activity.

"My first impression of 'free' Russia was a rather unfortunate one," he began; "it occurred on the Finnish Railroad. Sailors seemed to loaf on all the stations, and their behavior towards the officers was so insolent and provocative that I could hardly bear it. They spoke loudly of 'bourgeois' and 'comrade'—so much so that when one of them addressed me as 'comrade' I disavowed the title. I preferred to be a despised 'bourgeois' rather than a part of this ill-bred army of revolutionary democrats."

Naturally, one of my first questions was regarding Bolshevism: What had really pushed it into power?

"Bolshevism can be explained by our revolutionary history," he began. "In 1876, during the Russo-Turkish War, I was a defeatist because I was a revolutionist. But when I had grown to the conviction that Russia was greater than the Revolution I became a patriot, and in my mind defeatism stood for treason.

And yet it was this which reigned everywhere, as a ghastly sign of Russia's disintegration. Had treason been suppressed in time, Bolshevism would have been impossible. And therein lies the innate weakness of all revolutionary movements. They are based on the denial of all those fundamental truths which have guided humanity for centuries and which have brought it along thus far. When these are shattered and denied and nothing given to replace them, a Frankenstein monster is created, which in the end destroys even its originators. In our youth we denied the validity of patriotism and religion, but we had replaced these by an idealism and a deep asceticism, unattainable to the great mass of people. And it was just this lack of fundamentals which opened the way to Bolshevism. And I shudder at the trend which so-called radicalism has taken to-day; under its cloak hide many vices which would have deeply shocked and disgusted us in those days.

"This same need of stable foundations should have been recognized in dealing with the Czar after the Revolution. The Russian peasant has not developed a nationalistic feeling or understanding. His mind does not stretch beyond the province in which his village lies—a fact forcibly demonstrated during the war, when the peasants of one government placidly permitted the defeat of regiments from other governments simply because they came from a different part of the country. There was no such conception as 'Russian' in their minds. There was, however, one symbol of unity, of power, and of the nation, and that was the Czar. And it was here that all the different political parties completely lost their heads in their efforts to please the 'people.'

"That the Czar was compromised as an individual there is no doubt, but the Czar was not an individual. He stood as a symbol for the nation, and the only comprehensible one to the peasant. And yet all worked to pull him down. The deeply monarchistic peasant saw the downfall of the idea of the nation; the Czar was removed, and with him nationalism died. The country immediately fell apart into a number of small republics. . . .

"I consider that one of the most fatal mistakes of the Revolution was the dethronement of the Czar. He should have been allowed to remain as the symbolic head of the nation. The revolutionists made a pitiful showing of their power.

"As to the accession to power of the Bolsheviki—that is not difficult to explain. One only has to know and understand the Russian peasant. He has always had one great need, and that was land, for at the time of the emancipation from slavery the land allotments were insufficient, and that remained the big unsolved problem of Russian statesmanship. On the other hand, the peasant was tired of war and longing for peace. The Constitutional Democrats under Prince Lvoff dared not tackle the land problem, because it was a direct attack on the interests of most of the representatives of the party. The Social-Revolutionists with Kerensky as leader did not make peace because they were loyal to the Allied cause. Neither party consequently could satisfy the peasant yearning. The Bolsheviki, defeatist by principle and utterly unscrupulous, with nothing to lose, grabbed the land programme of the Social-Revolutionist and promised it to the peasant. Then they declared peace. They were only anxious to gain power; principles did not exist for them. The peasant, on the other hand, was in no way concerned with Communism and the Bolshevik programme; all he saw was a chance of getting the two things he most desired—land and peace.

A House Built on Sand

"The whole power of the Bolsheviki is therefore built on a lack of principle, and the men back of such a programme could be nothing else but adventurers. It is only natural that the intellectual elements in Russia boycotted them and that to protect themselves they started a campaign of ruthless extermination.

"In our callow youth we had denied Church and religion, but we had our own strict codes of conduct. Our idealistic natures did not even dream of the looseness and degradation which would flourish under the cover of radicalism in time to come. But life has taught us many things, and with my present understanding of human nature I consider that the Church is essential, for it alone gives the ethical basis for thought and living, without which man turns into a beast. The best proof of this lies in the actions of the Bolsheviki when they came into power. The Church taught a clean idealism, which was a danger to the Bolshevik adventurers, and it had to be destroyed. Many priests turned traitor to their teachings, but many more remained true to them. The New Church built up under Bolshevik approbation is an absurdity; no religion can flourish side by side with the utter unmorality of Bolshevik teaching. And it is significant that under Bolshevism the Church is flourishing even better than it did for many years previously.

"The peasant took what he wanted from Bolshevism and arranged his life as it pleased him. He wanted land and he wanted his Church. And he obtained both, holding out stolidly against all efforts to inculcate Communism into his life and thought. And it has been in this very indifference that the Bolshevik Government found its strength, for the peasant has not even cared enough to fight the usurpers. He has what he needs.

"I can speak only for the conditions in the Ukraine, as it is there that I lived during the five years of my stay in 'free' Russia. In Kiev, for example, the city looked as though a cyclone had passed over it; no repairs were undertaken, houses actually fell to pieces, the streets were almost impassable in places. And nobody bothered, because everything was nationalized and nobody felt any interest in what belonged to the people. And this was said openly. On the other hand, the Bolsheviki, feeling that their power was but temporary, looted and stole everywhere, thus only increasing the sense of unrest. And this lack of principle opened the door to adventurers and thieves, who flocked to the Bolshevik banner. Force and trickery were the weapons used to keep in power, and honest people fled from the Bolshevik group as they would from a band of thieves. The peasant, on the other hand, has a deep belief in private property and his nature is religious. The gulf between the two is impassable.

"The situation around the city of Kiev was characteristic. Whereas the city was crumbling to pieces, the villages around were flourishing. Every house had been rebuilt, and in the yards lumber was stacked up high. The forests around had been nationalized, so the peasants waded in and started hewing them down; and it would have been impossible to explain to them that forests are necessary and must be preserved. The peasant did not want Communism, and he is now a small landlord. The peasant household is now sufficient unto itself, so, while the city is hungry, the peasant has never been better off. Russia is simply slipping back into primitive conditions.

"The Communist teaching has demoralized the Russian workingman, who has become lazy and incapable of effort. He has become incapable of real work. But the Revolution has had a different effect on the peasant; undoubtedly the demoralization has touched him also, but there is one essential thing which has remained, and that is the love of work. The peasant knows that if he does not work he has nothing to eat. So he has retained his ability to produce. When the Bolshevik commissars demanded grain from him, he refused it, and finally learned to hide it so well that even the

keenest spies could not uncover it. He also learned to kill the commissars in self-protection. But his industry has remained unshaken. And therein lies my deep faith in Russia and her future. With eighty-three per cent of the population still willing and able to work, the Bolshevik virus can make no real headway. It dies a natural death. And all Russian thinkers are beginning to realize that the force of Russia lies in the peasant, who has remained close to the one great truth in the world—Mother Earth."

De Bogory-Mokrievitch could not remain in Bolshevik Russia. But it was equally difficult for him to find the way out, since the Bolsheviki would permit no Russian to leave the country. He finally obtained the permission to leave as a foreign citizen, and the pioneer revolutionist left the country, for which he had given his youth, under another name and another nationality. But De Bogory-Mokrievitch is not discouraged, for, just as in the old days he believed in the power and force of the Russian peasant, so now he feels certain that the salvation will come from below.

And at seventy-three he realizes keenly the mistaken ideas of his youth.

The Endowment of a Dream

By Hermann Hagedorn

Here is the story of scientists who dare to think of feeding the world through the help of man-made climates, soils, and atmosphere

On a cool, clear September day of this year 1924—it was September 24, to be exact—some three hundred men and women, scientists in the main, representing universities and scientific societies in America and Europe, gathered in the assembly-room of the Hudson River Golf Club, north of Yonkers, for the dedication exercises that marked the initiation of the work of a great new scientific institution. The speakers were conservative men, professors of botany most of them, one from the University of Chicago, another from the University of London, but they spoke of the founder of the institution as a Columbus, and they linked his name with that of the other great dreamers of history who brought fulfillment to their dreams.

The founder was present, looking shy and uncomfortable. A hundred yards northward, in the level rays of the late afternoon sun, sparkled the glass in the greenhouses flanking the Institute his vision had created.

The scientists spoke like poets; the old men saw visions, the young men dreamed dreams. A layman, blundering into the meeting, might have guessed that it was an assembly of men of letters reviewing the imaginative possibilities of science rather than a meeting of scientists stating in measured terms the significance of an institution for research.

It is in its mingling of the appeal to the practical and the appeal to the imagination that the Boyce-Thompson Institute of Plant Research exercises its peculiar fascination.

Picture the scene: a massive brick building, L-shaped, designed to appear that which it is, an institute for solid scientific research; on one side, successive terraces of shimmering greenhouses; on the other, gardens, brilliant with color; the whole scene set against a background of close-cropped rolling lawns. Inside:



(C) Keystone

Dr. William Crocker, Director of the Boyce-Thompson Institute of Plant Research

long, cool corridors, a half-dozen laboratories perfectly equipped, a library, numerous offices, ice chambers, vaults, machinery of all sorts and description.

A very efficient-appearing place, but not suggestive of romance. Nor do the people in it look particularly romantic, or act like knights upon a quest; least of all the short, quiet man with the impressive head who rubbed the lamp and built this structure out of the things that dreams are made of.

And yet the place is possessed to an extraordinary degree by the sense of mystery beckoning to be pursued, of problems lying like beautiful ladies in dungeons crying for release. The unknown stalks down the corridors, elusive, but not impossible of capture. And all that is the essence of romance.

It has been said that, whatever a man may write, the one thing he is certain to write is Himself. The same is true, of course, of every other form of expression. The Institute, which is built on the solid foundation of proved facts and established laws and yet "is of imagination all compact," is a singularly clear expression of the soul of the man who created it. His name is William Boyce-Thompson. He is what is known as a copper magnate; but he is a great many things besides, several of them more important than the familiar term would suggest. He is the greatest doctor of sick industries that Wall Street has known in this generation; a great organizer; a man of singularly discriminating vision in the field of human relations; a financial genius; above all, a great dreamer. The Institute of Plant Research represents his latest dream to be fulfilled. In Arizona he is developing an arboretum for the flora of the Southwest. There are other dreams in process.

The Institute stands east of the Albany Post Road at Greystone, north of Yonkers. Its purpose is to study why and how plants grow; why they languish or thrive; what their diseases are and how those diseases may be met; what their needs are in light and air and how their development may be stimulated by the scientific regulation of the elements that contribute to their growth. In this Institute are hothouses such as were never seen on land or sea. Not such crystal chambers of greenery as people who can afford the coal like to attach to their country houses, bright corridors of glass dazzling with sunlight where happy millionaires pick tomatoes in February. No, not such places at all; but Egyptian tombs; ten-foot cubes of space with masonry walls and iron doors like the doors of a vault in a bank or a cell in a jail, where the light of day can never possibly



The Boyce-Thompson Institute of Plant Research—"A massive brick building, L-shaped, designed to appear that which it is, an institute for solid scientific research"

penetrate and the air is charged with elements which would make plants or human creatures outside literally shudder and gasp.

Those chambers are lighted only by enormous incandescent lamps in the ceiling, which can perpetually give the brilliancy of mid-afternoon in June. A sheet of glass over which water continuously flows separates the plants from the withering heat of the lights. Tubes in the wall feed or withhold carbon dioxide from the air, and supply such other gases as the scientist in charge of each particular experiment may choose to utilize.

In those subterranean cells experiments in the growth of plants are carried on. What makes vegetables grow—sun or heat or carbon dioxide? How much of each do they need? What can man devise to make two beans or twenty, two potatoes or ten, grow where one bean and one potato grew before?

"What I've got on my mind," says Thompson, chewing the end of a cigar, "is that in a few hundred years this country's going to have a population of half a billion. And I want to help her get ready to feed them."

All the hothouses are not underground, but even those which are open to the sun are series of isolated compartments, each with its individually controlled conditions where day in, day out, feathery green blades, thriving or withering, are the unconscious teachers of mankind. One long, deep, oblong area is divided into five parts, in each of which, in increasing proportions, the ultra-violet rays are cut out. Ultra-violet rays, say the oculists, are bad for human eyes. Are they bad for the eyes of plants? Do they retard growth? Do they weaken the resisting power to disease? What would happen if we could shield plants altogether from those devastating rays?

That is the kind of question the Boyce-Thompson Institute will in time answer.

"I don't know where these experiments are going to lead," says Thompson. "No one knows. No one can imagine. All I know is that, in comparison to the advances which have been made in other fields of applied science, agriculture is in its infancy. But the possibilities! I lie awake nights sometimes thinking of them. In one of these cells under the ground, to-morrow or fifty years hence, some young fellow that no one has ever heard of may discover something about the growth of plants which will at one stroke solve a large part of the world's social and political problems."

He pronounces the words quietly, but there is a gleam in his eye.

The place is stimulating to the imagination, but whatever air castles Thompson or any one else may be building there have solid foundations. Apart from the hothouses of various sorts, there are numerous laboratories, an extensive technical library, and special rooms for microscope studies and microphotography. The great fireproof building overlooking the green slopes of the Hudson River Valley Golf Club is equipped to take the leadership, not only of this country, but of the world, in agricultural research. Only a part of it has been built. Ultimately there will be a quadrangle of buildings. Meanwhile there is adequate space and equipment for more than thirty scientific workers. And the Institute is well endowed. Thompson has looked out for that. In time the Institute will be perpetuated for the State or the Nation.

The Institute has been in operation something less than a year. The Director of Research is Dr. William Crocker, formerly head of the Department of Plant Physiology of the University of Chicago. With him is associated a group of scholars covering a half-dozen fields of science—a pathologist, a protozoologist, an entomologist, a "virus man," a biochemist, a plant physiologist, a biophysicist, a microchemist, a morphologist. The new word is "co-operative attack." Each specialist goes at the problem from his own angle. One scholar's experiments give clues to another; point by point the puzzle resolves itself.

Nowhere ever before have such facilities been placed before experimenters in plant research. In the twin underground chambers, one painted white and continuously lighted throughout the day and night, the other painted black and continuously dark, soil-boxes on wheels stand crowded one beside the other. All have been planted with the same varieties of seed at the same hour, but each is exposed to light for a period differing from all the others. In the twenty-four hours one box is given twenty-four hours of light approximating that of a summer afternoon, another twenty hours, another ten, another five or two or one. Every hour one or another is shifted from the "constant light room" to the "constant dark room." The divergence in the growth in the different soil-boxes is startling. No cabbage plant before ever grew in one week as cabbage plants are growing in the dazzling "constant light room" of the Boyce-Thompson Institute. No beans ever sprang up from seed and reached out their tentacles for something to climb by as they are springing and reaching in that subterranean chamber. But it is not alone there that plants are made to work twenty-four hours a day. Over a number of the greenhouses huge cranes bearing powerful electric lights are swung at night to supplement the sunlight.

The experiments have a curious fascination even for the untrained, unscientific mind. Their utility is obvious and their day-by-day progress is clearly understandable. The things that are going on in these strange cells come home to Smith or Jones or Robinson as scientific experimenting seldom does. They mean ultimately more food for less money. It is a matter of acute personal interest to the ordinary observer, in the open-air chambers devoted to the study of the effect of the ultra-violet ray, to note how the elimination of that ray

strengthens the growing corn, and how the elimination of the violet rays enfeeble it. All that is "you-and-me stuff," subtly thrilling even to the rankest outsider.

A sense of unimaginable possibilities of discovery pervades this austere brick structure which a great dreamer with his feet on the ground has erected for other dreamers whose minds, like his, are geared to the vast machinery of natural law. The visitor has a feeling that anything strange and wonderful may happen. Scientific discoveries have a way of leaping out of the laboratory and overturning accepted judgments and procedures in unexpected places. A despairing grower of carnations came to Dr. Crocker, the executive head of the Institute staff, once upon a time while he was still at the University of Chicago, to find out why, in the name of all things infernal and unjust, his crop should fail him at the moment of blooming for five successive seasons. Dr. Crocker made inquiries, and found a gas main running along the alley outside the florist's greenhouses. The pipe was defective, and when the frost had formed a crust over the porous sandy soil the fumes, seeking an outlet horizontally, had found it in the greenhouse and had put the carnations to sleep. The gas company had to pay damages, but that is not the point. Dr. Crocker studied the composition of the faint fumes, and discovered ethylene. Now mark the effects in unexpected quarters. Ethylene turned out to be an anæsthetic with all the effective qualities of ether and without most of its defects; that is, it robbed anæsthesia of its rude awakening; there is little nausea after it. Surgery has been divested of one of its incidental terrors as a result of an investigation of the demise of a crop of carnations.

But that is not all. Across the continent, the orange growers, thinking that higher temperatures in their storage-houses would speed the yellowing of the fruit, installed kerosene stoves. The results were all that they had hoped for. Certain growers, regarding the stoves as cumbersome, dangerous, and out of date, installed steam or hot-water heating systems. To their disgust, their progressiveness was not only unrewarded; it was actually penalized. The heat was only slightly effective. They reported the situation to the Department of Agriculture. Experiments proved that the effectiveness of the kerosene stoves had been due, not to the heat they generated, but to the gases they introduced into the storage-houses. A brilliant soul thereupon tried an experiment with his Ford car, backing it up to the open door of his storage-house and letting the engine run. The gas from the exhaust proved even more efficacious than the kerosene stove, and provided the world with a new use for the "flivver." Among reasons for purchasing Ford cars, the delighted orange grower had not heard it argued that they were useful for purposes of yellowing oranges. He reported the matter to the United States Bureau of Chemistry. After endless experimentation, Dr. F. E. Denny, of the Bureau discovered that ethylene was the effective agent. From that discovery it was only a step to the devising of a simple and practical method for yellowing citrus fruit by the use of ethylene, which produced in half the time the effect of the fumes of the kerosene stove and placed the process under the exact control of the producer. Ethylene has now become a recognized agent, not only for yellowing the picked fruit, but for forcing the growth of plants and for stimulating the dormant organs in starting growth in seeds.

It is the knowledge that you never can tell where an experiment in the study of plant life will lead that gives its peculiar fascination to Colonel Thomspon's dream-made-manifest that overlooks the rolling Westchester hills. You are told that one of the investigators has discovered that rose seeds, which were supposed to take from six to seven years to germinate, will, when they are kept in a germinator continuously at a temperature of 41° Fahrenheit, sprout in from sixty to a hundred and forty days; and it stimulates the imagination. Rose seeds may be remote from the daily life of John Jones, but out of this discovery may come another that will reach to the very core of John Jones's existence. You never can tell. In plant research the precedents favor the unexpected.

The Boyce-Thompson Institute is a very romantic place, and much more fertile in possibilities of social reconstruction than all the societies of reds and pinks and ultra-violets in these United States.

Summer in a Shakespeare Home

By Albert Spalding

America's foremost violinist turns country gentleman and dramatic critic

My wife said to me, "What do you say to spending this summer in England?" I was reading an interesting book at the time, but such a question is not one to remain unheeded even at moments of engrossing interest. So face down went the book, leaving a heroine in despair at the supposed but mythical treachery of her lover, and I was able to answer brightly enough: "Good idea! You do the saying and I'll do the spending." My manner, however, is entirely too flippant for the seriousness of the occasion, and I soon recognize my error. "Of course," she continued, "if you have something else you'd rather do"—

Now that is always the most disarming thing a woman can say to an already defenseless man. What, indeed, would I rather do? A momentary feeling of chagrin, as at a lost opportunity in not having proposed this genial plan myself, passes quickly enough, and my "Oh, no!" is sufficiently hearty in its enthusiastic denial to satisfy the most exigeant.

"Well, then," says Mary, "don't you think it's about time to make inquiries as to some place or other? Here we are at the end of May, your concert season nearly ended, and, frankly, I'm pining for the country. Do you think a house is going to walk up to our hotel, knock on our door, and literally ask us to take it?"

No, I didn't think so, but that is just about what it did do. The very same day we were lunching (was it not at the Berkeley Grill?) with an old friend, G.C., and in the course of conversation he asked us our summer plans. It had, mind you, already become *our plan;* for I always try, though not with invariable success, to annex my wife's brilliant ideas. But this time it succeeded, for Mary, with consummate feminine strategy, generally contrives to have it appear that our major movements owe their sole impulse to my initiative. In fact, by this time it has become more my plan than hers. Subtle, thrice subtle flattery. We are powerless before it. So we tell G. C. of *my* plan. "I know just the place for you," he said. "A lovely old house in Stratford." *"In* Stratford," interrupts my wife; "that would never do. I want the country; not another



"Our first sight of the beautiful old Tudor house, with its irregular wooden beams patterning bold and odd designs against the white plaster walls"

town." She dreams expectantly of a house with the five indispensable qualifications:

1. It must be in the country.
2. It must not stand on or near a thoroughfare.
3. It must have a tennis court.
4. It must have two bathrooms.
5. It must have two pianos.

The house proposed by G. C. had none of these desirable qualities, but his enthusiastic description was so intriguing that a letter was despatched the very same afternoon to the charming American lady who owns the house. Her immediate and welcoming reply brought us to Stratford a few mornings later to investigate. We saw it, and fell for it at once. All reservations as to necessary qualifications vanished in the twinkling of an eye with our first sight of the beautiful old Tudor house, with its irregular wooden beams patterning bold and odd designs against the white plaster walls. The stirring historical news that it had once belonged to and had been lived in by Shakespeare's daughter, Susanna, seemed right and fitting as we crossed the stone-flagged hall with its great white fireplace, mellowed with the warmth of ten thousand welcoming fires. It was at once a museum and a home! The museum inspired our enthusiasm; but it was the home which won our love. Here, then, was to be our summer. Beyond the hall, and to the left of the old kitchen, which now serves as dining-room, a wide oak door swung open onto the gentlest, most inviting sight that England can offer—a walled garden. As *pièce de résistance* in this garden, a mulberry tree commanded the center of an acre's lawn, flanked on the one side with a walk made gracious by friendly poplar trees, and on the other by a high brick ivy-grown wall which guarded the garden's privacy from the street, known as "Old Town," which leads to Shakespeare's burial-place. The venerable mulberry tree at once invited questions. Aladdin's lamp was at work here also. No magic carpet could have brought a more fantastic answer. The mulberry happened to be one of the two trees which the Earl of Southampton presented to Shakespeare on the event of the poet's father achieving the title of "gentleman." Any one below this rank, it seems, was not entitled to own a mulberry tree. One of these trees Shakespeare planted in his own garden, New Place, and the other, so it is believed, in his favorite daughter's garden. Mrs. L., the charming owner of Hallscroft (such is the name of Susanna's house, derived from her husband, Dr. Hall's name), told me this story of the tree. I never doubted it. I never do doubt such imaginative traditions. But she, fearing that I might belong to that irrepressible legion of skeptics, added the wholly unnecessary material verification that she had had the tree examined by experts, who had pronounced its age to be just over three hundred years. Walter Hines Page has a delightful though irritatingly doubtful allusion to it in his "Life and Letters" by Burton Hendrick. But our great diplomat, too, felt its spell when, after a reception given in his honor, he called upon the household to join hands and "dance around the mulberry tree." Over three hundred springs and summers have sped by since it cast its delicious shade over England's greatest poet, who must have come thither more than once to enjoy the cool perfume of its branches; perhaps—who knows?—to tell fairy tales to a grandchild's wonderment. Such fairy tales they must have been, too! The matchless imagery of the "Tempest," a work which must have just then been filling all his thoughts, speaks eloquently of the rich and tender development of his last years. No, legend or no legend, the tree stands as a symbol for this and many other things. And in a measure it became a symbol of our summer. There of an afternoon would we go with rugs and cushions and a play to read—one of the plays that we would plan seeing on a subsequent evening.

A few hundred yards down a winding lane hugging the slender and gently flowing Avon stands the Festival Theater. Six weeks of plays were announced by the Stratford Company. I was greatly stimulated by this season's announcement to hear that several plays were to be produced which I had never seen before, such as "Henry IV," Part I, and "Measure for Measure." The rest of the programme was as follows: "Richard III," "Taming of the Shrew," "Macbeth," the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "She Stoops to Conquer," by Goldsmith. I had heard of the Stratford Players. I had heard them well spoken of as an industrious, painstaking organization, worthy descendants of the Benson company. I looked forward to quiet enjoyment; what I received was a thrill. With the opening performance of "Henry IV"—indeed, after the first act—I found myself on the edge of my seat in a glow of red-hot enthusiasm. A glance at my programme gave a new meaning to names which were hitherto unknown to me. The philosophical sophistries of Frank Cellier's Falstaff, the fiery soldiery of Balliol Halloway's Hotspur, the inspired and inspiring gallantry of Maurice Colbourne's Prince Hal, wove a tapestry of living and vital emotions; and there it was hanging before our enchanted eyes. The crowded, ill-aired little theater, whose exterior is an unpleasant reminder of the Hamburg railroad station, gave place to the gorgeous pageantry of a Plantagenet England. The scenery was simple, inexpensive, adequate; neither elaborate stage mountings nor the pretentious pedantry of a set "done only with curtains." The sets, both large and small, were arranged with admirable prac-



"The venerable mulberry tree at once invited questions" (from the new residents, in the foreground)

ticality, following the scheme suggested by Shakespeare's own indication. The play was acted continuously, with but one break—an intermission of ten minutes following the close of the third act. Except for this respite, the brief transitions from one scene to another were despatched in only the length of time necessary to the raising and lowering of a curtain. And so the play was performed as it was written. There were a few minor cuts of no importance, but no chopping up of acts and actual transposition of scenes to fit the exigencies of an elaborate stage producer. The capable and modest young man who captains this remarkable organization, Mr. Bridges-Adams, gives a free rein to the imagination of his principals.

Within certain limits they are free to plan and produce their own "stage business." And the spontaneous, fresh buoyancy which characterizes the performances is more than proof of the success of this elasticity on the part of the producer. The cast is announced as a "star-less" cast. But I soon discovered that this was not because there were no stars, but rather because there were so many. Balliol Halloway, who to-night plays Hotspur, to-morrow will appear as Richard III, and the next night will impersonate the insignificant rôle of Biondello (Lucentio's servant) in the "Taming of the Shrew." So too with the others. In the women's ranks there is greater weakness. One only, Miss Dorothy Green, was equal to the occasion; but she more than justified her reputation. On her, of course, fell the burden of the great characters of Lady Macbeth, Isabella, Beatrice, Queen Margaret, etc. Her acting of these parts was a triumph of versatility, charm, and plastic beauty. A voice of fine range and admirably controlled to every dynamic shading, and a diction of such effortless clarity that a whispered *pianissimo* could indeed be *pianissimo* and yet heard. Do you wonder, then, that these performances drew us, not once, but many times? Frequently the audience boasted of a notable visitor—in the distinguished and attentive person of former Prime Minister Asquith. Many times Mary Anderson de Navarro drove over from her beautiful Broadway home to applaud Dorothy Green in the same rôles which made her famous two decades or more ago. But those of the audience who most interested me were packed in the gallery above. Night after night you could recognize the same enthusiastic faces of tradespeople, farmers, reacting to romance, poetry, beauty. And the best part of it is that they really get to know their Shakespeare. He becomes a living, vital force in their lives. I often think with a certain irony on how much more completely they possess him than does the collectioneering millionaire whose chief interest seems to be how many First Folios he may produce from a safe to astonish his friends with. The one possession is living, significant, real; it needs no guardian save an active mind and imagination. The other, a burdensome possession of the shell from which the kernel, the spirit, has escaped—a gorgeous shell 'tis true, but still a shell. Yes, the man in the gallery is at once the most interested and the most interesting spectator at the Stratford Shakespeare Festival. He is, furthermore, eloquent evidence that Shakespeare is not only the greatest, he is also the most popular playwright of all time. For this spectator no elaborate scenery or costly expenditure is necessary; what is necessary to him is that the play be acted sincerely, spontaneously. He asks the actor to follow Hamlet's own suggestion: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of you players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines." Likewise he wants the actor to "Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance that you o'erstrap not the modesty of nature." A healthy catechism, not only for the actor, but as much for the musician. To memorize the spirit along with the words of this profoundly artistic and true utterance should be the endeavor of every teacher, of every student, of every artist. This temperance, this discretion, this observance of the "modesty of nature," never impedes or obstructs true emotion or passion. Rather it enhances it. But it is destructive to the false and exaggerated tendencies of uncontrolled natures who distort the natural flow of the creative stream into an incoherent mass of meaningless mannerisms. The impressive success of the opening performance of "Henry IV" insured our regular attendance at all the plays, and to many an hour of quiet and reflective reading of them under the mulberry tree. The spirit of Shakespeare did not appear or evaporate with the mere raising or lowering of the curtain. We would sense his companionship on the quiet walk home, our lips silently framing some of the lines. More than once a moon of especial brilliance would stretch a silver carpet from bank to bank of the Avon and light up the trees with a touch as luminous as Oberon's own. In silence, too, would we sit, my wife and I, before the open fireplace in which our thoughtful maid, Daniels, had kept some pleasant-smelling peat burning. And we reflected, perhaps as the citizens "of no mean city" would have us, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

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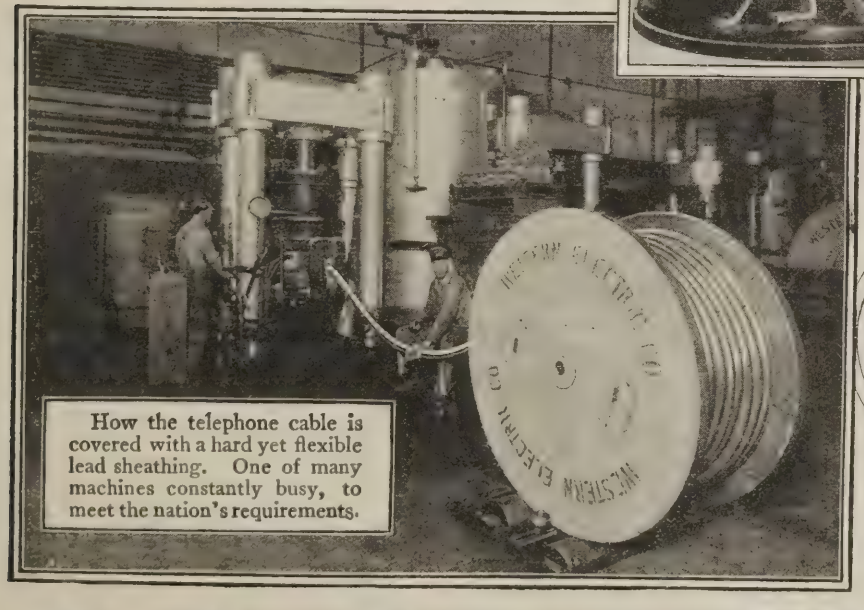
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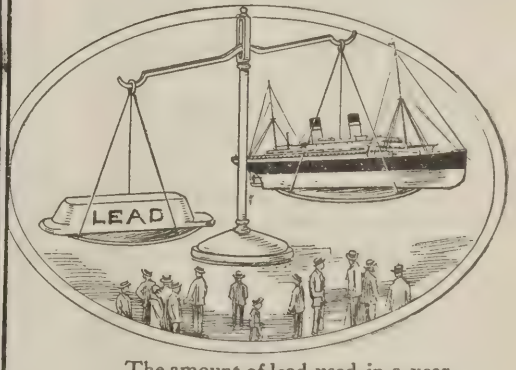
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The Book Table

One of Ours

A Review by H. W. Boynton

THIS careful biography [1] is a work of friendship; and we get the impression that Mr. Croly has been in some sense deputed to the task by the whole body of Willard Straight's friends. He has done a solid piece of work. He takes matters, as always, a little heavily. A more flexible sense of humor would have eliminated detail here and there, especially in the opening chapters. Straight was the son of a worthy schoolmaster and his temperamental wife. Both died of tuberculosis before the boy was ten years old. He became a troublesome charge to the two middle-aged American women, friends of his mother, who undertook to look out for him. Some years in Japan, with the prestige of the white man and of the only male in his mother's household, had spoiled him for domestic control.

He was willful, insubordinate, and frankly a nuisance. He was expelled from his school in Oswego, and sent to a New Jersey military academy, which turned out to be the right place for him. Discipline and ambition got hold of him, and he passed on with credit to Cornell. There he took an architectural course. But there was more of the adventurer and empire-builder in him than of the architect. His childhood taste of the East had left a ferment in his blood, which was heightened by his undergraduate worship of Kipling. After Cornell, he served in the British Maritime Customs at Nanking for a couple of years, learning a good deal of the language and the psychology of China.

But the routine of the Customs Service did not satisfy him, and he eagerly accepted a post as war correspondent on the outbreak of the Russian-Japanese War. His experience was as maddening as that of other correspondents in that first of modern wars, when the war correspondent found himself held politely back from all that he was supposed to behold and report. Chiefly, he learned to distrust Japan and her designs on Korea and China. For the rest of his time in the East his influence and growing skill in affairs were pitted steadily against Japanese aggression and intrigue. He bitterly resented America's desertion of Korea at the moment when she might easily have held Japan in check. As Consul at Mukden he worked unceasingly for the Open Door—and also (a less strictly official duty) for the entry of American capital through that door. He had an almost religious belief in the doctrine of the white man's burden—in commercial expansion as a banner of advancing civilization; and with this doctrine (as in Kipling) is mystically united the zeal of the patriot for setting his own land at the head of the procession.

His task done at Mukden, Straight turned to the West for a time, tried banking, tried associating himself with a scheme for Far Eastern finance. He wasn't happy; he was never a good subordinate, and he was about to try a totally new enterprise when the European War came. He went in, after Plattsburg, as a major; was never happy in being useful back from the line (here his strong mixture of generosity and egotism shows); and died of pneumonia in Paris shortly after the Armistice.

A characteristic American type of his period—ardent, ambitious, generous, self-conscious, of great personal charm, wistfully reaching towards some great opportunity, in some unknown field, which should finally justify his dreams. This book of his life is largely made up of extracts from his own copious diaries and letters, and is decorated with a great many spirited sketches by his own clever hand.

[1] Willard Straight. By Herbert Croly. The Macmillan Company, New York. $6.

The New Books

BIOGRAPHY

BYRON: THE LAST JOURNEY. April, 1823–1824. By Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

In the spring of 1824 Byron died at Missolonghi. This book has therefore the timeliness of a centenary memorial. But it is not a memorial cast in the usual formal and scholarly guise. It is a serious and spirited attempt to get behind the veil of romance and tradition that cover the memory of the poet, and to discover "the real Byron" of those later days. Mr. Nicolson tries to tell the story of Byron's mission and end at Missolonghi "with that realism which Byron, of all men, would himself have desired. I have thus discarded the legend that Byron went to Greece inspired solely by Philhellenic enthusiasms, or that his sojourn at Missolonghi was anything but a succession of humiliating failures. . . . The romantic or dramatic treatment leads only to an insincere and unconvincing presentation. Lord Byron accomplished nothing at Missolonghi except his own suicide; but by that single act of heroism he secured the liberation of Greece."

This is a little confusing. If Byron went to Greece largely to escape the petty vexations and slow disintegration of his *ménage* with the Guiccioli at Genoa, and if the enterprise hastened his death, in what sense was the whole affair an "act of heroism"? On the showing of this narrative, Byron's death was the result of too much drink as well as of too much worry. He dedicated his life to Greece—and then threw away that life. The effect of his death was immense; but it was an accident. To call such an end "heroic" is to use a purely "romantic or dramatic" term.

Nevertheless the effect of this record as a whole is undoubtedly realistic—it does give us an impression of an actual human being, in place of the misty and colossal figure of Byronic tradition. He is shown in the flesh—the too much flesh or the sternly underfed flesh of his later years—with his facial beauty, his lameness which he never forgets, his slovenly or flashy dress, his vanity, his obscure fears, his physical courage in the face of those fears. And he is shown in the larger aspect of his relations to his work and to the world: "It must be realized that the life of Byron is not, as has often been imagined, a series of wasted opportunities; rather is it a catalogue of false positions. His brain was male, his character was feminine. He had genius, but it was misunderstood and misdirected; he had beauty, but it was branded by deformity; he had rank, but no position; fortune, but it came too late; fame, but it blazed for him too early. From his childhood the foreground of his life had been out of focus with the background; throughout his career this error in focus marred the sincerity, the completeness, and even the meaning, of the whole."

This narrative begins with a picture of Byron at the Casa Saluzzo, imposed on and bored by the Guiccioli and her relatives, feeling himself slowly going to seed, desperate for some means of cutting the knot he is helpless to untie. The cause of Greece! Here, in the name of that land which had for Byron from youth



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the most romantic charm, lay a way of escape. With much detail, but without ever losing sight of his central theme, Mr. Nicolson tells the story of the "last journey" which followed. We see how, always uncertain in mood and minor act, Byron held to his main purpose. We see him lavishly spending his means and energies to bolster up the uncertain campaigns of the Greek patriots—among whom he found much sordidness and even treachery. And finally we see him reduced to the realization that all he can do is idle; and so taking to drink, and coming down presently with what was probably typhoid, and being treated with the cheerful purging and bleeding of that period, and finally achieving the peace of death. His final utterance was characteristic: "To preserve my life will be in vain. Die I must: I feel it. Its loss I do not lament; for to terminate my wearisome existence I came to Greece. My wealth, my abilities, I devoted to her cause. Well, there is my life to her. One request let me make you. Let not my body be hacked, or sent to England. Here let my bones molder. Lay me in the first corner without pomp or nonsense."

The rest of the narrative recounts, with some touches of startling realism, how his body was promptly "hacked" by surgeons eager to dismantle the machinery of genius, and sent home pickled in a barrel of spirits, and finally buried with all proper pomp and nonsense, "in a manner befitting an English country gentleman," in the family vault of one who had never been able to endure his family or to feel at home in England.

FICTION

ISLAND CHRONICLE (AN). By William Cummings. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

Daniel Wilbur Steele put the Portuguese of New England on our literary map, thus adding a highly picturesque element to our fictional material. Mr. Cummings follows worthily in his steps, writing simply and beautifully of simple lives stirred tremendously by primitive emotions. There is tragedy in his story, but the impression left behind by it is one of strength and faith in life rather than sadness. As a first book, his novel is astonishingly well built and executed.

DEEP IN THE HEARTS OF MEN. By Mary E. Waller. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

On the last page, numbered 459, we read: "Now the sun is flooding the heights round about the Sanctuary. . . . Small red squirrels are chattering about the porch; from within comes the murmur of women's gentle voices mingled with the joyful sound of little children's prattle and babble, together with the unmistakable gurglings and abortive

chuckles of babyhood. . . . There are three of them now: Adrien Powers 3d, small Jean Isobel, his sister, and a baby not yet eight months old—David Welch McQuade. Perhaps it is needless to say that he and his father are as one." This is a fair sample of the style and mood of this writer, a yearning sentimentalist from the first chapter of her first book to this latest. She has a large following among readers who like a rich frosting on their sponge-cake.

DEEP MEADOWS. By Margaret R. Larminie. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

A singular situation occurs in this story; a wife separated from her husband and living with her three daughters under an assumed name goes to her whilom husband to ask him to let her divorce him so that she can marry another man. The husband consents with ironic glee, for the wife does not know that the newspapers were proclaiming that night that the husband had been arrested for gigantic fraud unearthed by the very man his wife wanted to marry, while that man in turn was totally ignorant of the fact that the criminal was the husband of the woman he loved. This and other queer turns of fate in the woman's life are worked out with skill and remind one of Thomas Hardy's title, "Little Ironies of Life."

Apart from plot interest "Deep Meadows" is a strong novel, written in a calm, assured manner, clear in its painting of characters, interesting in its incursions into the philosophy of human nature. It would be hard to name many better recent stories by English novelists.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

NEGRO FROM AFRICA TO AMERICA (THE). By W. D. Weatherford, Ph.D. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $5.

Dr. Weatherford is a pioneer in that considerable body of Southern white men engaged on the problem of bringing the whites and blacks of the South into kindlier relations. His book, of nearly five hundred pages, touches on nearly every aspect of the great problem; on some perhaps a little too lightly to be very informative, but on most as adequately as could be expected in a general work. It is, on the whole, an admirable analysis, supported by carefully culled evidence; destined to be "standard" in its field.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN POLITICS. Anonymous. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

A work pretty certain to cause many a flutter in political dovecotes. It professes to carry us behind the scenes in politics under the direction of an old stager who knows 'em all. A good deal of humor, shrewd comment, and horse sense—perhaps a certain superfluity of horse sense. The chapter entitled "The Wives of Great Men Oft Remind Us" says much that needed to be said about the "modern woman" or "self-expressive lady."

WORLD UNBALANCED (THE). By Gustave Le Bon. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $3.50.

The well-known author ranges over almost the entire field of political and economic developments since the Armistice, exposing absurdities and stupidities wittily, epigramatically, paradoxically, and on the whole wisely. Towards minor facts his attitude is sometimes a trifle airy, but on essentials he is accurately informed, and he does not lack of constructive suggestions. A highly entertaining and stimulating book.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

JANE AUSTEN: A FRENCH APPRECIATION. By Léonie Villard, and Translated by Veronica Lucas. Together with **A New Study of Jane Austen** (Interpreted through "Love and Freindship"). By R. Brimley Johnson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.25.

Mr. Johnson briefly shows (the lately recovered "Love and Freindship" to witness) how the genius of Jane Austen rose from parody to portraiture. The larger "appreciation" by Mlle. Villard (four-fifths of the volume) is an excerpt from a doctorial thesis. An amazing thesis;



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CREOLE SKETCHES. By Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Little essays about New Orleans, contributed by Hearn to the "Item" of that city. Illustrated by woodcuts by the author.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

NECESSITY OF ART (THE). By A. Clutton Brock, Percy Dearmer, A. S. Duncan-Jones, J. Middleton Murry, A. W. Pollard, and Malcolm Spencer. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.

A "symposium" of "highbrows," if you please. The title threatens something highbrowish, and the threat is executed. The common object of the symposiasts seems to be to reconcile art and religion, so long sundered; in particular, to dispel the Puritan's conviction of sin about art, so largely responsible for the antagonism. There are several ways in which such a theme may be handled; whereof the one chosen is the transcendental. Unfortunately, this calls for genius of the first order (as one of the rare examples of success in that kind one may cite Shelley's "Essay on Poetry"), and none of our symposiasts is quite in that class. We are not swept into the empyrean, but bored. Mr. Dearmer, however, is content to remain on earth for a few pages; and, so doing, gives a highly interesting account of the continuity of art under Christian auspices through the so-called dark ages.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

LOGIC OF CONDUCT (THE). By James MacKaye. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

A restatement of utilitarianism or that ethical doctrine which makes the happiness of mankind the end and utility the guide of right conduct. The originality of the author is shown chiefly in his refinement of the definition of the doctrine and his development of the idea that the utility of acts and courses of action can and should be scientifically determined, that a technology of utility may be developed capable of regenerating the world. The argument is presented in a dialogue between "Senior" and "Junior," Plato of course furnishing the model. It has to be said that the dialogue is extremely artificial. It falls considerably short of the clarity, the urbanity, the elegance and ease of style, the humor, the stimulation to both intellect and imagination, the atmosphere, of the Platonic dialogues. But it is not a failure; and not definitely to fail in that most difficult (though, properly managed, the ideal) mode of philosophical presentation is an achievement. On the whole, the argument is lucid, the diction felicitous, and the style fairly so. Unfortunately, there are passages of very hard going. Some road-mending might make the book a popular one. Those stretches made smooth, the author would deserve, even though he might not achieve, a popular success.

SCIENCE

FORESTRY ALMANAC. Compiled and Edited by the American Tree Association. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

This book gives a clear view of the forest conditions in this country, and also of the scope of the present praiseworthy forestry movement. The volume is a genuine treasury of facts, statistics, and suggestions. Every lover of trees should welcome it, for surely every such man, woman, or child wants to know more about the various kinds of trees and how to plant them; about their habits and growth; about forest education in our colleges and universities; about our forest taxation laws and the necessity for their revision; about the protection now afforded and that which should be afforded to our forests from fire; about the tree adornment of country highways and city streets; about the various forestry associations and the United States Forest Service and their influence on ap-

propriate legislation; about the lumber industry and its gradual transformation from being an agent of extravagance to being an agent of help to our forests: finally, about forests in other countries than ours. On all these points the "Forestry Almanac" gives concise yet comprehensive information.

Contributors' Gallery



KARL T. FREDERICK is a lawyer who is concerned with something more important than the mere winning of cases. He finds the law an absorbing vocation because he is vitally concerned with justice and fundamental principles. His contributions to various law reviews have been frequently cited in judicial decisions. He has a pet hobby which has won him international distinction, but we are under strict orders from him not to mention it in the biographical note to accompany his article in this issue.

H. W. BOYNTON is an author, editor, and contributor to magazines of essays, criticism, and fiction. He was for three years chief reviewer for the "Atlantic Monthly," and has served on the staffs of the New York "Evening Post," the "Nation," and the "Bookman."



IT is not often that a daughter has a chance to get a dramatic interview with her own father. That was the opportunity which came to Natalie De Bogory. Miss De Bogory has also collaborated with her father on a book entitled "When I Was a Boy in Russia."

ALBERT SPALDING is probably America's most distinguished violinist and one of the best in the world. He has also written a number of compositions for the violin which have charm and distinction. In the article in this issue he gives a picture of English life and also—unwittingly—of his own delightful personality.



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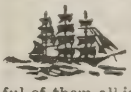
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Trust Services

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

AMONG the services of major—and growing—importance of banks and trust companies to-day is the fiduciary or trust work. To a certain extent banking houses have always acted more or less informally in the capacity of trustee, or trusted representative, for some of their customers. But by comparatively recent law they have been placed on an equal footing with individuals in this respect. Under the Massachusetts statute, for example, a trust company "may be appointed executor of a will, codicil, or writing testamentary, administrator with the will annexed, administrator of the estate of any person, receiver, assignee, guardian, conservator or trustee under a will or instrument creating a trust for the care and management of property under the same circumstances, and subject to the same control by the court having jurisdiction of the same, as a legally qualified individual."

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devolve upon an executor or administrator, most people are more or less familiar. But with what is known as an "individual" or "personal" trust the public is but vaguely familiar. The question, therefore, What is a trust? must be answered before trust service can be described.

In legal language, a trust is "a right of property, real or personal, held by one person for the benefit of another." A trust is made by an instrument in writing by some person, A, who gives or conveys to the trustee certain property under instructions to hold that property for the benefit of himself or of other people, paying the income, and eventually disposing of the principal, as directed.

"To attempt an enumeration of the purposes for which trusts may be created," according to the attorney of an experienced trust company, "would be to attempt a classification of human motives. There may be the elaborate business trust almost identical with a corporation. There may be the trust to insure the comfortable support, maintenance, and education of minor children, or to insure the donor's own support for life with provisions for the benefit of others or to charitable, educational, or other purposes at the donor's death. A wife or husband may create a trust whose effect will be to defeat the surviving husband's or wife's interest in the donor's estate at death, except that rights of dower and courtesy in real estate owned during marriage cannot be thus cut off without consent. Property may be put in trust to keep it out of the control of the beneficiary's husband, or to put it beyond the reach of the beneficiary's present or future creditors, or to guard against the profligacy of a spendthrift beneficiary or the gullibility of an inexperienced one. Trusts may, within limits, be formed for the purpose of allowing property to accumulate or to limit liability, much as incorporation is resorted to, but a purpose in itself illegal or contrary to public policy could not legally be accomplished by forming a trust."

A typical trust deed consists of five main points. The wording of the clauses will differ from trust to trust, because no two trusts are alike in their specific purposes. A composite picture of a great many trusts now in actual operation is as follows:

1. Preamble, conveyance, and description of trust property. 2. Distribution—as to income, principal, and at the termination of the trust. 3. Powers of the trustee, general and specific, varying according to the nature of the trust and the desire of the maker of the trust. 4. Provision for amendment or revocation of



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the trust. 5. Signature and acknowledgment.

Under one or another variation of this type of trust deed, uncounted billions of dollars' worth of property are held in trust by the banks and trust companies of the United States. There are trusts created by will; trusts for the benefit of charitable institutions; trusts whose principal comes from insurance; so-called "living trusts;" trusts for the benefit of aged persons, insane, spendthrifts, and minors. A large part of this growth is of very recent origin, and the probabilities are that the next two decades will see a still greater increase in its volume.

The reason for this is not far to seek. Trustee service means, in relation to the property in trust, first of all, *conservation* of principal with a view to safeguarding income; and, second, *skilled financial management*. Trustee service prevents the wastefulness and loss which frequently takes place when property falls into inexpert hands. In many of the States the "American rule" governing trust investments prevails. Under it the trustee "is to observe how men of prudence, discretion, and intelligence manage their own affairs, not in regard to speculation, but in regard to the permanent disposition of their funds, considering the probable income as well as the probable safety of the capital to be invested."

Nothing is more characteristic of the modern corporate trustee than the spirit and practice of this rule.

Of course trustees, executors, and administrators existed long before these functions were assumed by banks. Individual fiduciaries will always continue to exist, though the public hears little about them because they do not advertise for business, while the banks and trust companies spend millions in this way. There are certain obvious advantages in appointing a bank rather than an individual. The bank is permanent—"it never dies, never is sick, never goes on a vacation." Further, the trust department of a bank specializes in this kind of service, and is therefore in a different position from the individual attorney who undertakes trust work as a side line. In the matter of investments, the larger trust companies have reduced to nearly an exact science the analysis of bonds and stocks with a view to safety of principal, certainty of income, proper diversification, marketability, and legality. Are, for example, the assets of the issuing company sufficient to insure regular income over a series of years? Can the security be readily converted into cash in case of need? Is the list so varied that depression in one group will not occur in

all? These are some of the problems of the up-to-date analysis department which are solved by the careful organization of data for each security held in trust.

Ultimately responsible for investment policy—which, after all, is fundamental to real trust service—is a committee of the directors of the bank, chosen because of their peculiarly wide and successful experience in such matters. The ordinary individual trustee is almost powerless to duplicate such methods and such experts unless he, too, has his own organization trained and equipped to handle the almost infinite detail of trust administration, not only as to investments, but as to tax returns, real estate management, accounting, and the like.

One particular form of trust it is worth while to discuss in some detail because, in the first place, it is typical of all trusts, and, in the second place, because it is available to persons of small as well as large means. I refer to the so-called "life insurance trust."

Ordinarily the face amount of an insurance policy is paid, on the death of the insured, to the widow or other relative. Probably in the vast majority of cases it goes to the widow. She therefore has the not altogether simple problem of handling a fairly large amount of cash—five, ten, twenty, or forty thousand dollars, or more, as the case may be. Now, it is an unfortunate and undisputed fact that insurance money is frequently wasted because of the lack of business judgment of the beneficiary. In order, then, to "insure insurance" against such dissipation, most of the larger companies offer to have the policy made payable to themselves under an agreement or contract such that the principal is conserved by wise investment and the income paid to the widow. This plan is an excellent step forward to the trust plan, which, as will be seen, is much more adaptable to unforeseen emergencies while at the same time having every safeguard.

"Suppose," says a descriptive leaflet issued by the American Bankers Association, "a man could take out a policy that would insure the proper management and investment of the insurance money paid to his wife—there is little doubt but that he would jump at the opportunity.

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"Then, in the event of your death, the amount of your policy would be paid to the trust company, and it would carry out your instructions."

Thus insurance policies to a total of $20,000 placed in trust would bring an income of approximately $1,000 a year. The trustee could—and should—be instructed to utilize principal if, in its judgment, an emergency required it, as a severe illness. Such a provision is of course more desirable in case of the smaller estates. But, in any event, it protects the beneficiary in time of great need when the income of the trust alone would be insufficient. In this respect the trusteeing of insurance is a more flexible, and hence a better arrangement than to leave it under an unalterable contract with the insurance company.

This illustration will serve to indicate that some kind of a trust is within the reach of almost everybody. It will also now be apparent that a trust is nothing more than the placing of property in responsible hands under definite, sufficiently elastic instructions, for the purpose of carrying out the will of the owner or maker of the trust.

In many ways a trust resembles a will, but in certain important legal aspects a trust created by a living person to run, presumably, for some years beyond the date of his death, under certain conditions, avoids the burden of inheritance taxes imposed by law on estates, and is of course not subject to the costs of probate proceedings. It is therefore possible for an individual to set aside a portion of his property under a deed of trust so that it will be used precisely as he might decree under his will. Such a trust—any trust, in fact—can be amended or revoked in whole or in part at the maker's pleasure, so that the creation of a trust estate need not be considered as a final, irrevocable act.

The supposed high cost of the services of a corporate fiduciary either as executor, administrator, or trustee is often a deterrent. But this need not be the case. In States where fees are not fixed by statute they are subject to limitation or review by the probate courts, and in no instance known to the writer is there any difference between the charge allowed an individual and that allowed a trust company, unless it be less in the latter instance. For managing a trust of any kind the standard fee is from five to six per cent of income. It should be realized that this fee includes safeguarding of capital, making investments, often the management of real estate, and, in addition to accounting and bookkeeping, the preparation and filing of complex Federal and State tax returns. In all these duties the modern trust department of a bank is expert and, by reason of handling a large number of trusts under single management, can operate both economically and efficiently.

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YOUNG woman, literary connection, not finding suitable accommodation, will give two hours of valuable time five or six days every week, as secretary, to read aloud, read proof, tutor, chaperon, for good home in private family. Preferably East Side, West to Sixth Ave. Highest social and professional credentials. 5,481, Outlook.

Business Situations

EXPERIENCED librarian desires position. References. 5,457, Outlook.

WANTED—Position to assist or active partnership in a tea room requiring small investment. 5,455, Outlook.

WANTED—Capable woman wants position as caterer and manager; fifteen years' experience. Free after January 1. 5,482, Outlook.

TWO ladies, who have tea room at Maine shore resort, wish positions together in established tea room in the South. 5,491, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY desires position as mother's helper, companion to children of school age. Sews and willing to make herself generally useful. Highly recommended. Country preferred. Address 5,490, Outlook.

USEFUL companion and household assistant (where maid is kept) by kind-hearted woman of fine qualifications. 5,416, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary — Young woman, educated, social and business training, adaptable, dependable. Years of European experience. 5,419, Outlook.

By the Way

QUEER things to eat which may be found in stores that cater to the foreign colonies of New York City, according to an article in the "Scientific American," are: Ripened jet-black duck eggs of China; dried and spitted clams of Japan; desiccated oysters of Canton; brick tea of Hankow; blood bread of Finland; chocolate paste of Italy, done up in sausage skins; haggis of Scotland, looking like a boxing glove; snow-white lard sausages of Sicily; apricot sheeting of Turkey; white strawberries of France; and dried beef in sheet form of Latin America.

From the Detroit "News:"

I cannot be quoted, he said;
I've nothing to say in the press.
My opinion's not worth being read;
Publicity gives me distress.

(Sotto voce.)
But should you insist on printing
A statement in spite of this stricture,
Please see that my name's spelled correctly
And—how about using my picture?

Under a framed picture of a group of aged men eating an institutional dinner a New York City bank prints this admonitory explanation:

The inmates of this New York poorhouse were once young and strong—able providers—full of enthusiasm and ambition—as you are to-day. Like yourself, they were ever and ever urged to *save*. They sneered at saving. *Do you?*

From the "Type Metal Magazine:"

"There are two types of salesmen: One makes sales; the other makes customers. The streets are congested with men who can make sales. Some could sell oil paintings to the blind. Many of these men are smart, energetic, successful. One trouble is they are too good. Often they take advantage of their hypnotic selling ability to soak the buyer, or to load him up with more goods than he needs. A salesman who goes out to make customers must operate more slowly than a salesman who is out for sales; but in the long run the former will sell far more than the latter."

From the "Penn State Froth:"

Shott—"So you won the pentathlon?"
He (proudly)—"I did."
"How far did you throw it?"

From "Tit-Bits:"

You can't pick locks with a pickle,
You can't cure the sick with a sickle,
  Pluck figs with a figment,
  Drive pigs with a pigment,
Nor make your watch tick with a tickle.
You can't make a mate of your mater,
You can't get a crate from a crater,
  Catch moles with a molar,
  Bake rolls with a roller;
But you can get a wait from a waiter.

From "Le Rire:"

The Customer (at bookstall on the Seine)—"I'd like to buy this, but there's only the second volume."

The Book-dealer—"Take it for ten sous, then, and I'll tell you the beginning of the story."

An ingenious old riddle that is not quite so easy as it looks at first glance is sent by a subscriber:

A princess once who tried to ——
Her fair hand wounded with a ——;
A magic sleep she then fell ——
  And thus for years she lay.
At length to break the slumber ——
E'er her pure soul by it were ——
A noble knight with true love ——
  Kissed all the spell away.

Behead the last word of the first line and it gives the last word of the second line; behead the last word of the second line and it gives the last word of the third line.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED young lady desires to be a companion to lady, traveling through the South or California preferred. References if desired. Write 5,472, Outlook.

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LADY experienced in all kinds of institution work desires position as head of girls' school or institution. 5,474, Outlook.

POSITION wanted by lady as useful companion or assistant with household duties. Neat sewer. No kitchen work. Country. G. O., 66 Maple Ave., Morristown, N. J.

MAN and wife desire position for winter months as caretakers of property or would care for invalid or elderly person. 5,487, Outlook.

WOMAN of culture, experience, adaptability, wishes position as companion-secretary to lady. Exceptional references. 5,483, Outlook.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

OCTOBER 15, 1924



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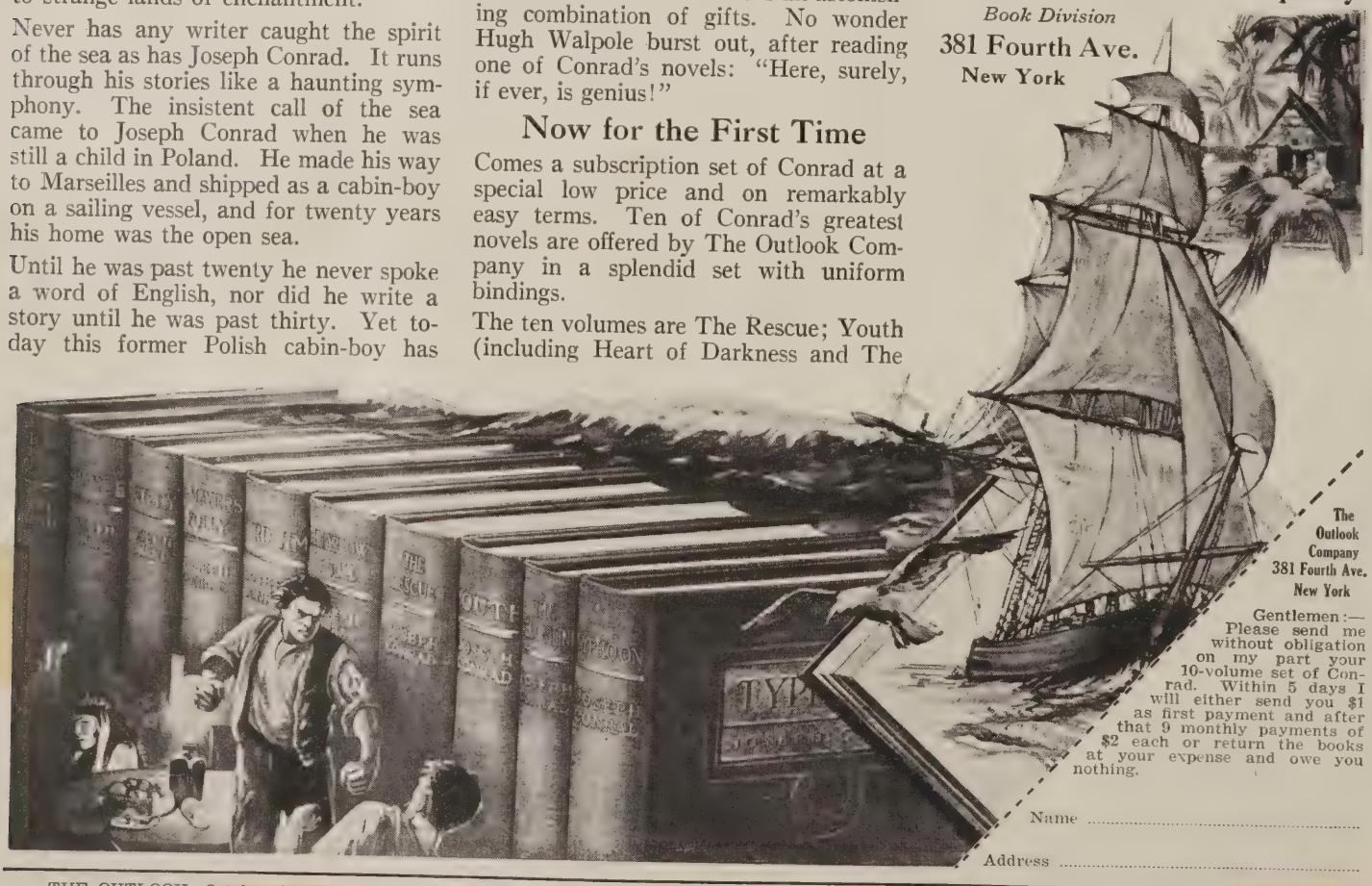
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ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE contributes another of his strikingly original and vivid nature studies of his native Carolinas, which he knows so well. His work has always been warmly welcomed by Outlook readers.

GEORGE WITTEN tells us that he has investigated everything from the worthiness of the New York East Side charity cases to a Mexican revolution. Somewhere between these two extremes come the financial investigations which led to the series by Mr. Witten now running in The Outlook.

MARGARET WIDDEMER'S work entitles her to a high place in the realm of fiction as well as poetry. She has frequently contributed to The Outlook.

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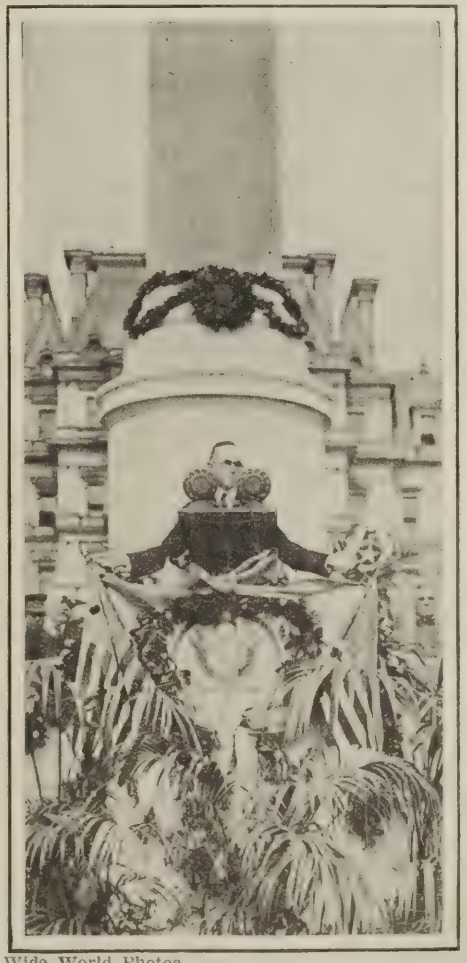
A Granite Spokesman

GENERAL PERSHING'S Division was first in war. In peace it has been first to erect a National memorial to its dead. The First Division led the American way overseas. It continued to be first all the way through the American chapter of the World War. On a granite shaft at Washington is inscribed the course of its service from the day of its first action to the Coblenz Bridgehead, where after the Armistice it began the watch on the Rhine.

Many fine and appropriate sentiments were voiced on Saturday, October 4, under the memorial on the Indian Summer day of its dedication by the war chaplain of the division, by General Summerall, by the Secretary of War, by the President. Amplifiers spread their words abroad over Potomac Park and up to the highest windows of the War Department filled with clustered heads of office-holders. In distant cities the same words issued hoarsely from radios to crowds chafing impatiently for news of the World Series. What the speakers said will soon be forgotten. In the printed babel of baseball their words that afternoon were lost. The granite column itself said more and said it better.

In another way the occasion was as peculiarly American in spirit as the monument itself. We are a peace-loving people, abundantly capable of fight. But no one witnessing the ceremony of commemoration could accuse us of being a military nation. Officers saluted the reviewing stand in a variety of ways. A few forgot to salute altogether. The sharp cadences of war-time marches played stirringly by the bands proved too fast for the relaxed nerves of peace. The front ranks kept time, the others were out of step. Men kept their hats on as the colors went by. Washington was preoccupied that day by the National game. A mere handful of spectators gathered to witness the parade and do honor to a National memory. Some individuals, parading in motor-cars, smoked on their way past the monument, and one individual protruded his bare head smilingly through a limousine window as he chewed gum and waved his hand amiably to the standees on the curb.

In one respect this newest addition to Washington's memorials suffers from its location. The Washington Monument, first of all, dwarfs it, dominates it. But as it faces the great obelisk across the misty trees of the park, the memorial of the First Division speaks the same valiant message of the American spirit in peace as in war—greater than divisions, triumphing over imperfect ceremonial with its more perfect truth—the same message which makes the simpler, greater shaft of granite symbolic of the founder of the Republic, the beautiful city that bears his name, and the nation to which he gave life and being.



Wide World Photos

President Coolidge speaking at the unveiling of the monument to the First Division in Washington

For New York's Self-Respect

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in accepting the nomination as Republican candidate for the Governorship of New York, declared himself in favor of the enactment of a State law to enforce prohibition.

With this announcement an issue has been joined between him and Governor Smith which involves much more than the merits or demerits of prohibition itself. Although declaring himself in favor of law enforcement, Governor Smith has pursued a policy that was bound to render enforcement of the Federal Prohibition Act difficult. The increase in alcoholism since the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Act as a result of Governor Smith's attitude can be read in statistics. It is not merely that people are exercising a liberty of which they feel they have been deprived by an unjust law; it is rather that criminals, people that make money out of breaking the law, are finding that they can commit crime of a certain kind profitably. And one of the worst features of the present situation is that New York State is in the shameful position of having to see a matter of crime against its own peace and order a subject of Federal authority. So far as we know, there is no other State in the Union that has no liquor law whatever of its own. The situation amounts to abject abdication of a universally recognized State right. Colonel Roosevelt has pledged himself to see that this is corrected.

For the past two years control of the Legislature has been divided between the parties. There has been obstruction on both sides. Whatever good has been done through legislation brings some credit to each party. The condition with regard to the liquor law, however, is scandalous. The issue presented by that condition should of itself be enough to insure Colonel Roosevelt's election.

The Aluminum Controversy

WHEN at this stage of a Presidential campaign a fierce attack is made upon an individual who is a member of

the Administration, it is well to be cautious in examining the basis of the attack. So far as we can judge, in the newspaper endeavor to hold Secretary Mellon responsible for whatever may need changing in the relations of the aluminum industry to business and to the tariff it is not alleged that illegal acts have been performed by Mr. Mellon, while the question whether that industry has obtained unfair advantages by reason of its tariff rates is one for the courts to decide after their examination of the statements made by the Federal Trade Commission. As the matter now stands, the questions involved are fundamentally economic and the charges against the Secretary of the Treasury as a member of the Aluminum Company of America in no sense involve personal wrongdoing.

The fact that it is well to go slow in accepting newspaper charges at this time is emphasized when we find that the New York "World," which has been pushing the attack, admits that it has made serious blunders in its assertions. For instance, its charge that the Aluminum Company of America paid forty per cent dividends last year is a ridiculous blunder; some supposed expert interpreted the statement that the company had paid ten per cent in quarterly payments to mean a total annual dividend of forty per cent! So also with the "World's" charge that the Aluminum Company had increased its capitalization more than three times between 1913 and 1921. It now explains that this is not true, but that net capital investment had increased.

We have not seen the report of the Federal Trade Commission, and must therefore postpone a full discussion of its dealing with the aluminum matter. As outlined in newspaper despatches, it says in substance that the Aluminum Company of America has complete control of the production of aluminum in this country; that because it is practically the only source of supply and because it has a high protective tariff rate it is enabled to control the price of the metal aluminum in this country, and therefore to keep up the price unduly; this statement and the statement that price discrimination and special discounts as between dealers have resulted amount to a charge that this company is acting in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. If, as has been charged in the newspaper controversy against the company, the tariff increase was wrong, that is not a charge against the industry, but against the Tariff Law and Congress.

Like other questions relating to monopoly and semi-monopoly, and to prices as between the corporation, the dealer, and the consumer, deep and complex economic questions are involved. These doubtless will be dealt with in due course, and dealt with, it is to be hoped, after they have ceased to be exploited for political purposes.

Waste Paper

How many people realize the wasteful method of distributing millions of Government publications?

Every member of Congress has a fixed quota allotted to him annually for free distribution, and in addition to this nearly every Government department prints thousands of its own publications for free distribution. In this connection it is interesting to note that the folding room of the House of Representatives recently had to dispose of an accumulation of more than a million obsolete and useless publications which members had failed to send to their constituents. The Senate folding room likewise had to dispose of nearly 900,000 documents, more than fifty tons of which were sold as waste paper. Thus in eight years it is estimated that at least 2,000,000 documents that had never been taken out of their wrappers in the Congressional folding room nor opened by a single reader since the day they came from the Government presses were disposed of as waste paper to make room for the incoming millions of documents doomed to a similar fate.

Estimating the cost of these 2,000,000 documents at fifty cents each, which is considered a conservative figure for bound volumes, the actual loss for eight years amounted to at least a million dollars. Even this large sum does not begin to cover the undoubtedly greater extravagance resulting from the distribution of many millions of other publications that were franked at Government expense to persons who had no use for or interest in such gifts from their Congressmen.

Even now the folding rooms of the Capitol are filled with thousands of publications which are either obsolete or useless for public distribution. In the storage vaults of the Capitol, it is said, may be found annual reports on finance dating back as far as 1876, as well as agricultural year books of the crop of 1879 and similar publications.

The tremendous waste of free distribution, or, rather, lack of distribution, is not chargeable wholly to Congress. The Superintendent of Public Documents had on hand in the Government Printing Office storerooms at the close of the last fiscal year more than thirty million copies of Government publications. Of this number more than 27,000,000 were printed for free distribution, on orders issued by the various Government departments and establishments.

It seems fair to assume that the total waste of publications printed for free distribution by the departments during the past ten years will be fully 25,000,000 copies. Figuring the cost of these publications at 20 cents each, the total loss to the Government may be placed at $5,000,000 for the ten years; this in addition to the estimated loss of $1,000,000 in eight years on free publications which Congress likewise failed to distribute.

It seems that the total loss to the Government on publications printed for free distribution by Congress and the departments may be conservatively estimated at not less than $600,000 a year.

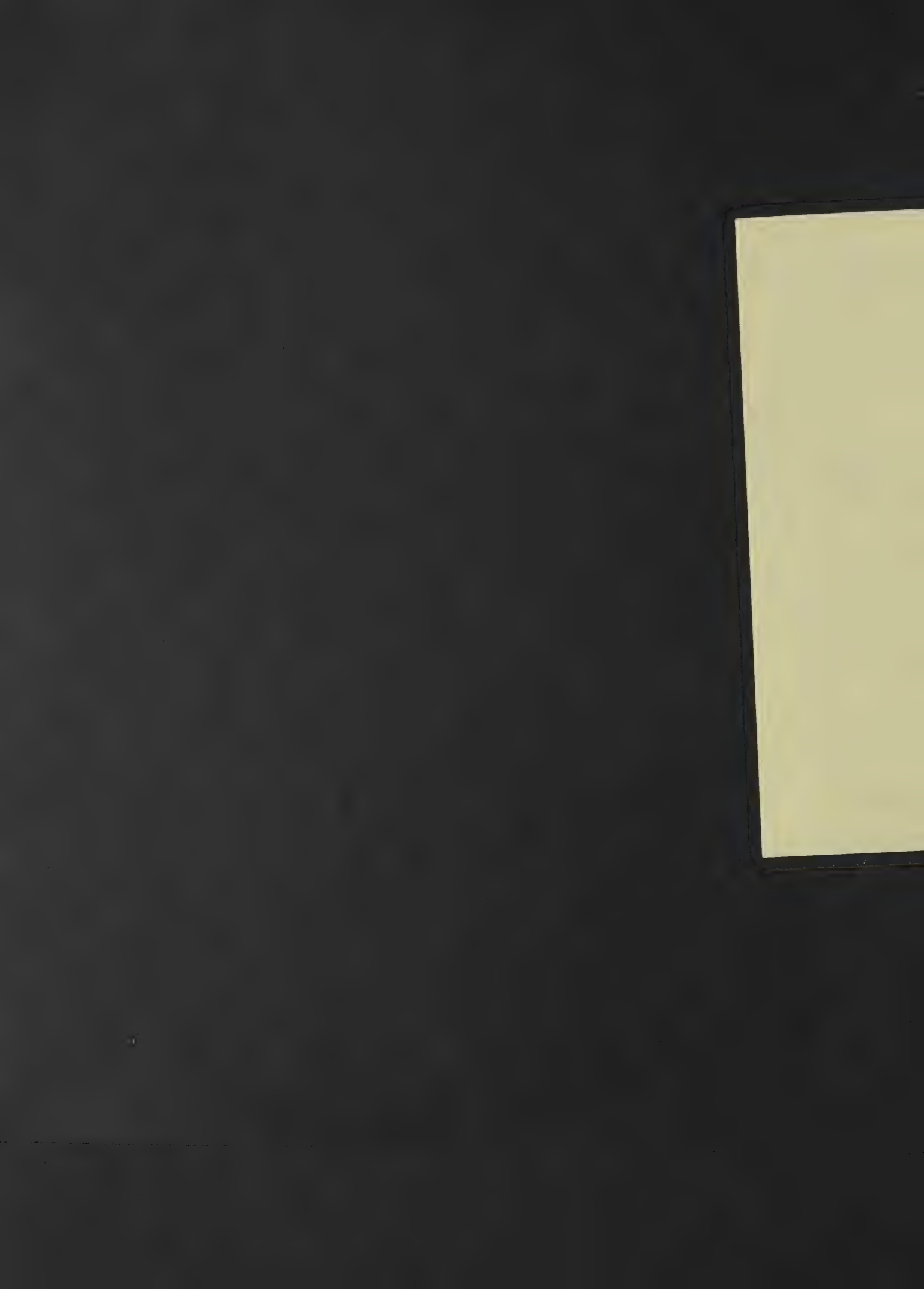
On the other hand, efforts are being seriously made to do away with this waste. One of these channels is the Requisitions Review Board, which has been established during the past few years since George H. Carter has been Public Printer. This board is seeking to prevent waste and extravagance in printing and binding.

The Mayor and the Marine Get Together

The quarrel between Mayor Kendrick, of Philadelphia, and his Director of Public Safety, General Smedley D. Butler, has ended in reconciliation.

As a special correspondent pointed out in The Outlook last week, the intense personal friction was aggravated largely by interests that wished to get rid of General Butler in any possible manner. General Butler's illness, through overwork, provided, however, a breathing-space for deliberate thought, and friends of both men took advantage of the interval to break down the wall of suspicion and ill will that had been constructed between them. The General's return to his office has pleased the city greatly, but has brought consternation to some in the lower orders of politicians.

The controversy has of course had its



Even from the East to the West!

(Othello, Act IV, Scene 2)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



" Here goes !"

Cargill in the Anderson (Ind.) Herald



Not her grandma !

From Mrs. C. D. Stitt, Anderson, Indiana

Rodger in the San Francisco Bulletin



The Progressive

From John C. Christie, San Francisco, California

Westerman in the Ohio State Journal (Columbus, Ohio)



Dee-lighted

From Lozier L. Cherrington, McArthur, Ohio

ill effects upon the police; but if the reconciliation is permanent, those ill effects ought not to last. "The police have done well," said a well-informed citizen of Philadelphia to our correspondent, "but after all they are human. As long as it looked as if the General were to be dismissed, and the political gang come back into power, it was but natural that many men would not enthusiastically attack interests likely to execute an effective revenge in the near future. But if the men of the force once realize that the General is here to stay for quite a while, they will go forth and raise the very mischief with many crooked matters that have been left more or less undisturbed."

With Winter Comes Famine

Only a few months ago the Soviet press discussed projects aimed at increasing the exportation of grain from Russia and at conquering European markets. But soon afterwards there appeared in the Moscow dailies telegrams on the failure of crops in various parts of the country, while a month or two later, towards the end of July, it was stated that at least six to seven million people would be menaced with starvation in the course of the winter to come.

"Economicheskaya Zhizn," the official economic organ of the Soviets, defines as follows the scope of the approaching crisis: "In 1921, when a disastrous famine ravaged Russia's southeastern provinces, the whole country produced only one-half of the grain she used to produce before the war. This year her production has been equal to two-thirds of the pre-war figure. Hence the number of famine sufferers will be insignificant as compared with 1921, when up to thirty millions were affected by the unprecedented calamity. The Soviet Government will be able to save the famine sufferers from starvation by its own efforts and out of its own resources."

This is, however, the official version, which can hardly be reconciled with what one reads between the lines of reports printed in the "Izviestia" and "Pravda." For instance, the mere enumeration of regions that have suffered from the drought makes it clear that the famine-stricken area will be wider this year than it was in 1921. It is not only Volga provinces and the Ukraine that are now menaced with starvation; to these enormous regions must be added also important parts of Central Russia which did not suffer three years ago and will now experience the famine for the first time.

Whatever be the precise proportions of the disaster, it is clear that any Government confronted with it should take a series of measures directed to counteract its eventual consequences. It is evident that the exportation of grain from the country should be prohibited, and that all philanthropic organizations should be urged to combine their efforts in combating the calamity. Such would be undoubtedly the attitude of any other government; but the Soviet Government has its own way of looking at things.

The Soviet Committee of Relief has declared that no Russian or foreign organization shall be admitted to the famine-stricken areas. Domestic Communist organizations alone are urged to help the Government in its relief work. It is not difficult to understand the cause of this unexpected declaration. The Soviet Government is still aspiring to foreign loans, and the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian Treaty seems to have lent weight to these aspirations. But in order to give a loan the lender must believe in the economic reliability of the prospective debtor. In this case, a new famine is not a fact that the Soviet Government might quote to its credit. Speaking of it, Mr. Kameneff expressed frankly the fear that "the recognition of Russia [by England] may not be followed by a loan."

Moreover, the Soviet Government needs money for propaganda abroad, especially in the Balkans. Not long ago Mr. Kameneff stated that the Communist Party needed two hundred million gold rubles for extraordinary expenditures to be made outside of Russia. It is not credits for the Soviet diplomatic missions that he meant, for the latter are covered by the ordinary state budget. One is led to believe that it is credits for the Third International that he had in mind. But in order to meet such expenditures the Soviets have to export grain.

The famine of 1921 cost Russia, according to the Soviet statistics, five million lives. Its cost would have been undoubtedly still higher had it not been for the efforts of the American Relief Administration and of various European aid societies. We do not know exactly what proportions the famine may assume in the coming winter. But we do know that the continuing exportation of grain and the absence of foreign aid may easily make the struggle against the disaster still more difficult than in 1921.

Dr. Benes Describes His Plan

In response to our cabled request, our editorial correspondent in Europe, Dr. Elbert Francis Baldwin, has sent us by radiogram an account of the significance and effect of the adoption of the protocol by the League of Nations for the purpose of compelling arbitration in the case of any threat of hostilities and outlawing aggressive war.

Foremost in carrying this plan through the League was the Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister, Dr. Edouard Benes. In an interview with Dr. Baldwin concerning this Dr. Benes said: "No armament reduction is possible without arbitration or security. The world's peace depends upon the situation of small nations. They are not safe until the Great Powers assure compulsory arbitration and sanctions. The Commission tried to create such an arbitral system that no international dispute, legal or political, could lie outside its compass. To insure this completeness we so closely defined the term 'aggression' that when an emergency arises the Council need not hesitate a moment in its decision. The arbitral system endeavors to prevent the possibility of conflict arising. If it arises, first economic and financial, then military, naval, and air sanctions will be applied. Armaments will be reduced because of increased general security due to reduced danger of war."

This view so clearly and compactly stated by Dr. Benes is, of course, that on which the League of Nations itself rests. It is, that if the threat of force is sufficient and can always be directed against a possible enemy at any time, hostilities can be prevented. This is simply and precisely the old and well-established doctrine of the balance of power. It is perfectly sound. The question concerning it arises always in connection with the means employed and the interests involved in mustering and directing the force. That is precisely the question that has arisen in this case. Australia, for example, does not relish the idea of being regarded as aggressor because she takes measures to exclude Japanese from her territory. The French, on the other hand, welcome the plan. They are conscious of the danger from Germany.

Dr. Baldwin informs us that the most notable event at Geneva was the change in French opinion. After having disparaged the League of Nations, the French now discern in it a guaranty—though not absolute—against war, be-

cause they see that there will be no arbitration without some automatic sanction —that is, threats of the use of force.

On the other hand, the British find themselves in an embarrassing position, for the Dominions dislike to participate in European disputes, and the English are not disposed to act without the Dominions.

How America May Be Involved

As we pointed out last week, the change proposed by the Japanese, though adopted by the League, adds a complication. Japan was unwilling to have herself declared aggressor if she took action on a matter which the Permanent Court of International Justice decided to be within the domestic jurisdiction of another nation. Immigration was, of course, the most obvious case in point. It was therefore decided that such a case could be appealed to the League's Council. This not only may make it possible for a nation defending its domestic rights to be declared an aggressor, but introduces political considerations into a legal question. Dr. Baldwin, on the whole, regards the plan hopefully, but he voices the following criticism: "What is the use of the Permanent Court of International Justice if litigants can appeal from the legal to the political body? The protocol thus amended may bring more instead of less confusion, countenance illegitimate war, and threaten the League's existence."

Let us imagine the United States declared an "aggressor," for an aggressor nation may be any one against which the decision of the League runs, whether it is a member of the League or not. When once the mechanism is set in motion, every nation that is a member of the League would be obliged loyally and effectively to join in the action to the degree allowed by its geographic and military position. The economic sanction, affecting trade and commerce, would not only mete out punishment to the aggressor, which in this instance would be the United States, but also would lend assistance to the nation that brought the complaint as the victim. The United States as "aggressor" in this case would have to pay the expenses occasioned by the alleged aggression, though its territory and sovereignty would remain undiminished.

There will be much debate over such a plan as this before it is finally adopted, for it is not effective unless the Conference called for next June accepts it. In the meantime Dr. Baldwin informs us that the plan will probably be modified, or, as he puts it, "ameliorated."

Dr. Fosdick's Resignation

Even those who disagree with some of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's religious views may well admire his courage, honesty, and frankness. He has certainly shown these qualities of character in his resignation as associate minister of the First Presbyterian Church of New York City. He has resigned not in order to avoid an issue but to retain his moral freedom.

For five years he has remained a Baptist while serving as the associate minister of a Presbyterian church. While his theology was under attack he stood his ground. The church supported his right to hold his views and to preach them from its pulpit. When the case came before the General Assembly, which is the National Presbyterian body, it was decided that his position was anomalous, and that he should either resign as associate minister or else become a Presbyterian minister, subject to the discipline of the Church. To do that Dr. Fosdick would be called upon to subscribe to the Westminster Confession. Convinced "that creedal subscription to ancient confessions of faith is a practice dangerous to the welfare of the Church and to the integrity of the individual conscience," he has chosen the only alternative offered —resignation from his post. He believes in particular that, since he has been called upon "either to make a theological subscription or else leave an influential pulpit," his acceptance of the creed could be "truly interpreted as moral surrender."

He had good reason for believing the relationship he had with the church to be regular. He regarded it as "an object-lesson in the new freedom with which Christians could disregard denominational lines and work together." The decision of the General Assembly, however, altered his position at once. It was, as Dr. Fosdick pointedly described it, an assertion of the "principle of a denominationally 'closed shop.'" As a believer in an inclusive, not exclusive, church, he felt bound not to consent to the decision.

In resigning he declares himself "an evangelical Christian," holding "the opinions which hundreds of Presbyterian ministers hold." He rightly refrains from disparaging any who, while holding such opinions, subscribe to ancient creeds and justify themselves by interpreting the language of the creed to accord with changing views. All that he does is to make clear that he himself belongs among those who distrust successive reinterpretations of old forms of words, who refuse to require creedal subscription of others, and who do not submit to it themselves.

Dr. Fosdick's course has been honorable, wise, and characteristic of the leader. He has at no time sought martyrdom. He has not even interpreted as martyrdom the unwelcome decision which he has been forced to make. He has left the responsibility for the decision with the Church authorities, where it belongs. And he has used the situation as an occasion for making clear certain principles of conduct. The outcome is creditable alike to him and to the congregation he has served.

Baseball and the Crooks

Sports writers say that before the deplorable White Sox bribery scandal "broke," and before Judge Landis was made last court of appeal and supreme arbitrator in major league baseball, there were reports of other equally disreputable but not so easily provable dirty work. Under the old National Commission régime the ignoring or suppressing of such reports led to the demand for a non-partisan, unhampered man at the head of organized baseball.

On the eve of the present World Series an attempt at bribery, flagrant and seemingly foolish also, was exposed. The player to whom $500 was offered if he would try to make his club lose a game instantly refused, reported the facts to his captain, and he to Judge Landis O'Connell, accused as would-be briber, is a player on the Giants (New York) team; he admitted his guilt, and involved in the offense a minor official of the club, one Dolan, and both were suspended by Judge Landis pending further investigation. O'Connell asserted that other players of the Giants were involved. Judge Landis found no evidence of this, and said so positively. If O'Connell lied to involve others in his guilt, that would make him despicable as well as guilty.

Meanwhile the World Series went on, and nearly 40,000 people—among them the President of the United States—witnessed the victory of the Giants over the Senators in the first game at Washington



(C) Underwood

The World Series—Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the "Czar" of baseball, conferring with Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington Baseball Club, before the first game at Washington

on October 4, by the score of 4 to 3, in a twelve-innings contest remarkable for its closeness and exciting incidents up to the minute the last man was out. On the next day the Senators won by 4 to 3 in an equally exciting game decided only in the last half of the ninth inning. On Monday in New York the Giants won the third game, badly played on both sides, by the score of 6 to 4. There was a record crowd but little enthusiasm.

Business vs. Sport

Too much money means too little sportsmanship in baseball. Last year's World Series yielded $1,063,815. The individual players of the winning Yankees got $6,143, each of the losing Giants $4,112. Compare this with the first World Series, the total takings of which were about $50,000. And the World Series is only the brief wind-up of the season, following the long pennant contests in the two leagues, in which millions of dollars are paid in at the gates. With such big sums in sight baseball is ceasing to be a National pastime, has become big business, and is in danger from gambling outside and corruption inside. One expert writer (Joe Vilas) says that big prices for World Series admission games are ruining baseball and quotes also a sportsman who said twelve years ago: "If the money end of the game isn't curtailed, crookedness is sure to crop out. Gamblers will take a hand in fixing games and greedy players will forget that baseball must be honest."

There is a real mystery about the alleged bribe-fixing now charged. The game was between the Giants and the Philadelphias (National). Winning it cinched the Giants as World Series contenders for their league. But even if they lost it, they had two more chances against the inferior Philadelphias. It is not strange that most people refuse to believe that Dolan and O'Connell could or would put up the money under such circumstances. A far more plausible theory, although there is no actual evidence as yet, is that big-money gamblers with large bets on the Giants winning their pennant or the World Series or both—bets made when the Giants stood even better as to the probable outcome than they did near the finish—were willing to spend money freely to stop even a remote prospect of defeat. A third theory is that Judge Landis is mistaken and that this crookedness parallels that in the White Sox.

The public is vigorously demanding that the charges be followed up and the full blame be put where it belongs. This Judge Landis proposes to do, and he is entitled to confidence and respect while he is searching for the truth. A few dishonest men may do terrible injury to any sport. Their exposure, whether bribers or bribees, players or gamblers, is due and is hoped for by all honest players and all lovers of baseball.

The Little Grandmother and Her Work

About three months ago we told of the work of education carried on in what was once Russian Carpathia but is now a remote part of Czechoslovakia through the efforts of Catherine Breshkovsky. This work has been aided by Outlook readers, who have long known of Madame Breshkovsky's devotion to the cause of freedom and education and her love of children. The treasurer of the fund, Mr. Louis Stoiber (723 DeGraw Avenue, Newark, New Jersey) writes us acknowledging the receipt of $174.50, which has been forwarded to Madame Breshkovsky. In a letter thanking Mr. Stoiber, the contributors, and especially Outlook friends, Madame Breshkovsky says: "Thanks to you, we shall have an excellent machine (typewriter), good books, and perhaps a stereoscope; all will be of great use to children without museums, pictures, libraries, and travel. . . . The Outlook is kind to have made a place for your request and the little picture. Thank you—friend of children and the poor." We hope that others will follow the example of those of our readers who have aided the unselfish labor for truth and childhood of this veteran Russian patriot.

Congress, the Courts, and the People

Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, has been defending La Follette in the name of Roosevelt. He has declared that La Follette's proposal to permit Congress to override any Constitutional decision of the Supreme Court is less sweeping than the proposal made by Theodore Roosevelt in 1912. Mr. Gompers is circumspect in his language. He does not say that Mr. La Follette's proposal is the same as Mr. Roosevelt's, or that it is similar to it, or even that it can

be defended on the same ground; but merely that it is "less sweeping." What Mr. Gompers means by that we do not know; but we are sure that the inevitable effect of his words will be an impression in the minds of those who trust Mr. Gompers that those who regarded Mr. Roosevelt's proposal as reasonable and in accord with the spirit and principles of American institutions will find Mr. La Follette's proposal more reasonable, and therefore not at all dangerous to the foundations of the Republic.

Such an impression, whether designed by Mr. Gompers or not, is wholly erroneous.

This can be seen by a comparison between the two proposals. We shall let Mr. Gompers state in his own words what it is that Mr. La Follette proposes, or rather what is "demanded' in Mr. La Follette's name. "It is demanded," says Mr. Gompers, "that *Congress* shall have the power to re-enact any law declared invalid by the Supreme Court, and that upon re-enactment the law shall stand." This we think is a fair statement of the La Follette proposal. Compare with that the following quotation from the Progressive platform of 1912 as Mr. Gompers himself quotes it: *"Popular* Review of Judicial Decisions—The Progressive Party demands such restriction of the power of the courts as shall leave to *the people* the ultimate authority to determine fundamental questions of social welfare and public policy."

What Mr. La Follette proposes is to take a function from the courts and transfer it to Congress.

What Mr. Roosevelt proposed was to enable the people, from whom the courts derived their function, to instruct the courts how they should exercise it.

The words which we have italicized in the quotations above should make the contrast plain.

If, as Mr. Gompers and Mr. La Follette hold, the courts may be and sometimes have been despotic, they are offering a poor remedy in substituting for the despotism of the courts the despotism of Congress. Mr. Roosevelt never proposed such a remedy—one clearly worse than the disease. He insisted that the people, who are sovereign, should be masters of both Congress and the courts. In The Outlook for August 17, 1912, he reiterated what he had said before the Progressive Convention on August 6, as follows:

> The people themselves must be the ultimate makers of their own Constitution, and where their agents differ in their interpretations of the Constitution the people themselves should be given the chance, after full and deliberate judgment, authoritatively to settle what interpretation it is that their representatives shall thereafter adopt as binding.

Mr. La Follette would make Congress supreme. Mr. Roosevelt would have kept the people supreme.

Mr. La Follette's proposal would make Congress the judge in its own case. Mr. Roosevelt would have kept the power of judgment with the people, where it now rests.

Mr. La Follette would enable Congress to disregard any Constitutional restrictions with impunity. Mr. Roosevelt would have made it impossible for either Congress or the courts to disregard any Constitutional restrictions which the sovereign people would impose.

One of the perils in democracy is that clever politicians, or emotional pleaders, or academic theorists, or a coalition of all such, may, either by false pretense or by self-deception, attempt to induce the people to part with the power which they have with the hope of getting some new privilege. This has happened more than once in other countries. It happened in France a century and a quarter ago. It has happened in Russia in our own time.

Those who are supporting Mr. La Follette may think that they are curbing the despotism of the courts. What they are actually doing is proposing to make Congress despotic. They are not granting new safeguards, liberties, or rights to the people; they are endeavoring to take from the people the great safeguard, the great right, the great liberty they now enjoy.

The Rise and Fall of the Ku Klux Klan

THE Ku Klux Klan has not yet run its course. It will still have its local victories. Perhaps it may even play an important part in both State and National elections this fall. Its present purposes are clearly defined in Stanley Frost's special correspondence from its National Klonvocation, which appears in this issue. Readers of The Outlook who have followed in its pages the story of the growth and development of this remarkable order will wish to read Mr. Frost's correspondence to discover where the Klan stands to-day.

The Klan, we repeat, has not yet run its course, but one does not have to be the seventh son of a seventh son to find definite proof that the period of disintegration has set in and that its power both for evil and for good is slipping from its grasp. Such a disintegration was inevitable from the very nature and aim of the organization. It has come, however, sooner and faster than the auspices foretold. The result of the Maine election and the body blow which the Klan received in Texas were external evidence of this loss of power. The break-up of so highly organized and effective a State unit as the Klan of Indiana provides internal evidence of the fact that the Klan has passed the peak of its power.

The Klan was, we believe, the outgrowth of a legitimate desire on the part of thousands of Americans to maintain American traditions and uphold the American spirit. Its growth was, of course, not a simple phenomenon. It drank of selfishness, graft, love of power, and ignorance as well as from the springs of our American civilization. When it dies, it will die not so much because of the excrescences upon its growth, as because its leaders failed to understand the true meaning of Americanism.

They failed, for one thing, to comprehend the fact that our Government is inevitably based upon the separation of Church and State. In their effort to destroy the influence of one Church they tried to turn the Government into a theocracy controlled by a factional element within another. They failed to understand that the preservation of the rights of the minority is as much a part of our governmental philosophy as the rule of the majority. They failed to understand that their warfare upon group interests created another group interest almost as dangerous as the interest which they sought to destroy. There are men in the Klan who have set their eyes upon a high goal, but their feet have chosen the wrong road.

When the Klan dies, as it will die, with its mission unperformed, the need which its best leaders set out to fill will still remain unsatisfied. Leaders must be found with a National outlook—men and women who will comprehend the American tradition and the American spirit, who will be able to define that tradition and spirit in terms comprehensible to the great mass of American people, and who can inspire those masses to a renewed faith in the power of the individual, the elasticity of our social order, and true liberty of thought and opinion.

If the Klan by its growth and its

death, by the manner of its living and of its perishing, can awaken the Nation to the need of such leadership, it will have served the Nation, even though not in the way its leaders planned and desired.

Green Plush Hats

WHEN certain styles come into vogue—green plush hats, for example—some men hurry to conform. Others take a single look at the things, and resolutely abstain. They know instantly that they will never, under any circumstances, wear green plush hats, and this feeling is strengthened when they see who are wearing them, and how prevalent they are. When it became a matter of comment in the newspapers that the Prince of Wales was addicted in the daytime to blue shirts with soft blue collars attached, there were young men who instantly began to wear this style and color of shirt. There was another type of man who forthwith put such a shirt, if he already owned one, away from him, and resolved to let it rest in idleness until the fad had died away. Of course the truly noble man, of strong character, if he owned a blue shirt with blue collar, wore it neither more nor less than before. His conscience was clear and his soul serene. He knew that he was not a mere copy-cat, and if folk looked toward him and smiled, if folk even murmured unkind words like "Snob!" and "Anglomaniac!" as he passed, he minded them not at all.

These examples are not precisely similar, and they represent differences in conduct. For, as every one knows (although the reasons are too subtle and complicated to be discussed here), the green plush hat is an evil thing, but the blue shirt is a beautiful and virtuous one. The first is what lawyers would call the *malum in se;* the other, while the Prince makes it conspicuous, is merely the *malum prohibitum.*

There are, as in clothes, styles and fads in the use of words and phrases. There are bold innovators, original spirits who set the fashion. There are servile imitators and a great herd of copy-cats. And there are the dignified middle class, not great enough in station to start an etymological fad, nor poor enough in invention to echo what the great have said, but possessed of sufficient self-respect to walk warily between. They see the truth of Ward McAllister's remark: that a gentleman can afford to walk, but he cannot afford to keep a shabby carriage. And so, when a President makes popular the word "strenuous" or another President brings the phrase "May I not?" into celebrity, these gentle souls lay this word and this phrase away in the closet, along with the Prince's blue shirt, to await a more opportune occasion.

But others—ah, no! They flaunt a vile phrase like "along these lines," or they misuse the word "like"—"you eat like you were hungry"—and they do it with all the brazen assurance of the man in the green plush hat. That piece of vulgarity which substitutes "like" for "as if" has been so pushed and insisted upon by makers of comic strips, caption writers for the movies, writers of advertisements, sporting editors, and other red-blooded rhetoricians that the correct usage will presently be denounced as highbrow. And they are sinning against the light, for they know better.

The highbrows themselves, however, are not the least of the offenders. They and their imitators have filled the pages of books, journals, and magazines with green plush hats. One of the most sophisticated of the weeklies it was which brought "gesture" into derision by using it on almost every page: "The message is certainly a gesture toward peace." And literary or semi-literary folk were responsible for the use of "intrigue" as a verb and of "urge" as a noun. They overworked "hectic," and for years plumed themselves with the phrase, "Not so much immoral as unmoral."

The psychologists have a long bill to settle. "Psychological moment" was almost invariably misused, while "obsession," "complex," and "inhibition" are old sinners, grievously in need of retirement. Just now a deep curse rests upon "reaction;" it is becoming as wearisome as "proposition" ten years ago. Two flappers whom we overheard in the train yesterday used "reaction" nine times in four minutes. And, although this does not fall in the psychological class, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children ought long ago to have procured legislation against "kiddies."

What Mr. Simeon Strunsky has called "the jargon of uplift" is rampant, offensive, perhaps more persistent, and hence staler, than all the rest. "Co-operation" and all its variants is the darling of all who talk and write this lingo. It is a fine, mouth-filling word, and they make the most of it. "Help" would do, as a simpler substitute, in nine cases out of ten, but it doesn't resound and roll and echo so well; it's not so eloquent. In certain educational and in some political circles "co-operation" is used with less temperance than opium among the coolies, and its total abolition would have the happy effect of rendering some writers and speakers almost dumb. "Ideals" and "idealism" emerged from the recent war in almost as bad repute as "hero" from the Spanish War. These two noble words, together with "vision" (as in the phrase "a man of vision"), have become almost a badge of the self-righteous: my plans, my proposals, are the result of "ideals;" the men I follow and vote for are "idealists," they possess "vision." The inference is plain: you, who oppose my plans, my political programme, who refuse to accept my leaders, you are without "ideals" and indifferent to "vision"—in fact, you are children of darkness.

St. John the Divine

ONE of the great cathedrals of the world will some day rise on the soil of New York. Like other great cathedrals, it will not so much be built as grow. It is already beginning to take form; but no one yet knows exactly how it will appear when it assumes its final form. One thing is virtually certain—even the form which it has already assumed will be changed.

How radically it will be changed is suggested by the two pictures which are printed elsewhere in this issue.

It is quite in accord with what has happened before that alterations should be made in the design of this Cathedral during the process of construction. Indeed, it was a normal thing for a great cathedral of the Middle Ages to grow through a succession of changes into its final form. The most beautiful cathedrals of Europe are those which have grown in this way. It is because they have grown that they seem to be alive.

Throughout hundreds of years churches were built, not merely as convenient and useful houses of worship, but as monuments and witnesses to faith. Designed to outlast innumerable generations of men, they stand to-day testifying to the minds and souls of those who built them. The greatest era of cathedral building was made possible by the

junction of two great forces. One was the artistic force set free by the development of the principles of Gothic architecture. The other was the spiritual force in the religion of the times.

What we know as Gothic architecture is based upon a very simple principle. Every arch built out of separate stones or bricks has a thrust to each side. The pillars or walls on which it rests tend to fall outward. The pressure of the arch must be resisted in some way. The old Egyptians and Greeks had no such trouble with their walls and pillars, because they made them bear only lintels which had pressure straight downward; but the Romans when they built arches had to see that their walls or pillars were made strong enough or otherwise designed to resist outward pressure. They did this by building cross walls or by making the supporting walls so thick that they would stand by mere inertia. Romanesque architecture began when architects, instead of thickening the whole wall, provided resistance to the thrust of arches by building buttresses. What is known as Gothic architecture made its appearance when architects met the thrust of an arch by the thrust of an arch in the opposite direction or transmitted it by a "flying arch" to an adequate buttress on the exterior. With this discovery of balancing one thrust against another, for discovery it was, there began the development of structures which depended for their stability almost wholly upon a system of balanced or transmitted thrusts. How this led architects to make their arches pointed rather than rounded is too long a story to rehearse here; but the result was that the pointed arch became the characteristic of Gothic architecture, so that many persons seem to imagine that any building with pointed arches is in principle a Gothic building. Professor Charles Herbert Moore, of Harvard, in his book "Development and Character of Gothic Architecture," however, says: "It is only by the investigation of its essential principles that any art can be understood. In architecture the principles of construction are fundamental. . . . Gothic architecture differs from arched Roman and Romanesque far more fundamentally than by the use of pointed arches in the place of round arches, or by the substitution of one type of ornament for another." He then describes briefly the system of balanced thrusts resulting in a framework of arches, piers, and buttresses made as light as is compatible with strength; and continues: "Gothic architecture is such a system carried out in a finely artistic spirit. It is, indeed, much more than this, but it is this primarily and always." This is so fundamental that Professor Moore says that any building, whatever its ornament may be, is Gothic which has this system of balanced thrusts, and is not Gothic in which such a system is wanting.

It is in this structural principle that is found the reason for the beauty of the great Gothic cathedrals of France. They are not inert masses. They are full of life. In their very structure one can see the operation of thrust and counter-thrust. It is an architecture of energy. So finely and beautifully balanced are these forces that those great buildings, unsupported by massive walls, have endured for centuries. And because of this principle the lines of Gothic churches lead the eye from the ground upward. Because of this principle there are spaces for windows, which are themselves things of beauty, and lend additional beauty to the building by allowing for effects of light and shade impossible in other architectural styles.

It is not only, however, to the artistic spirit of the times that these Gothic buildings are a testimonial, but to the religious spirit of the people. Many of them were built by the people themselves; rich and poor, men, women, and children gave their labor. Abbot Haimon, of Saint-Pierre-sur-Dives, in Normandy, wrote a letter in 1145 A.D. to the monks of Tutbury Abbey in England. It is quoted in Henry Adams's "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres." He is describing the building of Chartres Cathedral.

> Who has ever seen! Who has ever heard tell, in times past, that powerful princes of the world, that men brought up in honor and wealth, that nobles, men and women, have bent their proud and haughty necks to the harness of carts, and that like beasts of burden, they have dragged to the abode of Christ these waggons, loaded with wines, grains, oil, stone, wood, and all that is necessary for the wants of life, or for the construction of the church? But while they dragged these burdens, there is one thing admirable to observe; it is that often when a thousand persons and more are attached to the chariots,—so great is the difficulty,—yet they march in such silence that not a murmur is heard, and truly if one did not see the thing with one's eyes, one might believe that among such a multitude there was hardly a person present. When they halt on the road, nothing is heard but the confession of sins, and pure and suppliant prayer to God to obtain pardon. At the voice of the priests who exhort their hearts to peace, they forget all hatred, discord is thrown far aside, debts are remitted, the unity of hearts is established.

And the abbot describes the gathering of the multitude about the unfinished Cathedral, the lighting of lamps and tapers in the dark, and the singing in chorus of hymns and canticles.

In the century between 1170 and 1270 A.D., so Henry Adams tells us, the French built eighty cathedrals and five hundred churches of the cathedral class. In 1840 it was estimated that to replace these churches it would have cost a thousand million dollars. How much it would cost to replace them now we leave our readers to estimate. What it cost the French people was not only in gold, but in toil and patience.

Is it possible for Americans of the twentieth century to leave like memorials of their faith to be seen of posterity? There are those who believe that it is. It is fortunate that the trustees of the Cathedral now under construction in New York have chosen as the architect to carry on the design a man who not only understands the essential principles of Gothic architecture, and can employ them with the freedom of one who does understand them, but also has in this day the faith that has through all changes kept the Church a living and growing body. Dr. Ralph Adams Cram has attacked his problem as few, if any, other men could do. In a pamphlet entitled "A Study of the Designs for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine" Dr. A. D. F. Hamlin, Professor of Architecture in Columbia University, New York, has described the character not only of the changes in the existing structure which Dr. Cram has planned, but the designs of the nave, transept, and west front still to be built. It is worthy of note that the change in the choir as shown in the two pictures we print, transforming that part of the interior from the Romanesque to the French Gothic style, is really in part a sort of restoration, for it involves in the interior the removal of a thin terra-cotta shell, which at present conceals "the existing structural members of a thirteenth-century Gothic apse!" It is therefore a change not only in the direction of beauty but also of honesty.

The Growth of a



The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City—the interior according to the original plan

(See preceding pages for editorial comment on the proposed changes in the Cathedral)

Great Cathedral



Sketch of the proposed changes in the Cathedral to make it conform to the Gothic type of architecture

La Follette Takes the Stage

Staff Correspondence from the Political Arena

THE OUTLOOK sent a member of its staff through many of the doubtful States to record the readings upon the political barometer. This analysis by a trained political observer deserves the close attention of every voting citizen.

THE active and vital half of the Presidential campaign finds American politics in a situation that is without precedent—a situation in which the major issue is not between the two candidates who might conceivably win, but between both of them on the one hand, and on the other a man who has no hope of winning, but merely of making trouble. As the campaign goes on, the success of the last-named hope increases rapidly, and it is already so great that politicians agree that it will determine the results of the election. Davis and Coolidge must look for their own success to the decision of the voters as to which will be most certain to beat La Follette and his schemes.

La Follette has been accused of delighting in being a trouble-maker. If that is true, he must be a very happy man. There is no belief whatever that he may win the election—unless it be among some of his own followers, who include so many of the "lunatic fringe" that they might believe anything—but his campaign has become so important that it has taken precedence over every other issue presented, and from now on it is to be expected that he will be the storm center of the fight, will hold the stage. The result of the campaign will depend upon two things; first, on how much electoral strength he can rally, which has been a question from the first; but even more it will depend on the decision reached late in October by many million moderate voters as to what is the safe thing to do to insure his defeat. Such issues as exist between the two major parties have become of little account in the minds of the independent voters who will decide the election.

The campaign has been one of the dullest on record as between the two big parties, and there is little chance that it will change. Reports to Washington from all over the country agree that neither the issues raised nor the candidates themselves are arousing any warmth. The country does not consider any of these issues both real and vital, and it finds little to choose between in the candidates. It likes them both, but very moderately. On the whole, perhaps from habit, it inclines so far to the Republican side. The League of Nations question has refused to come to life; the Republican corruption has not been nailed on Coolidge; the Klan has proved a poor kind of ammunition for both sides. The voters hold opinions on all these matters, but do not get excited about them.

La Follette only has provided something lively, something that can be argued about enough to produce that pleasant mental heat which we love to have during campaigns. And, as has so often happened before, this one real issue has come to the top, in spite of the efforts of the bigger leaders to keep it quiet and the rather general attempt to ignore it. It has, in fact, become so dominant that the leaders of the two big parties have readjusted their campaign plans to take advantage of it, and that their major arguments—at least until or unless some new issue is handed them by Providence—will center around the La Follette question.

Both parties, therefore, find it to their advantage to admit that he is showing great strength; it is possible that they are even crediting him with more strength than they really believe he has. This is the first premise to the arguments both make.

The Democrats declare—and they will from now on insist upon this more and more strongly—that La Follette's vote in the Northwest and in some States not in that group will be so heavy that Coolidge cannot possibly get a majority of the Electoral College; that even if he should succeed there will be so many La Follette men in Congress that they will hold the balance of power and continue the chaos of the present Congress, and that therefore the only chance for a stable and effective Government lies in giving them—the Democrats—both the Presidency and Congress.

The Republicans insist that there is no chance for Davis to win, anyway, but that there is a chance that La Follette may prevent Coolidge from winning and throw the election into Congress. In that case, they declare, La Follette will also be able to prevent an election in the House, and the final choice will be made by the Senate. They argue that if that happens the man chosen will be Governor Bryan, naturally committed to all the policies on which his more famous brother has been beaten so often, and certain to be put under agreements with La Follette which would make the Senator virtually dictator. The only way to prevent this, they conclude, is to make sure that Coolidge wins.

It is still much too early, of course, to make any very close analysis of the real truth behind these two arguments, but there is a considerable amount of information that gives rather clear indications as to the country's state of mind at this moment. So many things may happen that prophecy is silly, but it can be told with reasonable accuracy what would happen if the election were being held this week.

In addition to the information reaching the headquarters of the big parties, which agrees pretty closely, in spite of the silly, all-embracing claims which the press agents put out, there are conclusions which may be drawn from the result of the Maine election, and from various straw votes and private polls in different parts of the country. Taken by themselves, these last have no great value, but as confirming other indications and information, and also because they agree very closely, they are worth noting.

The most complete so far, and in some ways the most interesting, is a canvass made through the Middle West by a National corporation which has good reasons for desiring advance information as to the result. It was intended chiefly to determine just how much La Follette would cut into the normal Republican vote in these States, and is therefore rather overweighted with the farmer and small-town vote. This poll indicates that through this region La Follette has practically no strength outside the cities, except in the States already practically conceded to him, and that his strength there is not so great as had been expected.

In Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois, for example, there is hardly a third-party vote outside the big cities, and what votes there are come from members of labor unions. Most of these have been normally Democratic. The total non-city vote in these States was more than two for Coolidge to one for both his opponents, and indicates a heavier Republican vote even than was cast in 1920. But this is, of course, incomplete. Polls in the cities show that La Follette is cutting into both Republican and Demo-

cratic strength. There seems a chance that if the vote were taken this week he might carry Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Chicago, along with many of the smaller industrial cities like Akron and Gary. He will be strong in Detroit. In most of these cities Davis and Coolidge will run neck and neck. The net result of these indications is that in an election *this week* Coolidge would have a plurality of the vote, but not a majority, in all these States.

Across the Mississippi conditions vary slightly. La Follette gets small farmer support in Kansas, nor the southern half of Iowa. The northern half, and from there up through the Dakotas and Minnesota, will give him a heavy vote, however. The indications are that Brookhart will carry Iowa easily, but that Coolidge is in serious danger. The Northern wheat States are, apparently, not quite so strong for La Follette as had been expected, but these indications are too faint to be trusted. At any rate, he is apparently sure to carry them. He will have a big vote in Nebraska, but this comes mostly from the Germans, who are usually Democratic in that State, and so the chances favor a Coolidge plurality of around 20,000.

There are no strong indications that any of the border States will go Republican, though that is possible in Kentucky and Tennessee. Missouri seems safe for Davis if the Germans (Republican there) turn to La Follette as most Germans will. There is a very fair chance that Oklahoma will go to Coolidge. And there is about an equal chance that California will go to La Follette, with Coolidge second. It should be mentioned that some acute observers are predicting that La Follette will even carry New York City, on the combined strength of the Jewish, German, and labor vote.

Taken together, all these indications mean that over the country at large there is very little falling off from the Harding vote of 1920 on the Republican side, except in the Northwest and California; that in the rest of the country La Follette has so far hurt Davis far more than he has Coolidge, making it unlikely that he will carry any important Northern or Eastern State. In short, that if the election were held this week Davis would get practically only the South and the border States, La Follette would get the Northwest and California, but that Coolidge would still be elected by a dozen votes. He would lose, however, if he lost any of the Eastern or Lake States, or two or three in the Middle West and the Rockies.

This is the situation as it stands with the election six weeks away, and this shows what must be done by each party if it hopes to win, and how the campaign will be fought out. Coolidge must hold all he has now, and win something like a dozen doubtful votes, either from the border States conceded to Davis, from the six likely to go to La Follette, or from the doubtful States, which include Nebraska, Oklahoma, Montana, Colorado, New Mexico, Idaho, Arizona, and Washington. These have a total of 41 electoral votes. Granting that the States mentioned earlier all hold their present attitude, he would need to win 25 of these. The belief that he can get them is responsible for the three-to-one betting odds in his favor.



The chief seat of education in a State where La Follette is the dominant political power—the University of Wisconsin, in Madison, Wisconsin

The chance for Davis to win is very poor, according to this method of analysis. The South will almost surely give him the 139 votes it casts when solid. But even if he should carry West Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, Oklahoma, Indiana, Ohio, and California, he would still be 15 votes short; and there is no one I can find in either party who believes he can carry half those States. If he got New York, he could lose some and still win, but the most optimistic Democrats I can find do not expect him to carry New York—though most of them do expect Governor Smith in the Governorship contest to win the State.

For La Follette to succeed takes much less—he is not trying to win the election, but simply to prevent it from working. The States which now seem at all likely to go to him total 51 votes. If La Follette can win enough more votes, or help Davis to win them, so that the two together have more than 266, then he will have accomplished his object.

One of the big questions of the campaign is whether he can win any additional votes; whether he can even hold the six States now credited to him. California is an uncertain hope for him, at best. There are indications of a conservative swing in the Dakotas and Minnesota, though the Republican campaign in those States is marked by the same awkwardness that characterized the Butler forces at the Cleveland Convention. With a real campaign one or two of these States could probably be won back to the Republicans. If that should happen, Coolidge would almost certainly win, but at this time it does not seem likely, and it also seems entirely possible that without them Coolidge will be beaten. The crux of the campaign, then, will be in the Northwest.

The second big question, upon which the result depends even more vitally, is what a few million independent voters finally decide as to the best way of insuring La Follette's defeat. Their tendency just now is to accept the Republican argument; the Democrats' one hope is to get them to change this tendency. With the issues between the big parties so fragile and the interest so low, it has become clear that those men and women who do not automatically vote a party ticket, but decide in each case for whom they will cast their ballots, are mostly going to do the thing that will seem most likely to prevent the confusion and injury which an indecisive election would cause.

One such large group is the Ku Klux Klan. Some of its leaders have been trying to play politics for personal or organization reasons, but as the campaign has gone on there has been a decided swing toward Coolidge in the doubtful States. The Klan hates La Follette with a deep and thorough hatred—his war record, hyphenism, platform, associates, and supporters all make him obnoxious—and this consideration has been influencing the general policy of the organization. All through the North it has been

more and more openly opposing him, though this has had no control of its attitude in the State campaigns. If this tendency continues, Coolidge will get some half million normally Democratic votes from Klansmen—just to beat La Follette. They ought to be enough to insure his election.

Because of this peculiar issue—how La Follette can be beaten most effectively and certainly—the final crystallization of opinion in this campaign is likely to be late. Usually, when there are definite issues, opinion begins to take sides early, and the result can be fairly accurately foretold some weeks in advance. But that is not true this year; just now there are indications of a trend toward Coolidge so great as to amount almost to a landslide, but it is still entirely possible for the Democrats, without changing a single one of their nominal issues, to win by convincing the independents that Davis will have a better chance than Coolidge to insure the defeat of the La Follette scheme. This might even happen in the last few days.

Until that crystallization takes place the election will be completely in doubt. And that, too, seems likely to depend upon whether Coolidge can show any reasonable expectation of recovering some of the six States, all normally Republican, which are now likely to go to La Follette. If he can do that, it will be taken as fairly conclusive proof that he can win, and his band wagon will fill up fast.

The Klan Restates Its Case

Special Correspondence from Kansas City

By STANLEY FROST

THE Ku Klux Klan offered itself to the country in a new dress in the Klonvocation which has just closed here. Dropping in part the veil which has surrounded it, allowing outside reporters to be present for the first time at an important meeting, and plainly aiming its discussion at the outside world far more than at the delegates present, it attempted to give reasons for the faith that is in it. It presented a fairly definite and logical—though highly controversial—basis for its existence and purposes, claimed leadership in solving the present confusion and perplexities of thought, and made an open bid for the support of all people of "American minds."

In support of this bid, it offered a platform that is vague, indeed, but about as concrete as most political platforms. This puts the Klan frankly into the political field, not as a separate party, but as a "balance of power" when possible. Although the Klan declared that there was no change from its original purposes, and that it was merely a fulfillment and clarification of purposes which had been "instinctive" from the first, there is in fact a considerable change in the basis of thought. The new statement, instead of being founded on hostility to various classes and sects, takes its stand on support of Americanism as the Klan defines it, and offers no opposition to other groups except as they oppose or impede this kind of Americanism.

All this may fairly be taken as opening a new phase in the life of the Klan, at least in intention. The change from its former secrecy is rather startling to one who has for months seen the care and success with which leaders and purposes alike have been concealed. For example, during the Democratic National Convention one big New York newspaper announced with conscious pride that it had learned that the Imperial Wizard would arrive in two days, when he had already been in New York for a week. And there is a reporter famous in the Klan because he once spent three days in a small hotel full of Klan officials gathered for an important meeting, and reported to his editor that there was no such meeting. Here was no such concealment; officials were registered under their own names, were accessible to reporters and talked fairly freely, and—wonder of wonders—there was a press bureau!

Even more important than this change is the fact that the Klan has appealed to public opinion. It shows, of course, that the Klan believes it has at last formulated a statement of its case which will convince a large section of the public that has so far been against it. But it shows more; that the Klan believes it has a solution for many of our current ills of thought and of politics, on which it is entitled to the support of such people. It seems clear that the Klan is now planning to broaden its campaign and draw into its ranks many who have so far held aloof or actually opposed it—folks who want reasons instead of prejudices to back their actions.

But the Old Hostilities Remain

THIS does not mean that any of the old hostilities and divisions which the Klan has used are dropped. Far from it. They are restated, somewhat modified, limited in scope. But under the new statement they are intensified rather than weakened. There is less personal animus; far more insistence on fundamental and irreconcilable division. The new statement, in brief, assumes that both race and religious lines are justified, that there is reason for instinctive prejudices, and attempts to give the reasons. Modern sociology and psychology and the latest discussions in ethics are called in to back up the Klan's platform of "native, white, Gentile, Protestant supremacy."

The whole tendency of the new statement of purpose is to draw more strictly than ever the line between the peoples of Nordic Protestant breed and all others, and to insist upon the right of the former class to complete control of America and its duty to keep its breed free from intermixture except with peoples of close racial kinship. The philosophy of the melting-pot is attacked root and branch.

This new statement of the Klan's purposes and justification of them was set forth by Dr. Hiram W. Evans, the Imperial Wizard, in three different speeches. Although these were given to the press, the published excerpts have so far failed to convey much of their real purpose, so that it seems worth while to review them at some length. There is always the possibility that they will be accepted by a considerable number of people, and thus become an important factor in thought and politics. To make the train of argument clear, I have taken the liberty of some rearrangement from the oratorical form in which it was presented.

His argument is, in brief, this:

That the Anglo-Saxon race, and particularly its admixture with the other northern races, which ruled this country till about thirty years ago, has made great and vital contributions to civilization. Among them he listed Protestantism, democracy, the republican form of government, freedom for thought and investigation, and religious liberty.

That this was made possible because

of the inherent, instinctive, and peculiar qualities in the character of the race. He took pains to credit other races with valuable characters, but insisted that they are different, and that mongrelization would lose the value of both.

That this race must, for the sake of future civilization, be preserved, and that it can be preserved only in a national environment suited to it—*i. e.*, an American environment.

That this requires a truly American nationalism, adopting what it desires from other forms of civilization, but without having other forms forced upon it, and without interbreeding which would destroy the racial character. He defined nationalism as "the right and duty of each race or nation to develop for itself the qualities with which God has endowed it." He laid down as the essential of true nationhood the possession of a group-mind, which must be homogeneous not only in purpose and education but in instinct. The factors of this he declared—following the formula recently outlined by William MacDougall, Professor of Psychology at Harvard—are unity of geographical location, of race, of language, of fundamental religious thought, of tradition, and of accustomed loyalty to a government.

That American nationalism is being not only opposed but attacked by groups which would substitute cosmopolitanism, or universalism, for nationalism, basing their philosophy—falsely—on the plea of universal brotherhood, and that the intrusion of this universalism into our thought, though common sense and instinct prevents its full working out, confuses thought and purpose, and is the chief cause of present-day troubles and unrest.

That the alien groups are automatically, and by no fault of their own, opposed to Americanism, either through different race character and tradition or through belief in this false ethics. That the Roman Catholic Church is the leader in holding this universal ethics, but that Socialism, Sovietism, and other kinds of radicalism are all forms of the same philosophy.

That Americanism is not a theory, but a historical development, an expression not of an idea but of a race, a matter of character rather than education. He expressly denied that even good citizenship in the ordinary sense or actual services to America would make an American of an alien unless he left the group-mind in which he had been brought up and became a part of the American group-mind.

That these groups of all kinds must be Americanized, if possible, the schools and other agencies being strengthened for the purpose, but that they must be opposed so long as they remain hostile to the American group-mind, and that it is necessary to keep them from political power if National unity is to be achieved.

Finally, that organization is necessary to do these things, and that the Ku Klux Klan is the only organization which has faced the problems squarely, found a solution to them in a return to the control of America by men and women of American minds, and has thus become the only possible leader for the salvation of the country.

The Wizard's Doctrine

In closing the Wizard laid down the following as the purposes of the Klan:

"It is clear that the Klan must work along several different lines. Our first task is to prevent further encroachment, to regain the ground lost, and to safeguard Americanism. This is a negative task, a defensive battle—and this is chiefly what we have been doing. But no man ever won a fight by remaining on the defensive.

"We must not discriminate against any man in equal rights before the law or in full liberty within the law because of race or religion, but we must make sure that our Nation is truly American in thought and spirit.

"It will take generations to develop a spirit of true American patriotism—to cultivate a real American group-mind. We must put our faith into works and become missionaries to all the land.

"A second task is that of converting the aliens now with us into Americans.

"Third, we must bring the ideal of Americanism to the highest possible level. We must make it stand for all that is fine and good, both nationally and internationally.

"Finally, the positive programme of the Ku Klux Klan is: To honor the one flag; to promote the public school; to serve the Protestant Church; to fight for the sanctity of the home; to promote respect for law."

This is so different from the rantings usually ascribed to the Klan, and actually used by Klan speakers a year or two ago, that the question at once arises how much sincerity there is in it. I cannot answer this definitely, but there are some things worth noting. The first, of course, is that it is official Klan doctrine, and even if hypocritical will have the effect of forcing the Klan, for consistency's sake, to a higher standard.

It was evident as Evans delivered his addresses that they were over the heads of many in his audience. There were some faces which showed disapproval. Yet at the close of the main speech there was a demonstration of enthusiasm which rivaled that following the nomination of a Presidential candidate. And around the convention hall here and in the hotel lobbies there was no single expression used so much as "vision of the Klan," nor any subject so much under discussion as what its services to Americanism should be. So I believe that this new statement voiced the intentions of the Klansmen so far as they understood it.

There were many evidences here of the change which has taken place in the Klan in the last two years—even in the last year. The delegates were mostly pious, sincere, rather simple men, of no great worldly success, but certainly without paranoiac tendencies. There were fewer of the politician type than at previous gatherings, but about every fourth man was a doctor of divinity. The convention lacked the prosperous smugness of a Republican assembly, but also the restlessness and incoherence of a Democratic one or the gayety of most fraternal conclaves. It was solemn, quiet, apparently sincere. There was constant reference to the "spiritual vision" of the "religious purpose" of the Klan.

There has been improvement, too, in the caliber and seeming sincerity of the leaders. Many of the old ones have gone; those that are left appear to have changed and grown to meet the responsibilities that have come to them. They have broadened in many ways. This may be due merely to their desire to give their followers the kind of ideas that will "sell" well, but, even if this is so, the great strength of the religious motives and of instinctive—even if mistaken—patriotism in the rank and file have insured that the change would be for the better.

And three Klansmen Said

Perhaps the whole situation—as the Klan itself sees it—can be summed up in a conversation overheard between three of the high officers on the last day of the Klonvocation.

"It's been a great time," the first said. "Folks said we were slipping and that Doc Evans had lost his grip. We've proved 'em all wrong. The Klan has passed its first milestone in great shape."

"You're wrong," the second declared. "The Klan didn't even get started two years ago. We're starting now. But we're off at last in a cloud of dust. Watch us go by that first milestone two years from now."

"I'm not so sure, boys," the third said, slowly. "There's not enough of us yet that see the real vision of the Klan, and we haven't found out enough yet about what to do about it. But I do think we're getting about ready to go to the starting-post."

Mrs. Van Hilt Receives a Caller

By GEORGE WITTEN

Gramercy Park becomes the scene of a tragedy and another Knickerbocker home changes hands

MRS. VAN HILT looked out from the windows of her quiet sitting-room across Gramercy Park. There was nothing in the view to disturb the serenity of her life. Occasionally great trucks and high-powered cars rolled past, but they seldom honked their horns and never raced their engines. There is a subtle something in the atmosphere of Gramercy that penetrates even the callous hides of New York truck-drivers. It has kept the Park sacred, inviolate.

The turmoil and rush and roar of the great city could be only faintly heard in the distance. It had grown up all around her, but, thanks to the provision of a far-seeing husband, it had never touched Mrs. Van Hilt or her sister, Miss Holden. They lived together, securely, in an unmortgaged house. The quarterly dividends on their shares in Moose Creek Mine Corporation were more than sufficient to meet the needs of their simple life. These paid for the wood they burned in the open fireplaces, the gas bills, the butcher and grocer. Also the telephone, which was the only thing modern about their establishment. Yes, the telephone was a great convenience, after one had learned how to use it; it saved going out, in bad weather, to the tradespeople.

The telephone seldom rang, and when it did it was the forerunner of an event, which meant bustle and scurry to receive a caller—perhaps one of the few remaining of their friends, who, like themselves, were getting too old to go out much.

This morning it rang loudly, almost alarmingly. My, my! What could it mean? The old ladies looked at each other. Perhaps some one is calling the wrong number.

"Yes; with whom do you wish to speak?" asked Mrs. Van Hilt, lifting the receiver to her ear.

"Hello! I want to talk with Mrs. Van Hilt. It's very important," came the rasping reply.

"I am Mrs. Van Hilt. What do you wish to say to me?"

"This is the Moose Creek Extension Corporation"—the word "extension" was slurred over. "We haven't had a reply from our letter to you about the exchange of your stock, and the time limit is up at twelve o'clock to-day."

"I don't understand you. You say this is the Moose Creek Mine Corporation? I haven't received a letter from you since the last notification of a stockholders' meeting. Will you please explain to me just what the letter was about?"

"If you haven't had a letter from us within the last thirty days, we had better send some one to see you at once. This is a very serious matter, and we want to protect you. Our representative will come right over. Good-by."

Mrs. Van Hilt turned to her sister, and repeated the conversation. What could it mean? It was most annoying that their friend and adviser, Judge Browning, was away in Europe. They knew of no one else to turn to. The man at the Moose Creek office had said something about a time limit and twelve o'clock. It was then twenty minutes past eleven. Well, the representative was coming right over. The officers of the Moose Creek Mine Corporation had always been very considerate with them. Mr. Van Hilt had been one of the prime movers in the development of Moose Creek Mine, and had won great respect from all his business associates. No doubt the present officers of the Corporation would advise them as to what was best to do.

They bustled about, tidying up the already faultlessly tidy sitting-room. Perhaps, as this was a matter of business, it would be more proper to receive their caller in the library. Yes, that would be the right thing. The darkened library was thrown open and two dusters worked assiduously for several minutes.

A taxi glided up and stopped at the curb in front of the house. Two smartly dressed young business men alighted, and, mounting the brown-stone steps, pulled the bell. There was a hurried adjustment of lace caps and frills and a smoothing down of gray hair. Then the one ancient domestic of the household announced the callers: "Mr. Brown and Mr. Williams, of the Moose Creek Corporation."

"We are so sorry to have to rush in upon you in this manner," purred Brown, "but there is no time to be lost, and the Corporation wants to look after your interests."

What charmingly well-behaved young men, so unlike most of the present generation. "Won't you be seated, gentlemen?" The old ladies waved them to chairs.

"Will you please explain about this letter, which I never received?" asked Mrs. Van Hilt.

Brown drew a map from his pocket, and spread it on the library table. "Here," he said, "is the location of the Moose Creek Mine, which, we are sorry to say, is playing out, and will have to be abandoned shortly."

The old ladies gasped. "Does that mean," asked Mrs. Van Hilt, "that there will be no more revenue from the mine?" She was trembling.

"As far as the present mine is concerned, yes."

"My goodness, what will we do?" Both ladies had risen to their feet, and were staring helplessly at the outspread map.

"Do not worry, ladies," assured Williams and Brown together. "Fortunately, we have secured the mineral rights on the properties adjacent to Moose Creek Mine, and have found that they are even richer in ore than the old mine was. So that when you have exchanged your stock in the old corporation for shares in the new your income will be greatly increased."

A sigh of relief came from the two women. "What is the new corporation?" They sat down again.

"The new corporation is called Moose Creek Extension. We are now busy sinking a shaft on the new site. Thirty days ago a meeting of the directors was held, and a motion passed to take care of the stockholders of the old Corporation. It was voted to allow them to turn in their Moose Creek Mine shares, and twenty-five per cent of their value in cash, for an equal number of shares in Moose Creek Extension. The twenty-five per cent will be devoted to the development of the new properties." The voluble Brown was talking rapidly, but with soft intonations.

"Twenty-five per cent in cash! How much does that mean that we should have to pay?" asked Mrs. Van Hilt.

"Let me see," Williams consulted a list. "You have fifty thousand dollars' worth of Moose Creek Mine stock; twenty-five per cent of that is twelve thousand five hundred dollars." He spoke as if it were a mere trifle.

"But we haven't got that much. We

have only a few hundred dollars in the bank."

"Now that is too bad. We must see what can be done. The time is short. All this stock must be turned in by twelve o'clock to-day."

Again consternation filled the old ladies.

"Do you own this house, or do you lease it?" asked Brown.

"Oh, we own it. My husband left it to me free of encumbrance."

"Good. If I may use your telephone, I will call up the general manager, and ask him if the Corporation will accept your notes, made payable over a long period. I hope we can get him at once, for we have only nineteen minutes in which to make the exchange." He assumed an air of solicitude. His whole manner was that of a person anxious to help solve a difficulty.

"Yes, they will accept the notes," he announced, hanging up the receiver. "We must hurry. Have you your stock certificates here?"

"Yes, they are in the safe." Mrs. Van Hilt was all excited action. She went to a bookcase, nervously removed several books, and, opening the door of a small safe in the wall, pulled out a long envelope.

Brown and Williams looked at their watches; the clock in the hall struck the quarter-hour. "We must hurry," they exclaimed.

In a few minutes the exchange of stock was made, the notes signed and witnessed. Brown and Williams again looked at their watches. "We've barely time to get these to the office," said Brown. "Come, Mr. Williams, we must hurry." They took their hats and stepped to the front door.

"Oh, we hope you'll be in time!" chorused the old ladies. "Thank you so much for your kindness."

"Not at all, not at all," said Brown and Williams; "we are only too glad to be of service." They walked out, leaving the old ladies staring at a worthless stock certificate.

While Brown hurried downtown to place the stock on the market, Williams hastened to have the notes discounted. Not a bad day's work for them. They had cleaned up sixty thousand dollars between them. Then they packed their grips and pulled out for another field of operation.

Of course they had had to do a lot of preliminary work, such as finding out how much stock Mrs. Van Hilt owned, whether or not the title to her property was clear, and who her legal adviser was. These facts ascertained, they then waited and watched until they were sure that Judge Browning could not be called by telephone, and the rest was easy.

Their story about Moose Creek Mine playing out was a lie. It is still in operation, and probably will pay large dividends for years to come. The adjacent property has been well tested by expert geologists, and found to be barren of mineral value.

Mrs. Van Hilt and Miss Holden are spending the remainder of their days in an old ladies' home. They are both broken in health, and bedridden most of the time. The shock of losing all they had was too much for their sensitive natures.

Brown and Williams are still at large, and are now probably working out other schemes by which to rob uninformed people.

The Irish Renaissance

By Shaw Desmond

Author of "The Drama of Sinn Fein," "Passion," "Gods," etc.

IRELAND since the turn of the century has suffered the strange experience of being twice reborn. The first of these two births was spiritual; the other, political.

The coming of the Irish Free State marked the rebirth political. How far the spirit rather than the letter has had its share in this birth remains to be seen. The rebirth spiritual, known as the "Irish Renaissance," is already nearly a quarter of a century old, and it may yet be that the historian will find the real story of the Irish people written in their poetry rather than in their politics.

The passion of the Irish people for politics was never more than an artificial superimposition born of their geographical propinquity to the Imperial mother-in-law and the problems of world power as of psychology arising from that propinquity. The passion of the Irish people for the creation of works of the imagination and for "playing amongst the stars," on the other hand, is of the very essence of their being. It is at once their *raison d'être* and their justification in the scheme of things entire.

"Irish 'Wit' and Irish 'Humor'"—

another article by Shaw Desmond, will be published in an early issue. The fine art of which he writes is one which Mr. Desmond knows how to practice as well as preach

Genius is force. The amount of force in man or nation is at any given period strictly limited. If nervous force be dissipated in one channel, it is not available for another. The nervous force of the Irish race has, perhaps unavoidably, for seven centuries been poured out through the channel of politics. It is that, and that alone, which has prevented a race of some of the greatest potential artists of Europe from realizing the Gaelic culture of the sixth century, which gained for Ireland the world title of *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*, when Ireland was "a rushlight in the howling wilderness that was Europe." And, let it not be forgotten, it was that which until the "Irish Renaissance" of our day kept the artistic level of Ireland one of the lowest in Europe, especially when it is remembered that the island, shut off from the thought streams of the Continent, has been almost as boastfully indifferent to European culture as to her own.

William Butler Yeats with others was the father of the Renaissance, which from the outset was chiefly associated with poetry and the drama. The mecca of the miraculous birth to which the pilgrims of the renaissance began to stream was the Abbey Theatre, founded in 1904, itself the product of the National Repertory Theatre Society, which discovered those actors of the first rank, Sara Allgood, the brothers Fay, Maire O'Neill, and Arthur Sinclair. These players have paced the boards of every English-speaking country, while the Abbey plays of peasant life have their place in the repertory of every art theater in Europe.

In a word, Ireland, through her art rather than through her politics, has at last "come out of her corner," and thus

has prevented the obscuration of her "native sons" by the prefix "Anglo." Even to-day large numbers of not uncultured Europeans think of Bernard Shaw as an Englishman, as in the past they thought of Irishmen like Oscar Wilde.

Three questions should here be asked, and in three words. Whence? Why? Whither? *Whence* sprang the Irish Renaissance? *Why* its existence? *Whither* is it trending?

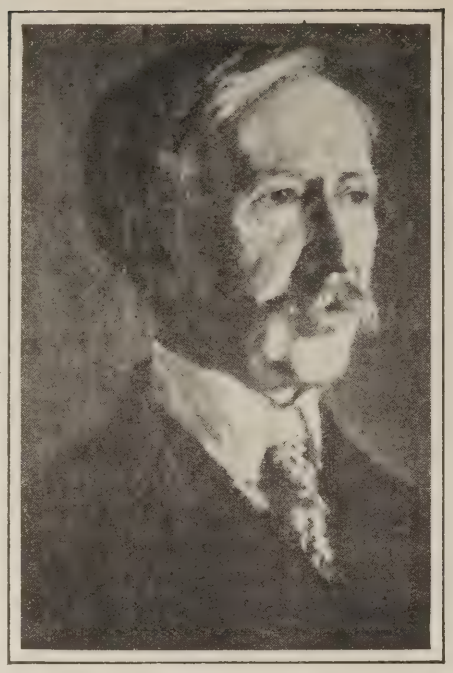
The collective genius of Yeats, Lady Gregory, George Moore, Synge, Padraic Colum, etc., would have gone for nothing had it not been that "the time was ripe." When the turn of the century came, there was a lull in the eternal, infernal fret of Irish politics on its more exacerbated sides with the coming of land purchase. (The ideo-economic argument need not here be stressed beyond its limitations, although it may be remarked in parenthesis that, while the poetry of the Irishman has often been mixed with his politics, it is his passion for politics which has so often helped to kill his poetry!) No man or woman, no genius, can force that immortal hour when a nation is to be reborn. It is enough here to say that the hour had struck and the players were ready to strut their hour.

The Manchester lady, Miss Horniman, now a Saxon saint in an Irish calendar, was Ireland's fairy godmother, who, waving her magic wand, gave Ireland her national theater—the Abbey, to wit.

For that answers our second question. From the beginning the Abbey, in the minds of its sponsors, was to be a "national" theater, not subsidized, but national in the sense that it was to be, first, "native of the soil," and, secondly, that it was to be an expression, not a superimposition.

J. M. Synge, that pale dramatist of the dark places, fresh from his study of stage technique in Paris and his life with the peasants of the west, made his appearance at exactly the psychological moment to face the howls of a Dublin audience and the plaudits of America with his fiercely discussed "Playboy of the Western World." Synge was the *deus ex machinâ* who, through sheer scintillating genius, forced a European attention for the Abbey. He did more—he forced a *national* attention, something infinitely more difficult.

The audiences that thronged the Abbey, in the face of the meretricious London "musical comedy" counter-attraction, were perhaps at once the most ignorant and the most critical in Europe. But they received, and they continued to receive year after year, not only the home product, but the productions of



George Moore

French and other dramatists, with such delighted critical intelligence as has perhaps never before been given in a "national" theater.

And here we may throw a single flash upon the connection in the Irishman's mind between his poetry and his politics and then leave it. While the salient factor in the mentality of the "Abbey audience" has always been its curious and artistic "aloofness" to the politics in the play before it and its caustic and even contemptuous sarcasm at the expense of the native politician, whatever his shade of opinion might be, yet so far had political passion become part even of the Irish artist that Mr. Augustine Birrell, the Irish Home Secretary, felt himself compelled to write about the Abbey that



Padraic Colum

"it was a propaganda center of most formidable significance." It is Ireland's paradox eternal.

Here was a national expression which numbered within its boundaries "neutrals" like Lady Gregory and arch-rebels like Thomas MacDonagh and Joseph Mary Plunkett, both executed as leaders of the 1916 Rebellion. But these last two were not only rebels political but also rebels artistic, for it was they who, with Edward Martyn, in 1914, as a counterblast to the peasant vogue at the Abbey, acquired the Irish Theatre, in Hardwicke Street, with the object of producing modern authors. And such a stream of contrast!

Opening with "The Dream Physician," a four-act psychological comedy by Martyn, it went on to produce, up to its final dissolution in 1920, plays by Ibsen, Tchekoff, Strindberg, and Maeterlinck, as well as plays in Gaelic by Douglas Hyde and Padraic O'Conaire. But much of this was too remote from the mind of the average Irish playgoer, who more perhaps than any other European—if the Irishman be European!—draws his strength and inspiration from the native sod. Ireland has but one expression—nationality.

Irishmen strike ideas from one another as the steel strikes sparks from the flint. Intensely individualist, the Irish artist, mordant hypercritic that he is, would seem at times to feed not only upon the vitals of his fellows but upon his own. To the stranger within the gate a gathering of Irish poets, playwrights, and prose writers in a Dublin drawing-room, with their acrid wit and laughing irony, must often seem like a gathering of damnèd souls—but, as a famous English writer once remarked, "though damned, damned brilliant!"

The Ulster flint struck the idea of the Ulster Literary Theatre out of the Abbey, the idea being to produce plays written in the Ulster dialect by native dramatists like Rutherford Mayne and Gerald MacNamara, whose "The Drone," "The Troth," and "Thomson in Tir-na-nOg" show them not only as playwrights but as actors. This was in 1904.

Then came another spark, this time from Cork with the "Leeside Players" in 1915, giving the work of local playwrights, and yet another "spark" in 1917 with the "Munster Players."

By 1919 many hundreds of amateur dramatic societies had come into being, and with them the foundation of the Irish Dramatic Union by Mr. Arthur Gaynor to assist in giving corporate expression to the dramatic side of the Irish Renaissance, with special regard for the young and promising playwright whose

works were not yet quite up to, say, the Abbey standard. The immediate result was the tapping of a seemingly inexhaustible supply of native dramatists. Ireland is always dramatic.

The Gaelic and bilingual play began now to make itself felt more and more, and the coming in 1918 of a Gaelic Dramatic Society in Galway, that most Anglicized as most Irish of towns, for the single purpose of producing plays in the Irish language, seemed to have set the seal upon the new movement. But it would seem to have been the seal of extinction, for practically nothing more was heard of the Galway effort.

Is the fantasy and laughter gone forever from the Irish Renaissance on the poetical and dramatic sides? It is at least of vital interest to trace its evolution.

From the mediæval fantasy of "The Countess Cathleen" of Yeats and the earlier work of Colum and Lady Gregory in the first days of that Renaissance we pass to Synge, with his blinding flash and pitiless lancet, for all the dreamy anæsthesia of his poetry and beauty of form. Plays like "The Well of the Saints" and "The Piedish" make us feel this new note, which in its turn passes to the stark realism of "Birthright" and "The Cross-Roads." Then comes a reaction to "The Whiteheaded Boy" of Mr. Lennox Robinson, and the work of the man who may yet be known as "the Genius of the Leeside"—Daniel Corkery, with his mystical "Yellow Bittern." But none can say what the next stage may be.

Right from the beginning of the literary revival there have been two schools —one, the "Gaelic;" the other, the "Anglo-Irish." Men like winsome little James Stephens, whose "Crock o' Gold" lies buried in countless hearts outside Ireland, believe that the Irishman must learn to write in the Irish, not the English, and in this he has the support of the more extreme theorists of the Gaelic League, that League which in the revival of singing and dancing, speaking and writing, as in the revival of the pipes and harp with the music of the Gael, has been the mother of the Renaissance. Others, like "John Eglinton" and that exceptionally cultured mind, Ernest A. Boyd, share with Anglicized Irishmen like Bernard Shaw and Frenchified Irishmen like that strangely wonderful exotic, George Moore, the view that English forms the better, even the more natural, medium for the modern Irishman.

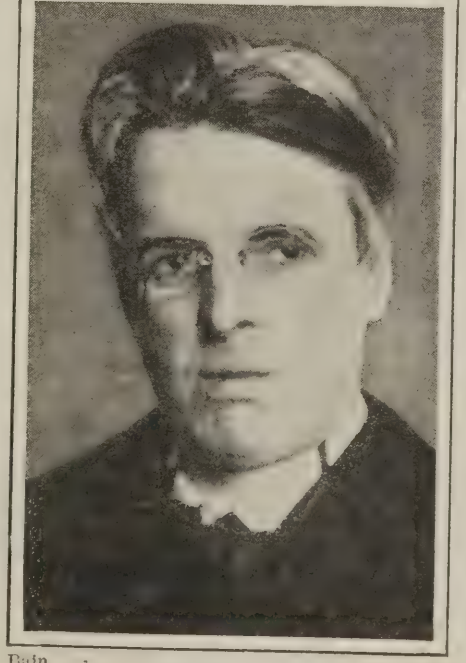
The truth is that both media are efficient according to the individual. The English of the Irish artist is perhaps the richest of all English, often with an Elizabethan flavor, but always written in



Lady Gregory

the Irish idiom. The Irishman of the future will be bilingual, and each writer will probably choose his or her medium at will.

Let it be made clear that the average Irish peasant knows as little and cares as little about the poetry and plays of men like Yeats and Synge as the peasant of Galicia. That wondrous mystic writer, George Russell, who writes under the initials "Æ," is known to the peasant as co-operator, not as poet, although "Æ" brings his poetry into his co-operation. A book like Russell's "Candle of Vision" would be Chinese to the average Irishman, whose "vision" takes at times the tint of the oleograph. As for that wayward genius, Lord Dunsany,



Dain

William Butler Yeats

an absolutely unweighable quantity in the Renaissance, the quality of his fantasy is as foreign to the mass of his countrymen as though he were an Eskimo or another James Joyce, that bitter hater of the Ireland of his boyhood.

What Ireland thinks of "Ulysses" or "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" cannot be set down, because Ireland, as Ireland, knows nothing at all about them, and, if it did, would ban them by "bell, book, and candle." Nor indeed is the pathological genius of Joyce part of the Irish Renaissance in any real sense.

One sees the men of the Renaissance to-day in the figures of writers like "Æ," Yeats, Stephens, and Seumas O'Sullivan, and its women in shadowy beautiful forms like that of Ella Young. "Æ," big, brown-bearded, and kindly, biting through the stem of his old brier in Plunkett House, Merrion Square, with a pot of tea a-brew on the hob, and talking like a seraph. Yeats, still a-dreaming, but Senator of the Irish Free State in a House where they say that dreams come true—as dreams. Little James Stephens, quaint as a *merrow* and full of hidden fire. And O'Sullivan, with face of pale delicacy, sculpted from a Grecian pattern.

The Irish Renaissance is, in fact, yet but the renaissance of a minority, but such a minority! So far these groups of talented men and women have been able to touch the imagination of but a fraction of their countrymen, that imagination which lies, perhaps, in the twilight land of religious mysticism.

No man, except the Negro, is so easily spoilable as the Irishman, no man at once so receptive and so conservative. Before the true heart of Ireland can be reached the scales of Anglicization will have to fall away and that false atmosphere which made possible, for example, in the writer's recollection, the picture of a beautiful peasant boy of the south first dancing the exquisite "Blackbird" and then singing a London music-hall song of doubtful portent in the village hall of a fishing hamlet of the County Waterford. Ireland is to-day a rag-and-bone shop in which diamonds are hidden.

To bring forth those jewels to the light of day is the future task of the Renaissance, of which only one thing can be prophesied with any certainty—that the work of its poets, writers, musicians, and dramatists will, as hitherto, be entirely unsentimental but profoundly emotional. The difference between sentiment and emotion is the difference between glass and diamond. It is the thing which is the hall-mark of the Irish artist and of Ireland.

Why Fans Leave Home



P. & A. Photos

Kelly, of the New York Giants, scoring in the ninth inning of the second game of the World Series, tying the score



P. & A. Photos

Judge, of the Washington team, making the winning run on Peckinpaugh's hit in the ninth inning of the second game of the World Series

Waiting Maid

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE bedroom doors close tight,
The window-shutter locks. . . .
I can take off my smile to-night
And put it in its box.

I can unclasp my gallantry
And slip my courage down
And stand up stripped of stiffened pride
That covers like a gown.

I need not serve this little while
That I have shut the door,
Nor flatter Life with gratitude
Till morning comes once more.

Riding the Ocean

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Mr. Rutledge goes adventuring in a virgin land and lives to tell the tale

MY introduction to "the Ocean," as we called that weird inviolate region, had in it the quality of the dramatic. As a bareheaded and barefooted boy, riding a little marsh tackey horse on a deer hunt, I had started a great ten-point stag. The hounds went mad on his trail. My tender age was nine; but I was old enough to know that the buck was not running toward the standers. I therefore undertook to cut him off and to turn him. My mount, being by nature a limb of irresponsibility grafted on a stock of wildness, obeyed my frantic injunctions, and "southward aye we fled." A mile we raced in this reckless fashion, through bushes and water, over fallen timber, and past huge swamp briers which took toll of my shirt. Just as it appeared to me that I was about to head off the splendid deer a rider suddenly headed me off. He rushed his black mare into my path and, checking her, held up his hand to me. Such was my respect for Henry Snyder, this Negro woodsman and our foreman on the plantation, that I pulled in my pony willingly enough. The stag and the hounds meanwhile had vanished into a vast shimmering stretch of woods, and the wild clamor of the chase was strangely hushed.

Henry smiled at me deprecatingly, with a gentle understanding and a sympathetic appreciation of my savage effort that were a part of his fine nature.

"You mustn't try to go in there," he said; "that's the Ocean."

"But the deer went in, and the dogs," I protested.

"Yes," he admitted, "but the hounds won't go far, and people mustn't go at all."

Thus early in my life was characterized for me as mysterious this eerie and forbidding place. And as the years passed I came partly to understand the reason for the current woodland saying in that part of the coastal Carolina country: "There's no use to try to follow that deer; he's gone to the Ocean." Yet somewhere in my mind, in that place where we register ambitions, I had recorded the determination some day to explore this mystery, despite the fact that those woodsmen to whom I talked seemed not to share my enthusiasm for the adventure. There were several reasons for their rather definite aversion.

The first was that no man, as far as could be discovered, from the very early settlements in that district by the English and the Huguenots in the seventeenth century, had ever penetrated the Ocean. Again, it had frequently happened that a hound had never emerged from the pursuit of a deer into that treeless swamp. I say "treeless" because at its enchanted borders all natural growth appears to cease; the undergrowth becomes tropically riotous, while the few pines and other trees are strangely dwarfed. This forbidding, or at least mysterious, aspect of the place has doubtless kept intruders at a distance. Again, there are many legends of quicksands in the Ocean; and these meet with a ready acceptance because, some two miles from the eastern boundary, along the stream which partly drains it, there is a well-known bed of quicksand, into which a few years ago a horse and buggy went down fatally. But the vague sorcery of the place is probably less of a deterrent to exploration than the fact that it is not thoroughly drained; in short, true to its name, the Ocean is usually full of water. To enter it in summer, when it might be comparatively dry, would be to expose one's self to black swarms of flies and mosquitoes from the air and to the timber rattler and the great diamond-back from the ground; besides, in the summer even the deer's dim pathways are choked by a mass of exotic greenery. In the winter the rains usually keep the Ocean flooded. Yet a recent autumn drought, extending itself into December, brought me the opportunity for which I had waited—well, for more years than a woman ever gets to be old.

Three miles from the plantation house I turned my horse from the perfectly good road and headed toward the forbidden country. This was almost the exact route that, years before, I had taken to forestall the buck's escape. My marsh tackey was gone, and Henry, the stag, and the hounds—all had vanished into a region which would yield nothing in mystery to the Ocean. It and I remained; but it was permanent. And now, as across the pinelands its ancient enchanting vistas once more came into view, I wondered if it had ever changed, or ever would. Always there is something about the quality of permanence that impels respect; and when the permanence is lasting beauty it exacts reverence and obeisance. Here for century upon century this great tract of wild woodland had retained all the primeval

mystery and charm of its virginity. And the quality of that charm has in it all the witchery of those attractions which are distinctly feminine. It is in nature an "unravished bride of quietness." Its supernal spirit, if I catch it aright, is distinctly that of Swinburne's Proserpine:

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands.

My approach to the Ocean brought me to the northern fringe of it. Its dimensions (by my estimate, not by measurement) are somewhat as follows: length, five miles; width, three miles. Well-traveled roads pass on either side of it, but in neither case does the swamp border the road; here and there little estuaries of greenery will extend to the highway, but the great tide of the Ocean is well withdrawn from these routes of travel.

Mention has been made of the feminine charm of the Ocean, and when I say that nothing is more deceptive than the inviting appearance of this eerie country these two statements are not supposed to have any deep and daring implication. Gently and fragrantly the pine wood melts into the tender margins of Circe's domain. The earth underfoot is firm white and black sand; scores of animal paths lead through the undergrowth of bays, myrtles, gall-berries, huckleberries. A rainy fragrance is brushed from the glimmering foliage. Sunshine which expresses the rapture of deep-hearted peace steeps the scene. Afar it is shed over the shimmering copses before me. For two hundred yards I ride into this mystic still country, feeling indeed its witchery, feeling that I am deliberately submitting to enchantment, but having no reason to doubt or to fear—unless my horse's growing nervousness may be taken to indicate coming trouble. I notice that my mount trembles; and when I draw her in she stamps petulantly. She snorts nervously. A horse is aware of strange country; and in this case perhaps my mount has winded a black bear, a diamond-back, or some nameless chimera of this forbidden land.

Not long was I to be lulled by the exotic beauty of the scene into believing it secure or genuine. We were following a deer path through the myrtles that brushed my stirrups. Suddenly my horse stopped on the edge of what looked like a black pool of moderate proportions. Upon being urged forward, my mount crouched, trembling, and then bounded high over the black water. Such behavior called for an investigation. Dismounting, and tying my horse, I examined the ebon pit over which we had just so blithely soared. From its appearance I knew it at once to be an alligator den. Here, certainly, was one reason why many a fine hound had never emerged from his rash adventuring into the Ocean. Cutting a limb from a tree bay, I began to probe the hole and to examine its edges. My horse punctuated my detective work with a good deal of fidgeting and nervous nipping of the bushes.

The pool was still, but not glassy. To find fresh water at the height of such a drought was sure proof that a deep spring lay somewhere beneath this black opening. The sides of this witches' caldron were smooth, dark, sandy loam. There were many tracks on the margins. Into the mystic water I thrust my pole. It went down about nine feet, but I was sure that it had not reached the real bottom. A little maneuvering showed me that there was a curve in the deep subterranean passage. There, no doubt, was the den of this wildwood minotaur.

The den of the alligator has never been carefully explored; but it is usually located in an offset from some watery entrance. I have seen alligators take their prey and plunge downward with it; and the woodland belief prevails that the creature so caught will be borne to the grim saurian's den, where several meals at leisure can be enjoyed. From such haunts, properly situated under banks, ancient cypresses, and the like, alligators can be drawn with a long pole with a sharp hook attached. The Bible question, therefore, "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?" can be answered in the affirmative.

Such an alligator's home as I had found on the borders of the Ocean represents a very interesting type of the dwelling of a wild solitary. Here and there in the Southern woods are ponds and streams, and most of these have in them a few alligators. The hole I found was in the dry bed of a watercourse, and probably it had been one of the stream's sources but was now sterile through drought. When prolonged dry weather occurs in the summer or autumn, these wood-dwelling alligators will crawl miles to reach the river. I once came upon one at least two miles from the river. Such a truly aquatic creature so far from water has a most decidedly high-and-dry appearance. He will, if menaced, rise abruptly and with vast *gaucherie* on his short legs, and will waddle ferociously toward his tormentor, his jaws open, his back arched high, the tip of his tail trailing the earth. But this reptile was not built for charging. He may rush forward awkardly for ten or fifteen feet, his aspect terrible and grim. But then he will glumly subside, his jaws closing with a vast suspired hiss, much like a tumultuous sigh. For all his strength and courage, he is pretty helpless. He is a giant, but he is out of his element.

The alligator in the black hole which I was probing was doubtless hibernating. Such sleep is apparently the proper custom for reptiles in that region; yet, since it is on the line of hibernation, these creatures by no means drowse the winter through—at least not every winter. It is very disconcerting, therefore, to attempt to keep track of their habits. During some winters all these creatures will be plunged into that coma whence Persephone alone can awake them. During another season some of the number only allow nature to tuck her children in for a long nap. Again, they may go to sleep, and in January an amorous day will bring them forth. To observe wild life on the line of hibernation is continually to be astonished. The fearsome roar of the bull alligator, which purports to be his song of love, and therefore a vernal utterance, I have heard as early as the first week in February. In January I have found a huge diamond-back sunning himself drowsily but amiably before his fell den. In other winters not one of these creatures is to be seen. Whether this alligator on the border of the Ocean had hibernated or whether he had crawled away in search of deeper water I could not know. But from the behavior of my horse I had reason to believe that he was at home, and that my mount had had his musky scent.

In the saddle once more, I left the gleaming borders of my enchanted land and rode straight for the Ocean's heart. Perhaps three hundred yards I went; then I drew rein as a great bird launched himself from the crest of a pine and sailed, on a long, long arc, to the ground. A moment later and another wild turkey got up out of the bushes, literally under my horse's nose. He beat his way off heavily. It seems hard for a wild turkey to get a start in the air; but when he has gathered momentum no bird is more swift and dextrous. Possibly a fox or a wildcat had driven the first turkey into the pine; possibly he had heard my coming and had gone aloft to reconnoiter.

A half-mile from the alligator hole I began to encounter real difficulty. Here the bushes were of a disconcerting height; mounted though I was, their baffling tender maze of odorous leaves took me about the eyes. I had a smothered, drowning feeling. Here and there a great man-bodied vine, swamp brier or supplejack, would lay no uncertain hands on my horse and on me. There is no use wrestling with a vine like that. It has either to be cut through or evaded. A few attempts at evasion had the effect



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of confusing my sense of direction. And all about me was a silently rolling sea of aromatic foliage, glamourous, cloistered, endlessly retiring. Beneath me there was a labyrinth of witching trails, leading over damp sand—an obscure region, luminous in the green night of the shadows of tropical foliage. I began to feel that my friends were right when they advised me not to attempt to penetrate the Ocean. And my horse was very certain that they had been right. This feeling for both of us was intensified upon our coming abruptly to a strange body of water—the oddest I ever encountered, even in a region where eerie ponds and weird lagoons are common features of the landscape.

This body of water was a creek or a small river, densely overhung by riotous growths, many of which had ancient gnarled forms which stooped as if in eternal agony over the alchemic ruby-red water that I saw gleaming far below the banks. The banks broke sheerly for eight or nine feet; the width of the creek was perhaps ten feet; the water in it, where I tested it, was five feet deep. Deep red it was, and apparently rich or heavy in its character. The color, I knew, was due to the staining of the leaves and the roots. Slow was its current, as listless as Lethe's; yet where a miniature barrier of twigs formed a waterfall faint elfin music rose. For this examination I had of course slipped to the ground. My horse and I were under the green canopy of the Ocean; and I had the sensation of a diver in this beryl-country under the lonely foam.

The stream flowed north and south, and it appeared an effective barrier to my going farther. Apparently it came from the heart of the Ocean; its outlet I could not guess, though I knew all the neighboring streams. There could be no doubt but that this water would eventually mingle with the common yellow tide of the Santee, though perhaps by some underground channel. Tying my horse to a heavy bay tree, the side of which, I noticed, had had a deep groove scored into it by a buck in rubbing the velvet from his antlers, I began to explore the stream for a ford. At several places I could see where deer had leaped, and a raccoon's track had passed on the sand down the edge of the rosy water. But there was no crossing visible for a horse and a man. An hour's search up and down confirmed my judgment in this. I therefore tied my horse with a double half-hitch, affixed my handkerchief to a long stick, which in turn I bound to the bay tree, so that the thing would be as a signal to me from afar, and ventured to strike alone on foot forward into the Ocean. In leaving the matter of the creek I may say that I never found either its source or its mouth; and old woodsmen to whom I afterwards talked told me that they never knew there was such a body of water in the Ocean.

A quarter of a mile from where my horse was tied, some of which distance had been negotiated on hands and knees, I came to something like a ridge. This rose gently. It was underbedded with white sand. Here grew huckleberry bushes in profusion. Here, too, were thousands of deer tracks; and many washing places of wild turkeys I found in the warm sand to the leeward of thick tufts of bushes. East and west the ridge extended; and as far as I could see the red-tinged huckleberries grew. Thirty feet was the width of this ridge; on either side shimmered the lush greenery of the ancient fastness. Mile after mile it extended—a haunt of silence, of sapphire strangeness, of something akin to sorcery. I decided to follow the ridge northward. If bushes do not grow above a man's waist he can keep his self-respect in wild country. What delighted me, on what I was pleased to christen Buck Ridge, was the abundance of the signs of wild life everywhere visible. I gathered and tied together with a piece of buckskin a good many woodland trophies that I found. Among these were wing and tail feathers from wild turkeys, dropped antlers from the whitetail, and tusks from the bleached skull of a wild boar. At one place far down the ridge I came to a group of small bush-headed black cypresses; here, I knew, would be a pond. But the water was gone. The bottom, however, was lined with a deep carpet of sphagnum moss. Into this strange depression I stepped, the moss perfectly muffling my footfalls. Because of the silence of my approach I walked to within six feet of two deer lying in the huckleberries. Both were does. One sprang east, and the other jumped west. The second deer landed on a space of bare sand. From her bed I measured this jump; it was a little more than sixteen feet. In jumping from its bed a deer often takes a nervous and most effective stance. I have observed one of these lithe cretures go through with the whole performance.

A deer lies down like a sheep or like cattle, and he is very fond of laying his head along his flanks. Sometimes he will stretch out his legs rather awkwardly. But when a deer hears or scents danger, before he jumps he will jerk himself into the position of a crouched rabbit. To do this he draws his legs in swiftly, turns so as to right himself, and crouches in such a manner that his great legs have just the purchase they need for a leap of twenty

feet or so. Understood in this manner, the deer's power of springing far out of his bed seems the less remarkable.

Neither one of the deer that I started went far. Both of them stopped on the ridge, eyed me curiously, seemed not to discover my presence formidable, and then stole away softly into the dim greenery of the Ocean's wilds.

Beyond the cypresses I came to a deer's rubbing place. Here was a small live-oak, the acorn of which must have been brought there by some bird—probably a blue jay. The tree showed signs of age, but it was not more than twenty feet high. Its limbs were low-sweeping. Under it I picked up several dropped antlers; and on its trunk and limbs I discovered many smooth places where the bucks had rubbed the velvet from their tingling horns. This would have been done in late August and in September; here again in late February and in March they evidently repaired to allay their itching foreheads by rubbing off their outworn horns. The oak itself might well have been a century old; and I wondered how many deer had repaired to it, and how many others had passed it. Standing at a point in the Ocean where, I believed, many a deer, pursued from the pinelands, would feel himself wholly safe, the oak took on for me the aspect of a sanctuary—or at least a sentry guarding the green mysterious gateway to the lone and secret home of wild things harried and hunted.

Beyond the oak the ridge ended. I found myself ringed on three sides by lisping coverts of endless tender foliage. Over the bays and sweet-gums and myrtles vast vines had clambered, spreading and lowering gorgeous tapestries of greenery, starred here and there by golden jasmine blooms. As far as I could see the misty emerald Ocean expanded, solitary and beautiful. I will not say that no human eye had ever before visioned this lost beauty, for of old the Seminoles might have penetrated this primeval wasteland of loveliness. But I doubt if another white man has seen it. Nor was I to see much more of it.

In the sand at the end of the ridge I discovered a straight rut, broad and deep; it was the trail of a diamond-back, and a fresh one. This fact leads me to say that the temperature of the Ocean is probably higher than that of the surrounding country. For five miles it is a solid windbreak; the winds pass over it, but not through it. There the sun gleams with wan persuasive warmth, and there the airs are still and balmy and aromatic.

For some distance into the undergrowth I followed the rattler's trail; but such business involves a degree of nervous tension not long sustainable, espe-

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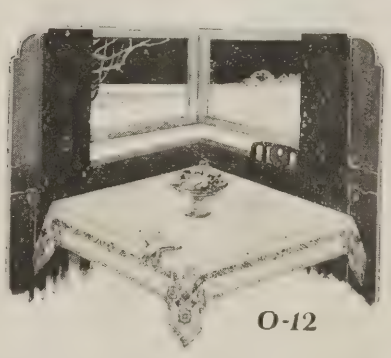
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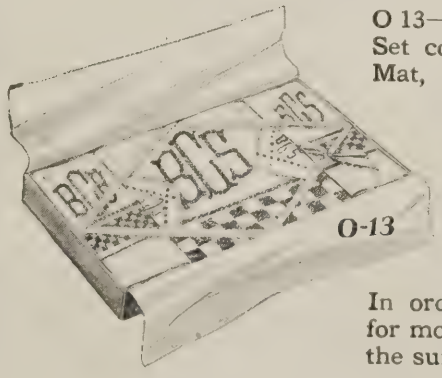
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cially when one must be stooping in a twilight jungle to keep the track of such a creature. In the highroad off the Ocean I had seen killed one of these grim monsters that was nearly eight feet in length. To meet one in the Ocean's jungles might be an encounter too exciting to be comfortable. Out of the dense copse I flushed a covey of quail; they whirred away wildly. Back on the ridge once more, I felt that I could probably make no farther progress into the Ocean itself. The sun was getting close to the black barrier of pines, far to the westward. With a species of reluctant relief I turned down the ridge; before dusk set in I was in the plantation highroad once more.

Had I really explored the Ocean? Far from it. I had merely blundered along the margins of an enchanted land. Despite my ride, I feel that the Ocean is still unviolated; and so it is likely to remain—a wide woodland sea of silent, shimmering country, dewy, veiled, sequestered, eternal and virgin in some mystic, spiritual springtime.

The Book Table

Huckleberry and Sherlock

Reviews by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

THE autobiographies of two world-famous authors have appeared within a week or two. The son of Irish parents, who was born in Scotland, and has been all his life a loyal son of the British Empire, is officially Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, but is affectionately known everywhere as Conan Doyle. He has written thirty or forty books of varying merit, but with this mark of distinction—that there is not a dull one in the lot. If he was made a knight for his pamphlet "The Cause and Conduct of the War in South Africa," he should, as Mr. Arthur Maurice says, have been made a Duke for writing "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." He is in the prime of life, and will live, we all hope, to write another book as good as "Sir Nigel." If Sherlock Holmes, as one humble reader told his creator, has not been quite the same man since he fell over that cliff (and, remembering some of the stories, I am not prepared to agree), there is no reason why Sir Arthur Doyle should not write another of his cracking good historical novels. And his autobiography [1] is readable from the first word on the first page to the last word of all.

Although he has invented one character whose very name has passed into the language, nay, into almost all the languages of the world, as hardly any character of Dickens or Shakespeare has done, and although he has written two or three historical novels of the first rank, it is nevertheless improbable that he has written one book which will endure as long as either "Tom Sawyer" or "Huckleberry Finn." It is not a mere narrow feeling of patriotism which makes Americans estimate those books as works of art which will still be enjoyed when Sherlock Holmes is forgotten. Mark Twain, whose autobiography [2] appears this week, was for many years a personality of world-wide interest. It slowly dawned upon many of his countrymen that he was not a mere "funny man," but a philosopher; and that his romance about that vagrant of the Mississippi with the absurd name was not a dubious yarn about a ragamuffin, but one of the chief glories of American literature. It is true that the supercilious critic has sometimes tried to win distinction by affecting to despise Mark Twain, and that a new type of critic has pitched upon the pessimism of his old age and tried to prove that this was the dominant characteristic of his life. And one of the unfortunate things about the "Autobiography" is that it will strengthen this error.

The creator of Huckleberry Finn and the creator of Sherlock Holmes have had in their careers many points of similarity. To both, their literary abilities came as somewhat of a surprise; the discovery was made in mature years that each was a born teller of tales. Both had a fair amount of adventure in early life, Twain as pilot, and afterwards as miner in the far West; and Doyle as ship's surgeon on an Arctic whaler and on the African coast. Both were great travelers in later years. Neither led the life of the typical "literary man," detached from the world, living in an ivory tower, and talking perpetually about art. Each was, in some sense, a citizen of the world, eagerly fighting at one time or another for various causes which seemed right to him; causes political, humanitarian, or religious. The books of both have had, and still have, enormous popularity and great sales, and this fact has caused their reputations to suffer in the eyes of critics who accept the fallacy that what almost every one enjoys is invariably bad, and that excellence in art vanishes as soon as it finds favor outside a small circle consisting of the critic and his friends.

Mark Twain's genius is a mystery, as genius is apt to be. By the way, why shouldn't the lack of hereditary influences and educational advantages to explain his work pave the way for the theory, two or three hundred years from now, that his books were really written, say, by William James or by President Eliot? No Baconian (and Mark Twain, among other vagaries of his later life, inclined to this one) ought to find anything too difficult to swallow in this belief. For, of course, it would be beneath the dignity of scholars like James and Eliot to acknowledge Twain's works, just as it was impossible for the learned Francis Bacon to admit the authorship of a vulgar play like "Hamlet."

Conan Doyle was the descendant, however, of a family of artists. He was a pugnacious schoolboy; Mayne Reid was his favorite author and "The Scalp Hunters" his favorite book. Among the particularly interesting things which is revealed in "Memories and Adventures" is that Professor Rutherford, of Edinburgh, was the original for the enormously amusing Professor Challenger of "The Lost World," one of the most spirited adventure stories ever written. The chapter of whaling adventure is excellent, and practically all new. The autobiographic nature of "The Stark Munro Letters" and the fact that "Cullingworth" is a portrait are interesting revelations. The book is anything but the tepid memoirs of a literary man, but is a lively narrative of travel, of sport, of adventure in two wars, and of meetings with famous men and women in a dozen different countries.

I wish I could say as much for "Mark Twain's Autobiography." Instead, it is a great and grievous disappointment, and his biographer, Mr. Paine, his daughter, and his publishers would have done well if they could have found it possible to prevent its publication. It comes out fourteen years after his death, and it opens with the solemn announcement, from Mark Twain himself, that "I am writing from the grave." Much more is said about the possibility of being frank under these circumstances. But the

[1] Memories and Adventures. By Arthur Conan Doyle. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.50.

[2] Mark Twain's Autobiography. With an Introduction by Albert Bigelow Paine. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York. $10.

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book consists of a great deal that was printed years ago in the "North American Review," together with other pages which are superfluous after Mr. Paine's magnificent biography, Mark Twain's own letters and books, and the biographical material from Mr. Howells and many others. I found myself turning page after page of the two volumes, reading stories that are *so* old, *so old* (like the two meetings with General Grant), and wondering when something new, something startling and frank, was coming. Rarely did I find anything new; never anything which needed publication so badly as to justify these two large volumes, with their preponderance of old yarns.

After about 1895, the date of the "Joan of Arc," or possibly 1898 ("The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg"), Mark Twain's literary career was practically ended. There were flashes of the old style, as in "Eve's Diary," but there was little more to be said. The author himself could not be expected to see this, but his literary executors have done him poor service in bringing out these two volumes, wherein what is good is warmed over and what is new is trivial. A large part of one volume consists of comments, dictated in 1906, about news of the day. Pages and pages are devoted to reprinting newspaper accounts of the "Mrs. Minor Morris Incident"—a regrettable affair when a mentally afflicted lady had to be forcibly removed from the White House. Persons like Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, together with some of the newspapers, endeavored to magnify this into cause for an attack upon the President's secretary, and indirectly upon the President. It has not the remotest connection with Mark Twain, nor any interest to-day. And Mark Twain directed that all this rubbish should be reprinted in his Autobiography, and nobody has had the wisdom to stop it!

There are a very few pages in these two volumes which are worth reading. There are a few which appear to be new, although they are not important. But here is one reader of Mark Twain, one who "honors his memory, on this side idolatry as much as any," who regrets that the book has been published.

The New Books

FICTION

DEVONSHERS (THE). By Honoré Willsie Morrow. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

The author never fails to make us recognize the majesty and impressiveness of mountains and canyons—she depicts them with the devotion and sincerity of a great painter. Equally she impresses



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The maker of the will foresaw this problem

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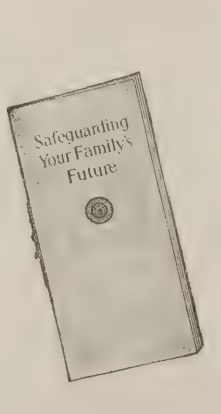
Some years before a moderate estate had been left to them—just about enough, if properly managed, to take care of their needs. A trust company had been named as trustee of the estate.

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More than ever, men are arranging their affairs in this manner—not to impose restrictions on their beneficiaries, but to *protect* them against their own inexperience.

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us with her sound American love of fairness and justice. In the handling of plot and characters she is less successful, and there is too much here of the retelling of the same thing by different people.

FINGER-POST (THE). By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Minton, Balch & Co., New York. $2.

Joseph, son of a Sussex thatcher, is a sickly, ugly lad, laughed at and hating those who laugh. He is the "finger-post" who is pointed at with jeers (and deserves it, for he has a perverted spirit), yet who grows up to brilliant worldly success. The story is not cheerful, but it has subtle knowledge of human nature and underlying power, as well as faithful local coloring.

GOLDEN BALLAST. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

A novel treasure story, for the treasure is discovered at the start and the question is how to keep it. Also a novel sea story, for the captain of the mysterious ketch is a girl. There are passages about sailing that will please lovers of boats. Altogether a jolly and exciting tale.

LONELY O'MALLEY. By Arthur Stringer. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.

Lonely has all the longings of another Tom Sawyer, and they lead him into fun, fights, and frolic, including piracy and a few hours of circus life. If a boy doesn't like this story, he isn't a boy.

SUNCLOUDS. By Octavus Roy Cohen. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Mr. Cohen's stories of Negro life in Birmingham continue to be excruciatingly funny. "The Battle of Sedan" in this book is a fair corker. The author's titles and names are ingeniously comic—*e. g.*, his volume called "Assorted Chocolates"—and we never tire of his society, "The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise." Sometimes we wonder if Birmingham darkies *do* talk as Mr. Cohen makes them; and it is hard to forgive him for beginning sentences like this: "Too, he visioned several young ladies." But these are minor matters; the fun's the thing.

BIOGRAPHY

CHARLES PROTEUS STEINMETZ: A BIOGRAPHY. By J. W. Hammond. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

While Steinmetz was living it was difficult to obtain from him any detailed account of his whole past. To those who urged him to write an autobiography he answered that it was too much bother. His mind was always on the future and its problems—not on the past with problems too late to solve. After much urging, however, on the part of an old friend he consented to relate the many incidents, starting at the beginning, and the author named above was chosen to whip

the conversation into systematic, prepared form. The result is the first complete account of Steinmetz's life.

There was a great deal of mystery surrounding this man, who disliked to be called "wizard." Yet he appears to have lived a rather normal life, enjoyed about the same kind of thing most people enjoy, and had average traits. Especially is it a distinction for a great man not to have shown early signs of genius, nor, on the other hand, to have been stupid in school. His father was not even poor and ignorant—just an average railroad clerk, who was able to sympathize with his boy's mechnical bent and help him.

One of the most interesting things told is how Steinmetz acquired his middle name, for he was originally Carl August Rudolph. "Proteus" was a nickname, at first.

PRIVATE LIFE OF LOUIS XV (THE). By Mouffle d'Angerville. Edited by Albert Meyrac. Translated by H. S. Mingard. Boni & Liveright, New York.

This is an abridgment from the author's four-volume work, "Vie privée de Louis XV," and it is largely concerned with the less creditable side of what is supposed to be the most discreditable reign in the history of France. But the book makes clear that before any of us adds to the shower of stones which are always thrown at Louis XV we should consider how much better we would have done in his place. He started his career with as much good sense as any monarch was permitted to have; he was well-meaning, religious, and even strict in his ideas of conduct. Scheming courtiers, including priests, deliberately corrupted him for their own selfish purposes. Consequently, a king with ability and good intentions, the loving and beloved father of his children—his family included several daughters—has come down to us as an illustrious example of wickedness and depravity.

DRAMA

MOSES. A Play in a Prologue and Seven Scenes. By Lawrence Langner. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

The life of Moses, leader of Israel, as revealed in the book of Exodus lends itself to dramatic treatment in a comedy-drama that attempts inferentially a valuation and criticism of modern civilization. Moses appears a not always convincing casuist. His iconoclastic fanaticism and ruthless uprooting of the art impulse which budded during the Egyptian captivity are shown as counterparts of a moral and legal system based on prohibitions. The author unnecessarily expounds his thesis in a long preface. The play suffers from the defects of its kind: it is didactic and often heavy. Only brilliancy of dialogue could compensate

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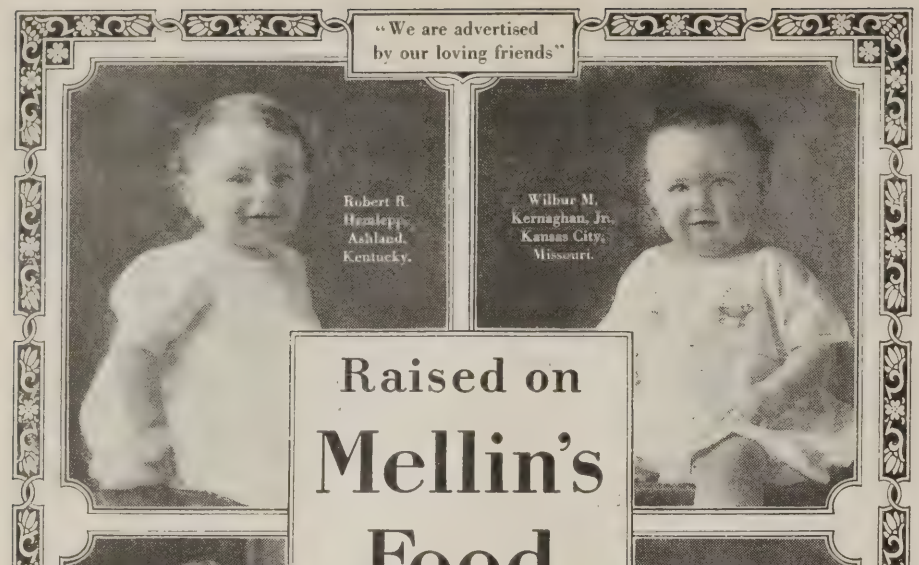
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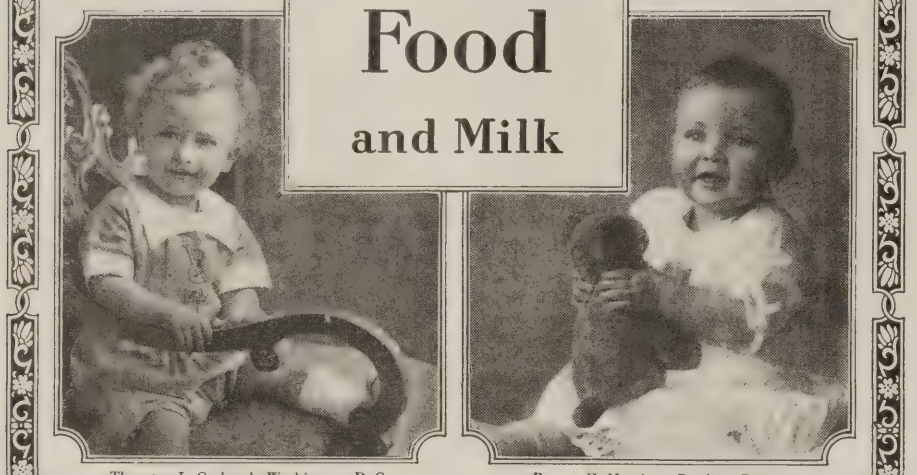
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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE OUTLOOK, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1924.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold T. Pulsifer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of THE OUTLOOK, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher—The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. Editor—Ernest H. Abbott, 381 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. City. Managing Editor—Harold T. Pulsifer, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. Business Manager—Raymond B. Bowen, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.

2. That the owners are: The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) HAROLD T. PULSIFER, Managing Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1924.

(Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.

[SEAL] Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County Clerk's No. 68; New York County Register's No. 6067; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1926.

obvious treatment of situations, and this quality, unfortunately, is lacking.

PLAYS. By Jacinto Benevente. Fourth Series, 1924. Translated with an Introduction by John Garrett Underhill. Containing **The School of Princesses, A Lady, The Magic of an Hour, Field of Ermine.** Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Three dramas and a wistful dialogue comprise the most recent collection of Benevente's plays ably translated by Mr. Underhill. One notes the spiritual kinship to Pirandello and Molnar, the ironic and occasionally satiric note. Benevente appeals more to the ear than the eye, dispensing with the impedimenta of elaborate scenery. Indeed, the settings are merely hinted at, a concession, perhaps, to more primitive (or conservative) conditions in the Spanish theater. Characterization is vivid and interest sustained through well-handled dialogue and masterly construction. There is no kaleidoscopic succession of incident; rather, the ordered development of dramatic concepts imaginatively treated.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

SEEING CANADA. By John T. Farris. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. $6.50.

This is a popular account of our northern neighbor which will interest the stay-at-home traveler and the tourist who is planning his first trip to Canada. From Nova Scotia to the Yukon we are given a glimpse of the country's scenic charms, and of its legend and history. There are many illustrations.

We could wish that fuller information had been given of the superlatively beautiful regions of the Canadian Rockies and Selkirks. American travelers are visiting these mountains in increasingly large numbers, and there are many who would plan to see far more than the scenery in the immediate vicinity of the few large hotels. If a traveler is favored with reasonably good summer weather, he will not regret arranging for as long a stay in western Canada as his pocketbook and conscience will allow.

SCIENCE

WHY THE WEATHER? By Charles Franklin Brooks. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

There have been many books about the subject of meteorology, all discussing the same general range of topics, but this book is a little different. In a general way, it is somewhat less technical and more readable than most. Simply, a newspaper reporter attended the classes in meteorology conducted at Clark University and reported the lectures in popular form to his paper. This at once put the lectures through the sieve, eliminating the phraseology that would be too technical for the average newspaper reader to enjoy. Instead of taking up the various topics in the usual text-book

style, the book follows the weather through the year. Thus we have "early spring weather," "May weather," "summer weather." It is certain that the reader would learn how to draw the line, for instance, between the old weather proverbs that are based on truth and those that are based on age. It contains about 300 pages, well leaded, and the type is large and clear. The fact that it was syndicated by Science Service insures its authenticity.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS. By Alice Meynell. The Medici Society, Ltd., London, England, and Boston, Mass.

This new edition forms a fitting memorial to Mrs. Meynell, whose devout chapters on Christ's Mother are pervaded with the poetical fervor, the mysticism, the artistic insight, and the familiarity with patristic lore that characterize many another of the author's books and essays. The pictures are dainty in the extreme and are admirably reproduced in color, but virginal prettiness seems to be the artist's ideal rather than that of the regal majesty of the Queen of Heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS

FIRST AID TO THE OPERA-GOER. By Mary Fitch Watkins. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $3.

These are the stories of forty-two of the most popular operas. A highly interesting book for those who go to the opera. And also for those who cannot. There is an introduction by Antonio Scotti, and a number of illustrations.

Notes on New Books

TALES FROM NATURE'S WONDERLANDS. By William T. Hornaday. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Popular description of big game, prehistoric animals, wonders of geology, and wild tribes and animals of the present.

CONVERSATIONS IN EBURY STREET. By George Moore. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

The famous author talks with Walter de la Mare, Granville-Barker, Edmund Gosse, and others about art and literature.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER. By Frederic L. Paxson. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $6.

Professor Paxson writes a historical work upon the American frontier from 1763 onward, showing its continual Western movement and its final disappearance.

REDCLIFF. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

A novel of life on the coast of Devonshire.

BEST SERMONS, 1924. Edited by Joseph Fort Newton. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.50.

Sermons by Dr. Fosdick, Dr. Hillis, Dr. George A. Gordon, and other celebrated American clergymen.

LEAVES FROM THE GOLDEN BOUGH. Culled by Lady Frazer. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

The widow of the author of "The Golden Bough" has made some interesting and popular selections from her husband's great work, and the book has been charmingly

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THE OLD LADIES. By Hugh Walpole. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

A new novel of English life by the author of "The Cathedral."

CHRONICLES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Maud Wyndham. Vols. I and II. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $10.

Founded on the correspondence of Sir Thomas Lyttelton and his family.

THE MODERN USE OF THE BIBLE. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.60.

Lectures delivered at Yale on the Lyman Beecher Foundation.

CANNES AND THE HILLS. By Réné Juta. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

A description of Cannes and its vicinity, with eight pictures in color by Jan Juta.

THE HOUSE OF PROPHECY. By Gilbert Cannan. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $2.

A new novel of modern English life by the author of "Sembal."

THE OBLATE. By J. K. Huysmans. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

The fourth novel in the series which began with "Là Bas."

POLITICS: THE CITIZEN'S BUSINESS. By William Allen White. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

The editor of the Emporia "Gazette" writes upon current issues in American politics.

STICKS & STONES. By Lewis Mumford. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

A study of American architecture and of American civilization as typified by that architecture.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND HUMAN WELFARE. By Franklin S. Harris, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Discussing health, communication, illumination, engineering and mining, and other developments of science for the use of man.

TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW. By Stephen McKenna. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

A novel of English political life since the war.

OMOO. By Herman Melville. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

A new and sumptuous edition, beautifully illustrated in color by Mead Schaeffer

CHALK FACE. By Waldo Frank. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

The author tries his hand at a mystery story.

WHERE STRANGE GODS CALL. By Harry Hervey. The Century Company, New York. $3.

Travels in the Pacific islands, in Japan and China, and the East Indies.

WHY BE A GOOP? By Gelett Burgess. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.

Another Goop book with the author's amusing illustrations, and, incidentally, lessons in good manners for children.

A GRINGO IN MAÑANA-LAND. By Harry L. Foster. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

The author of "A Beachcomber in the Orient" travels in Mexico and Central America.

R. F. D. NO. 3. By Homer Croy. Harper & Brothers, New York.

A new novel by the author of "West of the Water Tower."

PIPERS AND A DANCER. By Stella Benson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

A short novel by the author of "I Pose." The scene is China.

YOURSELF AND YOUR BODY. By Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Popular lessons in hygiene and physiology written to make the subject interesting and intelligible to children.

By the Way

A VENDER of miscellaneous household wares, a subscriber says, came to his neighbor's back door and asked her to buy some of his goods. She said she didn't want anything. He told her he intended coming around every Monday, and drove away. After he got quite a ways off she called him back. He returned with alacrity and expectancy, and was told that she didn't want anything next Monday either!

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

Mother—"Dennis, why did teacher keep you after school?"

Dennis—"It wasn't my fault, mother. Somebody tied my coat-tails to the seat when we were ready to sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

The following story is attributed by an English magazine to Mr. J. R. Clynes, the British Labor leader and member of the Cabinet. Mr. Clynes, though himself a loyal trade-unionist, has doubtless had his troubles with his fellow-workers and doesn't mind getting off a story at their expense:

"A gas inspector, after watching for some time two men wheeling barrows of coke and noting that one did double the work of the other, remonstrated with the ca'-canny delinquent: 'Do you know that that man there wheels two barrow-loads for your one?' 'Didn't I tell him so?' was the come-back—'but he wouldn't hear reason. You go and tell him; he'll mind you.'"

Among the curiosities of the "agony column" the following deserves a good position:

WANTED—A childless couple to adopt baby girl 22 months old, healthy, bright and clever; both parents from best Virginia stock; must be willing to put at least $100,000 in trust for the child. For further information, ——, Times.

The history of "Godey's Lady's Book" is told in the "American Mercury" with this interesting finale:

Not even his [Godey's] ghost was destined to live. Frank A. Munsey, the journalistic knacker, saw to that. The name was changed to "Godey's Magazine" and almost immediately it lost its character. In 1898 the last number was published. Then Mr. Munsey drove up his dead wagon and

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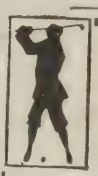
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NURSE, capable, refined, traveled, wishes position with invalid going South. Highest physicians' reference. Miss May, 1216 Vine St., Cincinnati, O.

GRADUATE nurse would like the complete care of a child. References given to interested parties. 5,506, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

LADY, qualified by training and experience for the management of children. Institutional work a specialty. Best of references. 5,503, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, position as companion to patient going to California for the winter, or would consider a permanent, chronic, or invalid case. 5,507, Outlook.

COMPETENT and experienced nurse wishes position to travel with invalid or elderly person. Best of references. 5,510, Outlook.

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STENOGRAPHIC SECRETARY—Woman of education, refinement, and an A1 stenographer, with knowledge of bookkeeping, desires employment by the hour afternoons or evenings, or part time position. Box 2, 70 West 88th St., New York.

LADY (34), English, desires secretarial work. Good shorthand, typewriting. Four years' bank experience, one year private. Also nursing. References. 5,501, Outlook.

WOMAN, trained executive, as club or hotel manager; ten years' experience; conscientious, economical; references. 5,519, Outlook.

BUSINESS woman wishes position as secretary or assistant to executive. Twenty years' experience, mostly with one firm and in executive work. Last seven years discharged duties of secretary and assistant treasurer. Has knowledge of stenography and accounting, with wide general office experience. Should have $50 a week to start. 5,516, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WOMAN of culture, experience, adaptability, wishes position as companion-secretary to lady. Exceptional references. 5,483, Outlook.

MINISTER'S widow would give services in exchange for a real home. No compensation. References. 5,495, Outlook.

POSITION of responsibility—companion, chaperon, or care of motherless children. 5,498, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED managing housekeeper, excellent cook, will take entire charge of kitchen for business people or small family. No general housework. 5,499, Outlook.

WANTED. Cultured, experienced lady wishes position as housekeeper, matron, or care of widower's home. Address Housekeeper, 5,502, Outlook.

WANTED—Lady wishes paying, responsible position in private family with servant. Household manager, companion, entire charge of intelligent children. First class position desired. Excellent references. Have traveled. 5,505, Outlook.

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WANTED—Position as companion and assistant to elderly woman. 5,511, Outlook.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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TRAINED nurse will board child needing special care and attention. Excellent reference. Terms reasonable. 5,508, Outlook.

interred the remains in the "Puritan." Gone were the crinoline days and gone was Godey's subscription list.

From the "Country Gentleman:"

"Breddern an' sistern, I exportations yo', befo' de Lord an' dis conjugation, nebber to, on puppose aforesaid, disrespect a man because his clothes is po'. Many a patched pair o' britches covers a kind an' honest heart."

From "Munn's Review" (Carbondale, Pennsylvania) under the head "Specials:"

Toot! Toot! Toot! Man proposes, God disposes. Owing to the death of my brother this week I was unable to peddle. Will be on the job Tuesday. L. W. C——.

A reader sends the following, asking if it is new enough to print. We think it is almost forgotten, so bring it once more to the light:

What a queer bird the frog are!
When he sit he stand, almost.
When he hop he fly, almost.
He aint got no sense, hardly, either.
He aint got no tail, hardly, either.
He sit on what he aint got, almost.

The above essay on the frog reminds us of another, the credit for which we have mislaid:

Willie—"Uncle, please make a noise like a frog."

Uncle—"Why, my boy?"

Willie—" 'Cause whenever I ask father for anything, he says, 'Wait till your uncle croaks.' "

The symbolic cup of cold water is often called for by stranded seamen. An appeal by one of these, published in the "Lookout" of the Seaman's Church Institute of New York City, is pathetic in its simplicity. It reads:

"I have a sea bag in the baggage room at the Institute, which I would like to have over here at the hospital, where I have been on my back for three months. If the chaplain knew this, I am almost sure he would pay the charges and bring the bag over, as he is a very good man. But the bag is heavy and I am going to ask if the Seaman's Institute would cross out the debt and send the bag by express. I cannot make any promise to pay this money back. I would have had now some of the money that I saved on my last trip, but had to spend it to live. I am suffering with tuberculosis and will not be able to work for a long time."

We are quite sure that this sufferer got his sea bag. There may be others!

Answer to last week's riddle: Spin, pin, in; charmed, harmed, armed.

O
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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

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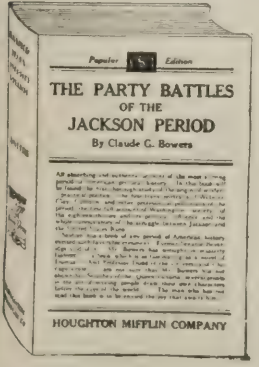
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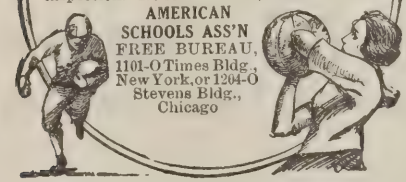
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Contributors' Gallery



DOCTOR HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN, President of the Children's Welfare Federation of New York, Emeritus Professor of Medicine at the New York Post-Graduate Hospital, and ex-President of the American Pediatric Society, is one of the foremost authorities on children and children's diseases. He has developed the Speedwell system that aims to get children out of institutions by placing them in boarding-homes under unit observation.



(C) G. M. Kesslere

"CHAMBER MUSIC" concludes the series of five articles on music by Daniel Gregory Mason. Mr. Mason's compositions in the field of chamber music show his mastery in the art of which he writes in this issue. When his Scherzo-Caprice was first played by the New York Chamber Music Society in March, 1916, the following comment appeared in The Outlook:

> Daniel Gregory Mason's Scherzo-Caprice, the product of an American of Americans, is much more worth hearing and preserving than many of the much-discussed modern importations from Germany or Austria, and is worthy to be placed alongside the best and soundest of the modern French compositions.



P. W. WILSON, an experienced correspondent, now resident in the United States, was for many years a Liberal member of the British Parliament. His contributions are familiar to Outlook readers.

JOHN R. ROBINSON, who is a trade survey man with one of the biggest merchandising firms in the United States, has spent almost three years in a complete examination of Latin-American markets. His article is based on his experiences, and the experiences of his salesmen and other salesmen with whom he has come in contact during the past few months.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT is associated with the "Saturday Review of Literature," a magazine brought out by the former staff of the Literary Review of the "Evening Post," of which Mr. Benét was a member. Mr. Benét is a graduate of Yale University and the author of numerous books, mostly of poetry.

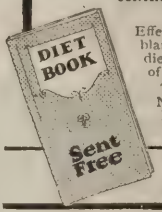
ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE is a distinguished author, editor, and newspaper man. Formerly with "The Bookman," he is now literary editor of the New York "Herald." During the war he was with the American Relief for Belgium and the North of France, behind the German lines.

PHOTOGRAPHS of the Roosevelt Memorial Highway and the information regarding it have come in to us from Mr. Mel Wharton, a contributor to The Outlook from Portland, Oregon. We print them as well as Dr. Chapin's article in recognition of Theodore Roosevelt's birthday, October 27.

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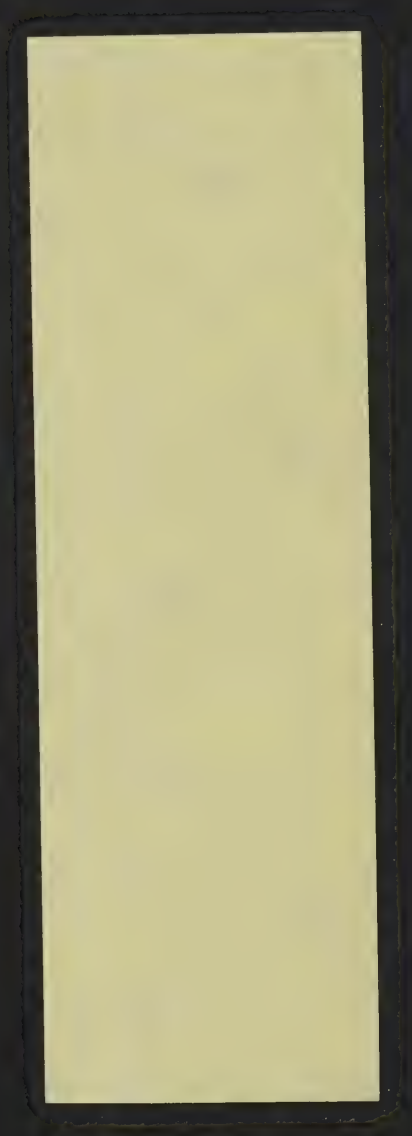
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THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue, New York



The Outlook

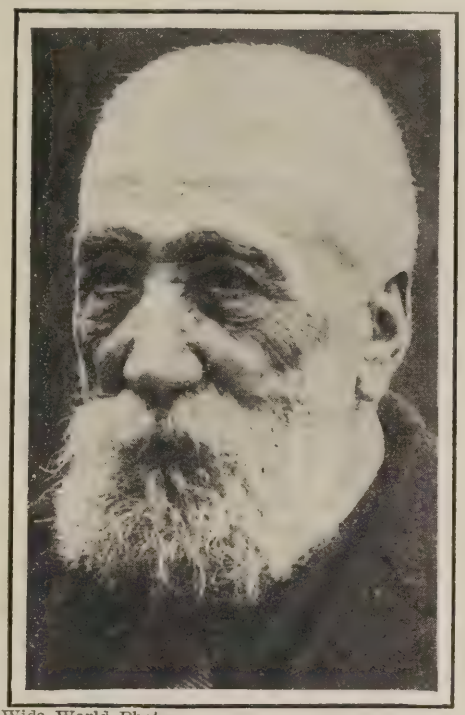
Volume 138 October 22, 1924 Number 8

Anatole France

THE pen-name of Jacques Anatole Thibaut, who died in Tours on October 12, was so much better known than that bestowed upon him eighty years ago by his father, the bookseller, that, as in the case of Mark Twain, it seems a part of his personality as well as of his literary renown.

Anatole France seems to have imbibed some of his literary taste and delicate art of style in his earliest days from the writers, critics, and readers who frequented the old-fashioned book-shop he played in as a child. At all events, he began to write, and in one case to publish, when he was a mere boy, but there are indications that his real literary self-education began only after his academic studies ceased. Somehow he acquired a manner of writing which has often been called classic, but was not the least stiff or formal, as that term might imply, but smooth-flowing, gentle, and marked by clarity rather than by passion. He wrote without haste, and with every evidence of enjoying the process of writing. That he produced a large quantity, filling many volumes, was due to his long literary activity rather than to haste in production. Probably more than most French authors he suffered from translation, not because he was involved or cryptic, but because he was a master of fine shades of meaning and euphony of language.

Most people have read Anatole France's story "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" (an early production and the one that first attracted attention to his abilities) and his "Petit Pierre," and perhaps his play "Thais," for in these the story element is (for him) strongly to the front; but, although there is an excellent and well-translated edition of his works published here, it is doubtful whether the mass of general readers in America have any adequate idea of the extent and variety of his writing. He was not essentially a novelist; at heart he was a critic; he loved also to write character sketches in which his powers of light irony and satirical philosophy could have full play. It has been said that he deliberately invented a story form without visible structure. Structure or no structure, everything he wrote—essays, plays, stories, sketches—was unmistakably imbued with the author's personal tinge of view. In an article by Professor Brander Matthews, published in The Outlook some years ago, it was said of Anatole



Wide World Photos

Anatole France

France that "his workmanship is impeccable even when his subject is abhorrent," that "his writing is always delightful even if it is often disconcerting," that he "understands everything—except perhaps those very commonplace virtues which sustain the social fabric," and that "he is master of an incomparable style, melodious and harmonious, musical and picturesque."

In our Book Table this week will be found a review by Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice of a recently published Life of Anatole France. The review contains an interesting account of his personal and literary history.

The President on Business

NO American need be in doubt as to President Coolidge's views concerning the relation between Government and business. In his speech delivered on October 11 by radio to 10,000 employees and officers of a great American business concern (the H. J. Heinz Company, of Pittsburgh) assembled for dinner in some seventy cities of the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, he proclaimed a doctrine which has every right to the title of "progressive." The circumstances of the occasion, one not only impossible but inconceivable a few years ago, furnished an illustration for his statement that "we need day by day to gird ourselves for more speed merely to keep pace with our own progress." Unlike some who call themselves Progressives, the President's attitude was one not of despair but of expectancy, not of suspicion but of faith. And he gave good reason for the faith that was in him.

Referring to current speculations as to the danger from man's rapid advance in command over material things, he found "reassurance in the fact that man has thus far contrived always to keep himself superior to his creations."

President Coolidge thereupon specified the progress made in the process of Governmental regulation of business without Governmental participation in business. Twenty years ago the Government was trying to prevent railway combinations; now it is fostering such combinations. The difference is a difference in both the attitude of business and the attitude of government. The old theory of unrestrained competition had its trial and failed. Then came the period when business men had to be convinced that Government must have the right of control and regulation. That was a period of struggle which made it necessary for the Government to invoke extreme measures. Now, however, "business with quite impressive unanimity has admitted that the attitude of the public was correct and justified;" and in consequence the Government has responded. It is now settled that the Government must be supreme over its creatures. But the President added:

> The people of America have been and are determined to own and control exclusively their own Government. As a preliminary to the maintenance of their supremacy over their Government they propose to keep the control and ownership of their own property. They know that when the Government

begins to own the property it begins to own the people. They want all these powers in their own hands.

We wish that the President's speech might be read by all citizens. In particular it should be read by those who think that it is the essence of progress to keep alive old issues and ignore those that are new. The Government is master of its creatures. That is settled. What needs to be settled is that it shall not under any guise—Socialistic or other—be the master of its creators.

"Slush Fund" Charges

Senator La Follette, speaking at Scranton, Pennsylvania, on October 7, charged that the Republicans are raising a "slush fund" of $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 to be used in an effort to buy the election. He did not reveal a very substantial basis for his charge. He cited a Washington despatch to the New York "Times" saying that a conference had been held in which Chairman Butler of the Republican National Committee and W. T. Mellon participated and that the Pennsylvania quota of the fund was fixed at $600,000. He read a circular letter signed by Joseph R. Grundy appealing for contributions for Republican campaign purposes. He made the deduction that if the Pennsylvania quota is $600,000, New York will contribute at least $1,000,000 and the rest of the East enough to bring the total up to $5,000,000 at least.

On the same day that he made the charges in his speech Senator La Follette sent a telegram to Senator Borah, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures, asking him immediately to call the Committee together, to issue subpœnas for Butler and others, and thoroughly to "investigate the plans of the Republican National Committee to buy the election." (Senator Borah has since said that he would call the Committee together.)

On the following day Chairman Butler issued a denial of La Follette's charges. The Republican campaign is being run, he said, at the President's request, on a strict budget basis, and no deficit will be incurred. He called upon La Follette to reveal the size of his own campaign fund, and charged that the La Follette management is receiving money from the Democratic management in a conspiracy to throw the election into the House of Representatives. He used the opportunity, saying he was glad La Follette had given it to him, to appeal to Republicans for liberal contributions to insure the election of Coolidge and to prevent the throwing of the election into the House.

For the first time, machinery is ready set up for investigating National campaign expenditures while the campaign is in progress. Whether putting the machinery in motion will be the part of wisdom is a question. No responsible man will for a moment deny that the use of money for buying elections is evil, but there is no evidence that any such effort is being made. The managers of every one of the candidates for President now before the people could probably use legitimately many times more money than that which they will have to spend. The cost of political campaigns necessarily increases as the democratic principle is extended.

The making of unfounded and irresponsible charges of corrupt motives is an influence quite as evil as corruption itself. Political campaigns and government itself can never be kept wholly clean while such charges and insinuations are lightly made.

Will the Investigators Be Investigated?

Another queer and, of course, ugly twist has been given the Daugherty investigation episode. Daniel F. Steck, Democratic candidate for United States Senator from Iowa, has charged that the testimony of Roxie Stinson was "fixed" and has started a petition to the Attorney-General of the United States to investigate the Wheeler investigating committee. A member of the party which thus far has used the Daugherty investigation as political capital appears as the defender of Daugherty. This, to be sure, was brought about by political exigency, Steck being the opponent of Senator Smith W. Brookhart, Insurgent Republican, who was chairman of the Daugherty committee.

Steck's charges are based on an affidavit made by A. L. Fink, of Buffalo, New York. Fink's affidavit was to the effect that Roxie Stinson was induced by Senators Wheeler and Brookhart to concoct the story she told the committee, though Wheeler at least knew it was not true. He says that the woman was given whisky as one means of inducing her to agree to the story, and that she was promised by Wheeler large profits from speculations in Wall Street. He says that he himself was promised the position of Internal Revenue Collector at Buffalo and that his attorney was promised a Federal judgeship for their part in "framing up" Miss Stinson's story.

Both Senator Wheeler and Miss Stinson promptly denied that there is any truth in the Fink statement. Even without denial by anybody, it might be recognized as a statement not worthy of acceptance without discount. But it is another indication of the sort of people used in the Daugherty investigation, and it throws at least a side-light upon the methods to which that committee resorted.

Ford Withdraws from Muscle Shoals

Henry Ford has withdrawn his offer for Muscle Shoals, saying that what should have been a simple matter of business has become a complicated political affair, that he is in business and not in politics, and that he has developed the power resources of his enterprises within the past two years by other means. He says, in the interview in "Collier's" announcing the withdrawal of his offer, that he still has in it the interest of a citizen for a great public resource. He declares that it must not be broken up, but operated for the benefit of the country. He thinks it might be successfully operated by army engineers, but his judgment is that the President's plan of operation by an impartial commission is best.

Probably Mr. Ford is more nearly right in withdrawing his offer than he was in making it. There are many who believe that the Ford offer constituted the best means of operating Muscle Shoals for the benefit of the whole people. Many others, The Outlook among them, believe that the public interest was not properly safeguarded in the Ford offer.

Certainly, as Mr. Ford says, breaking up of the Muscle Shoals property must not be permitted. It is the greatest potential source of power in America, Niagara alone excepted, and that only barely its equal. Muscle Shoals must be used as a National resource, with no more of private profit than is necessary to secure the public benefit. The Nation must be safeguarded by it as a great source of nitrate for war purposes. The farmers must be served by it as a means of fertilizer production. Industrial users of electric power must be served by it, and yet none of these should be in a manner to prejudice the rights of the others.

Here is no simple question at best. But it is made, we believe, a less compli-

What late misfortune has befallen?

(3 Henry VI, Act IV, Scene 4)

Hanny in the Philadelphia Inquirer

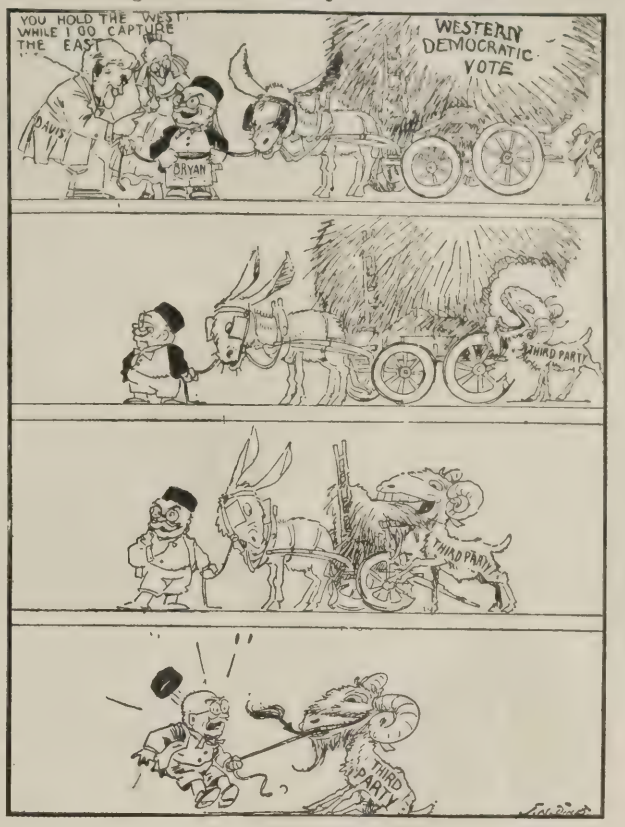


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Did you ever see such enthusiasm?

From Harold Straw, Torresdale, Pennsylvania

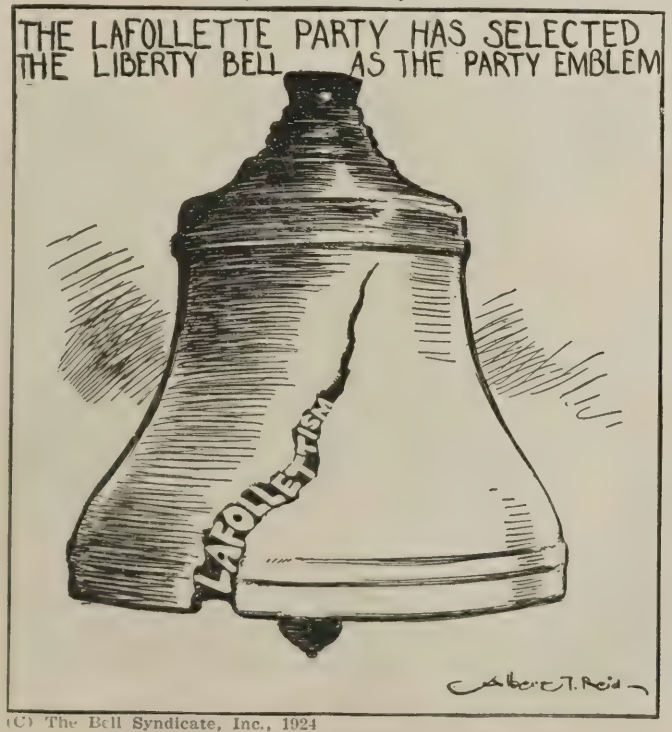
Darling in the Philadelphia North American



Brother Charley holds the West

From Mrs. J. P. Lyon, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania

Reid for the Bell Syndicate



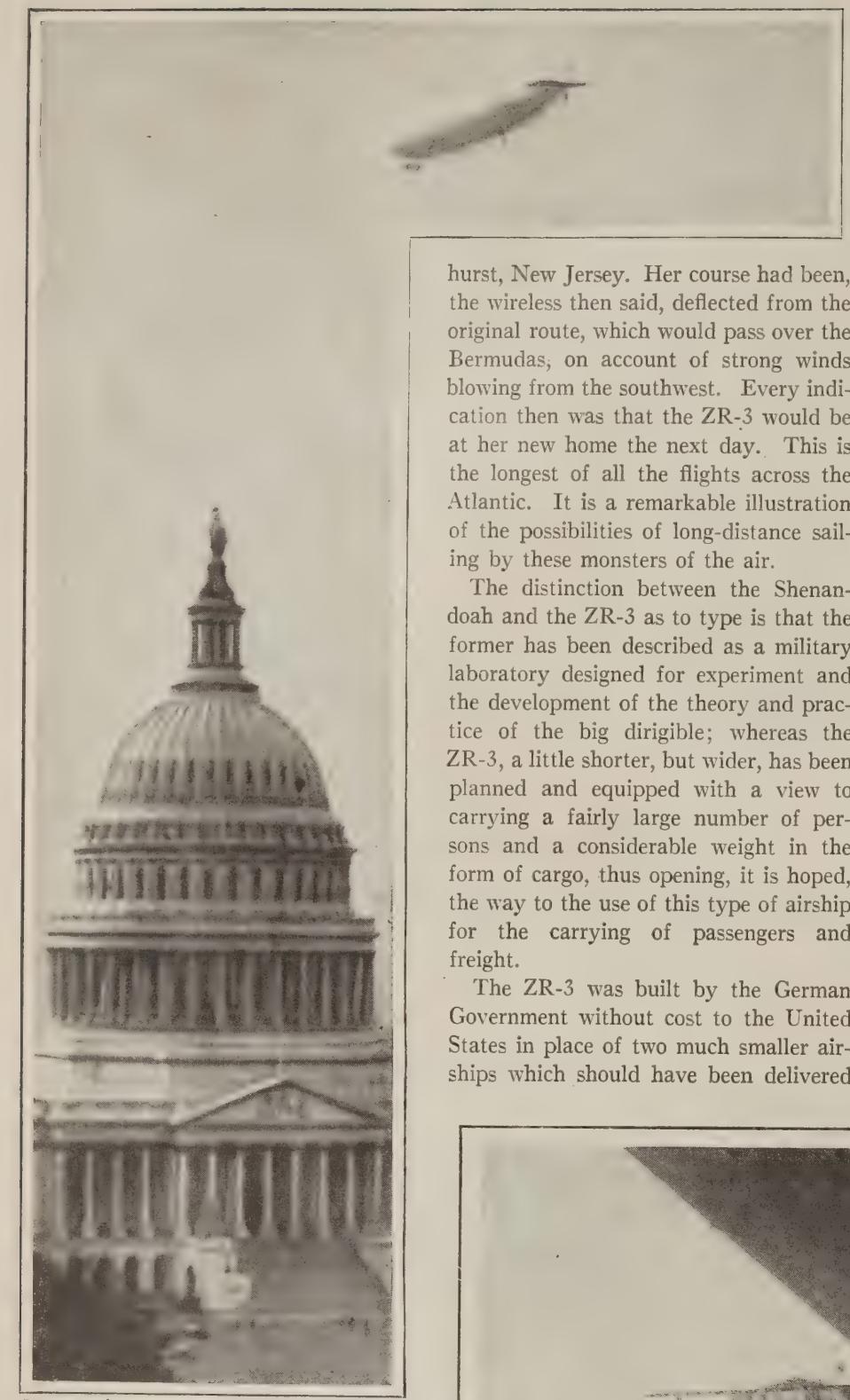
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Let us hope it will be brought out clear

Knott in the Dallas News



An inexperienced hand goes milking



P. & A. Photos

The Shenandoah flying over the National Capitol on her way to the Pacific Coast

cated question by the withdrawal of the Ford offer.

The Flight of the ZR-3

By noon of Tuesday of last week the new American giant dirigible, the ZR-3, had reached in her flight a point over the Atlantic about fifteen hundred miles due east of the destination at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Her course had been, the wireless then said, deflected from the original route, which would pass over the Bermudas, on account of strong winds blowing from the southwest. Every indication then was that the ZR-3 would be at her new home the next day. This is the longest of all the flights across the Atlantic. It is a remarkable illustration of the possibilities of long-distance sailing by these monsters of the air.

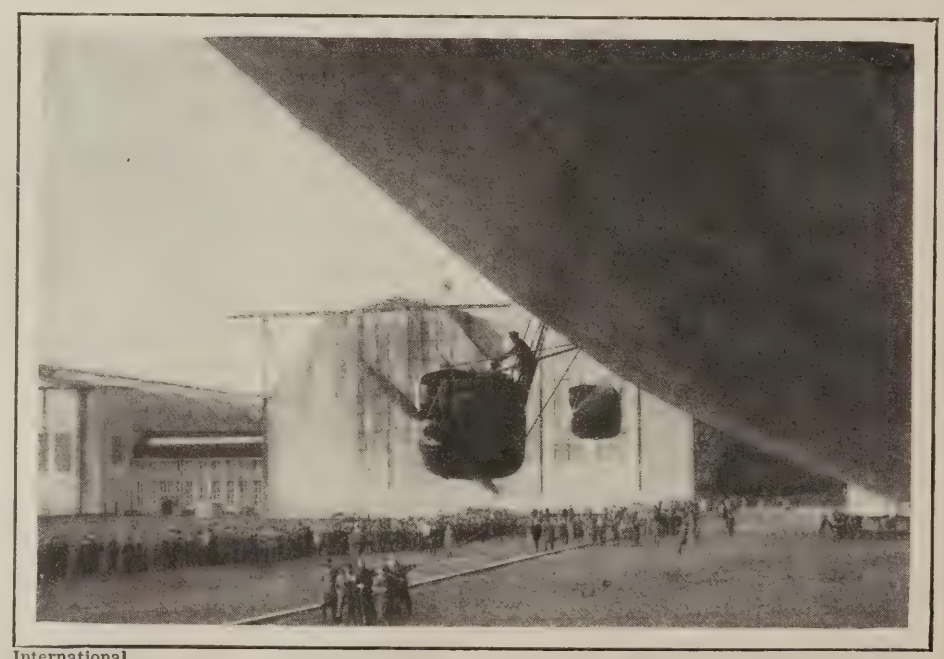
The distinction between the Shenandoah and the ZR-3 as to type is that the former has been described as a military laboratory designed for experiment and the development of the theory and practice of the big dirigible; whereas the ZR-3, a little shorter, but wider, has been planned and equipped with a view to carrying a fairly large number of persons and a considerable weight in the form of cargo, thus opening, it is hoped, the way to the use of this type of airship for the carrying of passengers and freight.

The ZR-3 was built by the German Government without cost to the United States in place of two much smaller airships which should have been delivered to the United States but were improperly destroyed at their moorings by Germans. The German Government was all the more ready to comply with this just demand because it evidently wishes to keep a-going the industry of building Zeppelins.

The ZR-3 left Friedrichshafen on the morning of October 12, passing over Bordeaux into the Bay of Biscay that afternoon, and her wireless signals when she flew over the Azores at half-past nine on Monday night were picked up by American wireless stations. It was then figured that the entire voyage might be accomplished in seventy-two hours, but the later reports as to the change of route and prevalence of winds made that quite improbable. Some parts of the journey were made at a speed of about sixty-five miles an hour, which would be fast time even for an express train. Her passengers and crew are described as enjoying the comfort of the sleeping and eating accommodations pretty much the same as if they were in a Pullman car. Thirty-two men comprised the total of crew and passengers.

The direction of the flight was in the hands of a German chief, Dr. Eckener, and a German crew, although there were four Americans on board, all of them naval officers.

Meanwhile the Shenandoah continued her seven-thousand-mile trip to the Pacific coast and back to New Jersey after a short delay caused by trouble not of a very serious character.



International

The ZR-3 preparing for her start across the Atlantic—the ground crew helping to bring the dirigible from the hangar at Friedrichshafen

A Great World Series

It was not only the fans at the decisive seventh game of this year's World Series who were "frenzied," to use the word almost every account employs; the baseball writers themselves for once got ecstatic, not to say hysterical: "Johnson Leaves His Grave," says a headline; "Destiny," says a writer, "waiting for the final curtain, stepped from the wings to-day and handed the king his crown." "From rags to riches, from the gutter to the throne!" exclaims another enthusiast. Well, it surely was a mighty good game and a remarkable series, and they can certainly stand a little dithyrambic writing.

The World Series ended, as it began, with a twelve-innings game (4 to 3 this time), with possibilities of victory wavering back and forth, but with Walter Johnson in the box for the last four innings—a climax to his career that was as dramatic as any sportsman could wish. As one of the already quoted fan-prose-poets wrote of the capital's tribute to its hero:

> Its crashing echoes are still singing out across the stands, across the city, on into the gathering twilight of early autumn shadows. There was never a ball game like this before, never a game with as many thrills and heart throbs strung together in the making of drama that came near tearing away the soul, to leave it limp and sagging, drawn and twisted out of shape.

Equally hearty with the praise bestowed on Johnson is that due "Bucky" Harris, player-manager of the Senators, for his excellent performance at base and bat, and even more for his achievement in welding and handling a marvelous team through friendly incitement and rare human as well as technical judgment. He really was the "hero" of the Series.

We doubt if there ever was a World Series the result of which so pleased the country at large. If there were any wails of disappointment even in the Giants' own city, they were not many or loud. Partly this was because of the cloud of fraud over members of the New York team—a cloud that will remain until the scandal is investigated to the bottom, which no one believes has yet been done; largely it was because of Walter Johnson, "the grand old man"—he is actually thirty-seven, but he has the unique record of having pitched for one major league club for eighteen years; partly it was because it wasn't very exciting to have one big city absorbing so many baseball honors; and finally because, as one fan says, this year it was nerve and vim against big money.

Ten years hence—and that is a long time in baseball—fans in the Washington bleachers will be boasting of having seen the last game of the great World Series of 1924.



Stanley Harris, Manager of the Washington team, getting the glad hand from Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania. Harris comes from Pinchot's State

(C) Henry Miller News Picture Service, Inc.

Buying the Presidency

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE has declared what he would undertake to do if he were elected President. His declaration (in particular as made in a speech in Rochester, New York, on October 6) is a pledge to those who support him and a warning to others. A part of the policy he announces is National in its scope—reconstruction of the Federal Reserve and Federal Farm Loan Systems, a new and "permanent" transportation policy (including a "study" of public ownership of railroads), a National super-power system, development of co-operative marketing, and control of trusts. But a part of Senator La Follette's policy is directed to groups or classes of citizens and is obviously designed to gain their favor.

To the World War veterans he makes an offer of cash. He evidently believes that these men who served their country in time of danger are willing to forget or ignore his record during the war, and will accept money at his hands from the public treasury as a price for their votes. That it is an offer of cash he makes is clear from his language, for he promises to recommend repeal of what he calls the "tombstone bonus" and to substitute "genuine adjusted compensation." This can only mean money.

To Civil and Spanish War veterans he likewise promises more money—increased pensions.

To postal employees he holds out the lure of higher salaries.

To railway employees he offers the prospect of advantages in power through the enactment of legislation which, both by removing restrictions against strikes and by holding out the threat of Gov-

ernment ownership, would justify hope of higher pay.

To farmers he pledges "relief," which they well understand as higher prices for their products.

We say that these promises constitute a warning, for such it is to those who wish democracy preserved from its dangers. And there is no danger which democracy faces greater than that of the destruction of public spirit by the distribution of governmental doles. No people can remain free who become the willing wards of their own government. A self-governing people, like any other sovereign, must be on their guard against the courtier who would tempt them to use the power of taxation for any other than a public purpose. For such doles as office-seekers are too ready to promise to the people must come from all who pay taxes. If those who receive these doles are themselves taxed, where is the benefit? And if they are not taxed, then the proposal is that one set of people shall vote the taxes and receive a part of them as gratuity while another set of people shall pay them.

Those who value democracy most highly will be most alert to defend it against its peculiar perils. What these perils are no political writer has seen more clearly or described more cogently than W. E. H. Lecky. In his book on "Democracy and Liberty" he writes:

> The demagogue will try to persuade the voter that by following a certain line of policy every member of his class will obtain some advantage. He will encourage all his utopias. He will hold out hopes that by breaking contracts, or shifting taxation and the power of taxing, or enlarging the paternal functions of government, something of the property of one class may be transferred to another.

And in a later passage Lecky makes clear the connection between confiscatory taxation and the over-extension of government:

> The objections to the vast extension of state regulations and of state subsidies are very many. There is, in the first place, what may be called the argument of momentum, which Herbert Spencer has elaborated with consummate skill and force.[1] It is absolutely certain that, when this system is largely adopted, it will not remain within the limits which those who adopted it intended. It will advance with an accelerated rapidity; every concession becomes a precedent or basis for another step, till the habit is fully formed of looking on all occasions for state assistance or restriction, and till a weight of taxation and debt has been accumulated from which the first advocates of the movement would have shrunk with horror. There is the weakening of private enterprise and philanthropy; a lowered sense of individual responsibility; diminished love of freedom; the creation of an increasing army of officials, regulating in all its departments the affairs of life; the formation of a state of society in which vast multitudes depend for their subsistence on the bounty of the state. All this cannot take place without impairing the springs of self-reliance, independence, and resolution, without gradually enfeebling both the judgment and the character. It produces also a weight of taxation which, as the past experience of the world abundantly shows, may easily reach a point that means national ruin. An undue proportion of the means of the individual is forcibly taken from him by the state, and much of it is taken from the most industrious and saving, for the benefit of those who have been idle or improvident. Capital and industry leave a country where they are extravagantly burdened and have ceased to be profitable, and even the land itself has often been thrown out of cultivation on account of the weight of an excessive taxation.

[1] "The Man versus the State."

This is not mere theory. In 1799 a law in France was passed based on the notion that, as Madelin in his book on the French Revolution puts it, taxation was "a bleeding process applied to the purses of the rich, and we may even say *a penalty* inflicted on acquired fortunes." The result, as Madelin describes it, was that, while luxury was cut down, work stopped, the informer flourished, the rich left Paris, the workmen had no work to do, and, to crown all, the big fortunes escaped. A cabinetmaker said: "They have spared me six *livres* of forced loan, but they have cost me sixty by frightening away my customers!" The registration and stamp departments brought in nothing, as all business ceased. As one person at the time expressed it, "This may be called killing the laying hen." In three months the Councils had to repeal this so-called "democratic tax." The repeal came too late; for in two days Bonaparte, backed by financiers whom the Councils had tried to bleed, delivered his *coup d'état* and became the ruler of France.

In the United States in this year of grace 1924, a hundred and twenty-five years after the disastrous experiment in France, we find a party—or factions that may solidify into a party—grouped about the idea that only that taxation is defensible by which money is to be taken from the rich and distributed to the less well-to-do.

No individual, no corporation, has power comparable to the taxing power of the Government. No individual, no corporation, has wealth even distantly approaching the wealth at the command of the Government. If the Presidency is purchasable, as some declare it to be, no man, no corporation, could outbid the man or group of men who by securing votes in exchange for doles could command the Government's taxing power and control the wealth in the Government's treasury.

Whether any of those who are associated with Mr. La Follette have any such design or not we do not know; we do not say they have, but the effect of their policy is the same as if they had.

It is time for democracy to be on guard.

The Political Slacker

MR. DAVIS, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, commented in an address the other day on the danger to this country from the non-exercise of the suffrage in these words: "What it means, if it grows as it has been growing, is that our elections will not be determined by a majority of the qualified voters or even by a majority of a majority, but actually by a majority of a minority."

President Coolidge, at about the same time, emphasized the vital importance of every citizen's being interested in political affairs by saying, in effect, that he was not one of those who regarded the Government as a thing to be imposed from above upon the people, but as the people's own effort to conduct its own affairs. In other ways the problem of the indolent or ignorant shirker of the duty of suffrage is now very much to the front. One newspaper service company, for instance, sends us a circular relating to its purpose to institute a National, non-partisan campaign to get voters to the polls, and states that it is indorsed by all three of the chief candidates for the Presidency and by men prominent in the business, labor, and religious worlds.

The facts are startling, even when many proper allowances are made. In the election of 1920 the figures given show that out of 52,418,895 persons qualified to vote only a little more than half, or, to speak exactly, 26,713,832, actually did get to the polls. The Census of 1920 gives the number of all persons

in the United States who are twenty-one years of age or over as 60,886,520. Of course there are very large deductions to be made from that number—aliens, Negroes not actually voting, prisoners and insane, and other classes who have no legal right to vote; and even from the figures as to persons who are legal voters there must also be large deductions made for those who for one perfectly good reason or another find it impractical to vote at a given election. That there has been an increase in the proportion of non-voters is undoubtedly true. Thus, if we compare the vote of 1920 with the vote of 1908, the proportion of those over twenty-one who did not vote is about 55 per cent in the first case and 43 per cent in the second case. This is probably, in part at least, explained by the fact that the election of 1920 was the first in which women voted; whether or not women in the long run will vote in as large proportion as the men do, it could hardly be expected that in their first exercise of National suffrage they would equal the men in the percentage of votes cast.

There cannot be any question as to the civic importance of the full exercise of the suffrage. If a democracy is to be such in any complete sense, the individual must take his part in the choice of representatives and the determining of great issues. To suggest an adequate remedy for the effort is not so easy. We have been interested in attempts made in this direction under the auspices of a Michigan newspaper, the Grand Rapids "Press." This journal propounded to its readers the questions, How shall we regain government by the people? How shall we get out our full voting strength at primary and election? Prizes were offered for the best answers, and the specific solutions offered in the prize-winning articles are many. That of the first prize winner was: "Train the people of America to govern themselves by establishing in our schools laboratories of self-government and political knowledge."

Other contestants would offer a reward to voters, and more than one proposed to do this by first imposing a poll tax and then returning the tax money, in whole or in part, to the voter when he presented a certificate that he had cast his ballot. One contestant said: "Adopt the Belgian system of compulsory universal registration and proportional representation." Others wanted to tag the voters, "I Have Voted," or to give tax benefits to towns or precincts casting the largest proportionate vote; or to make voting day a day of public patriotic exercises; or greatly to extend the privilege of voting by mail. The specific suggestion made by Mr. Davis in the speech to which we have alluded was in favor of a shorter ballot and as few elections as possible.

Freak suggestions in the Michigan prize contest were plentiful: One man proposed to hand every voter a five-dollar bill; a woman declared that an ox roast for men and a bargain counter for women would bring out the vote; one man would have a lottery run at the polls, the prizes to be decided by numbers on the ballot; another says, "Let people vote over the 'phone."

One doubts whether this kind of evil can be cured by hard and fast schemes, still less so by drastic proposals such as that non-voters should be fined or should be escorted to the polls and compelled to vote. We do not want either to bribe or penalize the non-voter, but to convert him from being a slacker.

The delinquency is mainly because of mental and moral slackness, and the remedy must come through persistent and insistent preaching of the value and importance of the privilege and duty of voting. As one writer in the contest which we have described says: "The disease is organic; the remedy must be organic. No superficial soothing syrups will suffice in the long run."

Every effort available should be brought into play to educate American men and women in self-government, but they must also be aroused to the basic fact that government is at bottom a committee chosen by the people to carry on the people's affairs. Efficient results can be had only when every partner in the great firm exercises his intelligence and will power to see that the firm's business is carried on in an honest and intelligent fashion.

The Moderate Man

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

WHAT is the place of the moderate man in the scheme of things?

The Standard Dictionary defines a moderate as "a person of moderate views, opinions, or practices, especially in politics or religion." Certainly a moderate has a difficult time in a Presidential campaign. His type of mind leads him to see the defects and the virtues of both sides, so that his passion or enthusiasm for either is frequently dampened and subdued. If we are to regard life as a battle in which no quarter is to be given to opponents in business, literature, education, religion, or politics, then the case of the moderate man is hard indeed, for warfare cannot be waged moderately. In war those who are not for us are against us. This is as undeniable to-day as when it was first said by the Prince of Peace nineteen hundred years ago. It was Emerson, I think, who once remarked, "If you strike a king, you must kill him." And so in all the great revolutionary crises of history the moderate men, who in times of peace are generally the most comfortable and often the most useful citizens of the community, have been the targets of the bitter contestants of both sides. Their fate is to be despised as mugwumps or Tories!

These observations have been suggested by some recent reading in the biographical and historical literature relating to the American Revolution. Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., in his Life of John Adams, says that there were many patriots of that time "who, without being Tories, were yet of a less determined temper" than the leaders who wanted an immediate break with England, "less hopeless of reconciliation, more reluctant to go fast, and dreading nothing so much as an inevitable step towards separation." By these moderates "independence was still spoken of deprecatingly, with awe and bated breath." Even George Washington was a moderate as long as he could consistently and reasonably remain one. After the British troops were quartered in Boston in 1768 he wrote to a friend urging that something should be done to maintain the liberty of Americans and intimating that it might be necessary to defend it by force of arms. "Yet arms," he continued, "I would beg leave to add, should be the last resource, the *dernier ressort*."

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge can hardly be called a moderate. Nevertheless in his able and readable Life of Washington, in the "American Statesmen Series"—a classic in its field—the Intro-

duction to which is perhaps the best brief essay on the temperament and character of George Washington that has ever been written, he brings out clearly the element of moderation in the mind and spirit of the noblest of all revolutionaries. On June 1, 1774, a year before Washington became Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, the Boston Port Bill went into effect. Among other things it precipitated a struggle between the Virginia Assembly and Lord Dunmore, the royalist Governor of the colony. In telling the story Senator Lodge says: "Washington dined with Lord Dunmore on the evening of that day, rode with him, and appeared at her ladyship's ball the next night, for it was not his way to bite his thumb at men from whom he differed politically, nor to call the motives of his opponents in question. But when the 1st of June arrived, he noted in his diary that he fasted all day and attended the appointed services. He always meant what he said, being of a simple nature, and when he fasted and prayed there was something ominously earnest about it, something that his excellency the governor, who liked the society of this agreeable man and wise counselor, would have done well to consider and draw conclusions from, and which he probably did not heed at all. He might well have reflected, as he undoubtedly failed to do, that when men of the George Washington type fast and pray on account of political misdoings it is well for their opponents to look to it carefully."

There was published last year by the Yale University Press a delightful book entitled "The Journal of a Lady of Quality," which gives an intimate glimpse of the physical, intellectual, and moral trials of some of the moderates, or Tories, in the American Revolution. This "Journal" was discovered, in the course of some historical researches in the British Museum, in manuscript form, and is edited by Evangeline Walker Andrews, formerly of Bryn Mawr College, and her husband, Charles McLean Andrews, now Farnam Professor of American History in Yale University. The "Lady of Quality" was Miss Janet Schaw, of Edinburgh, who made a voyage in 1774 from Scotland to the West Indies, and thence to North Carolina, in what she called a ship, but what was really a little brig of eighty tons. The voyage was full of the most extraordinary sea adventures, but that is another story. I refer to the book now because I want to call attention to this Scotch gentlewoman's view of the American rebels and the crying injustices which, as she believed, the loyalists, or Tories, or moderates of North Carolina suffered. I have the more sympathy with her defense since I have recently been called a Tory myself by a correspondent of The Outlook because I had expressed the desire to see the Supreme Court of the United States reformed with moderation and protested against the proposal to punish it by hanging, drawing, and quartering. For to pass over its supreme function to Congress would certainly be to draw its power and to quarter its influence. I wish I had the time and space to quote Miss Schaw's descriptions of Carolinian scenery, fertility, luxuriance of vegetation, possibilities of wonderful gardening (if the inhabitants were not so indolent and unambitious), and of the appeal which the mocking-bird made to her sense of hearing, and the wild grape (the scuppernong, I suppose) to her sense of taste. Miss Schaw's pen was a facile one, her observation keen, and her human sympathy sensitive. But she could not understand why the colonists wished to discard the protection and guidance of their mother country, where intelligence, capacity, and cultivation of life, she was firmly convinced, had reached their finest flower. Here is her picture of a military review of the "rebels" in Wilmington:

> We came down in the morning in time for the review, which the heat made as terrible to the spectators as to the soldiers, or what you please to call them. They had certainly fainted under it, had not the constant draughts of grog supported them. Their exercise was that of bush-fighting, but it appeared so confused and so perfectly different from anything I ever saw, I cannot say whether they performed it well or not; but this I know, that they were heated with rum till capable of committing the most shocking outrages. We stood in the balcony of Doctor Cobham's house and they were reviewed on a field mostly covered with what are called here scrubby oaks, which are only a little better than brushwood. They at last, however, assembled on the plain field, and I must really laugh while I recollect their figures: 2,000 men in their shirts and trousers, preceded by a very ill-beat drum and a fiddler, who was also in his shirt with a long sword and a cue at his hair, who played with all his might. They made indeed a most unmartial appearance. But the worst figures there can shoot from behind a bush and kill even a General Wolfe.

Miss Schaw was incensed by the treatment of a "poor devil" of an English groom who was threatened with tar and feathers for smiling at the regimental parade above described, but was begged off by some of the officers and "frighted out of his wits, . . . was then drummed and fiddled out of town with a strict prohibition of ever being seen in it again." She was also indignant at the expulsion of a prosperous Scotch merchant, Thomas Macknight by name, who had lived in the colony for nearly eighteen years, achieving both influence and property, but who refused to join in the repudiation of debts to merchants in Great Britain. She was glad to escape "from this land of nominal freedom and real slavery" in great haste and much inconvenience in a ship sailing to Portugal.

It was quite natural, as Mrs. Andrews says, that this cultivated Scotswoman should be shocked and enraged by the disorders which are inevitably stirred up by revolutionary convulsions; "for by temperament and education Miss Schaw detested violence and cruelty, advocated the authority both of the family and the state, and cherished always the good form and courtly manners characteristic of the refined society to which she was accustomed."

Miss Schaw, of course, had no conception of the great and profound forces working in the Revolution. But it is well for us to bear in mind her point of view in passing judgment upon the moderates or Tories among the American colonists. Her attitude, to use the language of Professor Andrews, "illustrates admirably how unfortunate often was the policy of the radical revolutionaries in driving out many men in sympathy with the cause of America, but who for one reason or another were unable to adapt themselves at once to a program of revolt. . . . The hardships which the moderates suffered in the years from 1774 to 1780 are comparable, *mutatis mutandis,* with the hardships suffered by men of moderate mind and restrained opinions in the revolutions of England and of France."

It may be repeated that in times of social struggle or upheaval the situation of the temperamentally moderate man is hard indeed. Probably such a man can follow no better model than Washington, who was moderate in discussion, moderate in asserting his opinions, moderate in his censure of other men, but who, when the time for action came, maintained the cause he espoused at any risk and with all the vigor he possessed.

The British Election

By P. W. Wilson

FOR the third time in three years Britain is burdened with a general election, and, according to Lloyd George, any one who thinks that the nation wants such an infliction should be locked up as a lunatic. Like the Democratic Convention at its hundredth ballot, the country is undergoing the agony of a deadlock. And the solution is a case of "try, try, try again." The explanation is that, of political parties as of lovers, "two's company when three's none." There are three parties at Westminster where there is room for only two, and one must disappear. However painful the reassortment, this triangle cannot be eternal.

Backed by the main body of the landed interest, of the brewers, of the press, of the banks, of the Episcopal clergy, and of big business, the Conservatives will remain a solid party.

Secondly, there is the Labor Party on the Left. That Labor has come to Westminster to stay is agreed. Like the Conservatives, the Labor Party is backed by certain industrial interests, namely, the trade unions, which control a number of areas, mainly urban.

It is the fate of the Liberal Party which these elections are deciding. Most Liberals and several Ministers in the Labor Cabinet—for instance, J. R. Clynes and Philip Snowden and Sidney Webb—desire an alliance with Liberalism, with associated work for common ends, and an arrangement in the constituencies whereby three-cornered contests may be avoided. The obstacle to the alliance has been Ramsay MacDonald.

His attitude is hard to understand. He is not an extremist, but a moderate. He has asked his party to talk about "Labor" rather than "Socialism." On fiscal matters he is one hundred per cent a Liberal, while his attitude towards the League of Nations, the naval base at Singapore, and towards the reconciliation of Germany and France is pure Liberalism. It is the Liberals who put him in office and have wished to keep him there. Yet it is his manifest object, not merely to absorb, but to smash and antagonize the Liberal Party.

It is from within the Labor Cabinet that the most pointed attack has been launched against MacDonald. The "New Statesman" is a weekly run by the Sidney Webbs. It asserts that MacDonald has succeeded only as Foreign Secretary, not as Prime Minister. It accuses him of harboring personal animus against Asquith, of exhibiting impatience under criticism, of swollen head, and of treating his colleagues with unflattering condescension. On policy he compromises, often too much. On organization he is at once meticulous and adamant.

A personal affair, moreover, has put MacDonald on the defensive. From a rich old friend he has accepted a life interest in £30,000 worth of stock belonging to the biscuit firm of Messrs. McVitie & Price, with a Daimler automobile in addition. Alexander Grant, the Prime Minister's patron, was created a baronet. It is true that Grant's other benefactions to public objects far exceeded even the large sum which he bestowed on MacDonald, and that he is personally respected. But he is a strong Tory, and that the Tories have financed Labor as a means of smashing Liberalism has long been suspected.

Fighting at bay, MacDonald seems to have forgotten his task of winning the country to an out-and-out support of the Peace Conference next June, and, instead, he rode for a fall. The battleground is Russia. Like Napoleon, MacDonald is retreating from Moscow.

In recognizing Russia Labor had the support of all parties. But that is not now the issue. The question at the moment is whether Russia is to be financed. The banks will not look at any security that Russia has to offer. MacDonald, therefore, proposes that the British taxpayer shall find £30,000,000. In form it would be a loan, but in fact a gift, and the Soviet Delegates, on their return home, exulted in triumph that they had put it all over the British Government.

There are strong reasons for good relations with Russia. And Russia can make trouble in Asia from Peking to Bombay and from Bombay to Mount Ararat. Surrender to the blackmailer, and it is not long before he resumes the blackmail. MacDonald, however, argues that pouring money into Russia will help the British unemployed, for whom, otherwise, Labor has done nothing substantial.

Just as the Russian treaties were being signed—they have yet to be ratified—there occurred an unforeseen incident. A Communist paper, the "Workers' Weekly," printed a manifesto appealing to soldiers, sailors, and airmen to refuse to fight their "comrades" in enemy nations or to shoot down strikers, but to turn their weapons on their capitalist oppressors. Ross, the editor, was prosecuted for seducing the armed forces of the Crown from their loyalty to the King. His defense included subpœnas for MacDonald and two members of his Cabinet, Clynes and Henderson, who at the Second International had accepted resolutions which, it was alleged, supported the manifesto. For the whole of one night Labor members besieged Downing Street, and when the case came up for hearing the prosecution offered no evidence. Ross was acquitted, and boldly declared his intention of repeating his offense. And the Attorney-General, Sir Patrick Hastings, who quashed the affair, had been seen privately by MacDonald.

The Conservatives promptly moved a vote of censure. The Liberals, with their strong reluctance to interfere with the liberty of the press, proposed that the matter be referred to a select committee, which is the recognized method of allowing governments to escape from impossible positions. And Asquith went so far as to offer MacDonald a committee from which Liberal members would be excluded. MacDonald, however, compared the select committee with the Spanish "Inquisition;" he declined to submit to "torture;" and in the House he was beaten. At the very moment, therefore, when the Labor Party has by resolution excluded Communists from its ranks and has withdrawn recognition of Communist candidates for Parliament, the Prime Minister is accused of condoning the Bolshevism by which Lenine and Trotsky shattered the armies of Kerensky.

The essential question which underlies all these controversies is simply this: It is one thing for Britain to support a Labor Government which works in friendly consultation with Liberalism; but it is quite another thing for Britain to give *carte blanche* to MacDonald in his present mood—that is, to increase his party until it has a majority in the House of Commons over all others combined. To gain that objective Labor would have to win about eighty new seats; this with Liberals and Conservatives forming mutual arrangements in many localities and with Asquith, Lloyd George, and Winston Churchill—the last named a reclaimed Conservative—thundering criticism.

MacDonald has been left in the hands of his extremists, who have firmly strapped on his shoulders the packsaddle of their Communism. His shoulders may be broad enough to bear the burden.

First Effects of the Dawes Plan

By JOHN R. ROBINSON

How Germany has been transformed from an unfair competitor and required to work out her own salvation in a world big enough for all

WITHIN one week of the announcement of the full text and scope of the Dawes Plan its effect was felt.

I am an American salesman and foreign-trade survey man, selling a commodity in universal use in Latin-American countries. My selling is done entirely through local agents. I visit country after country, working with these agents, calling on the trade day after day, selling where possible and observing effects of foreign competition, then working out plans with our American offices and mills to meet this competition.

Like the majority of American mills, ours are designed to manufacture, at peak production, twenty per cent more than our American trade requires. This twenty per cent excess production, forming the safety-valve of organization, must be marketed abroad. We come into competition with practically every country in Europe on at least half of our grades.

At first thought, the Dawes Plan would seem fatal to us. Our biggest competitor in Latin America is Germany. This is equally true relative to more than half of the American merchants and manufacturers who count on handling twenty per cent of their production through foreign channels. The Dawes Plan, in brief, stabilizes German currency and manufacture, establishes a central bank of rediscount, issue, and reserve, and loans Germany, through this bank, $200,000,000, of which 110,000,000 is to come from America, with which to stabilize currency, purchase raw material, and get her factories into proper production line. It places the railroads under private instead of government control.

These factories, with lower labor costs, come into active competition with American factories. The money we loan Germany is used in rehabilitating these factories, stabilizing currency so that the factories can make proper financing arrangements, and sending the products of these factories over the seven seas to all parts of the world.

Since the announcement of the Dawes Plan I have covered the Republics of Panama, Colombia, Venezuela, and Cuba. These markets ordinarily should be excellent grounds for the products of the factories of the United States. Cuba, especially, because of the tariff preferential in favor of goods from the United States, has been looked upon as essentially our market.

But for the past three years in all of the above republics, with the exception of Panama, Germany has been making rapid strides at the expense of the United States. Even our preferential tariff did not save us in Cuba. France also has been coming back strongly in all four, but France's trade is in specialized articles in which she always has excelled—women's wear, jewelry, tableware, perfume, wines, and kindred articles. Germany, with a broad field of manufacture, is the real competitor of the United States.

American salesmen will join in testifying that there is no such person as a first-class German salesman. Before the World War Germany sold her goods through excellency of product, long banking terms, and low prices. Anybody can sell goods under these conditions. Since the war Germany has sold her goods only on low prices. That is the sole argument the German salesman ever offers. I still am not convinced, after five and one-half years of active contact and competition with German salesmen, that a single one of them would fit into a high-class American organization where we must sell on excellency of product, honest dealings, and first-class service.

Import statistics of the various Latin-American countries show rapid increases in German sales in these countries in the years 1921, 1922, 1923. In almost all cases they compare with decreases in American imports.

Germany's increase was due to the break in the German mark. Workmen were paid in depreciated currency; raw material was imported from abroad with credits established through the sales of these same worthless marks; the goods were carried abroad in German ships of the rapidly increasing German mercantile marine, and the officers and sailors were paid in the same worthless currency. The ships were coaled from German mines, owned by the steamship operators—the Stinnes and Horn interests. Even the food for the officers and crews of these boats was taken on in foreign ports and charged to credits established through the sales of marks. The railroads in Germany, politically controlled, carried goods for almost nothing.

This made the lowest production and transportation cost in the history of foreign trade, and allowed the German salesman full swing in his theory that price alone is good salesmanship. These were the causes for Germany's rapid increase in export trade. Hamburg shipped out more tonnage than in the boom days before the World War.

Then came the Dawes Plan. Whether or not news of the text of the Dawes Plan was known in advance by German manufacturers, or whether they sensed the business knowledge of Dawes, Young, and Robinson, and knew that this knowledge would shatter Germany's false trade foundation, is not known. But two weeks before the announcement of the plan the last big cut in German prices was made, and the salesmen were instructed, at least in the territory I have visited in the past three months, to unload the great surplus stocks which apparently had piled up in every factory in Germany, as against the day when production costs would be higher. The German manufacturers evidently feared the seizure or price control of these stocks by the commission established by the Dawes Committee.

This lasted until the last of July. And now come the reaction and the practical results of the Dawes plan.

Along the entire line of German manufactures, and even along the line of those products which have been made in other countries but marketed through Hamburg jobbers and commission men, a sharp rise in prices was put into effect. German workmen, under the Dawes Plan, must be paid in currency which is being stabilized. All other production, raw material purchases, and transportation costs come under the same heading. Raw materials needed from abroad will be paid for out of credits established through legitimate banking and loan connections, instead of through the continued sale of worthless marks.

Germany is being put on a par, to a certain extent at least, with the rest of the world. Germany must get to a basis of good product, reasonable terms to buyers, and real service if she wants to exist in foreign trade. No field is being

closed to her, but she must honestly compete with the rest of the world, and work out her own salvation instead of crying for sympathy and charity.

The world's markets are big enough for all of us. There is sufficient demand abroad to take care of the German and British and Scandinavian products, as well as the products of the United States, Japan, and the rest of the world. American and British manufacturers can take care of themselves if world trade conditions, as applied to their competitors, are even. Real competition produces real salesmanship, and real salesmanship will enlarge any market. Salesmen, hard put for trade, will work with their own customers, showing them new methods of re-marketing goods and creating demands where demand before did not exist.

The Dawes Plan can have no other effect than the stabilization of world trade and the consequent enlargement of world markets. Those editors and politicians in the United States who are opposing the Dawes Plan and the consequent loan by the American people of $110,000,000 to Germany are traitors to American trade. They place their own opinion, formed from partisan theories, against that of the head of the greatest electrical company in the world and two bankers of vast domestic and international experience.

As a practical man in the field, allow me to tell them that we salesmen, who have to go out and fight competition in foreign lands, welcome the Dawes Plan, and already we have felt its beneficial effects in the orders we are able to send back to our own American factories.

La Follette's Private Preserves

Special Correspondence from Madison, Wisconsin

By STANLEY FROST

TWO points stand out of my survey of Wisconsin as peculiarly significant of the conditions and methods which have made that State a pocket borough for Senator La Follette.

First, the Coolidge managers, who are straining every nerve to cut into the La Follette strength in the Senator's home State, though they have no hope of defeating him here, do not dare to use his war record against him. They believe that they would make him votes instead of hurting him.

The second illumination was along much the same line. I was talking with a farmer-preacher of Puritan stock, a man of great ability and insight. "There are a lot of people of our breed here," he said. "There are really more of us than there are of any other kind. But La Follette has got hold of all the rest and organized them, and we're helpless. A good many of his people might be good Americans, too," he went on, rather bitterly. "It's partly our own fault—we were too slow in getting hold of them. Now La Follette won't let us."

It is extremely important just now to come as close as may be to a real understanding of what has happened in Wisconsin and why, for La Follette and his followers are trying to do to the rest of the country just what they have done here. This is the big issue; Davis has practically vanished as a contender in the Presidential race, and there are many acute observers who predict that this is the last appearance of the "unterrified Democracy" on the National stage. The indications are increasing that the conflict between the ideals and purposes represented by Coolidge and his somewhat reformed Republican Party, on the one hand, and La Follette with his personally conducted "progressivism," on the other, will be the storm center of our politics for years to come. It is essential to know just what La Follette's "progressivism" means, aside from oratory.

Most of the discussion so far has been abstract and theoretical, but it ought to be more than that. La Follette has been in active and almost absolute control of Wisconsin for over twenty years. He has had full scope to work out his theories; if he has failed, it has been because he did not want to do it. So this State to-day can give us a fairly clear picture of how La Folletteism works, what it will accomplish, and what its tendencies are.

"A Foreign State"

THE first thing to remember about Wisconsin is that it is a State quite foreign to the American tradition and American experience and thought. This need hardly be argued. This is so, not so much because of the very large proportion of German and other Teutonic stock by which the State was settled, as because its people have definitely and carefully been held out of the melting-pot. Lutheran and parochial schools flourish and keep a large part of the children from any contact with the democracy of the public schools; there are whole communities where German is still the common language; there are homes of the third generation where the children have never heard a word of English. It is inevitable that with these conditions many thousands have not learned—could not learn—anything of the American point of view; far less share our instinctive purposes and beliefs. They are still almost as they were when their grandfathers arrived from the old country; an honest, rather pious, tenacious, industrious people, mentally rebellious against outside domination but instinctively docile under authority, and without great personal independence or initiative.

These are the people whom La Follette has represented. There can be no doubt that he has represented them accurately and faithfully. Whether the results, according to American standards, be good or bad, whether they will help or hinder the development of American thought and civilization, they have been, as a rule, about what the majority of the citizens wanted. Certainly, under our theory of government, they have a right to them. The question now is whether the country as a whole wishes to follow the same road and to get the same results.

Under La Follette's rule (the Governors and Legislatures that have come and gone have been merely parts of his administration) Wisconsin has been on the whole fairly well governed. In all the things which may be used as measures she stands neither at the top nor at the bottom of the list of States. There have been aid to the farmers, fair honesty, good roads, a State university recognized as one of the best, decent enforcement of all laws except the Volstead Act, and schools about on a level with most in the Middle West. Nothing bad; nothing remarkably good. It is notable that when La Follette's adherents are asked to list his achievements they seldom speak of these things, however. They speak, instead, of what has been done to "the interests." The railroads, the corporations, the grain dealers, the cattle brokers, are the things most in their minds, along with the fact that "the burden of taxation has been put on those

who can bear it best." Yet, in spite of all these "progressive" measures, rates and prices in Wisconsin have kept pace with the rest of the country. Whatever benefits have come to Wisconsin farmers ahead of those of other States must be reckoned in minute percentages. They are not visible to the naked eye.

In short, Wisconsin, with all the clamor and all the "progressivism," is in education, in prosperity, and in government generally, about on an average with her neighbor States. La Follette has brought no millennium; neither has he caused much wreckage.

It is when we turn to look at the government itself that we see the biggest difference. There has been a wide tendency toward an increase in bureaucracy, in government by commissions. Wisconsin has outdone all other States. It has a bureaucracy *par excellence.* It has sixty-two State boards or commissions, with from 2,600 to 2,700 employees, and with all power centralized in the Governor—who is usually controlled by La Follette. These commissions cover every conceivable thing, their power reaches down into the most minute details of local government in every respect, they overlap and conflict, they are autocratic in the extreme.

The value and efficiency of these swarming State bodies and employees are not called in question here. The fact is that they exist. Because of them the traditional American system of local self-government and local responsibility has practically vanished; nothing remains but a shell and a name. The State is all; and the State is La Follette. Good citizenship in Wisconsin calls for little more than law-abiding conduct. There are almost no civic responsibilities. The State attends to them. There is, in fact, a bureaucratic autocracy, differing from the old-time autocracies only in that its head is elected.

An Anti-Tax Campaign

All this has not been done without a high cost in taxes. During the twenty-year period between 1900 and 1920 the increase in State expenditure was 432 per cent. This has been partly covered in the tax rates by an increase in assessment values of 235 per cent, but the fundamental fact is that the tax paid per person has actually increased in that twenty-year period by nearly 400 per cent, as against about 100 per cent for the country as a whole. Since 1920 there has been another 50 per cent (over the 1920 total) for the disbursements of the taxing units of the State, but I have been unable to find just how it has been distributed.

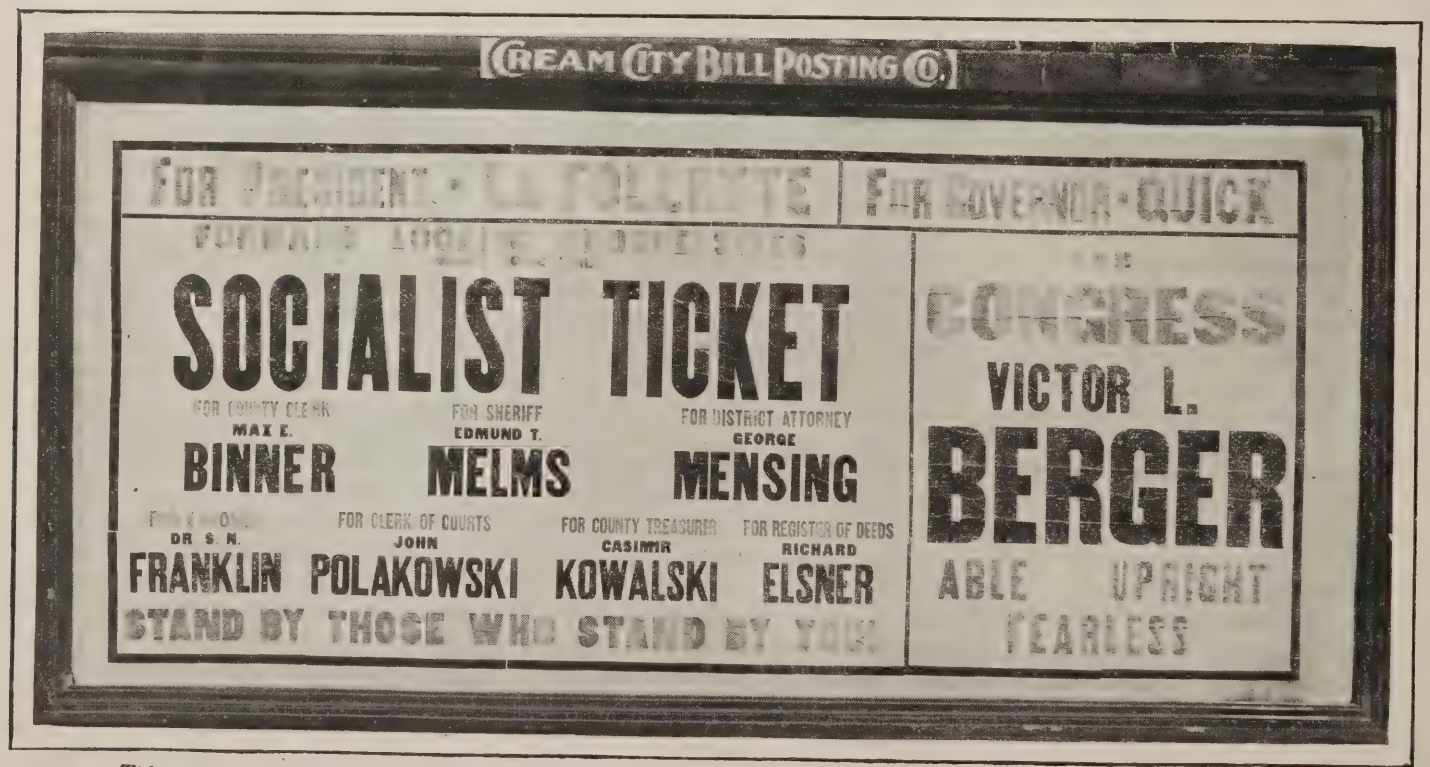
Wisconsin is certainly one of the most complexly taxed places on earth. In addition to the general property tax there are a State income tax which raises an average of nearly $5,000,000 a year, corporation taxes, inheritance taxes, occupation taxes, taxes on gross earnings for certain businesses, and the usual license-fee system. One result of all this, business men tell me, is that many manufacturing corporations have been driven out of the State. A dozen have been named. I cannot be sure what the reason is, but the difference between the clusters of manufacturing plants which lie along the lake on the Illinois side of the State line and the vacant land on the Wisconsin side seems to confirm the charge.

There also seems to me to have been another result of the bureaucratic system which it is impossible to prove with figures, but is of great importance. Wisconsin, more than any other State I know, appears lacking in civic pride and in public spirit. There is little of the hustling public improvement so common in most Middle Western States. There is little support for State fairs and similar institutions which usually draw enthusiastic crowds. There are few "public movements." There is a rather intangible feeling that the people are apathetic toward all community affairs. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why Wisconsin seldom polls more than half its possible vote.

Against Big Business

The whole results of La Follette rule are summed up in this fact: that in the present campaign it is his opponents who are trying to focus attention on his record and the history of the State—his supporters are talking chiefly about the tyranny of big business and what La Follette will do to it. Incidentally, the men who are attacking the record are making little headway. The State as a whole seems satisfied with that record.

To get at the sources of La Follette's real strength, however, it is necessary to go outside his achievements as an administrator. They seem to satisfy Wisconsin, but they do not arouse it to enthusiasm. Yet La Follette is a religion



This picture was taken by a Madison photographer on September 30, 1924. The billboard represented was set up in an alley running west from Sixth Street, between Grand Avenue and Wells Street

here; in a less civilized age he would have been well on his way toward being a demigod. And every one admits that there is hardly a chance of wresting the State from him.

Personal and Political Machines

THERE are several reasons for this. First of all is his political machine —this same bureaucracy. The men in it are no idle ornaments. They are all workers; and practically all the appointments have been political. It may be merely coincidence that swarms of them appear—each on his own business—wherever in the State there is incipient rebellion to be subdued or strength to be enlisted. They do appear. They are backed up by an elaborate network of local workers, on some sort of public payroll. Politicians on both sides say that there is at least one such in every school district in the State. This whole army is working for La Follette all the year round. It is an organization as effective as Tammany's. Like Tammany's, it is paid by the Government, but, unlike Tammany's, it is owned personally instead of by a group. Also it is better fortified than is Tammany against an occasional defeat at the polls, for most appointments to the machine are for six years.

This great State-subsidized, personally controlled machine not only makes it possible for La Follette to get out his vote, to jam primaries, and to perform all the more or less accepted tricks of other political machines; it enables him to spread any desired propaganda promptly, to secure instant information of incipient revolts, and to have his representative in every gathering. It also preaches La Folletteism from dawn to dark, and fills the air with his praises. And it pays to advertise, even in politics.

Another great strength is in the primary law. This was one of the first measures he put through, and has saved him many times. Its peculiar virtue is that in it any man may vote on whatever party ticket he elects. That is, a Democrat or Socialist may help select the Republican candidates. In the hands of a skillful man this gives tremendous power. One of La Follette's earliest successes was the practical disruption of the Democratic Party. He enlisted many of its members and many Socialists, and used them to "gang" the Republican primaries in the days when he did not yet control the party. Backed by his splendid machine, this is a mostly deadly weapon.

Not that he needs it often these days. His magnetism, his charges against the interests, and his propagandists have established him beyond question with most of the people. He is trusted utterly. "Our Bob is the only honest man in the Senate," one farmer told me. When I asked about the Senators who follow La Follette's lead, he answered: "We'll trust 'em so long as they take his orders. But we won't trust 'em by themselves—no, sirree!"

It follows that any man who does not take La Follette's orders is dishonest—"a servant of the interests." Even a whisper from the La Follette workers brings political death—a fate which is about to fall on Lenroot if La Follette lives till the next election, in spite of the many years' service Lenroot has given "Little Bob." This is a power which La Follette has used ruthlessly. There have been many attempts to rebel against him. None have even got well started.

All this is machine politics raised to its highest pitch. It has made La Follette a State boss almost without a peer. But it was originally founded upon, has grown out of, and is still supported by his issues and policies. Chief of these, of course, is the attack on big business. The "tyranny of the interests" has been his stock in trade, and beyond doubt his early campaigns did much to destroy serious evils and curb ruthless and grasping wealth. He gained his power in the muck-raking days, and the good fight he fought then has never been forgotten. Nor has he permitted the issue to be changed or forgotten, however conditions have altered since.

Allies, Socialists and Others

ONE of his steady policies has been a working arrangement with the Socialists, who usually send to the Legislature a dozen or twenty members. He has needed them several times, and their influence is to be seen in much of his legislation. They have denounced him bitterly until the present campaign, but they have voted with him, and they now declare that he has done much of the "rough work" of preparing for Socialism. It is impossible to say whether this alliance has been from choice or from political necessity. But it does not hurt him with the conservative farmers. Apparently nothing could. They assure one that he is merely using the Socialists, and controls them.

Finally, La Follette has been even more successful than most men in catering to various groups and winning their support. This is common enough in politics. He has done it remarkably well, done it in such a way that he has kept the gratitude and support of the groups long after their immediate need of him has passed. In time he has got them all; as my farmer friend said, he has succeeded in welding practically all the groups which are outside the American tradition. Catholic, Lutheran, union laborer, radical, and farmer—each thinks of La Follette as his particular champion.

Especially is this true of the Germans. It has been mentioned that the anti-La Follette workers do not dare attack his war record, disgusting as that was to most of the country. It has made him a hero here. This is so largely true that one suspects that actually his support is almost entirely Teutonic-hyphenate. There are few farmers among his followers who are not of Teutonic blood. The Socialists, too, are mostly Germans. The Lutherans are, of course. In other States where I have been I have found the same line. There is growing reason to believe that both in Wisconsin and outside La Follette is the candidate not so much of radicalism as of hyphenism.

Yet there is something to be said for these German-minded people. They have been here in a comparatively solid group, with little chance for Americanism to enter. Yet they are not radical, and they are not opposed to Americanism as they understand it, excepting always the Socialists. They have complaints, some of them well founded, against the way the Government has been run. They have very definite sympathies with the Fatherland. But in 1920 dozens of counties in which La Follette had carried on his radical propaganda went strongly for Harding. And to-day the opponents of La Follette find that their strongest argument against him is that he is attacking the Constitution and endangering fundamental American institutions! Men who can be reached by that argument are not at heart hostile to America. They can be taught.

The net result of twenty years of La Follette, then, is fairly clear. He has capitalized the dissatisfaction of all who were in any way at outs with the Government as it is operated, or all who could be made dissatisfied. He has appealed successfully to class and religious interests. He has turned the half-understood Americanism of the Teutonic groups and their state of mind growing out of the war, not merely against governmental abuses, but against the Government itself. He has welded all this into a machine as powerful as any boss ever constructed.

With this he has established a form of government quite out of harmony with American traditions, erecting instead a personally controlled autocratic bureaucracy which he has made the framework of his political machine. He braced this with a primary law which made democratic rule out of the question, giving him power to outwit the will of the majority. He has, in short, built up a form of government which is not in its political machinery, its purposes, or its administration either democratic or American.

A Highway on



The Roosevelt Memorial Highway, lost among the firs and spruces of Curry County, Oregon

THE Nation's newest highway is dedicated to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt. It borders the vast waters of the Pacific from Astoria, Oregon, to Crescent City, California, and marks the last frontier of the great West which Roosevelt knew and loved. Rugged, picturesque, magnificent, it is a fitting tribute to the great American whose name it bears.

There is another reason why Roosevelt would have been gratified to know that this highway was to bear his name. It was begun by the State of Oregon to provide employment for returned soldiers of the Great War. The Nation will be richer in spirit and beauty because of this new achievement in engineering. Roosevelt was a lover of dreamers—dreamers of the two-fisted variety that made dreams come true.

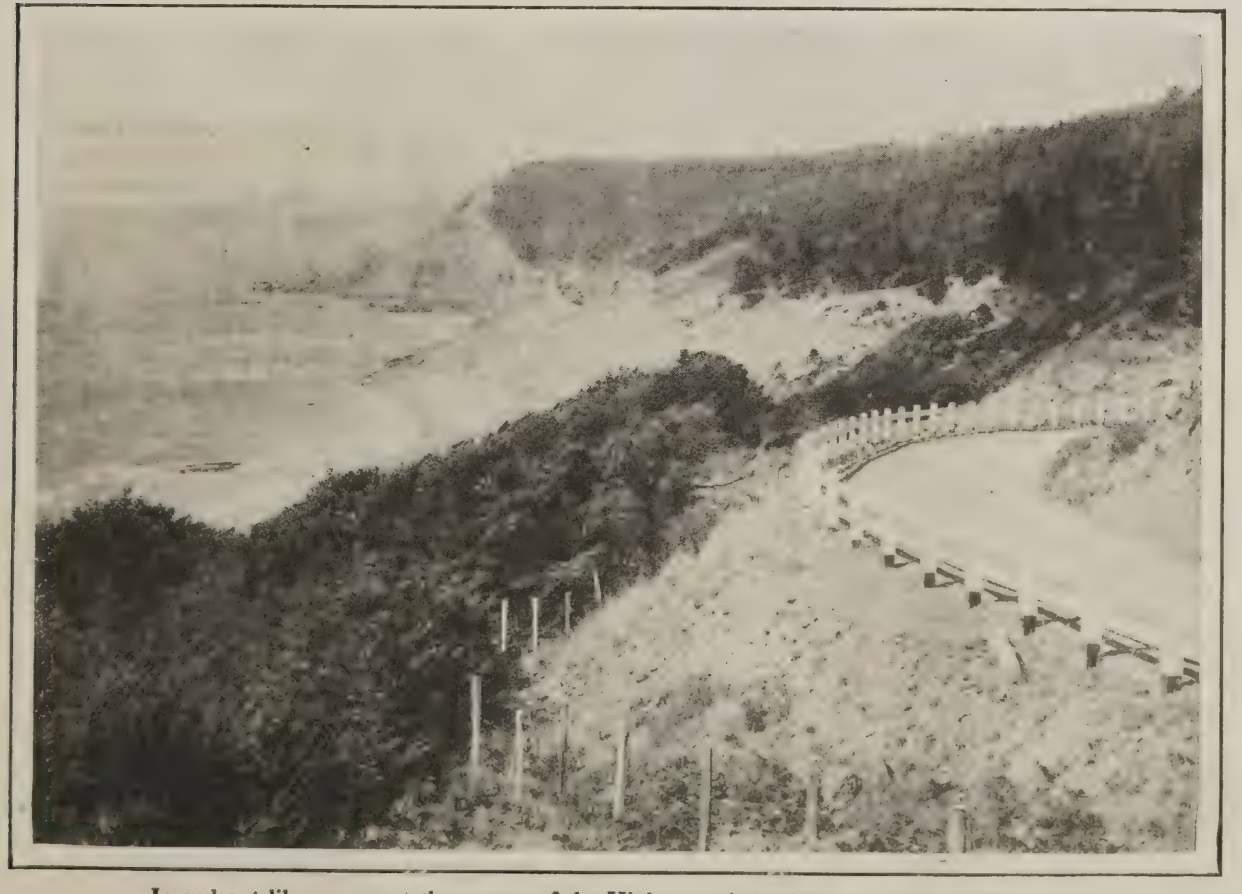


On occasional inland stretches the road is bordered by a vigorous and luxurious foliage

the Western Rim



The roadbuilders have not disturbed the ruggedness of the scenery



In and out like a serpent the course of the Highway winds along the shore of the Pacific

The Gray Plower

By William Rose Benét

The silver coulter drawn
Through the dark field of sky
Brings the gold grain of dawn
That the sun thrusts on high.

The shadowy horses dim
And the gray man at the hales
As the mists wreathe and swim
Up the still river-vales.

Till dawn the dark furrows
Are plowed and sown with light
Where feathered star-arrows
Fall brief through the night.

Till dawn the gray plower
Goes vague on the dark
Unheeding any hour
That our earth-clocks mark.

I have seen him plow the night
With the moon for share,
I have seen his sheaves of light
Brighten morning air.

I hear his soft urging,
His low song of the grain
To the dark horses surging
Through the dreams in my brain.

A Little Journey with Theodore Roosevelt

"Roosevelt is here! Roosevelt! Roosevelt! Hello, Teddy!"

By Henry Dwight Chapin, M.D.

It was once remarked of Lord Bacon that he had taken the whole of science for his province; this idea might be paraphrased by saying that Theodore Roosevelt had taken the whole of humanity as his province.

On a cold day in January, 1918, Theodore Roosevelt, as the center of a small group, started out on an excursion.

It came about in this way: During the Great War the high percentage of rejections for physical reasons among the young men of the country—averaging one in four—drawn by draft or volunteering in the Army caused widespread comment. About the same time various observers were calling attention to the large number of growing children, averaging twenty per cent, who were suffering from various grades of malnutrition. It was thus becoming evident that home care and diet were defective as far as many children were concerned.

It is not strange that, as Roosevelt was interested in all social questions, especially where children were concerned, these reports of malnutrition in such large numbers should attract his notice.

For many years I had worked in hospitals and clinics drawing patients from the lower East Side of New York, and accordingly I was asked to accompany him as a sort of guide and companion upon an excursion to that part of the town.

We first met at the Post-Graduate Hospital, Second Avenue and Twentieth Street, both to plan the trip and to inspect a little piece of work some of us had inaugurated there. This consisted of a special clinic for undernourished children. Most of our little patients were drawn from the neighborhood and from Public School No. 40, just across the street. The children were collected once a week, carefully weighed and examined, their diet regulated, and advice given as to general hygiene. Every effort was made to interest the children themselves in their condition, especially as to weight, and, as they were all under weight for their size and age, gold stars were given as prizes for every increment of increase. A sort of competition was encouraged as to which child should get the most of these decorations. Needless to say, with such inducements, tea and coffee were willingly abandoned for milk, while cereals, baked potatoes, green vegetables, and plain meats were promptly substituted for sausages, pies, and candy.

Roosevelt was deeply interested in the plan, and stood for a while in the clinic watching the weighings and talking pleasantly to each eager child that stood waiting for attention. There was much suppressed excitement among doctors and nurses, as well as children, upon this unexpected visit.

Finally, children, nurses, doctors, and social workers were crowded together and Roosevelt made a little speech commending these efforts and urging the great importance of health and vigor. His talk was apt and stimulating, and doubtless many a thin youngster will in future years look back upon this occasion as one of the high spots of life.

We had simply to cross the street from the hospital to reach Public School No. 40, where the next stop was made. This is a large building accommodating hundreds of children. We first entered a sort of recess courtyard. I do not remember that any notice had been given of the intended visit. At any rate, the schoolboys were taken completely by surprise. A cry went up—"Roosevelt is here! Roosevelt is here! Roosevelt! Roosevelt!" and school was kept no longer. In a twinkling class-rooms were emptied into the corridors and masses of excited boys rushed down to see and greet the famous visitor. About the little group standing in the center of the courtyard whirled crowds of boys.

The effect on Roosevelt was almost magical. His perennial youth instantly came to the surface in response to this hearty, unconventional greeting. He was a boy among boys; he was one of them. Numbers of oustretched hands were grasped in haste and quick responses thrown back to cries of "Hello,

Teddy!" "Hello, Teddy!" He was certainly enjoying himself as much as the boys.

After a few minutes thus passed, he was shown a group of undernourished pupils who were being provided with a simple, nourishing midday meal. This work was carried on in connection with our clinic across the street. It was found that these children were not being properly fed at home, and until parents could be properly educated or helped in securing suitable nutriment this meal supplemented the defective home conditions. Roosevelt was much interested in all these details. When told that a few of the boys failed to gain on the improved diet until a daily rest period was also inaugurated, the exponent of the strenuous life was led to realize that some nervous, over-active children might play too hard and continuously for their own good. It was here shown that at times children who are properly fed but who are too energetic in study or play may become undernourished.

Nothing escaped the watchful eye of Roosevelt, and his questions showed interest in the essential details of all he was seeing. As time was passing, he reluctantly brought the visit to an end, and we left the school-building to continue our excursion. As the car sped around the corner, a glance backward showed the street full of boys wildly waving arms and hands and above the general din were heard their shouts: "Roosevelt! Roosevelt! Roosevelt!"

Our next stop was before a large double-decked tenement-house, where we were to visit a family of Russian immigrants. Up five flights, through dark entries, we groped our way until we reached the top floor. As the door swung open a mother and five children of assorted ages looked at us with eager wonder. It was amusing to see the looks of incredulous astonishment come over their faces when they began to realize who their visitor happened to be. A small portable scale was carried with us, and while I was busy weighing and examining the children Roosevelt engaged in friendly talk with the mother, learning what he could of the family history and the present conditions of their life. He showed the greatest interest in every member of the group, and, as two of the children gave distinct evidences of malnutrition, he eagerly listened to the advice as to diet and hygiene that was aimed at correcting the condition.

After a few words of encouragement and cheer, we descended the narrow stairs and once more were in the street. Here we found crowds of men, women, and children massed around the waiting automobile, as by some strange coincidence it had been noised about that Roosevelt was coming out of the house.

It was slow work making our way through the crowd, as the people were determined to get a good look at the famous man. We passed several blocks before the car could become sufficiently detached to put on speed.

Several other calls were made upon families living in tenements, both of the better and forlorner types, and Roosevelt's interest gave no sign of waning. The routine was about the same in all of the calls. The children were weighed and examined by me, while Roosevelt engaged in a rapid-fire conversation with parents or relatives to try to get an insight into individual and social conditions that might be understood, and when wrong, if possible, corrected.

Our last family visit took place in an alley located on a side street near the East River. It was a forbidding spot, and we made our way slowly to a ramshackle tenement at the end of the alley. Here we were met by an elderly, good-natured Irishwoman of expansive girth who occupied rooms on the ground floor. I forget her name, but we may call her Mrs. Hogan. She seemed to be the outstanding character in the alley.

It happened that we were in the midst of a prolonged cold snap, and as a result the supply and drain pipes were frozen tight. This naturally aggravated the dirt and disorder which, it is to be feared, were somewhat chronic in the locality. As Mrs. Hogan opened her door, however, she apologized for the dilapidated appearance of things, which she attributed to the intense cold. The ceiling over the entrance door was covered with icicles resembling stalactites, evidently the result of a rupture of pipes from a previous thaw. A hot coal stove was raising the temperature in the center of the room. As the little group entered, Mrs. Hogan began a tirade against the landlord for not thawing out the pipes, and she evidently regarded Roosevelt in the light of an inspector from the Board of Health. She was soon set right, however, and in a rich brogue poured out her surprise and pleasure at the unexpected visit. In giving an account of herself she happened to state that one of her sons was with the American Army in France. This was enough for Roosevelt. He was delighted. He declared his sons were comrades of her son, as they had all been fighting for the liberty of the world.

But more was to follow. Suddenly breaking away from the group, Mrs. Hogan reached a dilapidated bureau in a corner of the room, and, opening one drawer after another, began feverishly searching for some half-forgotten object. All kinds of articles were quickly tumbled out, but finally she found what she was seeking. It was a musty-looking piece of paper that was fished out and proudly handed to Roosevelt. A quick glance, and she was rewarded by a hearty shake of the hand and renewed approbation. The paper proved to be the honorable discharge of her husband, years previously, from the United States Army. Roosevelt became eloquent. He praised the patriotism of the family; a country that could claim such faithful citizenship was fortunate. The dinginess of the room was forgotten as he poured forth his feeling aroused by the human contribution of this humble family to the common good. It was a picture not soon forgotten. Roosevelt, oblivious of the surroundings, stood in the center of the group, gesticulating with one hand, while in the other he held a torn and soiled piece of paper; and directly in front stood Mrs. Hogan, stunned and embarrassed by these remarkable occurrences. Massed around was a motley crowd recruited from the alley, those in front being pushed forward by others struggling to get in through the narrow doorway. Still farther out, on the fringe of the group, a circle of children stood in open-eyed amazement. We could hear the steps of newcomers in the alley, attracted by the crowd, while windows began to open and women's heads enveloped in shawls peered out to learn the cause of the excitement.

At the end of his brief but earnest talk Roosevelt pressed a bill into Mrs. Hogan's hands to procure some apparent necessities, and while she was loudly mingling praise and thanks we withdrew into the alley. Again it was difficult to work our way through the crowd, but finally we were safely landed in the automobile.

The last lap of our little journey took us to the extreme end of Manhattan Island. Here, under the shadows of the sky-scrapers of Wall Street and lower Broadway, is tucked away a small district of much interest to the student of social problems. It forms a sort of Levantine Quarter, and may be looked upon as New York's Near East. Here groups of Orientals foregather in little upstairs cafés and air their conflicting interests in many dialects. Syrians, Armenians, Greeks, and Turks jostle one another in the narrow sidewalks between the Battery and Trinity Church. The housing conditions are very bad, as many dilapidated old tenements are scattered through the quarter. Even these are being gradually torn down to make way for warehouses or office buildings, and this restricts the housing resources and causes more crowding in the tenements that are left. The taking in of boarders or lodgers

is an evil that accompanies this condition.

The people do not or cannot move to other neighborhoods owing to the nature of their work. Many of them are janitors, dock workers, or office cleaners, who must live in close contact with their jobs. Numbers of the women are engaged in several jobs which must be attended to during evenings, holidays, and other odd times. Old tenements, overcrowding, and many foreigners thus constitute the problems of this section.

Several years ago the Bowling Green Neighborhood Association was organized to aid in solving some of the more pressing of the problems created by these conditions, and this was our final destination. Our car at last reached a plain four-story brick building on West Street, the headquarters of the work. Across the street stretched a series of dirty-looking railway wharves that were given over entirely to the handling of freight.

Here was a combination of conditions that made a quick appeal to an observer of Roosevelt's broad interests. After he had entered the building it did not take him long to grasp the more important features of the undertaking. He had always been interested in the assimilation of foreigners, and this first attracted his attention. The efforts toward Americanization made an instant appeal to him. This was being accomplished by neighborhood meetings in which the advantages of citizenship were portrayed. Naturalization was explained and encouraged, and the English language taught.

As the best way of reaching the parent is through the child, much of the work of the Association was being directed to the early years. The building was full of children, with whom Roosevelt talked pleasantly and freely as well as with teachers and attendants. It happened that the children were very young —in the pre-school age—as a special effort was being made on behalf of this neglected class. Crowds of these little ones huddled around Roosevelt, but they were not old enough to appreciate with whom they were in such close contact. We went hurriedly through the rest of the house, looked down upon the vacant lots that served as temporary playgrounds, and then closed our visit. The few passers in the street did not recognize Roosevelt, and so we left without the enthusiastic demonstration to which we had become accustomed.

As the car traveled uptown, slowly threading its way through the crowded streets, I had a chance to hear him talk on many points of interest, and especially those linked up with the children. He took a kind interest in the Speedwell plan of child saving that I had been working on for many years, and his encouragement and understanding will long remain a stimulus to future efforts. I thus had a short experience of the magnetism and exuberant virility that made him so universally popular. Our little journey ended, too soon for me, at the doors of the Century Club. There at luncheon we rehearsed the events of the day.

As we parted, I little thought that this strong personality and vibrant life would so soon leave us.

Lost in the Woods

By Jim Smiley

You can't find your way back to a camp in the Adirondacks simply by "following your nose." Jim Smiley, an experienced hunter and trapper, tells in this article why woodsmen never get lost

ONE autumn evening in the late '80's, while I was camped on Jock's Lake outlet, in one of Ward's log job shanties, just after I had eaten my fried trout supper, a guide came hot-footing down the trail to ask me to go to Swanson's stillwater with him. He was looking for a man who had been lost in the woods above Indian River since the morning of the previous day, and Bill was on his way to Wilmurt for searchers.

I packed my basket, hid out my fishing tackle, and, carrying only my 38-55 rifle, some grub, and a blanket, headed up the trail to what was in those days "'way back country." The lost man was one of a party who had gone in there deer hunting and trout fishing, the two seasons in those days overlapping. The leaves on the trees were just beginning to turn.

In an hour I was drinking coffee in the bark lean-to camp at the stillwater with two friends of the lost man, who were good woodsmen, but dead tired. I could hear shots out on the mountains, fired by two guides who were searching.

The woods, though the stars were now shining, were black under the heavy foliage, but from the shots I knew the guides were working up Indian River Valley, eastward, so one of the sportsmen and I went up the West Canada lakes trail, at right angles to their course.

An hour later, three miles up, I fired two shots and listened. A mile farther on I fired another shot, and still no answer. Eight miles above the stillwater I fired two shots, and away yonder, trembling on the night air, I heard a single shot, followed by four or five others in repeater succession.

"What kind of a rifle is his?" I asked.

"A 40-60," my companion replied, eagerly.

Leaving my company by the creek, to remain till daybreak, I went on. I shot at intervals from ridge-tops, the answering shots sounding sometimes faint and far, sometimes loud and clear. I was chasing the shooter, who was like a will-o'-the-wisp, but in two hours I caught him.

Had the lost man, finding himself baffled, climbed a ridge and begun to shoot as soon as the quiet of night fell, he would have been reached before ten o'clock. As it was, he endured two fearful nights and one long, terrible day. He was a plucky greenhorn. I gave him some of my lunch, and when he had rested a little from about thirty hours of almost constant wandering we cut across to the creek trail and sauntered slowly to where his friend waited. We arrived at the Swanson stillwater after daybreak, and ten minutes before twelve woodsmen came in from Wilmurt with Bill.

A few years ago the time-keeper of a log camp on a Moose River job started from Fulton Chain for the chopping cabins. He followed a road a few miles, then cut into a trail, or footpath, where his tracks disappeared. He was a good fellow, and, though not strong, every one liked him. The day after he left the settlement the boss heard that Bookie had started, but he had not arrived.

A few men went out the second afternoon, and the following morning all hands were told off to hunt the missing time-keeper. Then began one of the most thorough man hunts ever organized in the Adirondacks. One line of men, seventy-five strong, tramping several rods apart, swung for miles back and forth between Moose River and the railway. As they came down over the mountains they roared in unison, and their shout, a summons of encouragement, echoed for miles across the wilderness. Then they lis-



Gum Print by Henry Hoyt Moore

"When night folds down in darkening, starless gloom"

tened, these keen-eared wilderness men, but heard only the hoots of astonished owls, the faint chirrups of alarmed, timid birds, and the crackling and crashing of deer driven hither and yon.

For days the men gave their time, while the jobber stopped his work, hunting for the $40-a-month time-keeper. They ransacked the big woods, up and down and crossways. The day came, after a week of effort by more than a hundred searchers, when all hands knew the hunt to be futile. The sawyers, swampers, fellers, teamsters, and lobby dogs returned to their accustomed tasks.

Eleven days after the man disappeared two sportsmen paddling down Moose River in the Natural Dam stillwater heard a faint voice in the Pine Plains ferns beside the stream.

"Gentlemen," the voice said, "I am lost!"

The lost man was lying on his back five or six steps from the stream, and to the best of his memory he had been there a night and parts of two days. He had heard the voices of the two and the splash of the paddles, and had managed to muster strength enough to make his statement to them.

I have slept out in the woods overnight a good many times. Usually, it was because it was harder to reach camp than to build a fire or dig down in the loose snow to wait for day. Of course a woodsman like myself, a trapper, learns to recognize his country by night and day. Any one, sportsman or woodsman, familiar with green-timber mountains couldn't be wholly lost in a patch of woods like the 3,000,000 acres of the Adirondacks, the way the log camp time-keeper was lost.

The Adirondacks, cleared on all sides, and hardly a hundred miles across, has not been "big country" since the days of the Johnsons, Butlers, and Joseph Brant —in 1780. Nevertheless every year dozens lose their way, and for a long time I had the skull of a man I found in the Jones Lake outlet country in one of my camps. Being lost is a right serious thing, something to be guarded against.

Generally, when camped on a large stream, like Moose River or West Canada Creek, guides tell the newcomers to "follow the brooks down" to find their way out of the woods.

On a lowering, cloudy, dusky day it is difficult to keep going in a straight line. Even if a man looks at his compass every minute, going around a fallen tree-top, finding a way past a ledge of rocks, or even crossing open hardwood may turn him at right angles or more from the true course. One time a lost private-preserve club man is said to have found the camp of a poaching woodsman. The native, with fear of a fine for trespass, and perhaps with lust of revenge in his heart, told the lost man to head northwest.

"But I haven't my compass. I forgot it," the man declared.

"Well, that's the way," the woodsman pointed, adding, "And, say, keep three

trees in a line ahead of you, and you'll go straight."

Selecting three trees in line, like telephone poles, the club-man, as soon as he passed one of these, noted another beyond the other two. He kept going. After days of weary plodding, hungry, and carried forward by sheer will power, he struck the Speculator-Jesup's River trail, forty miles from his own camp. The woodsman had taken advantage of the "survey line" method of keeping straight in the woods, and so insured himself against his victim "circling" and returning into the valley the hunter was raiding.

Landmarks are easily noted in hill or mountain country. We woodsmen use pilot knobs, as they call them out West. My camp on Otter Brook was against the foot of Horn Lake Mountain, a long, three-peak ridge. No other elevation thereabouts presented the same silhouette against the sky. Across from this mountain was the high, broken land of Canachagala Lake. No matter how dull the stormy autumnal day, a glimpse of the sky-line revealed my bearings.

With the sun shining, and a guess at the hour of the day, all compass points are available. Noting the direction on leaving camp, surely the hunter should be able to turn around and head back if he hunts in a straight line. When snow falls or rain pours, and wreaths of mist hide all but the nearest three rods, or when night folds down in darkening, starless gloom, one finds how dependent he is on distant views, sky-lines—how strange even familiar ground becomes under foot.

An old friend of mine, a guide, used high-pressure powder in an old shotgun less than a mile back from the Line Runway on Moose River. The charge blew out the breech, cut his face, and his eyes were closed, temporarily blinded. He had ranged this territory for years, night and day. Raising one eyelid with his fingers, he caught a glimpse of his surroundings, and saw the lay of the land, the ridge slope, the sun's location, and thus saw his course. With these bearings in mind, he started down grade into the river valley. Feeling his way with his moccasined feet, he kept going, until presently he struck the Stillwater Plains trail, about fifteen inches wide, but packed hard by the passing of generations of hunters and fishermen. He recognized it instantly. He recognized certain stones, tree roots, slopes up and down along the way, so that he knew how far he had come and how far he had to go. He arrived in camp at a swift walk, for literally his feet knew the way—had often followed the trail through pouring rain in dark of night. The practiced woodsman will feel old trails, deer runways, snowshoe tracks covered by new-fallen snow, by the texture underfoot, even when his eyes miss the signs.

One late autumn I struck the track of a bear which was circling and meandering all over Little Black Creek Mountain. The snow was more than a foot deep, and bruin was looking for a den to hole up in for the winter. I grinned, hunter wise, starting after him. I circled too, cut across, and went around. That night I was near the head of Seaberry, where I shivered under a low, thick balsam from dark to dawn. The bear was "just ahead of me," still looking for a den. I trailed him all the following day, until toward night it began to snow. I don't know where I spent that night.

I left the track to go down into a deep gully, or ravine, out of the wind. I was hungry, having eaten all day only a single stick of jerk venison. I missed my black tea, too. The next day I still-hunted, with my rifle ready—expecting every minute to see that bear. He was just ahead, just out of sight. Twice I caught glimpses of him as he withdrew among the snow-draped trunks and branches. I was five days on his trail, two without eating.

Then I frightened him. He saw or smelled me, and away he went, bobbing along like a black sheep—short jumps but quick. Scared, he was as apt to run fifty miles as five. I looked around, wondering where I was. I didn't recognize the country. A brook over to the right was flowing eastward, which was "right," to my way of thinking. I climbed a ridge, looking at the adjacent mountains. Snow was falling, and I couldn't see half a mile in any direction. I didn't have my compass.

I shot a porcupine in a hemlock tree, skinned out its legs and broiled them, salting them with smoke. I had never been in quite such a predicament of doubts and strange country. Finally I started south.

Tired, hungry, and cold, without snowshoes in nearly twenty inches of snow, in a steady downfall, I told myself that walking down bears looking for winter dens wasn't what it was cracked up to be. I knew south by the white light of the sun through the clouds and the shadow cast on my thumb nail when I stood the point of my knife on it in an open space in the woods.

For five hours I plodded, wallowing on. Then, without warning, I was in my own country. I recognized a clump of spruces in which I had killed a deer one time. Just beyond I saw a blaze on a tree, an old trap line I had run fifteen years before away back, east of the West Canada Lakes. In two hours I was in one of my trap-line cabins with a fire going and something to eat cooking—and black tea just coming to a simmer in a pail! Every woods camp ought to have a tin can full of grub in it for lost or wandering humans. Mine always have.

I was obliged to improvise snowshoes the following morning, using hemlock branches and strips of canvas from an old tent for bows and webbing. In due course I worked my way back to the camp which I had left one morning during the previous week "for a little look around." To this day I don't know where that bear left me!

But that is how a woodsman, familiar with green timber, loses his way and is baffled by the forest and mountains. He knows he can find his way out somewhere. Keeping to a straight line, and in motion, he is sure to come out into a road, clearing, or settlement. That is all there is to woods sense if one cannot find camp or home.

Sometimes when I am interested in a deer or pekan track, or when I am running around in half-circles on a dull, lowering day, I'll forget my bearings, which way I am heading. I don't know within a mile or two of where I am, but when I stop to think I know I'm on Township 5, or above the West Canada forks, or somewhere between Northrup and Moose River, or above Spruce Lake Mountain east of Belvin Flae. This knowledge is definite, and I can strike in one or another direction, until I find some stream, trail, or locality on the short cut to camp. This may mean an extra five or ten or fifteen miles finding my way through, and it often has meant a night out in the cold, wet, or white woods.

Personally, I don't care if the boys laugh at me because I had to "sleep out." Many a time I have done it, and hungry as a pekan, too. This was better than stumbling over something and breaking a leg, or falling off a ledge and breaking my neck, when I ought to be curled up beside a pine stump or fallen birch log fire. Of course, if I had to, and the distance wasn't too great, I could cut down the unknown in the dark until I arrived where I knew the lay of the land, and thence make my way into camp before midnight.

The only question is whether to find my way back after dark, or wait till the following day; and when I was in the Rockies and Western deserts the question expanded according to the vastness of things—and I had to make up my mind whether to find my way back this week, or next.

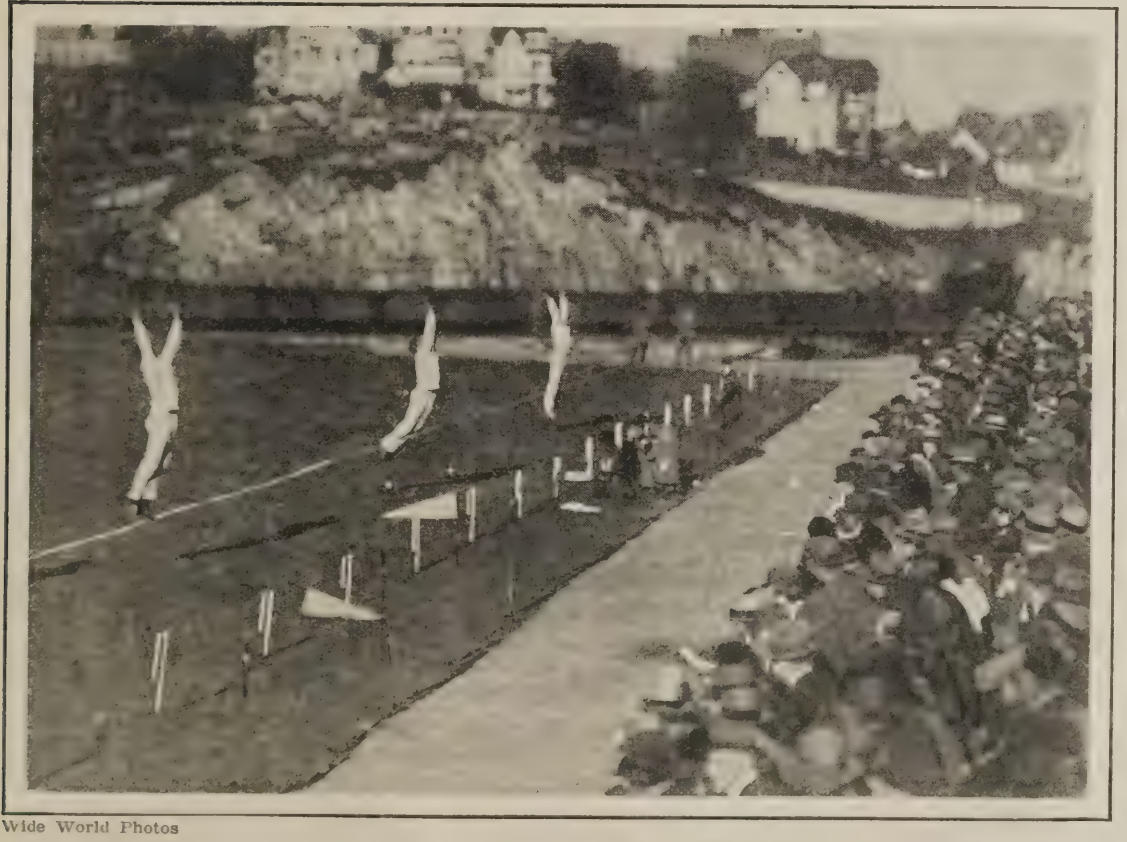
Cheer Leaders

Baseball

The President and Mrs. Coolidge cheering the triumphant "Senators" in the final game of the World Series



P. & A. Photos



Wide World Photos

Football

Columbia University cheer leaders in action in the game with Wesleyan, which Columbia won—35 to 0

Chamber Music[1]

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

A TEST for the sense of humor is said to have been invented by Sidney Smith, the English wit. He told people he met, it seems, a fantastic story, which made the literal-minded stare, but tickled the fancy of such as had a fancy to be tickled. If we wished to find a similar test for the musical sense, we might choose a piece of chamber music, such as a Mozart string quartette. Any one who sincerely liked it could safely be pronounced musical.

Qualities of the String Quartette

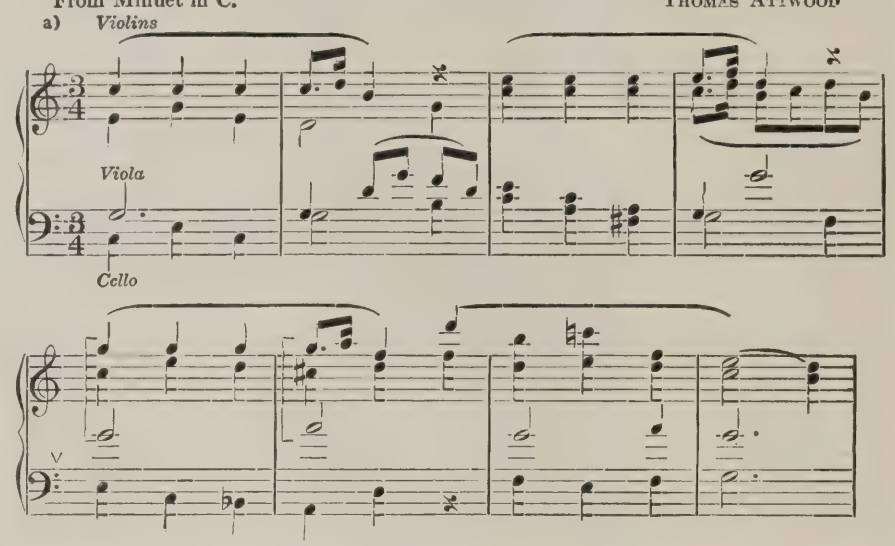
IN chamber music there are no "stars" and no "spot-lights," as there are in opera and in recitals, to interfere with the music itself. Happily, the two violins, viola, and violoncello of the string quartette are obviously equals, forming a "team" or *ensemble*. Though the first violin must lead, he is not a vulgar virtuoso, but a prince among peers. He will no more expect to "put on all the airs" (or to play them all) than the captain of the baseball team expects to throw all the balls, or the leading man in a stock company to make all the telling speeches.

Then, again, chamber music is free from the specious appeals of sensationalism. An orchestra may take unfair advantage of the music lover and without saying anything of the least musical interest overwhelm him by the brute force of its voices—its blaring trumpets, pounding drums, whirring violins, and screaming piccolos. Two violins, a viola, and a violoncello can make, in comparison, very little sound. All their effects are relative. They have, we might say, a great soul but a small body; if they are to impress us at all, it must be by their music, not by their noise. Hence their method is supremely one of suggestion. They are eloquent as much by what they omit as by what they include. An awkward bit of melody, two badly joined harmonies, might pass muster on the rich canvas of an orchestral piece; in a string quartette they would offend like a patch on an etching by Whistler.

Here (Figure I) is the opening of a minuet by one Thomas Attwood, a pupil of Mozart. It is in the traditional style, and correct enough, though the viola part (what we should call the "tenor" or third voice in vocal music) is rather dull in the

Figure I.

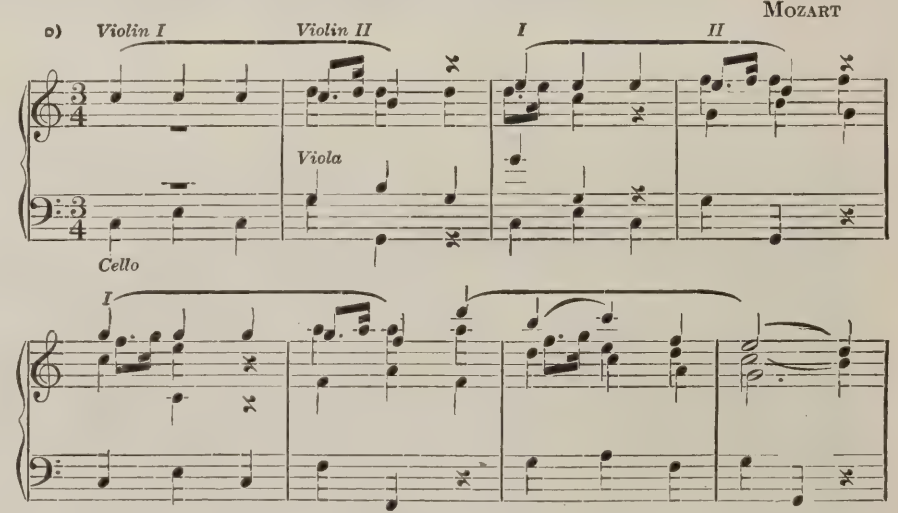
From Minuet in C. THOMAS ATTWOOD



fifth and sixth measures. Now compare with it Mozart's rewriting (Figure II), jotted down hastily on the same sheet, reproduced in facsimile as the frontispiece of Mr. Thomas F. Dunhill's excellent book on "Chamber Music."

Figure II.

MOZART



The two violins, it will be noticed, "give and take" the three-note motive, measure by measure, higher and higher, with a constantly increasing interest. The viola and the cello answer each other in similar fashion with the figure of five notes. Every instrument thus either says something worth saying or remains silent and gives the others a chance, with the result that the whole texture is vital.

With such a standard of perfection as this, it will not be wondered at that chamber music requires close listening and many hearings. A string quartette does not wear its heart on its sleeve. But no art that is wholly easy can hold our interest long; and it will be found that every conscientious effort made to get the point of view of chamber music will be repaid by steadily increasing, never-failing joy, such as only the highest manifestations of art can give.

Haydn the Pioneer

QUARTETTE music is particularly hard to illustrate on the piano, since the more freely and independently it is written for the four instruments, the harder it is to represent with only two hands. Perhaps the most practical mode of study is first to play phonograph records by the Flonzaley or some other good quartette, comparing the printed music in the inexpensive miniature scores of Eulenberg, and then to play whatever movements are available in piano arrangement for two or four hands, for the sake of the expressive light and shade. Mechanically reproduced music should

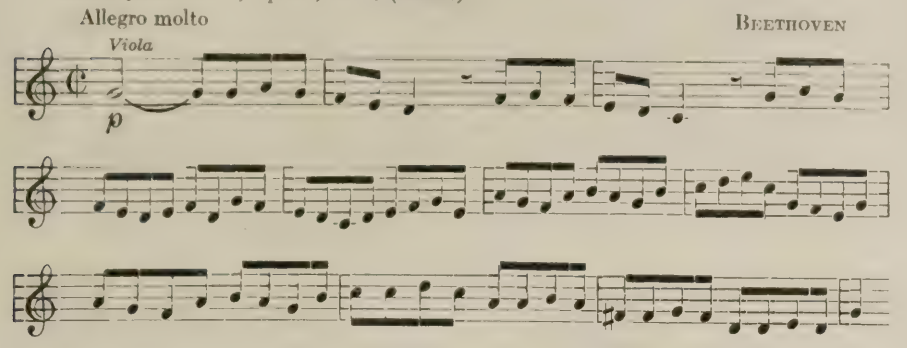
[1] The substance of this article will appear in Mr. Mason's forthcoming book, "From Song to Symphony," to be published by the Oliver Ditson Company for the National Federation of Music Clubs.—The Editors.

always be supplemented by the more expressive performances of living players, whatever their technical limitations.

tette" (Opus 59, No. 3) in C Major, recorded by the Flonzaleys. Here is its theme:

Figure III.

From Quartet in C, Op. 59, No. 3 (Finale)



Joseph Haydn (1732–1809), called "the Father of the Symphony," well deserves by his seventy-seven examples to be called also father of the string quartette. His Quartette in D Major, Opus 64, No. 5, admirably recorded by the Flonzaley Quartette, is a good sample of his work. Unpretentious as is his vein of sentiment, he commands a concentration of texture, a variety of effect within the limits of the four "fiddles," and an instinct for climax, contrast, and other dramatic devices which make his quartettes after over a hundred years as fresh as ever, and keep them favorites with players and with all lovers of chamber music.

The Quartettes of Beethoven

OF Beethoven's (1770–1827) seventeen string quartettes, universally conceded to be the supreme achievement of chamber music, the first half-dozen are naturally nearest to the simpler style of Haydn and Mozart; the middle five are fullest of vigor, humor, and a healthy variety and universality of sentiment; while the last quartettes, written when deafness, ill health, and family troubles had cut off the composer from social life and thrown him in upon himself, are more the meditations of genius than objective works of art, and for all their profound tenderness and spirituality often lay an almost unendurable burden on the sympathy and patience of the listener. Yet all seventeen works, by virtue of characteristic traits that appear in each, though less fully realized in the earlier ones, are distinctly "Beethovenish."

First of all, there is a concentration, an economy and cogency of style, that has been equaled, probably, only by Bach and Brahms. We saw in Mozart's corrections of Attwood's minuet how vital economy of material is to elegance; Beethoven shows us that it is equally vital to force. Look, for instance, at the finale of his third "Rasoumoffsky Quar-

The impression of overwhelming power that grows upon us as we listen to this movement is due largely to the insistence with which Beethoven hammers home this theme. The movement ends in a carnival of energy in which the instruments, each sawing away on the figure of the last two measures of the theme, move in opposite directions to the great chord where the cello has its lowest note and the first violin about the highest one it can reach; and we feel as we listen that the last drop has been squeezed from the orange.

As Beethoven grew older, and especially as suffering deepened and purified his nature, his work became mellower and richer. The boisterousness of high animal spirits gave place to the subtler, more contemplative life of the mind. Nowhere has he reached a higher spirituality than in the *Adagio ma non troppo* of his Quartette in E-Flat Major, Opus 127.
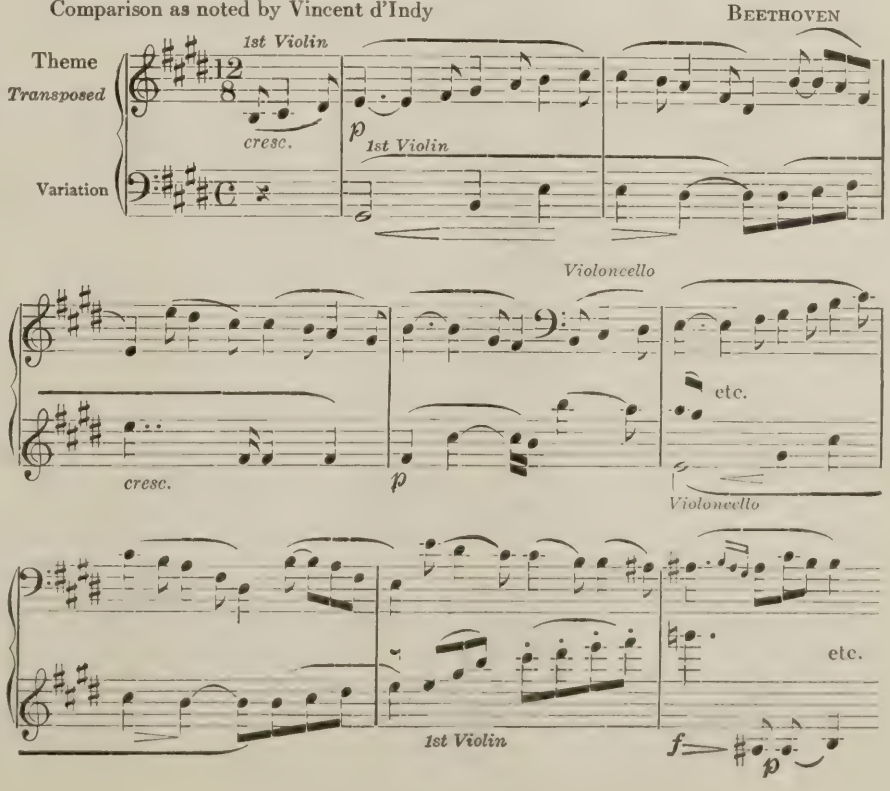
The greatness of this movement, though making itself felt partly in effects of color, is chiefly due to the wondrous tenderness of the theme itself and the suggestiveness of Beethoven's treatment of it by amplification rather than by literal development. From d'Indy's comparison of the third variation with the theme (transposed for the purpose into the same key of E) may be cited the two opening phrases (Figure IV), in order to show the subtlety and the freedom of this kind of melodic germination.

Modern Tendencies

AMONG those who most powerfully continue the Haydn-Beethoven tradition may be named Schubert, Schumann, Smetana, Dvořák, Franck, d'Indy, and Brahms; in their work sonority and color powerfully assist musical thought, while seldom usurping in our attention the foremost place that it ought to occupy. Other recent composers have tended, in chamber music no less than in pieces for piano or orchestra, to exaggerate the importance of color and color effects. When such effects are sought as ends in themselves, as they are in certain pages of the ingenious quartettes of Debussy and Ravel, for instance, they may give great delight as long as they are novel, but tend to stale quickly, having no adequate musical thought behind them. The same comment is applicable to some extent to

Figure IV.

Theme and Variation III (Adagio) from Quartet, Op. 127
Comparison as noted by Vincent d'Indy



quartettes like those of Schoenberg, Reger, and Stravinsky.

The modern composer who has best escaped these pitfalls is undoubtedly Brahms; and the solid favor he has won with the musical public, in chamber music as well as in piano pieces, songs, and orchestral works, is an evidence of the fundamental good taste of that public, if exercised over a long period.[2] Of all composers since Beethoven, he has best succeeded in combining modern richness and warmth of color with classic moderation of style, reticence of sentiment, and beauty of texture. Such a movement as the *Allegretto molto moderato e comodo* from the first of his three string quartettes, with its grace, its calm, its rhythmic subtlety, and the fascinating color effect of alternating an open with a fingered string on the same note in the trio, is typical of his reserved and noble temperament. The variety and amount of his work in chamber music are extraordinary, ranging as that work does all the way from the three lovely sonatas for violin and piano[3] to the great Piano Quintette, the Quintette for Clarinet and Strings, the two string Sextettes, and the Trio for Violin, Horn, and Piano. But even more remarkable are the dignity, profundity, and quiet charm of his thought and the supreme *finesse* of his workmanship. These have enabled him to raise chamber music to a new level of intensity, and to enrich an already rich field with inexhaustible beauty.

[2] It is interesting to note that there was given this summer in Pittsfield, in the Music Temple erected for the Pittsfield Festivals, a series of eight concerts devoted solely to the entire twenty-four chamber music works of Brahms.

[3] The Violin Sonata in G Major is particularly fitted to serve as an introduction to Brahms, it is so simple, melodious, and fluent.

Illustrative Records and Rolls

For those of our readers who have been interested in Mr. Mason's articles on music, the last of which appears in this issue, we are printing below a list of phonographic records and player piano rolls which not only illustrate the various points brought out by Mr. Mason, but constitute a collection of interesting musical compositions of highest rank. The dates in parentheses indicate the issues of The Outlook in which the several articles appeared. We are indebted for the compilation of this list to Mr. William Arms Fisher, of the Oliver Ditson Company of Boston.—The Editors.

Records: V—Victor. B—Brunswick. C—Columbia. E—Edison.
Rolls: A—Ampico. D—Duo-Art. M—Melodee. Q—QRS. W—Welte-Mignon.

Folk-Songs (August 20)

Far and High the Cranes Give Cry (Hungarian)—V.
Volga Boatmen's Song—C, E, V; A, D, M, W.
The Marseillaise—C, V; A, D, M.
Tchaikowsky, *Symphonie Pathétique* (2d movement)—C, V; A, M.
American: Deep River—E, C, V; A, M.
Navajo Songs (American-Indian)—V.
English: Barbara Allen—V.
Shepherd's Hey—A, M.
French: Duke of Marlborough—V.
German: How Can I Leave Thee—V.
Irish: Would God I Were a Tender Apple Blossom—V; A, M.
Molly on the Shore—V, C; A, W.
Italian: Tarantella Napolitana—V.
Scotch: Weel May the Keel Row—V.
Swedish: When I Was Seventeen—V.
Welsh: All Through the Night—V.

Art Songs (September 3)

Barbara Allen—V.
Brahms: Sapphic Ode—B.
Schubert: By the sea (*Am Meer*)—A, W.
The Erlking—C, E, V; A, D, W.
Gretchen at the spinning wheel—D.
Hark! hark! the lark—B, C, V; A, D, W.
My peace thou art (*Du bist die Ruh*)—V; A, D, W.
The Wanderer—C, E; A, W.
Who is Sylvia?—E, V; A.
Schumann: Lotus flower (*Die Lotusblume*)—V; D.
Brahms: Deine blaues Auge—V.
Franz: The rose (*Es hat die Rose*)—V.
Franck: La Procession—V.
Grieg: First primrose *and* Greeting—V.
Massenet: Twilight (*Crépuscule*)—V.
Mendelssohn: On wings of song—E, V; A, D, M, Q.
Rachmaninoff: When night descends—V.
Schubert: The Linden tree (*Der Lindenbaum*)—V.
Serenade—E, V; A, D, M, Q.
Schumann: Dedication (*Widmung*)—V; A, D, W.
Moonlight (*Mondnacht*)—V.
Strauss: All Souls' Day (*Allerseelen*)—V; A.
Morning—V.
Wolf: To rest, to rest (*Zur ruh, zur ruh!*)—V.

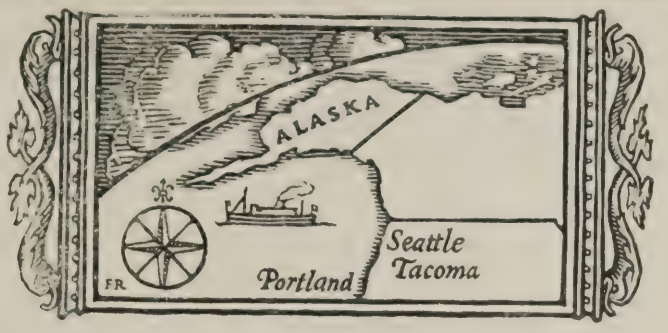
Opera (September 17)

Palestrina: Populo meus—V.
Peri: Funeste piaggie from *Euridice*—V.
Verdi: Stride la vampa from *Trovatore*—B, C, E, V.
Weber: Overture to *Der Freischütz*—V; A, D, M, Q.
Wagner: Fire Music from *Die Walküre*—B, V; A, D, M.
Good Friday Spell from *Parsifal*—V.
Love Death (*Liebestod*) from *Tristan*—C, E, V; A, D, W.
Ride of the Valkyries from *Die Walküre*—C, E, V; A, D.
Siegmund's Love Song from *Die Walküre*—B, C, V; A, W.
Overture to *Lohengrin*—C; D.
Overture to *Tannhäuser*—E, V; A, D.
Overture to *Die Meistersinger*—V; D.
Prelude to *Tristan*—E, V; A, D.
Prelude to *Parsifal*—A.
Handel—*The Messiah:* Hallelujah chorus—C, E, V; A, W.
He shall feed His flock—E, V, B.
Comfort ye my people *and* Every valley shall be exalted—E, V.
I know that my redeemer liveth—E, V.
Handel—*The Creation:* The heavens are telling—V.
With verdure clad—E, V.
Mendelssohn—*Elijah:* Hear ye, Israel—V.
If with all your hearts—E, V, B.
It is enough—E, V; D.
Lord, God of Abraham—V.
O rest in the Lord—E, V, B; D.
Then shall the righteous shine forth—V, B.
Mendelssohn—*St. Paul:* Be thou faithful unto death—V.
But the Lord is mindful of His own—E, V.
O God have mercy—E.
Lassus: Mon cœur se recommende—V.
Palestrina: Gloria patri—V.
Laudate—V.
Caccini: Non piango e non sospiro from *Euridice*—V.
Gluck: Che faro senza Euridice from *Orfeo ed Euridice*—C, E, V, B.
Monteverde: Ecco purch' a voi ritorno from *Orfeo*—V.
Tu se' morta from *Orfeo*—V.
Verdi: Credo from *Otello*—E, V, B.
Death of Othello (*Morte d'Othello*)—C, E,V.
Ave Maria, from *Otello*—E, V.

Piano (October 1)

Scarlatti, D. (1685-1757): Sonata—D.
Sarabande—D.
Mozart (1756-1791: Sonata in *C-major*—D.
Chopin (1804-1849): Butterfly etude, Op. 25, No. 9—B, V; A, D, M, W.
Etude in *C-minor*, Op. 25, No. 12—A.
Etude in $A\flat$, Op. 10, No. 10—A, M.
Prelude in $A\flat$, Op. 28, No. 17—M.
Prelude in $B\flat$, Op. 28, No. 21—A, W.
Mendelssohn (1809-1847)—Songs Without Words: No. 9, Consolation—C, V; A.
No. 18, Duetto—A, D, M.
No. 25, May Breeze—W.
No. 30, Spring Song—B, C, V; A, D, M.
No. 34, Spinning Song—C, E, V; A, D, M.
Schumann (1810-1856): Prophet Bird (*Vogel als Prophet*)—V; A, D, M, W.
Romance in $F\sharp$—A, D, M, W.
Soaring (*Aufschwung*)—A, D, M, W.
Why? (*Warum?*)—D, M, W.
Brahms (1833-1897): Rhapsody, Op. 79, No. 2—A, D, M, W.
Grieg (1843-1907)—Lyric Pieces:
Album Leaf (*Albumblatt*)—A.
Butterfly (*Papillons*)—C, E, V; A, D.
Cradle Song (*Berceuse*)—A.
Nocturne—V; A, D, W.
To Spring—C, V; A, D.
Scriabine (1872-1915): Poéme, Op. 71, No. 2—A, D.
Scarlatti, A. (1659-1725): Capriccio (*Tausig transc.*)—A.
Pastorale (*Tausig transc.*)—E, V; A, W.
Pastorale and Capriccio—B.
Couperin, F. (1668-1783): Aubade Provincale—V.
Chanson Louis XIII at Pavane—V.
Sarabande—D.
Rameau (1683-1764): Rigaudon—D.
Musette—D.
Tambourin—A, W.
Scarlatti, D. (1685-1757): Air from Toccato II—D.
The Cats Fugue—D.
Bach, J. S. (1685-1750): Bourrée—A, W.
Two-part Inventions, Nos. 1, 6 and 8—D.
Gavotte in *B-minor* (*Saint Saëns*)—V; A.
Gavotte in *G-minor*—A.
Prelude and Fugue in *D*, Book 1, No. 5—D.
Fugue in *C-minor*, Book 1, No. 2—D.
Gavotte in *E*—V.
Gavottes Nos. 1 and 2 from Suite in *D*—V.
Handel (1685-1759): Harmonious blacksmith—V.
Gluck (1714-1787): Gavotte—V.
Mozart (1756-1791): Fantasia, No. 1—D.
Fantasia, No. 23—A.
Pastoral Variations—A.
Sonata No. 9 in *A-major*, Part 1—W.
Theme and Variations—E.
Chopin (1804-1849): Ballade in $A\flat$, Op. 47—B, V; A, D, M, W.
Berceuse in $D\flat$, Op. 57—C, V; A, D, M.
Etude in $G\flat$, Op. 25, No. 9—V; A, D, M.
Etude in $G\flat$, Op. 10, No. 5—V; A.
Fantaisie Impromptu—C, E; A, D, M.
Impromptu in $A\flat$, Op. 29—B; D.
Impromptu in $F\sharp$, Op. 36—A.
Mazurka in *A-minor*, Op. 67, No. 4—B, E, V; A.
Mazurka in *D*—V.
Nocturne in $D\flat$, Op. 27, No. 2—B, V; A, D.
Nocturne in $E\flat$, Op. 9, No. 2—B, C, V; A, D, M.
Nocturne in *E-minor*, Op. 72, No. 1—C; A, D.
Nocturne in *F*, Op. 15, No. 1—V; W.
Polonaise in $A\flat$, Op. 53—B, C; A, D, M.
Polonaise Militaire—B, C, V; D, M.
Prelude in $A\flat$, Op. 28, No. 17—C; D, M.
Prelude in $D\flat$, Op. 28, No. 15—A, D, M, W.
Prelude in *D-minor*—V.
Scherzo in *B-minor*, Op. 20—B; D, M.
Scherzo in $B\flat$-*minor*, Op. 31—D. M.
Waltz in $C\sharp$-*minor*, Op. 64, No. 2—B, E, V; A.
Waltz in $A\flat$, Op. 42—A, D, M, Q, W.
Waltz in $A\flat$, Op. 64, No. 3—C, E; A.

(*Continued on page 296*)



THE PATH OF ALASKA'S BILLION

"Everything," says a resident of many years, "is true about Alaska." True or untrue, depending upon of which part of Alaska you happen to be speaking.

Notably true are the words of Roosevelt in 1902: "No country has a more valuable possession in mineral wealth, in fisheries, furs and forests."

Notably *untrue* is the prevailing impression that Alaska is a desolate land of ice and snow.

Identical in latitude with the prosperous nations of Norway and Sweden, Alaska has a hundred thousand square miles suitable to a high type of agriculture.

It contains 20 million acres of merchantable timber.

Its resources in gold and other metals cannot be estimated.

Its coal resources are put by the United States Geological Survey at a minimum of 150 billion tons.

Oil of high quality has been discovered at widely separated points—what this discovery will bring forth, no one yet knows.

Alaska's fisheries produce from 40 to 50 million dollars a year.

Its first important railroad has just been completed. The development of Alaska's tremendous resources has just begun!

Yet, already, Alaska carries on a trade with the United States amounting to 80 million dollars a year.

Already, Alaska's exports come to a total of over a billion dollars!

Quite naturally, most of this billion has gone into the United States.

Quite naturally, too, its largest part has gone into the United States by way of the Pacific Northwest ports!

For the Pacific Northwest ports are the very door to Alaska. And Alaska's growing commerce constitutes an important factor in their own growth.

Alaska's billion is a bare beginning. Alaska has many billions more to ship in raw materials alone. It will require billions in return.

But Alaska's billion has definitely marked the path which the billions that follow it will take—through the ports of Washington and Oregon.

The new commerce of which the Pacific Northwest is the center has yet this other direction of expansion, inestimable in its significance!

Three great developments converge in the Pacific Northwest—that of increasing trade with the Orient, where three-quarters of the world's people are awakening to a recognition of new wants—that of the Pacific Northwest itself, the region offering today the greatest possibility of growth and development of any in the United States—and that of Alaska.

Here is opportunity for the forward-looking elements of American industry! That they may appreciate the full significance of this opportunity, American business men should see both the Pacific Northwest and Alaska.



Cut out a map of Alaska with the Aleutian Islands, and place it over a map of the United States drawn to the same scale. It will cover one-fifth of the larger map. It will reach the Canadian border at Minnesota, the Mexican border at Texas, the Atlantic Ocean at South Carolina, and the Pacific at California!

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Northern Pacific Ry.
The Great Northern Ry.

Burlington Route
GREAT NORTHERN
NORTHERN PACIFIC

LISZT (1811-1886): Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2—B, C, V; A, D, M, Q.
Liebestraum (Nocturne No. 3)—B, C, E, V; A, D, Q, W.
Soirees de Vienne, No. 6—B; A, D, M.
Venezia e Napoli—B, C; Q.
RUBINSTEIN (1830-1894): Kamennoi Ostrow, Op. 10, No. 22—B, V; A, D, M, Q.
Valse Caprice—C; A, Q.
BRAHMS (1833-1899): Capriccio in *B-minor*, Op. 76, No. 2—A.
Hungarian Dances (various)—A, D, M, Q.
Waltzes, Op. 39 (selections)—A, D.
DEBUSSY (1862-1918): Clair de lune—A, D, M.
La Fille aux cheveux de lin—V; D, M.
Ménestrels—V.
Golliwog's Cakewalk—A.
Reflets dans d'Eau—A, D, M.
SCRIABINE (1872-1915): Etude, Op. 8, No. 12—D.
Mazurka in *F♯-minor*, Op. 40, No. 2—W.
Nocturne (for left hand)—A.
Preludes, Op. 45, No. 3 and Op. 51, No. 3—D.
RAVEL (1875—): Jeux d'Eau—A, D, M.
Sonatines, Nos. 1 and 2—W.

Chamber Music (October 22)

HAYDN (1732-1809): Op. 64, No. 5, Quartet in *D* (*Allegro moderato*)—C.
Op. 64, No. 5, Quartet in *D* (*Adagio cantabile*)—E, V.
BEETHOVEN (1770-1827): Op. 97, Trio, in *B♭*—D.
Op. 18, No. 1, Quartet, in *F*—C, V; D, M.
Op. 18, No. 2, Quartet, in *G*—C.
Op. 18, No. 3, Quartet, in *D* (*Presto*)—V.
Op. 18, No. 4, Quartet, in *C-minor*—C, V.
Op. 18, No. 5, Quartet, in *A*—V; M.
Op. 18, No. 6, Quartet, in *B♭*—M.
Op. 59, No. 1, Quartet, in *F*—M.
Op. 59, No. 2, Quartet, in *C* (*Fugue*)—V.
Op. 132, No. 3, Quartet, in *A-minor* (*Adagio in The Lydian Mode*)—C.
SCHUMANN (1810-1856):
Op. 44, Quintet, in *E♭*—D.
DVORÁK (1841-1904): Op. 81, Quintet, in *A*—C.
HAYDN (1732-1809): Op. 17, No. 2, Quartet, in *F*—D.
Op. 77, No. 1, Quartet, in *G*—M.
Op. 78, No. 2, Trio, in *G-minor*—D.
MOZART (1756-1791): Quartet No. 12, in *G*, (*Finale*)—V.
Quartet No. 13, in *D-minor*—C, V.
Quartet No. 14, in *E♭* (*Minuet*)—V.
Quartet No. 14, in *E♭* (Complete)—C.
Quartet No. 15, in *B♭* (Complete)—C.
Quartet No. 18, in *D-major*—V.
SCHUBERT (1797-1828): Quartet, in *D-minor*—D.
MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847): Op. 12, Quartet, in *E♭*—D.
Op. 49, Trio, in *D-minor*—D.
SCHUMANN (1810-1856): Op. 41, No. 1, Quartet, in *A-minor*—V.
Op. 41, No. 3, Quartet, in *A-major*—V.
TCHAIKOWSKY (1840-1893): Op. 11, Quartet, in *D-major* (*Andante cantabile*)—V; A, D.
Op. 30, No. 3, Quartet, in *E♭-minor* (*Scherzo*)—V.
DVORÁK (1841-1904): Op. 96, Quartet, in *F*—D.
ARENSKY (1861-1906): Op. 32, Trio, in *D-minor*—D.

The Book Table

An Immortal of To-Day and To-Morrow

A Review by ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

JACQUES ANATOLE THIBAULT, better known to the world as Anatole France, who died October 12 in his eighty-first year, is one of the immortals of to-day, and will be one of the immortals of to-morrow. He is the most conspicuous figure in French literature of to-day, and more than that. Novelist, critic, historian, philosopher by turn, he has brought to everything that he has touched the charm of a unique personality, the rich fruits of a rare erudition, the magic of a flawless style. What Jules Lemaître wrote years ago of "Le Lys Rouge" applies equally to all of his writings: "His style is a composition more precious than Corinthian bronze. There is blended in it something of Racine, of Voltaire, of Flaubert, of Renan, yet it always remains Anatole France. He has achieved the perfection of grace; he is the final flowering of the Latin genius."

Yet with this heritage from the ages the direct inspiration of the work of Anatole France, as Mr. May points out in his critical biography,[1] has been the particular quarter of Paris in which he was born, the region of the quays that line the southern bank of the river Seine. The *rive gauche*, which Lamb called the "borough side" of Paris, was France's Alma Mater, the Latin Quarter his common room. He was born in a house on the Quai Malaquais, a house that was long ago pulled down, but which lives for readers as the house of which he drew so beautiful and touching a picture in "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard." In "My Friend's Book" he has told of the room in which he used to sleep in his infancy, and of the terrors which beset him there. "No sooner had I lain down than the strangest individuals began to move in procession about me. They had noses like storks' bills, bristling mustaches, protuberant bellies, and legs like chanticleer's. They came in, one after another, showing themselves in profile, each with a single goggle eye in the middle of his cheek, bearing brooms, skewers, guitars, squirts, and other instruments that I knew not. . . . I never went to sleep." And then the room would be flooded with sunlight and all the weird folk vanished.

With boyhood, still the molding influence of the Paris quays. In a shop on the Quai Voltaire his father carried on the business of a bookseller, and there came some of the greatest writers of the day. The boy was attending the Collège Stanislas, but his real education was derived from listening to the discussions in the book-shop, from poring over the second-hand volumes littering the stalls lining the quays, and from the stones of Paris, wherein he read his history. He has written: "I took my walks along those quays whose very stones, from the Palais Bourbon to Notre Dame, are eloquent of the story of one of the most glorious adventures of the human spirit, the story of the France that was and of the France that is to-day. There stands the Louvre glittering like a jewel, there the Pont Neuf. . . . The whole genius of France has passed in long succession over those venerable arches whose carven faces, some wreathed in smiles, some grim and forbidding, seem to symbolize the suffering and the glory, the hopes and the fears, the loves and the hates, of which they have been the silent witnesses through the centuries."

Boyhood and the period of what Mr. May calls the "éducation sentimentale" passed, Anatole France—incidentally the *nom de guerre* was derived from an abbreviation of his father's first Christian name, François—turned to literature. Like most young French writers, he had his *cénacles*. First there was the group which met one evening a week in a house in the Rue de Condé to talk about literature in general and poetry in particular. Of that group Sully-Prudhomme, Paul Bourget, and José Maria de Heredia all preceded Anatole France into the French Academy. Then he became one of the Parnassians, that strange group which in the late 1860's met for heated debate over the shop of the publisher and bookseller Lemerre. The practical problem of earning a livelihood France met by helping to build Larousse's mighty Dictionary, by serving Lemerre as a publisher's reader, and by contributing to a cookery book.

The period of apprenticeship, during which he published some volumes of literary criticism and two volumes of verse, came to an end in 1881, when Anatole France was in his thirty-eighth year. Then appeared "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," which first brought his name definitely before the public, and which was crowned by the Academy. In nearly all of his novels France has sounded the personal note. He himself in some disguise is the protagonist. Thus the Sylvestre Bonnard of the story which is the

[1] Anatole France: The Man and His Work. An Essay in Critical Biography. By James Lewis May. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

most widely read of all his books is an imaginary portrait of the author as an old man, drawn by himself in early manhood; a picture of himself as he was fain to be when his labors in the field of scholarship and the passage of the years should have brought him a sufficient competence, wisdom, the respect of his colleagues, academic honors, and a European reputation for learning.

It is the same with the three sequels to "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard"—"Pierre Nozière," "Little Pierre," and "The Bloom of Life." Mr. May tells us that it was from these books that he has drawn largely for the account given of Anatole France's childhood and adolescence. "I have done so with the greater confidence in that I have Monsieur France's assurance that the incidents that I have selected are true in substance and in fact. From the dedication to 'My Friend's Book' it will be seen that he was already married. He did, in fact, wed, in the early eighties, the grandniece of Jean Guérin, the miniaturist of Marie Antoinette. . . . Some of the most subtly delicate pages of 'My Friend's Book' are inspired by his observation of the ways and antics of his baby daughter." That baby, Suzanne, the only child of the marriage, was twice married, first to Capitaine Mollins, and secondly to Michel Psichari, a grandson of Ernest Renan. Michel Psichari died the death of a hero in the Great War. His widow did not long survive him.

Mr. May suggests that "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" was written to please the public; that it was a conscious and successful bid for popularity. "Thais," which appeared in 1890, on the other hand, Anatole France wrote to please himself, "to please the poet, the artist, the philosopher, the voluptuary that was within him." To that epic of the eternal struggle between the spirit and the senses France brought not only his enormous erudition, but also the insight of the poet. Sleepers were awakened from their centuries of slumber; recreated were the scenes amid which they lived. "Sensuous, musical with the sound of lyres and flutes, sweet with the perfume of roses, lit with the glow of imperishable dawns, such is the setting of the stage on which the anchorite of the desert and the courtesan of Alexandria enact their tragic parts."

One conspicuous aspect of this many-sided immortal has been his superb style, a style which recognizes no synonyms, which knows that no word exactly replaces another, which is keenly sensitive to the most delicate shades of meaning. Whence did Anatole France derive his style? Is it original, innate, or is it imi-



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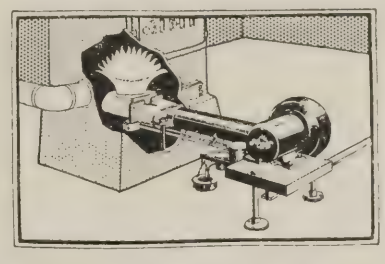
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Every channel for the speech currents must be kept electrically intact. The task is as endless as housekeeping. Inspection of apparatus, equipment and all parts of the plant is going on all the time. Wire chiefs at "test boards" locate trouble on the wires though miles away. Repairmen, the "trouble hunters," are at work constantly wherever they are needed in city streets, country roads or in the seldom-trodden trails of the wilderness.

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tative, and if the latter, who are his models? Some have suggested Bossuet; others Fénelon, Renan, Voltaire. "Well," says Mr. May, "I suppose we are all imitators to a certain extent. Newman, for example, took Cicero for his model; yet he is still Newman. Stevenson had many masters; he confesses to playing the sedulous ape. Anatole France may have had as many or more, but his is still, and pre-eminently, Anatole France."

The New Books

FICTION

AVALANCHE (THE). By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

When one learns that Dr. Dorr, the leading character of this novel, is a neurologist with a leaning to mysticism, fear arises in the reader's mind that he is to encounter too much neurology and too little life and character. The reverse is the case, for the early neurotic chapters, so to call them, have real interest, while the love history of Dorothea, Dr. Dorr, and his rival, the stolid but capable newspaper owner, fail to make one care much one way or the other.

HOUSE OF THE ARROW (THE). By A. E. W. Mason. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

One knows beforehand that the author of "The Four Feathers" and "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" will give his reader good measure of plot and incident well put together by an author who writes as one expects an Oxford man to write and who is not a mere mystery-making mechanic. Here the mystery is complicated but intriguing, in the true sense of that now abused word.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

BOOK OF SAINTS FOR THE YOUNG (A). Depicted by the Great Masters. By Lucy Menzies. The Medici Society, Boston.

One wonders whether the author's statement, "St. George is really a mythical figure," would not apply to many others among the saints described here, at least as far as the tales about them are concerned. Nevertheless this book, with its succinct accounts of the lives of the saints, will make good reading for American children, inconoclastic as many of them are in their attitude toward things religious. And always there are the beautiful pictures, beautifully reproduced, to admire, whatever one may decide as to the credibility of the stories about some of the heroes and heroines.

MISCELLANEOUS

MERCHANT'S HORIZON (A). By A. Lincoln Filene. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

This book gives the essential details about what may be called the classical

experiment of co-operation between employers and employees which the house of Filene, of Boston, has been conducting these many years past. An interesting, instructive, and encouraging story, lucidly told.

Notes on New Books

THE BUSINESS MAN'S EVER-READY ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF GENERAL BUSINESS AND LEGAL FORMS. By Clarence F. Birdseye. Baker, Voorhis & Co., New York. $15.

Based on Abbott's "The Clerks' and Conveyancers' Assistant." A work of over two thousand pages.

GREATER FRANCE IN AFRICA. By William M. Sloane. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

Summary of the author's observations in Morocco and Algiers.

THE WORLD'S BEST CONUNDRUMS. By J. Gilchrist Lawson. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

A large collection of conundrums alphabetically arranged by subjects.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF ST. HELENA. Translated by Willard Parker. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

A work purporting to be an autobiography of Napoleon I.

SIXTY YEARS OF AMERICAN HUMOR. Edited by Joseph Lewis French. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

Well-selected examples of American humor from Artemus Ward to Robert C. Benchley. The compiler has omitted the too-familiar and conventional stories and sketches, and has shown originality of choice.

THE STORY OF MY HEART. By Richard Jefferies. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.

Jefferies' famous work in a new edition. Illustrated with woodcuts by Ethelbert White.

THE BOOK OF CHRISTMAS. Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

A Christmas anthology in a new edition.

SEMI-ATTACHED. By Anne Parrish. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

A comedy of love and marriage.

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS. By William Bennett Munro. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Professor of Municipal Government at Harvard University writes on reformers, bosses, and leaders; what they do, and how they do it.

THE VALLEY OF EYES UNSEEN. By Gilbert Collins. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

A story of adventure in China and Tibet.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH VERSE. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

An admirable book for a Christmas present.

JIM MAITLAND. By H. C. McNeile. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

An exciting story by the author of "Bull-Dog Drummond."

THE INN OF DISCONTENT, AND OTHER FANTASTIC PLAYS. By Percival Wilde. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Five short plays.

THE THING IN THE WOODS. By Harper Williams. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

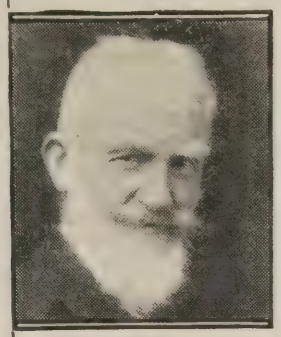
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THE AMATEUR ELECTRICIAN'S HANDBOOK. By A. Frederick Collins. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH
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THE HISTORY OF RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Henry K. Rowe. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

By the Professor of Social Science and History in the Newton Theological Institution.

ANGKOR THE MAGNIFICENT. By Helen Churchill Candee. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $5.

Description of the architectural wonders of Indo-China.

WAVES OF DESTINY. By Margaret Pedler. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

A new novel by the author of "The Barbarian Lover."

YOUTH WINS. By Muriel Hine. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

The author's "Spell of Siris" was pleasingly romantic. This French watering-place novel is commonplace.

A PILGRIMAGE. By Johan Bojer. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

Power of a somber kind pervades this tale by a recognized master of Norwegian fiction.

THE HEAVENLY LADDER. By Compton Mackenzie. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

The last of the trilogy that describes Mark Lidderdale's spiritual doubts, which follow rather closely Newman's course, and land Mark, like his famous prototype, in the Roman Catholic faith.

DAVID BLAIZE OF KING'S. By E. F. Benson. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

The charm of David as a child made Mr. Benson's first story about him delightful. There is charm still left in David the undergraduate, but his college life is described in a breathless and inchoate fashion.

Financial Department

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Light on a Bank Failure

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

OUR article "How to Read a Bank Report," published in the July 23 issue, was just in time to be of acute interest to the unfortunate customers of the First National Bank of Putnam, Connecticut, news of the ruin of which is doubtless familiar to our readers. Davis Strong, of Pomfret, Connecticut, writes us:

"An article on the responsibilities of stockholders, directors, and officers in National banks would, just at this moment, be timely and include bank examiners. Because Federal [*i. e., National?*] banks are under supervision of the Government, the impression prevails that our Government guarantees the depositors against loss from any cause. The failure of the National Bank of Putnam, caused by G. Harold Gilpatric, cashier, shows how useless our present banking laws are. . . . The directors of the bank allowed the cashier to run them and all the bank's affairs, and last, but not least, the Federal bank

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examiners never made known the acts of the cashier until, according to reports, $700,000 of the bank's money had been stolen. Bank notes issued by National banks are secured by United States bonds deposited with the Treasurer of the United States of America, but the depositors have no guaranty that their funds will be accessible when wanted.

"The word 'National' seems to convey the impression that the United States is back of every 'National bank,' and consequently the depositors are guaranteed against loss.

"Turn on the light in the interest of the women."

Space at this time forbids an extended discussion either of the Putnam bank case or of the intricate and important subject which Mr. Strong brings up. We would like, however, to say this, and to say it emphatically: Sound banking in this country exists, despite inadequacies of laws, occasional inadequacy of administration, carelessness of bank directors, dishonesty of bank employees, and the ignorance of bank depositors as to just what their bank is, how it functions, and what are its safeguards. There is, of course, no excuse for such a wrecking as occurred in Putnam. There appears to have been clever work on the part of one man and gross carelessness on the part of several whose duty it was to see that the books were straight and that the money was really there. We gather that in this instance entirely too much authority was lodged in the hands of one man and that this man was not audited—except by himself.

Among those who will pay for this disaster are the stockholders of the bank, liable for one hundred per cent of their investment. It is pleasant to be the owner of bank stock, but there is also a grave responsibility. In many banks the stockholders deem it worth while to pay for an independent audit once a year, thus assuring themselves of the soundness of their institution and giving an additional check on their directors and officers.

From Inquiring Readers

One of our inquiring readers has anticipated an article planned for this department on joint-stock land bank bonds and Federal Land Bank bonds. We were unable, in the brief space of a letter, to answer him as fully as we would like, and the article will accordingly be written and appear in a forthcoming issue. There is a good deal of confusion in the public mind as to these securities, and we are glad that at least one subscriber to The Outlook has sufficient

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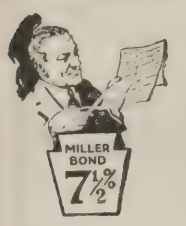
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From Rhode Island comes this question: "Is 7½ per cent too high a rate of interest on a real estate bond? I have been told by bankers that 6 per cent is the highest safe rate of interest."

Safety in a real estate bond depends, in the first place, on the security and on the margin of value of the property over and above the amount of bonds issued. The only way to determine this is to investigate the issue in question.

In the North 6 per cent or, at most, 6½ is top notch. In the South interest rates are higher. Interest rates are governed by the law of supply and demand. If money is needed for a particular purpose and is hard to get, interest rates rise; if money is plentiful, they fall. A well-known public utility whose financial soundness is beyond question had recently to offer 8 per cent dividends on its capital stock—because there was no other way to secure funds for development. In this case an offer of 8 was as good as a promise to pay 8, and 8 it is to-day.

"What can you tell me about the common stock of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company?" asks a Connecticut reader of this department.

Our personal reply was too long to quote in full, but one phrase in it is worth passing on—not because it is ours, but because it is the cold opinion of one of the keenest analysts of securities in the country. It is this: "An investment tinged with speculation."

This doesn't mean to imply that this stock is a speculation tinged with investment. It must also be remembered that an investment is an investment, and that such a tinge, more often than not, is a good sign.

"The statements in this letter, while based on the best available information, are not guaranteed. We can take no responsibility for opinions expressed beyond offering them in good faith in the light of the facts at hand."

In red ink, these sentences appear on the letterheads of our financial department. They are printed there for a double purpose: to protect ourselves, and to protect our correspondents.

At best, giving information about investments is a difficult task. There are fakers in the business to lead the unwary astray. A banker we know says that he has never recommended the purchase of anything but a United States Government bond. Yet in his experience he has promoted the purchase of many other securities, some of which have "gone bad." He has, however, always clearly stated that he is not advising that this or that be bought; he is only giving facts, or what he believes to be facts, together with his own honest opinions. He wants his customers to make their own decisions and stand back of them.

This is The Outlook's position precisely.



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Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
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Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. $15-$25 a week.

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For Sale at Thousand Islands!

Finest property on southern shore of St. Lawrence River; mile water-front, excellent harbor, beautiful points. Also best business opportunity on entire St. Lawrence. Pays 10% on investment. John O'Leary, Clayton, N. Y.

FOR SALE at very low price, fine modern country home, all improvements, high elevation, beautiful view, near P. O. and State roads. Age of owner reason for sale. F. L. GREENE, Alfred, N. Y.

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New four-room and bath furnished bungalow with garage; conveniences. On Indian River, near Cocoa (east coast). For particulars address C. F. NORTON, Cocoa, Florida.

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FURNISHED Apartment for rent—New York City—421 West 121st St. (Columbia University). Sunny 5-room housekeeping apartment. Quiet surroundings. Walk-up house. To sublet. Yearly lease can be arranged. Moderate rental. Present tenant would consider offer for furniture. Address 2,759, Outlook.

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ROCK BOTTOM prices now on "Century," "St. Nicholas," "American Golfer;" single subscriptions, any two, or all three. Investigate now, save money; information postpaid. Address Box 265, Oak Park, Ill. Mention Outlook.

RETAIN your French! Delightful, inexpensive method; interests French persons, teachers and students of French. Request information, postpaid, now. Box 265, Oak Park, Ill. Mention Outlook.

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WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL PRINTED STATIONERY. 200 noteheads, 100 envelopes, good white vellum bond paper, three or four line printing in neat Gothic type, blue ink. Quick service. Price $1, cash with order. Excellent Xmas gift. HANSON PRESS INC., 561 Harrison Ave., Springfield, Mass.

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HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite C 5842, Washington, D. C.

COLLEGE graduate or person with equivalent training and good appearance to assist official of a $3,000,000 private school. Good pay. Work will be at your home. Give all details regarding training and experience in first letter. Address W. A. Johns, Hudson, Ohio.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED — Refined Protestant woman, competent to instruct, good cook, to take full charge kitchen department. References. Davenport Home, Bath, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

DIETITIAN wants position in small hospital or private institution. Excellent references. 5,539, Outlook.

Business Situations

CAPABLE woman wishes position as manager and caterer. Fifteen years' experience in hotel and school. Best references. 5,524, Outlook.

ASSISTANT'S position in tea-room conducted by ladies. Practical insight into the business desired by lady of refinement. References exchanged. 5,531, Outlook.

WOMAN, graduate School of Household Arts, desires position. Experienced as manager tea room, city club, country club. New York and Cleveland references. 5,530, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

POSITION of responsibility—companion, chaperon, or care of motherless children. 5,498, Outlook.

WANTED—Lady wishes paying, responsible position in private family with servant. Household manager, companion, entire charge of intelligent children. First class position desired. Excellent references. Have traveled. 5,505, Outlook.

POSITION wanted by Southern woman as managing housekeeper in private family. Exceptional references. 5,532, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate wishes to spend the winter as traveling companion. 5,540, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman who is alone as companion, preferably with a lady who is alone. WILL travel. REFERENCES exchanged. 5,533, Outlook.

REFINED lady, companion to middle-aged or elderly lady. Would travel. References exchanged. 5,523, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary. Young woman, excellent business training. Willing to travel. References exchanged. Address F. A., 675 Forest Ave., West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

COMPANION to lady. Present employers desire to secure position for a French gentlewoman in her forties, who is admirably fitted to be a companion in a refined household where her genuine worth and other sterling qualities would be appreciated. Speaks perfect French, also good English. Extraordinarily expert needlewoman, dressmaker, milliner. 5,528, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR wishes position; college preparation. 5,512, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED private school teacher, recently returned from Europe, wants tutoring position. Excellent references. Will travel. 5,538, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

LITTLE THEATRE AND SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND ARTS. Leading N. Y. institution of high repute and long standing, ENTIRE BUILDING LITTLE THEATRE, recital hall and studios, elaborate furnishings, eight pianos and equipment; established high-class patronage; full enrollments; business $50,000 yearly; present owner's 25th year, desires to retire; will sell for $75,000, half cash. Answer by letter only to owner's representative, E. Coe, care 39 Flushing Place, Flushing, N. Y.

GREETING CARDS

UNIQUE ten cent Christmas cards. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

BOARD AND ROOMS

LAKEWOOD, N. J. Christian family will take a few boarders. Home cooking. Terms reasonable. 5,536, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

TRAINED nurse, college graduate, will undertake the physical and mental care of a child in her Vermont home. 5,485, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

WANTED to adopt mother, daughter, sister or friend to be helpful and loyal to and to be both to me. Much money desirable but not necessary. Comfortable means and sense of humor indispensable. Pilgrim, 5,477, Outlook.

IDEAL New England home for little girl. $15 weekly. References exchanged. 5,522, Outlook.

SHAKESPEARE—HOW MANY QUESTIONS could you answer on Shakespeare? Play the game "A Study of Shakespeare." Instructive, original. Price 50 cents. THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, Camden, Me.

MULTIPLICATION TABLES in chatty letters. Dime for sample and prices. 5,535, Outlook.

WANTED—Permanent home in Connecticut for Jack 11. Must offer opportunities for good education. Fine personality, mentally gifted. 5,535, Outlook.

By the Way

THE late Major Robert W. Imbrie, who lost his life at the hands of a Persian mob, tells something of Turkish cookery in a posthumous article in the "National Geographic Magazine." It is, he says, "mysteriously complex. Most of the dishes are morbid, some only quaint. A Turkish meal stands not on the order of its coming. A meat follows a sweet; a vegetable follows a pasty, and then another sweet is liable to come trekking in with a soup.

"We dropped into a tiny restaurant," Major Imbrie says, "typical of all Turkish restaurants, which are among the worst in the world. Over individual charcoal fires rested several copper bowls. In these simmered and muttered the inevitable mutton, the fatal *pilaf* (rice cooked in tallow), and a kind of squash resembling saddle soap. Over the door was a sign which stated, in Arabic characters, "I do my utmost; the rest I leave to Allah."

Proverbs from a recently published collection called "Wayside Sayings:"

Welsh: Have a horse of thine own, and thou may'st borrow another's.

French: He who has wood can make shavings.

German: We hang little thieves and take off our hats to great ones.

Scotch: Eaten meat is ill to pay.

Dutch: At the bottom of the bag one finds the bill.

The Talmud: Where there is no man, be thou the man.

Japanese: Live under your own hat.

Malagasy: Do not love me as a door; liked, but pushed to and fro.

From "Life:"

Children should be seen and not heard, unless they grow up into opera singers, when they should be heard and not seen.

"Mr. Wackford Squeers, the Yorkshire schoolmaster in 'Nicholas Nickleby' and one of Dickens's immortal characters, has undergone recently somewhat of a whitewashing at the hands of one of the most celebrated of British surgeons," says the New York "Medical Journal." "Sir Arbuthnot Lane . . . declared that Mr. Squeers was, so far as the early morning diet of the scholars was concerned, a benefactor to the youths under his charge." He "pointed out that probably the greatly pitied pupils of Dotheboys Hall owed long and happy lives to their morning dose of brimstone and treacle."

The "Journal" comments on the above: "No doubt the London surgeon intended to drive home the point that the sophisticated and largely artificial diet of civilization is not conducive to good digestion and good health. . . . Mr. Squeers, although Dickens did not intend that his writing should be so interpreted, was, in fact, cruel only to be kind, as it is undoubtedly true that a luxurious diet, the diet of present-day prosperous civilization, is not nearly so valuable physically and mentally as the simple coarse diet of a primitive people."

From "Liberty:"

"I gave my little nephew some candy. In a few minutes he returned and asked, 'Aunt Goldie, how many pieces of candy have you left?' I said, 'I don't know—why?' 'Well, I was just going to say that if you had only one piece I wouldn't take any."

In a large department store in New York City, on a floor which is frequented by employees at the noon hour, a sign on the wall reads:

IF YOU OBEYED OUR RULE, YOU WOULD NOT BE RUINING OUR FLOOR WITH YOUR GUM.

This speaks volumes as to the prevalence of the gum-chewing habit and the carelessness of those who discard the sugary mouthful when convenience demands the sacrifice.

The irrepressible conflict between motorists and pedestrians is not going altogether in favor of the former, as is indicated by the following advertisement in the Personal column of the London "Times:"

Motorists, Warning! Startling revelations. Statement made in open Court, during recent case, that "pedestrians are entitled to stop in middle of road to do up boot-lace." Surely it is time we had new laws. No wonder motorists are penalized!!

From the Detroit "News:"

Crabshaw—"How is it dinner is so late?"

Mrs. Crabshaw—"I had to wait so long in the barber shop."

Speaking of conundrums, a subscriber says, here is one that has attained its majority:

—— is company; —— avoids company; —— calls company. The whole word entertains company.

An easier one:

My first puts on my second to keep off my third. The whole is the name of an island.

Contributors' Gallery



JOHN SPARGO became identified with the Socialist cause in England at eighteen; came to the United States in 1901, and was very active as a Socialist lecturer, writer, and worker; he resigned from the Socialist Party in 1917. During his association with the party he was a delegate to all its leading conventions and wrote an amazing number of books on social and economic questions. With Samuel Gompers he founded the American Alliance for Labor and Democracy and was influential in establishing the National Party. Mr. Spargo's letter which we publish in this issue was written to a personal friend of his, and not intended for publication. It was, in fact, only on the insistence of the recipient of the letter that Mr. Spargo agreed to have his letter published.

HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY, who has just returned from an extended tour through Europe, is former editor of the "International Interpreter," which was taken over by The Outlook on June 11, 1924.



HUGO RIESENFELD, an able conductor and a composer of distinction, is managing director of the Rialto, Rivoli, and Criterion Theaters of New York. He has had a great deal to do with the introduction of fine music into motion-picture theaters, and has aided very materially in the development of the popular taste for the best kind of music.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY is Professor of Philosophy at Vassar College and the author of "The Founder of Mormonism," "American Philosophy," etc. In 1920 he was a lecturer at the Sorbonne.

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue, New York



Men who "know it all"

are not invited to read this

THIS message is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment, who believes that the only reason he is not paid twice as much is that he has never been "given a chance."

This is a personal message to the man who has responsibilities, who feels secretly that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but who simply lacks the confidence necessary *to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business.* We would like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress" and is sent without obligation.

We have in mind, for example, a certain man who is now auditor of a great corporation in the Middle West. Until he was thirty-one years of age he was a bookkeeper. His employers had made up their minds that he would always be a bookkeeper. His wife was beginning secretly to wonder. Worst of all, he himself was beginning to lose faith.

He investigated the Alexander Hamilton Institute; without any great hope in its results, he enrolled in the Modern Business Course and Service. The first few months of his association with the Institute were a revelation to him. He found himself being initiated into departments of business that had hitherto been a mystery to him. He was learning the fundamentals of purchasing, of merchandising, of advertising, of office and factory management, and corporation finance.

He began quietly to make suggestions to the officials—suggestions that surprised them, because they had ceased to expect anything from him. They revised their estimate of his capacities; when the position of auditor became vacant, he was given his chance. And recently, on an important financial problem, he argued against the position of the company's own attorneys—basing his argument on principles which the Institute had taught—and by proving his point succeeded in saving the company $60,000.

The self-confidence which the Institute gave him has transformed that man. He will be a vice-president of that great corporation; and at 31 he was condemned to be a bookkeeper for life.

For the man who is perfectly content with himself and his job the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do nothing. But there are thousands of men who *could double their incomes* in one year if they *believed* in themselves and had the solid business knowledge to *back up their belief.*

To such men the Institute offers "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress"—a book with power in every page, and which also describes clearly and interestingly what the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do for you. Thousands of successful men regard it as one of the most valuable little books they ever sent for. May we send it to you? The coupon is for your convenience.

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210 Astor Place, New York City



Send me the book, "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," which I may keep without obligation.

Name .....
(Please write plainly)

Business Address .....

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The Health Carriers



OUR youngsters laugh when we tell them that old Mother Hubbard went to her cupboard and found it bare. For them the jingle is only a bit of humor, and they are quite sure the old dame promptly went to market and then—food aplenty.

But to folks of many lands, the bare cupboard is a nightmare bringing up instantly the specter of famine. India, with three times our population, has had nineteen famines in the last century and a half. In China, during 1876-79, more than eleven millions died from famine. In both countries there was food enough for every one but no way to carry it fast enough to the neighborhoods where it was scarce. India had less than 30,000 miles of railroad and the only railroad China had at that time was destroyed during the famine's first year.

If we are immune to famine, it is largely because we have 375,000 miles of thoroughly efficient railroads. As long as their growth is encouraged and they are allowed to function freely, food scarcities will be relieved before they become acute. But our railroads have sometimes been hampered and in October of 1921 they were threatened with a complete stoppage.

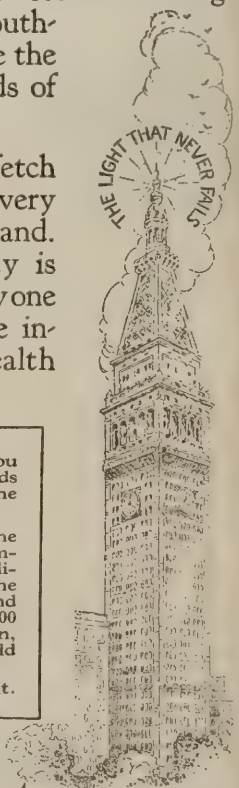
At that time, the authorities of the district of New York with eight million people to care for, were at their wit's end. The flour would be exhausted in a month; the fresh meat in a week. The fresh milk so essential for babies and invalids would be gone in a day and storage was out of the question.

The whole country was alarmed. The farmer saw himself rich in grain, but poor in flour; robbed of his markets, and cut off from supplies, with his car and motor-truck powerless; his children sick, and medicines unobtainable.

But the crisis passed, the motor-truck chugged over the hills, the grain went to the mill, shipments of flour and meal rolled into town and village, ice-cooled cars of meat and fruits sped across the continent, the good old milk train continued to deliver the morning milk. And the sturdy lad who sees the morning sun gild the Statue of Liberty, the vigorous youngster who watches its parting rays streaming in through the Golden Gate—and all the rest of us—continue to enjoy the *balanced ration essential to health;* fresh meats, fresh vegetables, fresh fruits, fresh eggs, fresh milk.

So, when at night, we hear the panting of the ponderous freight train, heavy with health-giving products of farm and field, let us breathe a prayer of thanks that we live where brains, money, vision, brawn, pluck, and grit have made New York and San Francisco neighbors and have set the orange groves of the Southern states beside the vast wheat fields of Canada.

Our railroads fetch and carry from every corner of the land. Their efficiency is personal to every one of us. They are indispensable health carriers.



With only 6% of the people of the world, we have 50% of the railroads and the most effective railroad service that has ever been known.

The freight rates of Canada and the United States are the lowest in the world, and the railroads pay more than $1,000,000 a day in taxes.

Our Government tells our railroads how much they may earn, how much they may charge us for their service, how much they should pay their men. It supervises their bookkeeping and it knows where every dollar comes from and where it goes.

The railroads carry us from town to town and do it well, but they make their living in a service that is even more important, the carrying of freight. For every passenger coach, they have forty freight cars. And their great achievement is not even the tremendous number of freight cars—2,500,000—but the ice-cooled cars, almost unknown in other lands, which carry our perishable foods thousands of miles and deliver them in perfect condition. So, whether you travel or stay at home, the railroads are serving you every minute of the day.

The railroad question, for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is more than a matter of politics and economics. It includes the most vital question of all—health and longevity, not only for the 21,000,000 policyholders of the Metropolitan, but for every man, woman, and child in the United States and Canada.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

The Outlook

Volume 138 October 29, 1924 Number 9

Campaign Funds

THE Senate Committee for the investigation of campaign expenditures, called together by Chairman Borah at the request of Senator La Follette, has not thus far uncovered anything that even remotely resembles the gigantic "slush fund" which Senator La Follette—as far as he could do so—had led the public to expect. The Committee has adjourned, as this is written, from Chicago to Washington, and other details will be investigated, in an effort to make the inquiry as complete as possible.

Chairman Butler, of the Republican National Committee, disclosed the fact that the Republican budget called for funds of $3,000,000. The sum expended up to the time he appeared before the committee was $1,700,000. The remainder, he testified, is not in hand, and apparently may never be. It is hoped, however, to collect and expend the remaining $1,300,000. As campaigns have gone in the United States for a number of years past, this is a modest sum for expenditure in a "Presidential year." Larger funds have been expended without question of the legitimacy of their use. Chairman Butler said that, so far as he knows, no money is raised or expended except through the National Committee. Representatives of Senator La Follette insist, however, that there are expenditures through a number of other agencies.

The La Follette fund so far collected, as disclosed to the Committee, is less than $200,000. The spokesmen for the La Follette campaign were, however, decidedly indefinite as to what sums of money may have been collected and expended through other agencies. There appears, however, no evidence which could justify a belief that more money has been spent than is necessary to conduct a Presidential campaign.

No testimony was offered in Chicago as to the size of the Democratic campaign fund, consideration of that matter being reserved for the Washington hearing. It is understood that the Democratic National Committee will report collections ranging somewhere between $800,000 and $1,000,000—well within the range of reasonable and legitimate expenditure.

There is, of course, no certainty as to what testimony may later be offered, but, on the face of the first inquiry, it appears that all of the parties, instead of collecting and spending unduly large sums of money, have had to get on with rather lean finances.



P. & A. Photos

A picturesque ceremony—reading the Royal Proclamation dissolving the British Parliament, on the steps of the Royal Exchange, London

The English Elections

THE Parliamentary elections in Great Britain take place on October 29, the very day on which this paper is dated. The election campaign has been short and sharp, for Parliament was dissolved on October 9, and there have been only twenty days for the political fight. This is a contrast to our long Presidential election campaign, which has been going on for months; it must be remembered, however, that the British people are not electing a ruler or President, and their election would compare more closely to one in this country in which only members of Congress were chosen.

The issues of the British elections have not been altogether clear-cut. Recalling the last appeal to the voters, it is amusing to note that the Conservative hecklers in this campaign have encountered their opponents with the cry, "What has become of your issue of tax levy on capital?" and that the opponents have replied, "How about your famous protection issue?" One American newspaper correspondent asserts that the only real issue in this campaign is Socialism *versus* anti-Socialism. In a sense this may be so, but the Socialism of MacDonald is far removed from the Communism and Bolshevism which he has repeatedly denounced. The dissolution of Parliament was nominally based on a vote of censure for quashing the prosecution of a Communist editor, but we judge that this matter has played no great part in the campaign itself. Neither has there been much said about the Ulster boundary question. On the other hand, the Russian treaties, which would have been completed this fall by the Labor Party if it had remained in power, have been actively discussed. There is a strong

feeling against too close relations with Russia or the sending of British money to Russia. On the other hand, MacDonald lays stress on the fact that the loans for the most part (three-fourths, he says) would not actually go to Russia, but would be used in Great Britain for producing machinery and goods for Russia, and therefore would help in solving the unemployment problem.

No one seems to be willing to predict that any one of the three parties will have an actual majority in Parliament, and almost all the writers indicate that there is no likelihood that the Liberal Party will increase its representation. If neither the Conservative nor the Liberal party should have an actual majority, as is probable, the same condition of no majority party will exist as before, except that notable strength in the Conservative Party would then enable its leaders to form a Government. If this happens, some observers think that there may be a working arrangement between the Conservatives and the Liberals. Unless an actual coalition is brought about such a Government would at any time be liable to be turned out by a combination of Liberal and Labor members, just as the Labor Government was turned out by a combination of Liberals and Conservatives.

All's Well in the Philippines

About a year ago the political pot was boiling and sputtering in the Philippines. In America alarmists and politicians who found agitation in the East a handy stick with which to attack the Administration declared that the fact that the pro-American party in the Philippines cast a little less than half of the total votes as against a coalition of the other two parties, and the further fact that the Philippine Legislature approved a resolution of the Philippine Independence Commission, showed that things were in a terrible condition and General Wood a failure as an administrator. Then the little flurry subsided.

Now comes a report from General Wood, as Governor-General, to the War Department. It is apparent that in the archipelago politics is dull and business is thriving. There have been no outbreaks, no excited political agitation, but there has been increasing prosperity. The unrest a year ago between Moros and non-Mohammedan Filipinos has been settled by a native peace commission. A mutinous tendency among the Filipino scouts turned out to be exaggerated and was easily settled early in the year.

What the people and the Government are interested in nowadays is the rise in the price of copra, the increase of a third in the sugar crop, and the belief of local business men that the trade of the islands is far short of its possibilities, although it has increased 700 per cent. General Wood seems far more interested in getting the Legislature to pass new land laws and constructive measures generally than in the extent of agitation for independence. And it is evident that the sooner the islands are unitedly striving to be permanently industrious and progressive and the less they are concerned about the fiery eloquence of those who want to run while they should be learning to walk steadily forward, the quicker will come the day of real self-government.

The St. Lawrence Waterway

The United States and Canada, apparently, are on the point of agreement on the problems involved in the St. Lawrence waterways project. Secretary of State Hughes recently sent a note to the British Embassy which reveals the fact that there is complete agreement between the two Governments as to instructions to be given the joint investigating board of engineers except upon a single point. This exception is, perhaps, not of great importance, and the difference of views will doubtless be adjusted. The American Government would have the engineers consider the extent to which water is or will be diverted to the Canadian side from Lake Erie and the Niagara River as a compensation for diversions from Lake Michigan to the American side. The Canadian Government is "unable to accept" this proposed amendment to the instructions to be given the engineers.

While Secretary Hughes says that he thinks it probably would not be wise to consider the power value of diversions from Lake Michigan without at the same time considering the power value of other diversions, he says that "the American Government is quite willing to have the joint board of engineers develop the facts with respect to any phase of the St. Lawrence problem with a view to arriving at an equitable adjustment of the rights and interests of the two countries." The American Government, he tells the British Embassy, is prepared to instruct the American representatives on the joint board of engineers to proceed with the consideration and investigation of matters covered by the recommendations of the technical officers, leaving this one question for further consideration.

The difficulty over diversions doubtless comes in the main from the complications brought about by the existence of the Chicago Drainage Canal, by which water from Lake Michigan is diverted into the Illinois River for the purpose of sewage disposal from the city of Chicago. This is one of the world's great engineering feats, but there has always been a question of whether or not the drain on the waters of the Lakes and the St. Lawrence was justifiable. At the time the work was done there was objection to it, also, on the ground of stream pollution. But it was apparently necessary to the sanitary welfare of the second largest city of America, and, the pollution not proving as objectionable as was by some expected, the whole matter was generally lost sight of until it bobbed up in connection with the St. Lawrence waterways project.

The Los Angeles and Commerce

Now that the ZR-3 (hereafter, Secretary Wilbur announces, to be known as the Los Angeles) has been safely housed in the Lakehurst hangar after her record-breaking voyage from Friedrichshafen of 5,066 miles in 81 hours 17 minutes, and now that the German builders, officers and crew, as well as the American observers on the airship, have been duly praised and fêted, discussion is on as to the possible future of this type of aircraft.

It is natural that her commander on the voyage, Hugo Eckener, head of the Zeppelin company, should be sanguine in his views of the expansion of the use of the airship for commercial and mail-carrying purposes. He believes that a regular line of service between New York and Los Angeles may be carried on with financial success, although he gives no actual figures as to the relation of cost to service. The great east-to-west stretch of the United States seems to him to make this country better fitted than most others for long-distance air commerce, yet he points out that transatlantic voyages would have no rail competition and that there would be other advantages.

Nothing can seem foul to those that win

(1 Henry IV, Act V, Scene 1)

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

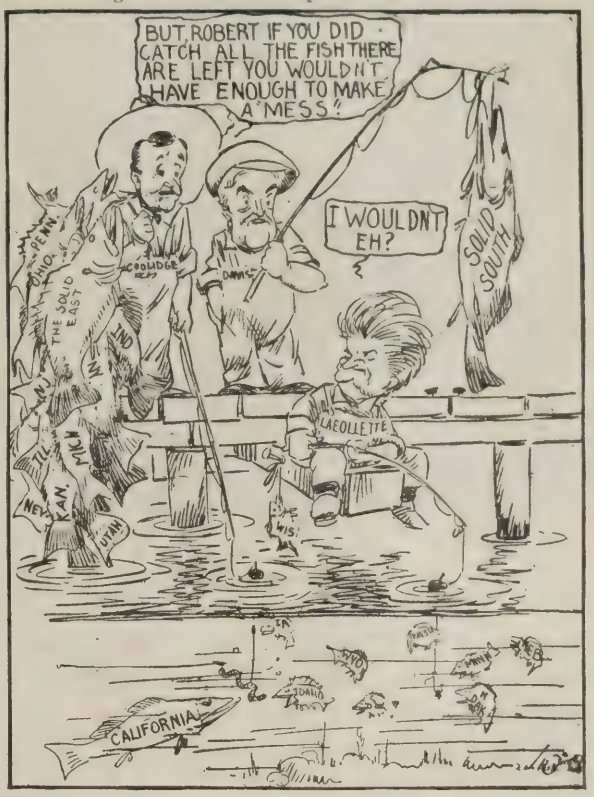


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Waiting for a fumble

From W. G. Brown, Evanston, Illinois

Darling in the Philadelphia North American



Well, a "Mess." Yes, just exactly that

From Mrs. C. C. George, West Chester, Pennsylvania

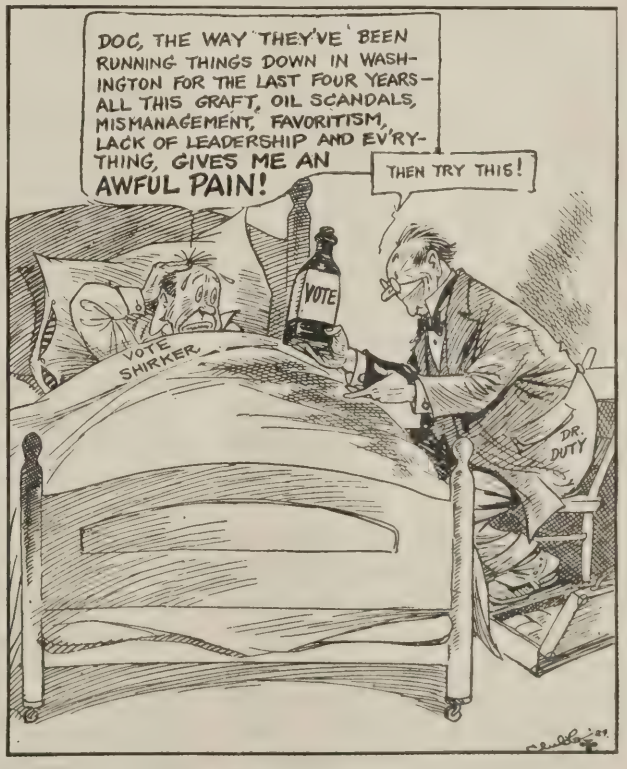
Dorman H. Smith in the Anderson (Indiana) Daily Bulletin



Stumped!

From William D. Fall, Alexandria, Indiana

Clubb in the Rochester Herald



The only remedy

From Mrs. F. C. White, Newark, New York



International

The ZR-3 in her old home—flying over the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin

The present type he considers large enough for commercial work.

In reply to questions as to safety and to security from storm, Dr. Eckener said in effect that our capacity for producing helium, the use of a heavier fuel than gasoline, and greater relative speed were the requisites. As to the last he is quoted as declaring that an increase of speed of the ZR-3 of five meters per second (say thirteen miles an hour) would enable the airship to avoid any threatening storms, and eliminate the danger of its being made a plaything by fierce air-currents. Germany, according to Dr. Eckener, could make world-circling Zeppelins if only the Versailles Treaty would permit. One newspaper report ascribes to Dr. Eckener the statement that before the ZR-3 started Germany offered to put the Zeppelin to an extreme test to prove its efficiency. The offer, he said, was to fly the ZR-3 to Lakehurst, back to Germany, and again to Lakehurst. The United States declined the offer, he added.

There is little probability that the Allies will consent to a reversal of their decision that Germany may not build huge aircraft; in all probability the great Zeppelin works will be dismantled. There is too much possibility that if Germany were to be allowed to build monster airships at will the symbolism of the Los Angeles, expressed by Secretary Wilbur as standing for "peace on earth," might not permanently hold good.

The Radio Compass

We all know that the ZR-3 received aid in fog and storm from wireless and radio on shore and on ships. The safety of both ships and air vessels at sea is constantly being better insured by invention. Prominent among the methods of help is that of the radio compass or direction-finder. It has been especially useful on the Canadian coast, where it has been definitely established. The first of the direction-finder stations was built near Halifax, in 1918, and already there are four more stations about the shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, one at Cape Race, Newfoundland, and one at Pachena Point, Vancouver Island. In addition there are six radio beacons automatically transmitting signals for the benefit of ships possessing direction-finders of their own.

The radio compass, which was invented by Dr. Frederick Kolster, of the Bureau of Standards, Washington, during the war, simply determines the direction from which radio waves arrive at a receiving station. Under favorable conditions—that is, without natural or artificial barriers in the path of the radio waves—the impulses from a transmitting station approach the receiving station on a direct line of bearing; in other words, the direction in which the radio wave is traveling is the bearing of the transmitting station from the receiving station. The apparatus may be installed at a shore station, and the responsibility for the accuracy of the bearings devolves upon the operator; or upon the ship, in which case the ship's operator takes the bearings and the responsibility.

"What is my true bearing?" comes the query from the air; whereupon the operator works out the degrees from the station and snaps the solution back to the ship. Another station at some distance does the same, and where the lines meet is the ship's position. That is all. Under normal conditions errors are not likely to exceed two degrees.

It is when ships meet with trouble on the high seas, 300 miles or more from land, that the value of having the direction-finder on board becomes apparent. The fate of the Norwegian steamer Capto is a fair illustration. She left Narvik bound for Sydney, Cape Breton, laden with iron. A storm played cat-and-mouse with her until it finally carried away her rudder. After two days' pounding of hurricane seas several stern plates were split, causing the water to make in the after tank and eventually putting the propeller shaft out of commission. While the men labored at the pumps the wireless operator sent out his S. O. S. calls. The Furness liner Sachem happened to be within a hundred miles of the Capto, and immediately began to search in the direction she imagined her stricken sister to lie. All day she continued the futile hunt, and at nightfall the case began to look hopeless. At this point a wireless was intercepted from the steamship Montclare, which ship was equipped with direction-finding apparatus. By its aid the exact position of the Capto was learned, and at 4:30 in the morning the Sachem came up with her and took her in tow. The sea had again been outwitted by science!

A Deadly Enemy of Cattle

A disease of live stock, perhaps the most dreaded known to veterinary medicine, has appeared again in the United States, this time in Texas, almost immediately after it had been stamped out by heroic efforts in California. The malady is that known as foot-and-mouth disease. For many years the United States has built its defenses against this disease as strongly, almost, as it would against a powerful and treacherous en-

emy nation. The machinery of defense is an exceptionally rigid quarantine law administered by the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The Texas outbreak marks the fifth time that the Bureau of Animal Industry has been called upon to repel the invader. Three times the disease appeared in live-stock marketing centers, and was not allowed to spread to the farms. Once it broke out in Chicago when a National live-stock show was in progress. All except the most optimistic feared that the invading disease had made good its landing, but the fighting force contended that, so long as the disease could be kept from spreading to the open country, it could be eradicated. It was eradicated.

After an interval of eight years the disease appeared again, and this time it was in the open country, in the rough and difficult range region of California. There even the veteran soldiers were not sure that they could triumph again. Even Dr. John R. Mohler, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, who has led every fight thus far waged against foot-and-mouth disease, must have had doubts, though he did not express them publicly. Again, by complete eradication of infected herds, the disease was stamped out, only to be discovered again on the Texas ranges.

This time the treacherous enemy came in by a roundabout way that took the defensive force somewhat off its guard. The affected animals were Brahman cattle brought from India. They were not permitted to be brought in direct, but had been held over for a long period in a non-infected country. Veterinary authorities are still puzzled as to how the infection could have lain dormant so long.

Infection has been found in only two herds, and is not thought to exist elsewhere. It is still within the cordon of the defending forces, and a fifth eradication is confidently predicted. No such fear is felt as was entertained when the disease broke out in California or at the International Live-Stock Show in Chicago.

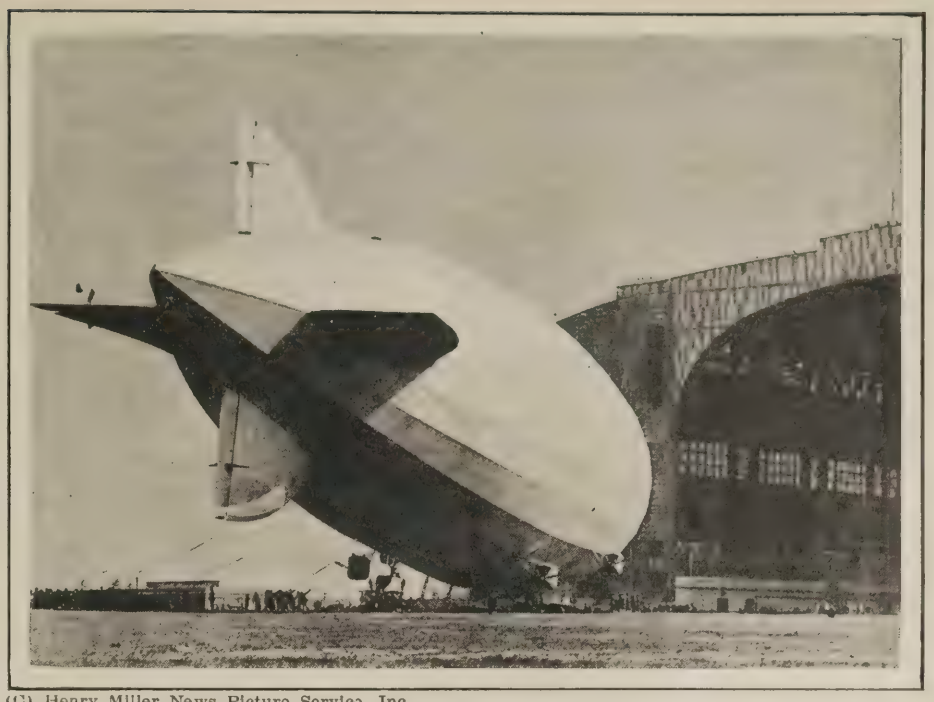
An Uncontrollable Virus

While the Bureau of Animal Industry has made a marvelous record in the eradication of foot-and-mouth disease, the United States can never feel safe from this devastating animal scourge until a cure is found for it. No effort is made now to treat the disease. Ruthless destruction of all animals exposed is the only method, the specialists say, by which we can be sure of preventing such a spread of the disease that it can never be eradicated.

During the California outbreak, as on the three other appearances in the United States, scientists were anxious to make experiments with the hope of finding a cure. In the main, these were doctors of human medicine. Most doctors of veterinary medicine are willing to leave experimentation with foot-and-mouth disease to their fellows of other countries. The Department of Agriculture has steadily refused the requests of the doctors. It has just as unyieldingly refused to permit its own men, among whom are many of the most eminent scientists in America, to experiment with this disease.

The virus of this malady, it is said, cannot be controlled by any means that science has yet discovered. Under the most careful methods known to scientists, it escapes, and herds at some distance become infected. Investigations were undertaken at Alfort, France, in especially equipped buildings, but were given up because the disease spread throughout the countryside. A similar thing occurred near Berlin. The British Government undertook experiments at sea, on an old war-vessel equipped as a laboratory, but gave up in despair because it was impossible to prevent the healthy control animals from contracting the disease.

It is not good to think of exterminating patients, even animals, in order to control a disease, but the authorities are doubtless right in insisting upon this method. At least they have justified their course by so often stamping out the disease in the United States when experimentation and treatment have accomplished nothing in other countries. The United States, in fact, owes more than it realizes to its practitioners of veterinary medicine. Not only has foot-and-mouth disease been stamped out whenever it has appeared; but many dreadful diseases, such as rinderpest, have been kept out of the country entirely, mainly by the efforts of veterinary inspectors at ports of entry.



(C) Henry Miller News Picture Service, Inc.

The ZR-3 in her new home—arriving at the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, New Jersey

Not Really Brahman, but Zebu

The fact that so-called Brahman cattle were the bearers of the foot-and-mouth infection which caused the outbreak in Texas will probably cause surprise to most persons. It is not generally known that the cattle of India have found a home in this country. They are not widely distributed, but have served a very useful purpose on the Gulf coast and in the interior of Texas. Because of their immunity to several diseases, notably the fever caused by the cattle tick, they have been used for crossing with native stock to produce an immune breed.

The name Brahman is generally ac-

cepted by cattlemen and has been somewhat tacitly accepted even by the United States Department of Agriculture, though this use of the name clearly violates the rules of systematic nomenclature.

These cattle are of the same breed as the holy cattle of the Brahmans, but in India only white bulls are holy. Most of the cattle that come from India to the United States are gray and are not in any real sense entitled to the religious designation of Brahman. By a somewhat natural extension, however, "Brahman" has been accepted instead of "zebu," which appears to be the correct and inclusive name. The United States Department of Agriculture, for the sake of making its literature understood by the general run of cattlemen who have accepted the inaccurate name, usually writes "Brahman" with "zebu" in parentheses after it.

With some other and newer misnomers the Department has been less careful. Not long ago an association of goat ranchmen represented to the Department that goat meat is at a disadvantage in competition with beef and mutton because it lacks a name, and suggested that "chevon" be adopted as the designation of goat meat just as mutton is the designation of sheep meat. The Department's Committee on Terminology, made up of scientific specialists of scholarly attainments, declined to recommend acceptance of the term. Secretary Wallace decided, however, to accept it and promulgated it through a press notice.

The producers of goat meat, it is to be feared, will find themselves saddled with a name which may not be entirely satisfactory. "Chevon" is based, of course, on the French word for goat, but it appears not improbable that the casual diner, confronted with the word "chevon" on a menu card, will be quite as likely to think of horse meat as of goat meat. It might as easily come from *cheval* as from *chèvre*.

It is no easy task, however, to give good standing to an utter stranger in word society. "Chevon" is not likely to be generally accepted, at least until the Department's Committee on Terminology has recommended it to the lexicographers.

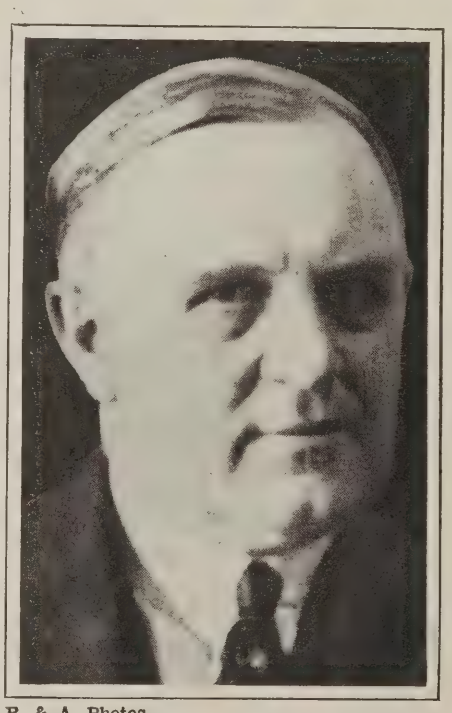
By the way, we recommend "Brahman," "zebu," and "chevon" to the cross-word-puzzle makers.

The Starving Deer

SOMETIMES destruction of animal life is the best way to save animal life. This paradox was illustrated long ago when the elk in certain Northwestern districts were allowed to increase so excessively under protection that they starved to death in very large numbers in the winter months. Early last winter Dr. George Bird Grinnell, whose love of animal life and interest in animal preservation are known everywhere, called attention in The Outlook to the danger that threatened the great herd of deer in the Kaibab Game Reserve in Arizona. He then predicted that if measures were not taken to reduce the deer in number, so that the vegetation upon which they subsisted might renew itself, either by allowing hunters to lessen the number or by the killing of a certain proportion by the Government employees, these herds of deer would suffer terribly from starvation.

Now Dr. Grinnell informs us that just what he predicted is in immediate prospect. There are something like fifty thousand head of these deer; of course they are not hunted; their natural food has been consumed; they will probably perish in great numbers. Some amusement has been caused in the newspapers by the offer of the Government to give away deer (and also, we believe, some buffalo) to any towns or villages for their collections of animals, or even to private individuals. There certainly seemed something amusing about the idea of a man sending to the Government for a mule-deer or a buffalo to put in his pasture. There was much more intelligence in the plan, however, than was generally accorded to it by the humorous writers; for the main purpose was to furnish the animals for stocking purposes where needed. A committee, made up of J. B. Burnham of the American Game Association, Heyward Cutting of the Boone and Crockett Club, T. Gilbert Pearson of the National Audubon Societies, and Mr. Tomlinson of the National Live Stock Association, went to the Kaibab Plateau to investigate the situation and recommended, first, that the offer of the animals as gifts should be made; second, that if this had no adequate effect, hunters should be allowed in the forests under supervision; and, third, if this were not enough, that some of the animals be officially killed. The condition in which the committee found the animals was exactly that foretold in our article in The Outlook for January 30 last. The deer were excessively numerous, they were in very poor condition and thin, and food for them was almost entirely lacking.

It will seem to many lovers of animals of the sentimental kind cruel in the extreme to take such radical action as reducing the number of deer in this reservation by death, but this is recommended only as a last resort, and those whose love of animal life is intelligent and not merely sentimental will realize that unless some better course can be suggested to prevent the suffering and slow starvation of these thousands of animals, this is the right course to be taken.



P. & A. Photos

The late Senator Brandegee, of Connecticut

Senator Brandegee

OBSTRUCTIONIST is usually regarded as a term of reproach; but there are times when obstruction is a useful service. Those who disagreed with Frank B. Brandegee's political view naturally regard his main service in the Senate as detrimental. But there are many others who believe that in opposing certain measures he served his country well. His service consisted in preventing laws rather than in passing them. No law bears Senator Brandegee's name. He was one of the most vigorous opponents of America's entrance into the League of Nations. And his opposition has been indorsed by public opinion; for there is no prospect that the Senate's decision



(C) Paul Thompson

Blasco Ibanez, famous Spanish novelist

against membership in the League of Nations will be reversed.

Senator Brandegee's death by suicide after a period of great depression was a shock to many of his most pronounced political opponents, for he was respected and liked by many of those who disagreed with him. He was a man of exceptional mental ability. He was effective as a public speaker; and it is said that he never wrote an important speech in his life.

Since the death of Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, Senator Brandegee was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

Friendly Opponents

THOMAS JEFFERSON and Alexander Hamilton, when they sat together in Washington's Cabinet, presumably tried to accommodate their views each to the other. But it is doubtful if, since that time until just now, persons holding to the opposite principles of the schools of political thought founded by these men have sat down together and, in a spirit of tolerance, tried to find and apply the good in both schools. This new thing was done a little while ago in Utica, New York, when the Hamilton-Jefferson Association was founded.

More remarkable still, perhaps, is the fact that the membership is composed almost equally, not of Protestants and Catholics merely, but of Masons and Knights of Columbus. This new civic body is cut across one way by a line of political cleavage, the other way by a line of religious and fraternal cleavage. Yet it may be that this double division itself makes for unity. Half the Jeffersonians, roughly, are Catholics, half Protestants. So of the Hamiltonians. In large part Hamiltonian agrees with Jeffersonian in religion, Protestant with Catholic in politics. It doubtless is a body well adapted to carry out the expressed purpose of the organization, which is—

> To promote devotion to and understanding of the purposes of the founders of our Republic as expressed in the Constitution of the United States of America, and to foster a spirit of toleration in economics, politics, and religion.

Elihu Root, himself a Hamiltonian and a Protestant but looking upon life from an eminence sufficient to enable him to see the best in Jeffersonian and in Catholic, was the guiding spirit. He it was who made the principal speech and breathed out the inspiration upon which a great experiment in tolerance and adjustment of views was launched. For the organization is not to be a society in Utica, but an association of societies throughout the United States, of which the Utica society will be, in a sense, the "mother lodge." The organization is to be extended as rapidly as possible throughout the State of New York, and then into other States.

In this organization, if it is developed as intelligently as it was launched, there are great potentialities for good.

And Unfriendly Ones

A REVOLUTIONARY movement headed by a novelist whose chief weapon is his pen and whose direst threat is to write a romance against his enemies is something new in history.

This is just what has sprung up on the Spanish political horizon. Vicente Blasco Ibañez is known all over the world as a writer of highly colored and passionate fiction. He is anti-monarchical to the core. He has issued a manifesto from Paris in which he not only attacks the Government of Premier de Rivera, who himself came into power at the head of a bloodless revolution, but assails King Alfonso in a manner that can only be called vituperative—and this is the more astonishing because the world at large has been accustomed to regard



(C) Keystone

King Alfonso of Spain

Alfonso as a popular and harmless sovereign. He declares that "it is not the military directory, but the degenerate Alfonso who is mainly responsible for the troubles in Spain and the catastrophe in Morocco." Other excessively abusive remarks gleaned from the novelist's manifesto assert that Alfonso is "a cruel and faithless puppet. His greatest friend is the only man who surpasses him in ignominy if not in stupidity—Primo de Rivera. He is a companion in the King's debauches. Alfonso must go."

From Madrid, despatches show that the representatives of those in power are ready to carry on their part of the wordy war. A cabled interview with the Acting Premier, Señor Magaz (General de Rivera is in Morocco), denounces Blasco Ibañez as "a publicity seeker who takes good care to remain out of reach of the Spanish law while he preaches the overthrow of the Government and blackens the reputation of the King." Furthermore, Señor Magaz remarks that the novelist does not know what he is talking about, that his statements are illogical as well as untruthful, and that some literary men find the best way to advertise themselves is to pose as revolutionaries. As regards the personal attack on the King, Señor Magaz is less angry than shocked.

This is a lively, acrimonious, probably not very dangerous, war of words. In the meantime the Spanish situation is undoubtedly uncomfortable politically, both because of the failure of the present

Government to subdue the revolt in Morocco and because of domestic political agitation.

The Issue

THIS year there is an issue which transcends any personality, any party, and any special policy.

Many citizens, it is true, will vote because they like one candidate better than another, or because either through habit or through conscious revolt against habit they prefer one party to another, or because either through self-interest or through public spirit they desire to record their approval or disapproval of some policy. It is evident, however, that citizens generally are more indifferent to the personality of the Presidential candidates, freer from party ties, and less concerned with any particular issue than they have been in any Presidential campaign for more than a generation.

For this seeming indifference on the part of the voters one reason can be found in the three chief personalities of the campaign.

Senator La Follette is picturesque. During his whole career he has been in the eyes of his supporters a political knight errant, and in the eyes of his severer critics a political soldier of fortune, but never a good captain in a regiment or a good colonel in a brigade, and therefore incapable of being a really good general of an army. Alone among the candidates he has secured what may be called a large, popular, personal following; but his recklessness in appealing to group prejudices and his instability have confined that personal following to those who distrust political stability and care little for political consequences.

Mr. Davis is eminent, respectable, and experienced in public life; but he has failed to impress the country as a constructive statesman. He has devoted a large part of his speeches to attacks upon his opponents and even to verbal assaults upon individuals. Even in his speech at Omaha, which is one of his more positive and constructive utterances, he spent most of his time in analyzing the agricultural situation and finding fault with the party in power, and very little, and that in most general terms, in making any constructive proposal. He has not appealed to the popular imagination.

President Coolidge is quiet, reserved, unspectacular. He has not appeared on the stump. Since his speech of acceptance his utterances have been those not of a candidate but of a President. His distinctive qualities are rather those that confirm the confidence of associates than those which kindle the zeal of disciples.

As the voters are not deciding this election primarily by their preference for candidates, so they are not deciding it by their preference for party. All three parties in the campaign are more or less disorganized. The Socialist Party, whose candidate is Mr. La Follette, is one of a group of factions which have little if anything in common besides their Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates. They command no party loyalty. They have the cohesion of an alliance in a fight, and they have the weaknesses of such an alliance. The Democratic Party, seriously split by sectional, racial, and even religious differences, has not become reunited. The Republican Party has lost its old coherence, and its power to command party allegiance and exercise party discipline. Republican voters and even Republicans elected to office are less constrained by party traditions than ever.

And as candidates and parties fail in this election to be the controlling factor, so do questions of policy. There is nothing this year that stands out as the paramount issue of policy as free silver stood out in 1896, or imperialism in 1900, or the League of Nations four years ago. Among certain groups and certain sections some questions of policy have aroused popular interest; but these policies have varied with the locality and the group. In most of these cases, so far as any constructive proposal has been concerned, the issue has been raised by those closely or loosely connected with the La Follette movement; but the very diversity of the groups composing that movement has rendered the issues themselves diverse. Government ownership of railways, for example, advocated in the La Follette platform, has changed its form as an issue from audience to audience as the La Follette campaign has progressed. And similarly the League of Nations is one issue as presented in the Democratic platform, another issue as presented in the speeches of Mr. Davis. Certainly questions of policy are not definite or outstanding in this campaign.

Above any question of policy, above any preference for party, above any choice between candidates, is the issue between two ideals of American destiny.

On one side are those who believe that America was originally started on the right path and that progress consists in continuing forward as that path leads. On the other side are those who believe that America was started on the wrong path and that progress consists in going back to take a path in some other direction. On the one side are those who believe that the structure of government set up on this continent was on the whole soundly planned and well built and that progress consists in enlarging that structure, adapting it in detail here and there, and making new uses of it as new uses are called for. On the other side are those who believe that that structure was faulty in design and not well put together and that progress consists in tearing down some of its central parts, changing the design, and planning such fundamental changes as to make of it a new and different building. If those who wish to preserve what they believe to be good can be called conservative and those who wish to turn backward can be called reactionary, then the issue may be said to be one between conservative progressives and reactionary radicals. Really, however, it is an issue more profound than those terms would indicate. It is an issue between those who believe in America, in the American spirit, American institutions, the American form of democracy, American independence, and American ways of co-operating with other nations, and those who believe that American democracy has been essentially a failure, American institutions and, in particular, the American structure of government essentially faulty, and America's established place among the nations and all that it has involved an essentially false position.

This issue has been raised by Senator La Follette and his followers. They are not agreed as to what is right; but they are agreed that the American Constitution with its safeguards against trespass upon individual rights even by a majority in Congress is wrong; they are agreed that the effort of American democracy to rule without divisions into classes and without engaging in class war is wrong; they are agreed that the effort to weld Americans into a united people without consideration of the interests of foreign countries is wrong; and they are agreed that the American faith in individual independence in the effort to accomplish common ends by voluntary co-operation rather than by governmental interference

is wrong. They see perhaps more clearly than any others the genuine grievances of those who suffer from inequality; but they differ from the rest of their fellow-Americans in wishing to remove those grievances by first removing what is distinctive in the American structure of government, in the American habit of thought, and in the American attitude toward other peoples. There is no practical question of honesty or dishonesty in this campaign. No one really doubts the honesty of any one of the three candidates or the honesty of any men he would choose for positions of trust. It is a question between those who sincerely distrust what is distinctly American and those who equally sincerely believe in it and would build upon it.

When such an issue is raised, those who see what is at stake will not waste their votes on any compromise. They will either vote for the radical reconstruction of American democracy or for those who are unmistakably against it. We do not think our readers can doubt on which side of the question The Outlook stands. Twenty years ago an editorial in this journal stated what is pertinent to repeat here:

> The Outlook is both by temperament and by conviction hopeful and progressive—alike in theology, in sociology, and in politics. The evolutionist believes that all progress is rooted in the past but grows toward the future. He differs from the radical because he will not separate himself from the past; from the reactionary because he will not anchor to the past.

We believe that the most certain way to insure progress along the path which America has followed is to maintain in Washington the present Executive and to provide that Executive with loyal support in Congress.

As Barnum Said

WITHIN five or ten years you have probably heard—at your office, in your club, or in the smoking-car—a wonderful tale about a lawsuit between two famous American families. Or some one has lent you a typewritten copy of the narrative, with all the particulars set forth in a dozen or twenty pages. The details varied, as there were different versions of the story, but in general they were briefly something like this:

The family of Olmsted, to which belonged the eminent landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted, have for two centuries owned Deer Isle, on the coast of Maine. Generations ago, one Cotton Mather Olmsted acquired it by gift from Winnepesaukee, sachem of the Penobscot Indians, in return for kindness shown to the old chief when he had been injured by a bear. The deed, written on birch-bark and dated January 24, 1699, is still in possession of the family. In 1892 Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, exploring a cave at one end of the island, found marks which caused him to dig in the sand till he discovered unmistakable evidence that an iron chest had at one time rested there. The marks of the nails in the chest were still visible in this rectangular cavity.

Now Mr. Olmsted knew that about 1801 Jacques Cartier, a French-Canadian fur trader in the employ of the original John Jacob Astor, had bought from his ancestor, Oliver Cromwell Olmsted, a few acres of land on the island. The poor fur trader had become suddenly and mysteriously prosperous. Finally he disappeared, and in his cabin were found documents, including a scrap of paper signed by John Jacob Astor. Mr. Olmsted, endowed apparently with powers of deduction more remarkable than those of Sherlock Holmes and gifts of prophecy surpassing the great men of the Old Testament, became convinced that this cavity in the sand had once held the treasure chest of Captain William Kidd, the notorious pirate; that Cartier had discovered it, and sold it to his employer, Astor, and that its contents had been the foundation of the Astor fortunes. He consulted William M. Evarts as to the legal aspects of the case, and was assured by that great lawyer that, as the Indian deed had been confirmed by the United States Government in the Administration of President Washington, the chest was treasure trove, and its contents undoubtedly the lawful property of the Olmsteds.

Investigation in the records of the Manhattan Bank in New York showed that the modest deposits of J. J. Astor prior to 1801 were swollen in that year by the extraordinary sum of $500,000. Also that payments to Cartier, usually of twenty to thirty dollars for mink and skunk skins, had been increased in the same year by one payment of $5,000 for no reason which was on record. In addition there appeared accounts of transactions with Roderick Streeter, of London, dealer in precious stones. A total sum of $1,300,000 had been paid to Astor by Streeter. Mr. Olmsted put an advertisement in the New York "Tribune" for an iron box, 15 x 30 x 15 inches, supposed to have been sold in 1893, at the time when the last house was wrecked in which old Mr. Astor had lived. With rare good luck he immediately heard from one "Bronson B. Tuttle," of Naugatuck, Connecticut, who had bought such a chest from "Melchisedec Jacobs," of Brooklyn. Mr. Tuttle generously let Mr. Olmsted have the chest for eighty cents—its value as old iron—and when it was conveyed to Deer Isle, and to the cave on the isle, and to the hole in the sand in the cave on the isle, need one say that it exactly fitted the hole? Need it be said that on the top of the chest were the initials "W. K."—or those of William Kidd?

It was known—or it shortly afterwards became known to Mr. Olmsted—that a little before the hour when Captain Kidd made his last public appearance, in the distressing ceremony which ended his career, he handed his wife a card with the mystic figures 44106818 thereon. And it happened, one day after Mr. Olmsted learned all this, that he was entertaining Professor David P. Todd, of Amherst, who amused himself by calculating the latitude and longitude of Deer Isle. When he found these to be 44° 10′ N. and 68° 13′ W., a perspicacious member of the Olmsted family noticed the close similarity of the figures to those on Captain Kidd's memorandum.

Naturally, Mr. Olmsted had Mr. Evarts call upon the Astor family and demand $1,300,000 with interest since 1801, or, to be precise, the sum of $5,112,234.80. In return for a prompt cash settlement he magnanimously offered to knock off the $34.80. The Astors refused the suggestion. He then demanded all the real estate owned by the Astors in New York, but this modest demand was also rejected. Consequently, Mr. Olmsted, represented by Joseph H. Choate, Stewart L. Woodford, and Frederick W. Holls, brought suit. The Astors, through their lawyers, Elihu Root and Edward S. Isham, denied liability, and asserted that if the cause of action were ever valid, it had been barred by the statute of limitations. And—so always ends the tale—it is expected that the case will come to final trial during the present year.

This story, as we have said, has had

currency, by word of mouth or otherwise, for years. It is often related by some one who adds personal confirmation of the details. The legal reports of New York State do not seem to have any record of it, but that does not prevent gentlemen from asserting its truth, and other gentlemen from believing it. One lawyer of whom we have heard even declared that his firm had handled some details of the case. The narrator of this story is not always able to vouch for it personally, but if not, he can usually name somebody who will so vouch.

The book collectors known as the Rowfant Club of Cleveland have recently published "Untrodden Fields in History and Literature," by the late Franklin Harvey Head, and, together with various other ingenious hoaxes, have included therein "A Notable Lawsuit," in which all this case of Olmsted vs. Astor is set forth at length, with amusing pictures. Some history is given of Mr. Head's yarn, which was first printed privately in Chicago as long ago as 1899. The fact that Mr. Head (who died in 1914) invented the story has long been known to a few; it is now known by many more; but it is probably still unknown to many who have heard some version of the tale. And what is very curious is the undoubted fact that some who hear the truth utterly refuse to credit it, and prefer to believe in the cave, the iron chest, the lawsuit, and all the rest. Mr. Head was a banker and corporation director in Chicago; what is more to the point is that he was a member of Eugene Field's group of "Saints and Sinners," who dearly loved such jests as this story of the great lawsuit.

It has all the elements of a successful hoax. It awakens that strange delight which so many folk experience from being fooled, and it contains other elements which have contributed to its success and caused its grave acceptance even until to-day. It has in it a tale of buried treasure and of Captain Kidd. It attributes the foundations of a big fortune to pirate gold—a welcome theory to many persons. It has references to a great legal action. It names veritable men, and does so with due solemnity. And it is, in some odd fashion, the kind of story which many of us like to believe, which we would cling to even if archangels should come to testify against it. Probably even Mr. Head, when he wrote his fiction, had small notion how successful a deception he had invented.

Police, Take Notice

WE are nearer the end of trial by torture in America because of the recent outcome of two murder trials. The despicable system of obtaining confessions by methods of inflicting mental anguish, known as the "third degree," has received a staggering, let us hope a fatal, blow.

One of the incidents was the acquittal at Tacoma, Washington, of Roland H. Pothier, charged with the murder of Major Alexander B. Cronkhite. The other was the action of the Supreme Court of the United States in remanding for new trial the case of Wan Ziangsung, a young Chinese charged with the murder of Dr. Wu Ben-sen. A court of first instance and the court of last resort similarly condemned the "third degree," the one refusing to convict, the other refusing to sustain conviction based mainly upon confession not voluntarily made.

The two cases, probably, are of almost equal value in bringing the obnoxious nature of the "third degree" to public attention. The Pothier case involved prominent officers of the United States Army and received much attention. The trial occurred in a lower court of the State of Washington. Wan, on the other hand, is an obscure young Chinese, but his case was passed upon by the highest court in the United States. The two results, coming together, ought to go a long way toward crushing a furtive inquisitional institution which has so long existed in our police departments and detective bureaus without warrant of law or color of justice.

The Cronkhite death, for which Pothier was tried, occurred at Camp Lewis, Washington, October 25, 1918. Major Cronkhite, with a number of regiments on the rifle range, stepped into some underbrush. Three shots were fired. Pothier and Captain Robert Rosenbluth were the nearest persons to him. The first report was that Cronkhite had deliberately committed suicide. Later an Army board reported upon investigation that he accidentally shot himself while shooting at a tin can. The case was regarded as settled.

Nearly three years later Pothier was arrested in Providence, Rhode Island. General Adelbert Cronkhite, father of Major Cronkhite, believed that the wound of which his son died could not have been accidentally self-inflicted. He was within his rights in demanding further investigation. The arrest of Pothier was proper. But, improperly, he was subjected to the "third degree" and confessed that he fired the fatal shot. Again, under the "third degree," he changed his statement and said that, while he fired the shot, Captain Rosenbluth instigated the deed. Later, when he had the protection which should have been accorded him from the outset, he repudiated both confessions. He is now, after three years of prison and worse, acquitted because a jury could not be made to believe that a confession under duress constituted proof of guilt. The case against Captain Rosenbluth, indicted as an accessory, was dismissed without trial.

The killing for which the Chinese student, Wan, was sentenced to death occurred in Washington, D. C., on January 21, 1919. Dr. Wu Ben-sen, undersecretary of the Chinese Educational Mission, and two of his clerks were found murdered in the Mission. Wan, who had known the secretary and had been befriended by him, was suspected. Arrested in New York, where he was a student in Columbia University, he was taken to Washington and tortured for eleven days, practically without rest or sleep. He signed a confession. A physician who later examined him said that he himself, under similar circumstances, would have confessed to anything for an hour's respite from the torture to which Wan was subjected.

But a jury accepted the extorted confession as evidence of guilt and condemned the young Chinese to death. The Chinese Government is said to have supported the prosecution. Wan had no money with which to conduct a proper defense. Some of his friends appealed to John W. Davis, now the Democratic candidate for President. Mr. Davis took the position that the confession never should have been admitted as evidence. When the case went to the Supreme Court, he prepared and submitted a brief in support of this contention.

The Supreme Court, in an opinion written by Justice Brandeis, has now sustained the contention that the confession, obtained as it was, should have been excluded from consideration by the jury. There was, said Justice Bran-

deis, "no issue upon which the jury should have been required or permitted to pass."

Here is a clearer decision from a higher authority than has appeared before holding the "third degree" to be in violation not merely of American statute law but of the whole spirit of Anglo-Saxon judicature. It ought to have the effect of ending definitely and for all time this barbaric practice. But unaided it will not. The Outlook said editorially sixteen years ago:

> The "third degree" needs only to be known to be abhorred by all fair-minded men, and more abhorred because it is never practiced on the rich or the influential but only on the poor and the friendless. If the courts have not the authority under existing law to put a stop to examination by torture, the legislatures have no more sacred and no more immediate duty than to confer that authority and call for its prompt exercise.

It should be the duty of legislatures now to support the Supreme Court of the United States by conferring whatever authority is needed to take from uniformed men the power to force men by torture to admit crime.

A Few Portraits

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

A GREAT St. Bernard dog walks slowly and solemnly up and down before the Palais des Nations, where sits the Council—the upper house of the League of Nations. He is a dozen years old or so, and has been on duty here a long time. He is peaceable and friendly, but, as was said of a famous English schoolmaster by his pupils, he is a "just beast."

At the meetings of the Assembly—the lower house, over in the Salle de la Réformation—the fifty-five member states are represented by several delegates each. Even more than last year and the year before I am impressed by the great variety among the delegates, because there are steadily more of them. At our House of Representatives in Washington we see Yankees contrasted with Southerners, and Far Westerners with islanders. Here one has the greater variety among Europeans, Canadians and Latin-Americans, Asians and Africans of varying hues.

Despite the diversity, there is a really impressive atmosphere of friendliness; never have I seen so much and so constant hand-shaking or so many amicable and even affectionate glances; you might fancy yourself in a veritable mutual admiration society. Like the St. Bernard dog, so all the delegates here at this autumn session of the Council and the Assembly of the League seem amiably and peacefully disposed; and I hope that, as in the case of the dog, the ruling thought here is justice first, then peace.

Among the delegates are half a dozen women—from Great Britain, Australia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Rumania. However worthy their heads and hearts, their toilets are tasteless compared with the smart attire of the one American woman of official position in the Assembly to-day.

I was surprised to see that one or more artists had been admitted to the floor



Giuseppe Motta at his desk as President of the Assembly

and were busily sketching the heads of presumably not unwilling delegates. It was amusing to note that these delegates, especially those of idealistic tendencies, were trying to appear quite unconscious of what was going on. Certainly this portrait-making innovation did not add to the dignity of what otherwise was a decorous and dignified assemblage.

The delegates most quoted here happen to be men all physically small but mentally big—Adachi of Japan, Benes of Czechoslovakia, Boncour and Briand of France, Hymans of Belgium, Motta of Switzerland, Politis of Greece.

Of these Eduard Benes, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, is the most quoted; indeed, the epoch-making scheme evolved at this year's meeting of the Assembly is generally referred to as the "Benes plan." Its chief originator is a remarkable combination of Slav, Teuton, Latin, and what seem to me distinctly American traits. His head is patently bulging with brains; he has piercing but wonderfully kind eyes; his facial expression is sympathetic, but he speaks with a rather harsh voice. His most taking feature is his smile—an instant smile and one full of understanding and appreciation for the circumstance eliciting it. He speaks French with poor Parisian accent, but, alert, supple, lucid, constructive, full of resource, he gives you a clear picture of the statesmanlike end he is working for, with his various sanctions (for security) as precedent to armament limitations. He speaks with surprising authority for a man still comparatively young until you realize that he never permits his talk to degenerate into mere sentimentalism. He is a practical politician. He does not dream dreams.

Nicolas Politis, ex-Greek Foreign Minister and now Ambassador at Paris, closely and effectively associated with Dr. Benes in the limitation of armament plan, is a signally handsome man, as becomes one of Greek ancestry. Yesterday I heard him speak smoothly and cogently for three-quarters of an hour without a note and without the slightest hesitation for a word. He was developing the principle of compulsory arbitration. He spoke in absolute harmony with the words that I heard from President Motta concerning him: "A scholar and a statesman. His is a penetrating and clear mind; his a logician's thought; his speech has the measure of the Greek masters—indeed, measure, balance, that is the divine virtue the Greeks have bequeathed to us."

Paul Hymans, Belgian Foreign Minister, has been a live wire here for five Assemblies. President of the first Assembly (1920), he is now President of the Council. Good as an executive, he is better as an orator. It does not appear to



Delegates in their places at the Salle de la Réformation. The French delegates are in the foreground. At the extreme left, with his hands folded, sits Herriot; next comes Briand, next Paul Boncour, and then Loucheur. Just behind Briand sits Carlo Schanzer, and to his right, Professor Scialoja, both of the Italian delegation. Across the aisle the most prominent figure—the smooth-shaven man—is Dr. Loudon, head of the Dutch delegation

comport with his restive, restless nature to sit quietly and calmly in a chair as a presiding officer. It does appear entirely his nature to put every ounce of his spare, nervous self into gestures of force and words of thunder—the while keeping legs busy too. His thin face seems continually consumed by some internal fire; certainly inspiration and experience alike inform his speech.

Mine-ichiro Adachi, Japanese Ambassador at Brussels and Vice-President of the Institute of International Law, is the League's Tom Thumb. He is a wonderfully able, hard-headed little person. He looks like an ivory idol yellowed with age. His shining and almost bald pate and the wee wisps of hair he wears on his face only accentuate his inscrutable expression. We have yet to understand just why he waited until the closing day of the usual four-week term of the Assembly before springing his remarkable proposal. Perhaps, feeling sure of getting half a loaf anyway, he wanted to avoid too long a fight with the representatives of the British Dominions and with some others on the Commission. He refused to agree that the International Court should have the final voice in determining whether or not a dispute was solely one of domestic jurisdiction and insisted that the Council (on which Japan has a permanent seat) must be given the last word.

Aristide Briand, repeatedly French Premier, is about as graceful as a cow. Short, solid, ungainly, seemingly a bit lazy, he looks like a blacksmith in retirement; certainly he has a blacksmith's gestures. He seems the Vulcan of the Assembly. Clumsy physically, there is nothing clumsy about his very masculine and forceful French. It commanded universal attention yesterday. There was no paper-rustling or nose-blowing. No one stirred. The speech received the unwonted compliment of a translation by M. Camerlynck (the official translator, and a master of his art; he sits at the President's right; Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General, sits at his left) instead of a translation by one of the half-dozen translators occupying the lower tribune, from which the orators of the day address the Assembly. When a word like "forsooth" appeared in M. Camerlynck's translation, even non-French speakers rightly assumed that the original was as subtle as it was strong.

Of all the orations from the speaker's tribune, however, Paul Boncour's this morning is generally accounted the best. His is a face for a camera or a medallion. Pure Greek in outline, it is surmounted by a shock of shaggy gray hair. His exquisite French is spoken in melodious voice—would that all other Socialists spoke thus! He speaks, do I say? But not as do ordinary orators, by deliberately prepared texts to be learned by heart or read to a patient audience. No, this orator seems *thinking* before you and paying you the compliment of voicing his thought as it develops. He walks—thinking and talking—up and down the platform. Has he been going pretty far in his radical expressions? Then he stops, folds his arms, and defies the assembly—*Athanasius contra mundum.* He interests and fascinates every one, does this Paul Boncour.

The closing event of this year's Assembly was the presidential address this afternoon. I have often heard Giuseppe Motta, from the Italian canton of Ticino, ex-President of Switzerland, but never

when he so appealed to his auditors. They rose in a body and cheered him for several minutes. That was not a long time, I know, compared with the manufactured cheering of our political conventions at home, but its spontaneity was "going some" for this sedate place. Signor Motta was visibly affected. For the first time in this Assembly he was standing at his place instead of remaining seated. What an attractive figure! A marked power of youth lit up his face, and you noted again that, despite his gray hair, how like a child's is his rosy complexion, how blue and limpid are his eyes.

Of course there is a great difference among the many speakers. "So much big talk makes me tired," remarked a young girl to me coming out of the Strangers' Gallery after five hours of steady oratory. Yet she has missed hardly a meeting, so enthusiastic is she about the best orators; it was only the more nebulous texts of the others that she dubbed "big talk."

Geneva, October 2, 1924.

La Follette's Mixed Army

Special Correspondence from Minneapolis

By STANLEY FROST

AN astute Negro politician of the Middle West was reproached the other day by a Republican leader because the Negro had been flirting with the La Follette crowd. The colored man grinned.

"Well, sir," he said, "you know my people are about ready to try something different. The promises you folks have been making us for so long haven't got us anything we can see. They were good promises once, but they're getting kind of thin. We want some new promises for a while."

"But you know as well as I do," the G. O. P. emissary protested, "that the La Follette stuff is all flapdoodle."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," the Negro replied. "I know that. But it's new flapdoodle. We want a change of diet. Reckon a lot of us will try it."

This story illustrates, as well as any one story can, much of the idea behind the La Follette movement. It does not tell all the truth, of course, and there is hardly anything more essential to an understanding of American politics just now than to get at all the truth. There is already a vigorous attempt to make the country believe that the movement is a tremendous demonstration for radicalism.

Already this purpose has, in fact, been very largely accomplished. There is little doubt, either, that the La Follette crowd in Congress will be considerably increased and that the next Congress will show an intensification of the balance of power troubles which afflict this one. The third party movement has produced the only live issue of the campaign, and it is almost certain that it will result, if not in the new political alignment which its leaders advertise, at least in a new party with some real power.

Germans, Jews, some Italians and Poles, farmers, Socialists, unionists, and representatives of some minor discontents are all mixed in a hotchpotch of varied aims, purposes, and interests, many of them irreconcilable among themselves. There is, however, one unifying principle—in spite of disagreement about what they want, they all want something different from what we have.

In seeking for details of the real springs of the La Follette movement the first point to be noted is that the platform counts very little. I have hardly found a La Follette leader who believed wholly in the platform, and very few of the rank and file are even interested in it.

So, instead of a platform, the movement really is based on an emotion. As will be shown later, it is also largely instinctive, which is much the same thing. This is bound to be true, since the movement is based on dissatisfaction and with most of its members is a blind lashing out against a vivid conviction of wrongs suffered. There is no real agreement on any constructive programme or curative treatment. "We know enough to be afraid of panaceas by this time," one man said. "We don't want a programme; we want to get control of the Government for the people instead of for the interests." But there is behind the movement a great enthusiasm, an almost evangelistic fervor, and usually rather bitter resentments. The psychology is that of an instinctive group mind opposed to the present American group mind.

The Driving Force of Discontent

THE one fundamental conviction, present in every La Follette man and woman I have met, is that the Government is responsible for practically every ill that they suffer, especially all economic ills; and that all evils have come because the Government is in the hands of people of wealth—the upper classes—who use their power to exploit and oppress those below them.

This is an axiom, permitting no exceptions, in the La Follette faith. It is founded on wrongs and exploitations which have been real enough; but the extortions of country bankers, the cheating of business men, and the blunders of legislators have been built into a guiding generality that is extended into realms of legislation and economics which the average voter cannot understand—wherefore he believes! This is, of course, essentially Marxian, and indeed much of the Marxian patter is to be heard among the La Follette workers, and many speeches have the same tang as those of Marat and Robespierre.

This belief is entirely beyond the reach of reason, of statistics, or other facts, even of results. It involves the belief that all agitators are "friends of the people" and all their opponents or critics are "enemies of the toiling masses;" that all facts which tend to explode the belief, or all figures which do not fit the theories it has begotten, are "manipulated by the interests" or are "capitalistic propaganda," and that all failures of the panaceas offered by the "friends of the people" are due to chicanery and crime by "the interests." The present price of wheat, the failure of the Non-Partisan bank, the increase of taxes under "progressive" government—all are charged up to the same malignant power.

In short, the La Follette movement has established a prejudice—which has some justification, as prejudices always have—and is intensifying it and building upon it. Against that such common sense as Dawes has been expounding through the Northwest becomes offensive. Prejudice is not only proof against common sense but resents it, and there are many who believe that Dawes has actually done his party more harm than good.

An analysis of the people who are supporting the La Follette movement shows six classes, not entirely distinct. First in noise, but last in numbers, are the "intel-

lectuals." These, so far as I have found, are the only ones who are not working on personal grievances, but who have a generous and unselfish though materialistic idealism. But the intellectuals are comparatively unimportant in the movement. This could hardly be otherwise in any outburst of popular feeling, for, while the intellectuals are emotional enough, they respond to a set of synthetic emotions quite different from those which motivate the great masses. In fact, they are rather despised by the real leaders as mere press agents and letter writers.

The Forces of Alienism

THE first class of people from whom La Follette is drawing any great numerical strength are the actual radicals, chiefly the Socialists of various kinds, the radical labor elements, the paternalists in general, the Government-ownership advocates, and others of these groups. We are familiar with them all. They have been trying for years to form some workable union, and believe they have it behind La Follette. They are mainly Jews, Russians, and Germans, with many Italians and Poles and some of other races. They are all fundamentally, and most of them openly, opposed to the basic conceptions on which American government is built. They constitute the vast majority of the La Follette strength in the Eastern States, the big cities, and the industrial world. They have become the backbone of the movement, as is shown by the fact that there are eleven of them on La Follette's campaign committee. They expect to dominate it, and draw the other elements with them.

The second great class of supporters includes those who are in revolt politically, but not fundamentally. They have no desire to change the American system except in ways which they believe necessary to put themselves in control. They feel they have been discriminated against; they are violently in reaction against rotten politics, lying politicians, governmental corruption, and panacea mongers. A particular, and just, grievance is the steadily lowering quality of the politicians who have been running the Republican Party in the States where they are most numerous. "If old Knute Nelson were still handling this State, La Follette wouldn't have a chance," a Minnesota labor leader declared. "It's the bunch of skunks and grafters at the Capitol that give him his real opening."

This political revolt is the great strength of La Follette in the Middle West, and especially among the farmers. It is the most important element in the party, too; for the radicals we have always with us, but radicalism among the farmers is a strange and alarming development, and one that, if it spreads, could quite easily upset the whole system of government and make America into quite a different place. It is worth careful study.

All farmers, not only those in the Middle West, have certain standing grievances against the rest of us. They work long and hard hours, their profits are often low and always uncertain, and they suffer from hard times due to weather or pests which do not affect other classes. Recently they suffered especially because the prices on their products were deflated far more rapidly and completely than prices on their purchases. To-day they complain that they have to sell in a market with prices fixed by world conditions, but must buy in a market with prices artificially fixed by union labor and the tariff. They want this changed.

They believe that they have been ruthlessly cheated by speculators, elevator men, and the railroads. They note the difference between what they get for their corn and wheat and the price it brings in the Chicago market the next June, and figure that they have been defrauded of the difference. They believe also that they have been exploited by the politicians. They have been promised many things—sure cures for all their ills. These promises have not been kept, of course, and it is the politicians' own fault that the farmer has turned on them. The farmers, like the Negroes, want a new set of promises.

They are not truly radical, however. They believe in the Constitution and like to vote the Republican ticket. The La Folletteites who have stuck to their party regularity while fighting every principle of the party have been wise—as outlaws they would have stood little chance of election in most States. The farmers do not want to upset the Government. They merely believe that they have not been getting a square deal, and they want one. They have no particular demands beyond this, except as they apply to particular grievances, like false grading at elevators and refusal of credit.

Strange Bedfellows

NOR does the farmer take any too kindly to an alliance with labor. He has doubts whether it is possible to raise both wages and the prices of farm products at the same time. He hopes that there may be something in the La Follette theory that the middlemen's profits are big enough so that this can be done, but he is far from sure of it. He is willing to ally himself with labor till he finds out. If it doesn't work, then he will be for his own hand, and he knows already that that would put him in opposition to labor. At any rate, nothing is further from his purposes than any real Socialism. He owns land.

His recent habit of electing men notable for their ability to make a noise in Congress is by way of experiment. He is firm in the faith that the Government can help him, and that it will if he makes it enough trouble. He doesn't know quite how; he pays little attention to the peculiar specifics the noisy politicians offer, but elects them in the hope that they will badger the Government into doing something.

So the farmer, even here in the Northwest, is only tentatively supporting La Follette. He will not support any very extreme measures. If they are tried, he will start a revolt inside the new party, just as he has now started one inside the old.

The Railroad Men and Others

A THIRD class of people who are backing La Follette in considerable numbers are those who have some particular and present grievance. One body is in the railroad unions, resentful because of the injunction Daugherty got out at the time of the railroad strike three years ago. Another consists of people whose indignation over the oil scandals is directed against both old parties. Some are veterans who wanted a real bonus. There are smaller groups who wanted other specific legislation and got help from neither old party. There are a good many of these people, all told. But they are of little value in forming a permanent third party. Most will be for some other party at the next election.

One group that was supposed to be solidly for La Follette deserves special mention—union labor. The attempt to "deliver" the unions has clearly failed. Labor is divided, as it always has been, and this cannot with any fairness be called a labor movement. The radical unions are behind La Follette, certainly, but as radicals, not as unionists. The other unions mostly take the color of their communities.

The support which La Follette is getting from all these groups—except the radicals—is so largely conditioned on his own personal popularity that one is inclined to doubt whether there is much other real strength in the movement. In each of the States which he is expected to carry I have asked some of his followers to name another man who could win on the same platform and campaign. Not one has been able to. The belief in La Follette's honesty, in his championship of the common people, and particularly in his friendship for certain groups, is a far larger element of his strength than all of his policies, or even than the grievances of his followers. The loss to

the movement when he drops out will be incalculable—and probably fatal.

Greatest of all will be the loss of the hyphenate strength, chiefly German, which belongs to no man but him. The hyphenate group is so closely interwoven into each of the groups which are supporting him that here again a strong doubt arises as to whether it is not gratitude for his war record rather than grievances, programme, or even personal confidence, that is bringing him support.

This gratitude begins with the "intellectuals." Their chief organ remarked in a recent issue that "it is a hopeful sign that . . . his war record will probably count more as a source of strength than a source of weakness" to him. Many of the people of this class are products of German education, either direct or indirect, and many more are affected by the clever and alluring writings of the pacifist or pro-German Jews. Most of them were pacifist—if not pro-German—during the war, and opposed to all stringent war measures. They learned then to associate with hyphenates and to accept La Follette as their political leader.

This is no less true of the radicals. Radicalism in America, under the domination of Germans (perhaps German Jews is more accurate), was violently pro-German during the war and since. It owes La Follette definite gratitude.

With the farmers the case is not so clear, but there is a curious line drawn between those farmers who support La Follette and those who do not. In general, with some exceptions, those of Teutonic stock—those which were pro-German during the war—are for him, and few others are. He has almost no strength along the line of the Yankee westward march; none worth mentioning among the Anglo-Saxons of the South.

I found this true in Wisconsin; it is true wherever I have been. It is so strong a factor in the La Follette strength everywhere that there is a reasonable probability that it is his main strength.

An Anti-American Party

When all the purposes and character of his followers are taken into consideration, in short, it seems that La Follette is basing his whole movement upon the support he gave the hyphenates during the war, and that he is trying to build, not a reform party, not even a "progressive" party, but a party which is opposed either to the American system of government or to the American national mind or both. In other words, an anti-patriotic party. This does not mean that all his followers know this or believe in it. Thousands are with the movement for some other of the reasons mentioned. But it does appear to be the real motive and the real strength of the movement.

It is only fair to give another explanation of all this, one which I had from one of the most intelligent and fair-minded La Follette men I have met, C. B. Leonard, a Minneapolis lawyer. I rather expected to be thrown out of his office when I suggested that there were indications that the movement was fundamentally anti-American, and enumerated the facts given above. But he admitted them.

"There is a good deal in what you say," he went on, thoughtfully. "There are fair grounds for suspicion along that line, I guess. But I do not think it is correct. The movement is a protest. It comes from grievances—from people who are suffering and who are economically at the bottom of the heap. Those are, quite naturally, the newcomers, the latest aliens. But because they are protesting it does not mean that they are arraying themselves against America. The same thing is true of the farmers. The Yankees are in rather different conditions from those up here—different climate and different crops. They have suffered less. I believe that it is more or less an accident that the lines of suffering—of protest—and the race lines so nearly coincide."

Representative John W. Nelson, La Follette's campaign manager, took another point of view.

"Our purpose is to stop exploitation, to get a force together. We are using all the allies we can find," he said. "We will get the issues clarified later. We are not quite ready to take control of the Government yet."

An Explanation that is a Confession

Victor Berger also speaks on the subject. "The Socialist Party didn't grow as it should," he said, "because we have very few native American workers who are compelled to stay workers all their lives. There is always a chance for them to get ahead on the shoulders of the newcomer, the immigrant. There are many different nationalities, and national hatred and jealousies exist. We have the hope, too, that some day we may have money."

Berger seems to be the most nearly right of the three. The coincidence of alien and underling in the cities is undoubtedly largely true, and if that were all, it might be accepted as the whole explanation. But it is not all. Even in the cities there are large bodies of native Americans who are wage-earners—some close to the starvation line. And on the farms there are millions who have suffered as severely as the Germans of the Northwest ever have. Yet the protests of the Yankee worker and the Yankee farmer take other forms, which do not attack the main basis of our Government.

The Yankee Instinct vs. the Teuton

The difference seems to be one of character—perhaps of instinct. The Yankee has an independence which would rather suffer than yield much power to the Government. The Teuton seems to have a "filialistic" (if I may coin a word to go with paternalistic) instinct which is glad to put all responsibility on the Government. It has not been changed by crossing the ocean. This instinct also accounts for the La Folletteite belief in the all power of the Government, which the Yankees simply refuse to accept.

So the La Follette movement must be credited with having a basis in real grievances, in real abuses by the Government, and more often by individual men in power. It is trying to remedy those abuses, not by improving the type of men selected for office, but by changing the system. It is fundamentally a party chiefly composed of those who have refused or have so far failed to become assimilated to Americanism, and are now trying to force Americans to become assimilated to them.

The success which is already assured to it makes it certain that the new party will be with us for some time. But its strength will be fluctuating, and its solid power will not be nearly so great as the coming election would indicate.

One of its weaknesses is that it is based on emotion and on suffering. A period of good times would hurt La Folletteism badly. The farmers, too, cannot long be comfortable in the movement. The personal followers will drop off fast.

The whole movement, too, will weaken just in proportion as we succeed in curing the actual grievances of the aliens (or the lower economic classes), in educating them to the solid facts of economics and the limits to government power, and in assimilating them to the American idea that independence, self-reliance, and freedom must go hand in hand. If we do these things, La Folletteism will decline fast; if we fail, perhaps it will deserve to win.

But, since some of the movement's grievances are very real, and since it is notoriously hard for us who do not suffer from them to understand and correct them, it can at least be said for La Folletteism that it is a needed spur. It should always be remembered, on the other hand, that the function of a spur is to prick the beast's hide, and not to kill him.

Isles of the



The ship in which Captain Frank Hurley, a well-known explorer of South Polar regions, recently made an expedition to Macquarrie Island in the South Pacific, and from which he brought back many interesting photographic studies. Note the reception committee in evening dress in the foreground



Captain Hurley also visited Elephant Island, a barren isle in the South Shetland Archipelago of the South Atlantic Ocean, where he found natural caves in the ice mountains, one of which is here pictured

Photographs copyrighted by Captain Frank Hurley, from International Newsreel

Frozen South



Elephant seals of Macquarrie Island enjoying a combined sun bath and snooze. The elephant seal has a short proboscis, whence the name. Fur seals were once abundant here, but they are now rarely seen, owing to their unregulated slaughter in former times



Penguins exist in vast numbers on Macquarrie Island, living in harmony with the elephant seals while ashore, but sometimes falling victims to the seals' appetite when in the water. The penguin is the clown of the bird world, causing constant merriment among explorers by reason of its odd appearance, its naive expression of surprise at being confronted with anything new, and its amusing antics

A Letter of Confession and Challenge

By JOHN SPARGO

MY dear Blank—I was not surprised by the bewildered tone of your letter. Several other old friends had already written to me in a similar spirit. Except for the exuberance of its generosity—rich fruit from the tree of friendship—your letter does not materially differ from several others, some of them by men and women we both love and admire. It seems to me that I can best meet the demands of friendship made by these letters by replying to your inquiries with more than ordinary care and detail, and then making the reply general.

I

YOU begin by reminding me of my long association with the international Socialist movement, and you ask: How can you, John Spargo, Socialist, whose expositions of Socialism in the past won so many of us, and whose leadership we were so proud to follow, persuade yourself that by opposing Senator La Follette and supporting Coolidge and Dawes you can serve the Socialist cause? How can you be so sure of your judgment as against that of practically all your old comrades at arms?" Putting aside the too generous personal compliments, I desire to point out that underlying your question is a complete misunderstanding of my position in general and of my reasons for opposing Senator La Follette in particular.

IT is true that for more than a quarter of a century I was prominently, and I hope honorably, identified with the international Socialist movement. To it I gave, unreservedly, all the best that was in me. For that I do not apologize. The record stands, and I look upon it without regret or shame. But, my friend, I do not now call myself a Socialist, or claim to be one or desire to be known as one. Neither do I for one moment believe that in supporting President Coolidge in this campaign I am aiding the cause of Socialism. Whether I am right or wrong in opposing Senator La Follette and in supporting President Coolidge, my position is quite different from what you and others have supposed it to be. I am entitled to make, and you are entitled to receive, as careful an explanation of my present position as I can make.

THE great fundamental ideals which motivated and inspired my long service in the Socialist ranks have not undergone any serious modification or change, I think. Note that I refer here to the "fundamental ideals," not to the political convictions and hopes. Briefly stated, those ideals are: A democratic political state, with government responsive to the common will, yet generous in its regard for minorities, untiring in its efforts for international accord and peace, progressively striving toward the goal of each for all and all for each; a system of industrial democracy, providing a communism of opportunity out of which individual freedom and the incentives to individual achievement and expression flow with ever-increasing amplitude and opulence. To those ideals I hold with unabated loyalty and devotion.

SOCIALISM does not now seem to me to be the way to the realization of those ideals. As a programme, and equally as a movement based upon that programme, Socialism now appears to me to be quite obsolete. It is wholly irrelevant to life—in the old legalistic phraseology, irrelevant, immaterial, and inconsequential. If our American Socialists who so glibly affirm themselves to be Marxists really comprehended the teachings of Marx, it would require no argument to convince them of this. Surely, my friend, I do not need to remind you that it is the essence of Marxian theory that the complete development of capitalism is a prerequisite of Socialism, that the Socialist state can only come as the logical outcome of a fully matured and perfected capitalist economy. We may liken it to a rose which opens from a bud. The bud is developed capitalism, Socialism is the full-blown rose.

THAT is the classic Socialist theory. It lies at the heart of Marxism. Very well. Let me ask you, as I would ask all my old Socialist friends, is there any rational sanction for believing that the state of capitalism throughout the world to-day is such as to warrant the conclusion that it is complete or measurably nearing completion, that it is incapable of further progress except by mutation into something different, namely, Socialism? Has the system reached that *impasse* at which no further channels for profitable investment are discernible? To state the proposition clearly is to overwhelm it with ridicule. The plain fact is that the strains of the war and the post-war period have destroyed so much of the world's capital, so much of its organization, and created such necessity for their replacement, as to warrant us in saying that all the energies of the capitalists of the civilized world will be taxed for many years to come to find vast sums of new capital and to bring capitalism back to where it stood in 1914. Not for a full century has there been such an opportunity for the investor. Instead of being fully developed and ready for its mutation into Socialism, capitalism is back to where it was in the heyday of its expansion, early in the nineteenth century. For at least a generation to come capitalism will be expanding. That is the irrefragable logic of life. The world is clamoring for new investment capital, the number of investors is increasing at a rate we have never known in our day. We are at the beginning of a vast extension of the capitalist system, with an unprecedented augmentation of the class vitally interested in its success, the investor class.

SUCH are the stern realities. Life is inexorable. If we are realists and not mere romanticists, we shall not waste time in repining. Still less shall we attempt to ignore the truth. I at least decline to waste time in futile brooding, trying to imagine in the ashes of yesterday's fires the splendid flames that made yesterday glow. I have a sentimental, reminiscent interest in Socialism to-day—the ashes bring memories of the crackling flames and witching odors—but no more. I know that Socialism is obsolete, rendered obsolete by life. So be it. Why should I weep among the ashes while the morning bell calls to the labors of the new day?

WHEREVER Socialists are numerous enough to be a political force that matters, and especially where they have had to assume the obligations and responsibilities that come with electoral victories, the leaders of the movement have recognized these things. At the end of 1920, when I was in Sweden, I asked Branting, the Socialist Prime Minister, what he and his colleagues of the Social Democratic Government proposed to do toward the realization of the Socialist ideal, what distinctively Socialist measures they proposed to carry out. He told me then quite frankly that they did not propose to do anything of the kind. To keep up the rate of exchange, maintain

the volume of foreign trade, keep taxes as low as possible, avoid disturbances at home and friction with neighboring states, and give moral support to well-considered plans for restoring political and economic conditions in Europe—such was the admirable programme that Branting outlined. There was nothing that was distinctively Socialist in it, some of it was contrary to the traditional Socialist position. Any patriotic Swede, however bitterly opposed to Socialism he might be, could support the programme, as the King of Sweden himself did. All through Europe wherever Socialists were politically influential the leaders took the same realistic view. But here in the United States, where the Socialist Party is simply an insignificant rebellious minority, essentially alien, Socialists have learned nothing from the events of the past ten years. They repeat the old formulas, in the old way, unchanged.

II

WHEN I gave expression to these views before a Jewish audience in New York, my friend Rabbi Schulman spoke with genuine feeling of the "pathos" of my experience. He imagined me as the victim of a bitter disappointment. Let me beg you not to make the same mistake. The Socialism upon which I relied for the realization of certain great ideals, and for which I worked in the interest of those ideals, has proved a bruised and broken reed, ineffective and entirely impotent. Progress in the direction of the cherished ideals has not been halted, however. We have not slumped back into the evils of the worst phases of the capitalist era, but, on the contrary, have made, and are now making, quite remarkable progress toward the socialization of the advantages of life. The increasing diffusion of opportunity is the most remarkable feature of our progress as a nation. In the United States to-day economic and cultural advantages to the degree essential to a high standard of living are the prerogatives of a privileged class to a less extent than ever before, and, equally important, to a far less extent than in any other country, with the possible exception of the Australasian commonwealths.

DO not misunderstand me. There are still glaring inequalities of status and of opportunity to be removed when and as we can. We are a long way from the perfect social state. Everywhere there is challenge to further progress. My contention is simply that we are steadily progressing toward the goal of a genuine social democracy, a goal perhaps dimly perceived. Despite the absence of any Socialist movement worthy of the name, we are much nearer the ideal of social democracy than any nation of the Old World. Along lines peculiarly American, answering American needs, conforming to American conditions and experience, we are evolving a new type of socialization which I would call Socialism but for the fear that to do so would invite further confusion where too much already exists. Let us therefore continue to call it socialization. When I talked with Bertrand Russell last spring, I told him that America was farther advanced toward the realization of a worthy social democracy than any other country, that we are steadily and surely, though more or less unconsciously, progressing toward a new type of communism, based upon private property and individualism. Master of paradox though he is, our English friend seemed to be quite unable to comprehend my meaning. The European mind can hardly be expected to do so.

THE basic weakness of Socialism, from the American point of view, is the fact that it is essentially a product of European experience and culture. Its theories and its programmes are the results of European minds working upon European conditions in the light of European history. My withdrawal from the Socialist Party at the time of our entrance into the World War, and from immersion in its propaganda and politics, gave me the detachment and the objective vision enabling me to realize its cardinal weakness in this regard. I know now that there is very little in the major theories of Socialism, and likewise in its programme, that bears any relevance to American life. The theory of the class struggle as Marx outlined it corresponds to the experience of the Old World with its rigid social categories, but it does not correspond to our highly flexible social order. In the one case the son of an artisan or a peasant generally accepts his heritage of status as permanent and practically unchangeable. The concomitant of this is a strong instinct of class loyalty. In the other case the son of working-class parents pretty generally regards his heritage of status as incidental and accidental, to be exchanged almost at will. There is no sense of belonging permanently to the class in which he finds himself, and, consequently, no such instinct of class loyalty as the European worker has. The intense class consciousness to which European Socialism has always appealed does not, and I think cannot, flourish in the soil of American conditions. (I may add that as a result of the World War Europe is changing in this respect, but with that we are not here and now concerned.)

TURN from the basic theories to practical programmes, and you will at once see the same irrelevance to American life. I have long been rather cynically amused by the superficiality of our so-called intellectuals who so stridently proclaim their liberalism, and even their radicalism. With one accord they have glorified the programme of the British Labor Party and urged its adoption here as the charter of a new freedom. With the merits of that programme as applied to the country for which it was conceived and formulated I am not now concerned. My only concern is to point out that the proposal to adopt it for this country is silly and at the same time retrogressive rather than progressive. There is almost nothing in that programme of a distinctly Socialist character which fits American life or bears any relevance to it.

TAKE as a single illustration the most pressing problem with which any Labor or Socialist government must cope in England, the housing of the working people. By reason of its history and its institutions, especially its land laws, England has a population in which individual home ownership is not the well-nigh universal aspiration which marks our own people. The average British artisan does not expect to own his own home. Solutions of the housing problem are practically all based upon state and municipal enterprise. Houses are to be built by public authorities and rented to the people, theoretically, at any rate, upon the basis of a rental covering cost of construction and maintenance. In this country, on the other hand, with the exception of the largest cities, individual home ownership is common in practice and the aspiration to own one's home is almost a universal instinct. Here it is inconceivable that our States and municipalities should go into the building and renting of houses on any large scale. We seek our solution of the problem, not in such extensions of governmental functions, but in private property and individual enterprise. In the average small town—and this is a nation of small towns—the ordinary worker who is reasonably industrious and thrifty can acquire his own home. Millions have done so. On the basis of private property and individual enterprise we have approached much closer to a solution of the problem than England or any other country has yet done or is likely to do in the near future. And the solution we have reached is as different from that of England as our conditions are different from those of England. Even in the case of our largest cities, where the problem is admittedly different and more difficult,

we are making headway along the lines of voluntary co-operation and private property. A highly socialized individualism is the best phrase I can think of to apply to our American method.

I REPEAT, there is nothing in the Socialism evolved out of European experience and conditions that can afford sound guidance to us. As against the schemes of nationalization, which inevitably require extensive bureaucracy for their administration, we advance under the urge of our own experience toward industrial democracy along the way of socialized individualism. Instead of Government ownership we are reaching out toward popular ownership, thanks to conditions which have permitted a high standard of living plus a marginal surplus unequaled in the history of the world. In the case of our public utilities popular ownership has proceeded at such a rate that all schemes of nationalization or municipalization begin to appear antiquated, retrogressive, and not progressive. Imposing upon private property and individual initiative and enterprise the limitations and restraints of an active and increasingly sensitive social consciousness, we are attaining a genuine socialization of results, of advantage, without the deadly repression which seems to be inseparable from bureaucracy. I am not pessimistic about America, therefore, but exultantly optimistic.

III

HERE, then, is the intellectual background from which I have approached the issues in the pending campaign. Obviously it is not Socialism in the historic and accepted meaning of the term. Neither is it individualism in the old sense of *laissez faire*. Frankly, I do not care what you call it. I call myself a Liberal Progressive, despite the fact that I am fully aware that our decadent intellectuals have debased those noble words. The ideals I hold and seek to serve, which I have attempted to outline for you, seem to me to be incontestably and essentially progressive and liberal.

JUDGING the principal candidates for the Presidency from the standpoint of the social ideals and intellectual convictions I have come to hold, Senator La Follette appears to me to be far inferior to either President Coolidge or Mr. Davis. The Senator's personal character is not in dispute. I have great admiration for him personally, and do not question his sincerity, his honesty of purpose, or his devotion to what he believes to be right. His social philosophy I hold to be antiquated, his political programme to be alien in conception and inimical to the orderly evolution of our life, and his foreign policy to be pregnant with possibility of disaster, not to this Nation alone, but to mankind. He is the ultra-reactionary candidate in this campaign. That he should be so widely hailed as a progressive and the champion and leader of the liberal cause is a remarkable illustration of the facility with which phrases can be substituted for ideas in our political discussions.

LET me ask you to consider, briefly, some of the principal reasons which have led me to this sweeping condemnation of La Follette's programme and policies. Because he has made such a direct appeal to the farmers, and it is believed that he will get such a large vote in the agricultural districts on account of that appeal, it is pertinent to inquire into his attitude upon the agrarian question. He and his associates are holding out to the farmers the old illusory hope that the Federal Government can aid them; that special legislative devices can give them assurance of constant and uninterrupted prosperity, even protecting them against their own mistakes. If human experience counts for anything at all, Governmental price-fixing and similar measures would prove the beginning of the enslavement of the farmers. Not only so, but it would greatly accelerate that process of bureaucratization which has already progressed dangerously far, and to arrest which is one of the greatest needs of our time. I am quite certain that no lasting good to the farmer can result from special legislation designed to surround him with special advantage or protection. The whole La Follette movement in the agrarian districts is characterized by a demagogic promise to so legislate that the farmer can sell his products at uniformly high prices and buy the goods and services he needs at uniformly low prices. It cannot be done. If Senator La Follette believes it can be, he is unfit for the Presidency. Government cannot help the special interests of the farmers. This can be most effectively done by the co-operation of the farmers themselves. Not the least of my objections to La Follette's entire campaign is the fact that it tends to divert attention from the only constructive and helpful movement that holds any assured promise to the American farmer—the co-operative movement. Against the reality of practical and increasingly fruitful achievement La Follette sets a futile and discredited fantasy.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE is pledged to the nationalization of the railroads and practically all other great public utilities. But an important section of his motley following expressly repudiates this. When I commented upon this part of the Senator's avowed programme in a published interview, Mr. William English Walling rushed into print with a declaration that it was not an issue, because, forsooth, the American Federation of Labor—for which he is understood to speak with authority—had expressly "disassociated" itself from the programme, just as it had "disassociated" itself from Senator La Follette's foreign policies. But Senator La Follette is the candidate we are asked to elect, and it is his programme we are asked to approve—not that of the American Federation of Labor. Of course it is interesting to know that the formal indorsement of Senator La Follette is accompanied by an explicit repudiation of all the Senator's foreign policy and the major part of his economic programme. Will you not please note this fact and regard its citation as my reply to your suggestion that "surely the fact that the American Federation of Labor indorses La Follette proves that he is a true progressive and not the reactionary you make him appear." Never before in American politics, I venture to say, was the "indorsement" of a candidate for any important office accompanied by a disavowal or repudiation of that candidate's principal policies. The American Federation has "disassociated itself" from La Follette's foreign policy and from his major economic policy—nationalization of railroads and other public utilities. Further comment would be an affront to your intelligence.

TO speak of the great public utilities of to-day as "monopolies," as Senator La Follette habitually does, without making clear wherein they differ from those forms of ownership to which a sinister meaning is attached, is to misuse language and make it the vehicle for distortion and intellectual confusion. As a means of attaining the greatest socialization of advantage, Governmental ownership and operation of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and similar public utilities now appears to me to be inherently inferior to the new type of enterprise we are so rapidly developing, characterized by popular ownership, representative management, and social regulation. For this reason, if for no other, the proposal to introduce nationalization upon the scale favored by the Senator cannot be accurately described as other than reactionary. In essence it is a proposal to check arbitrarily the natural evolution of American economic life along lines prescribed by its own needs and experience, and to force it into chan-



Courtesy Railroad Co-operative Building and Loan Association

A two-family house owned by a New York City motorman



A house built and owned by a New York City postal clerk

"The ordinary worker who is reasonable, industrious, and thrifty can acquire his own home. . . . In the case of our largest cities we are making headway along the lines of voluntary co-operation. . . . There is nothing in the Socialism evolved out of European experience and conditions that can afford sound guidance to us"

nels prescribed by European needs and experience. It could not conceivably be accomplished without a tremendous centralization of governmental power at the expense of democracy and a perilous increase of bureaucracy. These things must inevitably occur, even if the scheme should work as well as its most enthusiastic advocates promise.

But the proposal must be considered reactionary for a quite different reason, namely, the certainty that any attempt to carry it into effect, or even such a result of the election as would make it appear probable that the nationalization of railroads would be seriously attempted, could not fail to produce far-reaching adverse influences on the international economic situation. It is a remarkable illustration of the manner in which a matter that is primarily of domestic interest and concern, and in normal circumstances would be entirely so, under certain conditions becomes so much a matter of international interest and concern that we are compelled to regard it as part of our foreign policy, because it vitally affects our relations with other nations. It is clear to all mankind that as a result of ruinous war and its no less ruinous aftermath several great nations are to-day in a precarious economic position. Their recovery is unquestionably dependent upon their ability to get large assistance from more prosperous nations in the varied forms of loans and credits of unprecedented volume and equally unprecedented streams of investment capital. Only by such agencies has Austria survived and been able to begin her recovery. Only by such agencies can Russia ever hope to recover—a fact admitted by Communists and Czarists alike. By no other agencies whatever can Germany conceivably be saved to civilization. That is the central fact upon which the acceptance of the Dawes Report is based. There are several other nations in Europe whose position is hardly less critical. They are equally dependent upon the same agencies for their actual existence.

No sane man, and certainly no statesman, can deny, or even dispute, the accuracy of these statements. Very well. What greater catastrophe could there be, what disaster to civilization more terrible, than any political or economic occurrence making it impossible for the greatest and richest nation on earth to extend to these critically weak and tottering nations the economic support they need? To ask the question is to answer it with terrible emphasis. Let me ask a further question: Suppose that as a result of the election of Mr. La Follette and a sufficiently large number of his followers the nationalization of our railroads should immediately appear as an imminent possibility. Is it conceivable that foreign loans could be successfully floated in this country, that immense credits could be given to foreign nations by our manufacturers and merchants, or that our people would feel like investing in European enterprises? Once more, to ask the question clearly and sincerely is to answer it with terrible emphasis. The effect of bringing Senator La Follette's ideas into the sphere of immediately practical politics would be to paralyze the one arm that is stretched forth to succor the nations and preserve civilization, the one arm in which there is adequate strength for the great task. The election of Senator La Follette would in all probability kill the Dawes Plan by destroying all chances of successfully marketing German securities, and in so doing would play into the hands of the most vicious and reactionary element in Germany, the remnant of the old irreconcilable militarists who are ceaselessly fostering ideas of hate and revenge. It would condemn Germany to go the way of Russia. Test this reasoning by whatever criteria you will, examine it by the light of history and human experience, bring to it the acid test of enlightened conscience, and then tell me if I err in decrying this policy of Senator La Follette as being, in the circumstances, the blackest of black reaction.

As surely as the reflex action of his major economic proposals upon the international situation would play into the hands of the most sinister and dangerous group of German reactionaries, so his proposed foreign policy would strengthen the same group. It might well have been formulated by a committee consisting of Herren von Hindenburg, von Ludendorff, and von Tirpitz, so thoroughly identical with their propaganda is it, both in the letter and the spirit. In the name of peace and humanity he and his misguided followers would have the United States halt the healing of the wounds of the war, reopen them, and rekindle old hatreds and kindle new ones. The specific policy they propose for this Nation could not possibly be pursued without disaster to civilization. Our representatives participated largely in shaping the Treaty of Versailles. The Senate refused to ratify that Treaty, and thereby condemned this Nation to shift from its beneficent rôle to the tragic one of marplot so far as Europe was concerned. That

action of the Senate greatly aggravated every tragic and perilous phase of the European situation. That the Treaty of Versailles contains unfortunate elements is true, of course. There are elements of romantic nationalism and there are elements of vengeance. But, when all its defects and deficiencies are admitted, it remains the fact that no peace treaty following a great war was ever conceived with so much conscientious regard for justice and lasting peace. For one, I refuse to make my own the indictment of the treaty drawn up by reactionary German militarists. Be that as it may, however, the fairly obvious fact is that the general acceptance of the Treaty of Versailles by Germany was the necessary first step toward the restoration of normal life in Europe. The German Socialists, together with other German progressive groups, have seen this clearly. They have realized that the first necessity was to get to work upon the basis of the Treaty, confident that with the rapid cooling of the worst passions engendered by the Great War opportunity must inevitably arise for such modifications of the terms of the Treaty as might commend themselves to the enlightened conscience of mankind. That, I submit, is the only sane view, the only liberal and progressive view to take.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE and his friends do not take that view. They insistently demand that the United States step in and demand a thorough revision of the Treaty of Versailles. That is the one concrete measure of foreign policy that La Follette announces. What comfort the indorsement of that policy by our electorate would be to the Prussian militarists who still dream of "Der Tag"! Can you or any other human being imagine anything more certainly calculated to plunge European civilization into chaos? It would build up the reaction in Germany and perhaps restore the Hohenzollern dynasty. It would crush the democratic and liberal elements of the country and in all probability drive them into alliance with the Russian Bolshevists. It is not without significance that the German Communists, yearning for just such a result, are at one with the monarchist reactionaries in advocating the identical measure which Senator La Follette has proclaimed to be his foreign policy. Imagine the confusion that would arise in Europe if the United States made such a demand, or even suggestion. What consternation for those new nations and those restored nations whose charters are in the very structure of the Treaty of Versailles! Imagine, too, the many points of perilous friction that must be developed between the nations with which we were associated in the Great War. It is nothing less than an incitation to another decade of European war, unrest, and revolt. His championship of such a policy, instead of elevating La Follette to the Presidency, ought to result in his being driven in ignominy from our public life. Neither Kaiserism nor Czarism at its worst ever conceived a policy more inimical to the peace of the world and its ordered freedom. That, my good friend, is my calm and deliberate judgment.

I COME to the proposal to so amend the Constitution of the United States that the Congress shall be the final judge of the constitutionality of its own enactments. This is to be accomplished through giving Congress the power to override the veto of the Supreme Court by simply re-enacting a measure declared by the Court to be unconstitutional. You remind me that this proposal was contained in the platform of the Socialist Party while I was a member of it, and that therefore I was at least tacitly committed to it, and you inquire whether I have changed my opinion upon this question, and, if so, why.

THE facts are as you state them. The proposal was in the platform of the Socialist Party, and inferentially at least I was committed to it. As a matter of fact, I gave the matter little thought or attention, one way or the other, for many years. It was, to my mind, a minor detail, a mere incidental appendage to the fundamental statement of Socialist aim and policy. I dare say that no platform is ever wholly acceptable in all its details to any person of independent judgment. However, I am convinced now that the proposed "reform" would be a calamity. Senator La Follette has charged again and again that great and powerful interests brought to bear upon Congress such malign—even corrupt—influence as to induce it to enact legislation inimical to the interests of the many and benefiting only the privileged few. I protest that he cannot have both the negative and the affirmative at one and the same time. If the charge he has so often brought, that Congress is vulnerable to such insidious approaches, is true, then his proposal is self-condemned, for a body so easily capable of such malign and sinister control is assuredly not fitted to be the final arbiter of the liberties of a people.

NOW I am not a constitutional lawyer, but I can see quite clearly that in practice this proposed plan would permit frequent and conflicting amendments to the Constitution, for if a law should be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court and then re-enacted by Congress, that re-enactment would be in effect, though perhaps not in form, an amendment to the Constitution. Let me suppose that Congress enacted a law permitting the manufacture and sale of drinks containing alcohol to the extent of eight or ten per cent, limiting the applicability of the term "intoxicating liquors" to compounds containing a higher percentage of alcohol. Let me suppose, further, that the Supreme Court ruled this to be in contravention of the Eighteenth Amendment and therefore unconstitutional. By merely re-enacting the law in question Congress would, in practical effect, repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. The possibilities of contradictory and irreconcilable *de facto* amendments of this sort are, obviously, almost unlimited. It would mean the end of a stable and definite Constitutional delimitation of our legislation. It would be, in effect, a revolution in our theory and practice of government, placing us on a basis identical, in its practical effects, with those nations which do not have written constitutions at all. That would be an impairment of our liberties far greater than any man has ever before dared to propose—to say nothing of attempting. Even if we admit all that Senator La Follette charges against the Supreme Court, its menace to fundamental personal rights is, at the worst, incomparably less than that which is inherent in the proposed reform, which is in fact not a reform at all, but a revolution.

I AM well aware that all this must sound old-fashioned and extremely conservative to you, but before you dismiss it on that account let me call your attention to a significant fact. The Socialists of Germany were in full control of the Constitutional Assembly of the German Reich. Ebert, an old Socialist, was elected President of the Reich. In formulating a constitution for the Reich they had the experience of all other nations, including ours, from which to draw. They had our Constitution, our history, and the indictments and criticisms that have been made. Yet they deliberately wrote into the Federal Constitution which they adopted a provision investing the highest court with the power to pass upon the constitutionality of laws enacted by the Parliament. They saw no other way to protect the rights of minorities against the tyranny of political majorities, or of conserving fundamental personal liberties. I respectfully submit that in no country in the world is there greater need of solicitude for these things than in our own. In the presence of the Ku Klux Klan and in-

cessant propaganda against certain racial and religious minorities I hold that Senator La Follette's proposal to place absolute power in the hands of Congress should be opposed by every man and woman who cares for freedom and ordered progress.

Personally, I shall vote for Coolidge, notwithstanding that my admiration for Mr. Davis is very great and that I feel more akin to him in many ways. Believing as I do in the League of Nations, I could not feel otherwise toward Mr. Davis. But the platform which he has accepted so ties his hands upon this great issue that he could not honorably do anything, in the event of his election, to facilitate our entrance into the League. The fantastic referendum to which he is now committed can only be an obstacle, making our entrance into the League more difficult. Balancing all the facts, as I see them, I find myself impelled to urge the retention of the present Administration, mainly because that will mean the continuation of Secretary Hughes in office and the uninterrupted development of those policies, inaugurated by him, which are so steadily making for the restoration of European civilization.

Yours sincerely,

John Spargo.

Music as a Vocation for Americans

By Hugo Riesenfeld

"The American can now afford to be a musician"

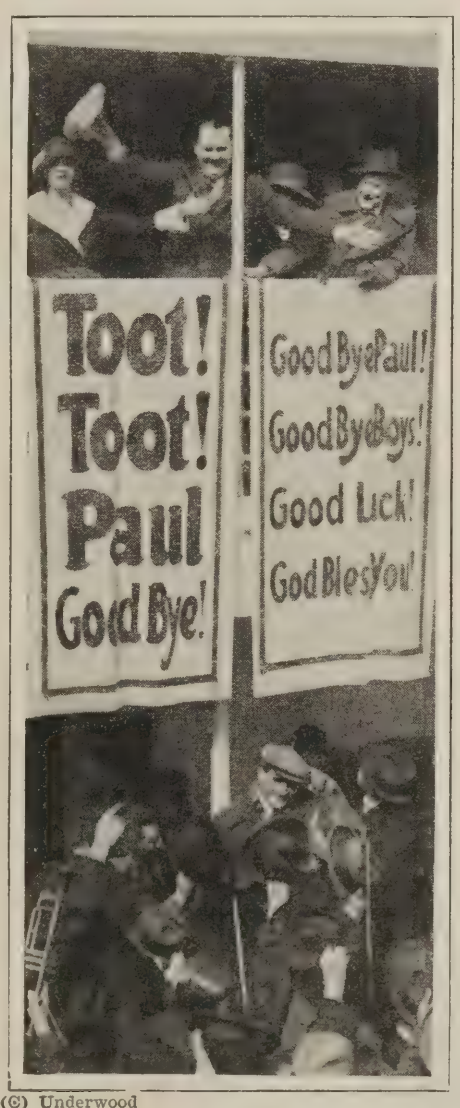
The American is primarily a practical man. When he chooses a profession, he ordinarily has in the back of his mind the monetary return. He may be willing to struggle at the start, but he wants to be able to look forward to a time when he will be able to spread out and enjoy the comforts of life.

Until very recently the field of music offered no such inducement. The man who chose to be an instrumentalist, unless he were a Kreisler or a Heifetz, has had to face a life of endless scrimping. There has been little chance of his retiring on the savings of his youth. He has had to go on scraping his fiddle as long as he was fortunate enough to remain employed.

Even the finest symphony player up to a short time ago did not earn as much as the average second-rate business man. In banking, retailing, and almost every other regular line of business there is always a possibility of advancement to a responsible and highly paid position. The lowest clerk may become a railroad president. An instrumentalist, however, is always an instrumentalist, with a salary which at the maximum once permitted only a meager mode of living.

Is it any wonder, then, that Americans have been unwilling to employ their musical talents professionally? Is it surprising that at the most five per cent of the musicians in our orchestras are native-born? With the importance Americans place on recreation, their eagerness to give their families every comfort, can they be blamed for turning their backs on a vocation that calls for hard, grueling work and gives only a pittance in return?

But the time is at hand when music as a profession for Americans will no longer entail financial sacrifice. Rather it is becoming exceedingly profitable. The American musician is coming into his own. He has suddenly become a commercial asset, and as such his services are at a premium. Why? Because music of a distinctly American variety is sweeping the country—more than that, the entire world. The limelight of popularity is upon it. There is demand for it in the dance halls, in the concert halls, at social functions, in the theaters. Everywhere there is a cry for musicians who can play jazz well—no matter what the price.



(©) Underwood

Going—Paul Whiteman's band leaving New York City for a trip abroad to show Londoners the wonders of jazz

As a player of jazz no one can take the place of the American. His sense of rhythm is remarkable—stronger than that of any other nationality—and he can express that rhythm with a peculiar tang and buoyancy that cannot be duplicated. He may syncopate a bar in the wildest imaginable way, but, with absolute mathematical assurance, he is always ready for the down beat of the next bar.

The rapid, pulsating life in this country is largely responsible for the peculiar quality of its musical expression. The American has taken what was originally a Negro rhythm and grafted on to it the natural tempo of his own existence. He has produced something that is distinctively his own.

Well-known musicians—Mengelburg, Stransky, Damrosch—have listened with enjoyment to the music of Paul Whiteman, and displayed a real professional interest in this unique type of music. Amusement is constantly expressed over the versatility of Americans, many of whom are able to play four or five different instruments in a single composition. Especially do our drummers cause comment, with the number of their instruments continually multiplying with the fecundity of rabbits. There is hardly a week that passes without some entirely new effect being produced.

The lip facility of our brass-instrument players is the envy of every other na-



(C) Keystone

Returning—Freak jazz players welcome Paul Whiteman's band on its home-coming from Europe

tion. "How do you account for it?" I am frequently asked. I am unable to do so, any more than I could account for the agility of the wood-winds I have heard play in Italian bands. It is a natural gift.

Other nations have been caught by the contagion of jazz and have tried to adopt it, but without success. There is nothing more pathetic than to hear European orchestras trying to imitate American rhythm. They play it in perfectly counted time, just as they would faultlessly play an overture or symphony. The result is much like watching a tennis match played with dead balls.

None but the American seems to be able to give jazz that magical touch which has been responsible for its long hold on the public fancy. It is a purely American product—as much so as though it were protected by tariff laws or patents.

Jazz musicians are to-day the highest paid of the *ensemble* or orchestra instrumentalists. Many of them earn two, three, and even four hundred dollars a week—a salary which compares favorably even with those paid in the business field, not to mention the musician who combines his musical ability with business sense, such as Whiteman, Lopez, Lange, Specht, whose income would make a bank director green with envy.

The American can now afford to be a musician. He is no longer forced to abandon his inclination to play a guitar and become a necktie salesman so that his family may not go hungry. If he finds it more agreeable to wield a baton than attend corporation meetings, he can do so.

The musical profession is no longer associated with strange, long-haired individuals with shabby clothes and lean pocketbooks. I myself can remember the days when an instrumentalist appearing with a spotless collar and pressed trousers would have been held up to ridicule by his fellows. *Tempi passati!* The musician of the "La Bohème" variety, considered picturesque and amusing because of his unkempt appearance, is no more. In his place is the modern species—as neatly and correctly groomed as any successful business man, and thought none the less an artist because of his immaculate appearance.

By being placed on a commercial footing the profession has attained dignity. Any one with musical ability can now capitalize it, both respectably and profitably.

Labor's Lady Minister

By Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy

How Margaret Bondfield traveled all the way from an outfitter's shop in Brighton to Westminster, and became the first woman to hold office in a British Government. Whether she will continue in office depends on the verdict rendered by the British voters on the date of this issue of The Outlook

IF I were asked what was the most noticeable tendency in Britain to-day, I think I should say it was a tendency to cut out the last ten years from national thought. By that I do not mean that the average English man or woman has any idea that a return can be made to pre-war days—for good or ill the face of all things is too much changed for that; the English do, however, quite naturally bridge over the years of the war and the early years of the peace and seek to attach the new lines of thought to the loose ends of 1914 rather than to those of any later year, and leave the terrible space in between out of account.

To one returning to England after several years abroad this is particularly noticeable. Every detail of the *annus mirabilis* 1914 is impressed in thought. The years that followed are a mere blur of horror. Many strange coincidences tend to heighten the effect or, rather, deepen the impression that 1924 is the other side of the chasm to 1914. At no fewer than three London theaters 1914 plays have been revived; fashions for men, if not for women, have come round full circle to much the same effect; the Guards are once more clad in scarlet; and the round of the London season is once again restored to its perfect order from the Oxford and Cambridge boat race in early spring to Goodwood and Cowes in late summer.

It was with some such thoughts as these that I made my way the other day to call on Margaret Bondfield, Britain's first woman Minister, at the House of Commons. With tremendous vividness my thoughts went back ten years to the days of the militant Suffragettes, to the days of burning churches and hunger striking, pavilion demonstrations, and the full blast of the Pankhurst militantism. In those days I recalled how those of us who believed in woman suffrage were in such small minority, and yet here was I crossing the busy Sanctuary, and on under the shadow of the Abbey to the

Houses of Parliament, to enter into conference with a woman member of the British Government. Here was I later on, still with the same thoughts, passing through the great doorway by St. Stephen's Hall, traversing the familiar lobbies, right up to the holy of holies, presided over by Gladstone, Disraeli, and other marble notables, from the high serenity of an assured position. Here was I questioning the same policemen—they must surely have been the same—here was I being passed on to the same messengers clad in the familiar evening dress and somber decoration. And here was I, under the same courteous guidance, passing along the familiar corridors of the "warren of St. Stephen's;" upstairs and downstairs, and, at last, literally enough, "in my lady's chamber." A few moments later I was talking to my lady herself.

There is something about Margaret Bondfield which is curiously refreshing. As, with many apologies, she completed some work upon which she was engaged when I entered, in order, as she put it, that she might feel herself quite free to talk, the recollections of ten years ago and away back beyond came upon me thick and fast. This small, alert, brown-eyed woman with her ready smile and her quick despatch in business, how typical she was of the new age! A pupil-teacher in a board school at the age of thirteen, I recalled how from the board school she had passed to an outfitter's shop in Brighton, and how, as the result of ten years behind the counter in London and the provinces, she had become an ardent trade-unionist. She was not yet thirty when, at the historic Trade Union Congress at Plymouth in 1899, she had spoken in support of the resolution from which the Labor Party took its origin. And so she had gone on, moving steadily but quietly into public notice, climbing the ladder of advancement by sheer ability until, at the Trade Union Congress held again in Plymouth about a year ago, she had been unanimously elected the first woman chairman of the General Council. Then last November, at the third attempt, she was returned to Westminster as Labor member for Northampton, and later on, when Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues took over the reins of power, Margaret Bondfield was appointed parliamentary secretary of the Ministry of Labor. And then there was her war work—her wholehearted devotion to the common cause, her splendid labors in connection with the employment of women, and—but the desk is cleared and Miss Bondfield is speaking.

Well, this is not—must not be—an interview. Members of the Government do not give interviews, and indeed an interview was not at all the object of my visit. Our talk was quite informal and ranged over a wide field, but I remember with a curious satisfaction her eager interest in all things American. She asked me many questions about prohibition, about the Ku Klux Klan, about the reaction in America to this and that in England, always conveying welcome conviction that she realized the importance of it all. She had been to America, of course, and had very happy recollections of her visit; but she wanted to go again, and hoped that she might some day soon. As for me, like the Queen of Sheba, I told her all that was in my heart, and finally, after discussing many things, I asked her what she would regard as Labor's great achievement as far as Parliament was concerned.

To reveal her answer is no breach of confidence. Margaret Bondfield is a woman of action first and last, but she is also an idealist, and it was in her idealism that I was particularly interested—her works speak for themselves. Her answer was, as I expected it would be, drawn from the region of idealism. Labor was engaged in many useful works, the result of which would be immediate, but in after years, she ventured to think, the great achievement of Labor in these times would be seen in the change it was slowly but surely bringing about in the spirit and purpose of the House of Commons. The House of Commons was being transformed from a stadium to a workshop; the zest of service was taking the place of the zest of the game. "It is, of course," she said, quietly, "the same in every country; but in England, where the sporting interest is so strong, the great game of politics has long been regarded as the sport of sports. Only those who are in the thick of the party fight know the fullness of its fascination. And only those who know the fullness of its fascination can realize the greatness of Labor's achievement in introducing this other and higher incentive."

And from there we went on, from the discussion of national idealism to the discussion of international idealism and to the consideration of those ultimate hopes and aims which, however dimly outlined at present, still give point and purpose to present effort. And this alert, practical woman came with me all the way, taking up a point here and a point there which I might have neglected and enlarging and developing it, and then coming back to earth again eager and ready to make the "obvious next move."

Well, we had been talking for an hour or more, I should say, when a knock came to the door and a secretary entered to remind the lady Minister that a deputation of women was waiting to see her. And so I rose to take my leave. The last I saw of Margaret Bondfield she was shaking hands with a group of women, the same eager cordiality in her voice and action with which I had been greeted, the same air of quiet efficiency and despatch.

The next moment, through a quaint little side door, opened to me unexpectedly by an observant messenger, I emerged into the sunlight of Palace Yard. The inevitable policeman saluted me, and as he did so the thought of the "lost decade" came upon me overwhelmingly. It was all so much the same, and yet all so entirely different. I almost expected the newspaper boy just outside the great gates to be announcing "another Suffragette outrage." Then I remembered that the times had changed, and that we had changed with them, and that the Suffragette of yesterday had become the woman Minister of to-day.



(C) Walter Scott, Bradford

Margaret Bondfield, Britain's first Woman Minister

The Book Table

Man and His Ideas

Reviews by WOODBRIDGE RILEY

HERE are three books which give the latest opinions as to man and his ideas in the past, present, and future. Perry[1] takes up the origin of magic and religion; Joad,[2] the present movements in philosophy; and Lodge,[3] with his usual boldness, presents far-flung speculations as to the destiny of the human race. Of the three Perry is perhaps the most pertinent. Anthropology is in fashion in America largely because of the brevity of our own historic records. It is therefore of high interest to obtain the latest findings as to the remote sources of magic and religious thought and practice. Such are the primitive notions about death, the search for the earthly paradise, and the early speculations as to life and immortality. In studying these origins of mythology we have opened to us what might be called the suppressed complexes of the race, for the beliefs and practices of mankind during the prehistoric ages afford a revelation of primitive man's innermost thoughts and longings. Here the author goes back to that point in time when men of our own species, not apelike men, but men with modern brains, first appeared on the scene in western Europe. Where these men of the so-called Aurignacian stage of culture came from we do not know. But on their arrival they had already made some advance in the arts and crafts; they made implements of flint and bone, they painted on the walls of their caves pictures of the bear, the bison, and the mammoth, they were sculptors and left behind curious feminine images with the hips and other parts grossly exaggerated.

The last, according to Perry, was the beginning of religion, for the "great mother" was perhaps the first deity that man turned to for consolation and protection from the manifold dangers of this mortal life. Connected with the great mother as the symbol of birth were magic symbols significant of the continuation of life. As the life is in the blood, and as red is the color of blood, so every red substance could be the surrogate of blood. Such were carnelian and red coral, still used as amulets and charms on account of their supposed life-giving properties. Further, to be assured of life after death primitive men buried their dead packed round with red earth and provided with necklaces containing such "life-givers" as carnelian and such symbols of birth as the cowrie shell.

The scene next opens upon the remotest historic times. Egypt originates ideas about the future life. This is not a new reanimation of the buried body, but a continuation of conscious life. But this boon was not for all, for it lay in the hands of the gods, and the gods had their favorites. The ghost of the common man might live on in the tomb, but only priest or noble might gain a conscious immortality. The priests were the possessors of the secrets, and these they shared with kings and princes. All this grew up around the ritual of mummification. But here the funerary ritual was called for. Only through the elaborate offices of the living could the dead be brought to life and thus enabled to live in another world.

Thus far the author seems on safe ground. He has given us the new knowledge as to the men of old and connected fresh data in a logical whole. But in his account of the search for the earthly paradise his fancy runs away with him. It may be that men sought for a place on the earth where immortal life was to be enjoyed. But to claim that all these searches from the earliest Chinese dynasties to Ferdinand de Soto and his fountain of youth were derived from the Egyptians is going too far. Yet even more is claimed. The search for givers of life, from carnelian and coral to amber and gold, would seem to be but a natural quest of all men. Perry derives it from Egypt alone, and with it a new phase of civilization characterized by the building of monuments of large stones. It was because Egypt was the source of culture that the megalith buildings appeared in Britain at Stonehenge, in America among the mound builders, and incidentally in Korea and the islands of the South Pacific. This is too much. Instead of being "made in Germany," Perry's motto would seem to be "made in Egypt," at least as regards all forms of the higher culture. To say that all megaliths are derived from the examples on the Nile reminds one of the speculations of Piazzi Smyth with his curious book "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid." Carried on to explain apparent Christian symbolism in Yucatan rock carvings, it appears as wild as the surmises of Ignatius Donnelly in his "Lost Atlantis." Perry's volume is an interesting supplement to older works like Frazer's "Golden Bough" and Tylor's "Primitive Culture," but those authors did not risk such glittering generalities as that the use of the givers of life had an origin, in the days of the Upper Paleolithic age, in the brain of one man.

From Perry we pass to another speculator, who deals with the future rather than with the past. Sir Oliver Lodge, distinguished as a scientist, has become notorious as a psychical researcher of the most extreme type. His "Making of Man" holds that mankind as such is in an early stage of evolution, having but recently risen from an animal ancestry; that man is unfinished, but that the prospect before him, being one of infinite progress, is one to which man, both incarnate and discarnate, can contribute by his own effort and good will. In this argument there is one suspicious word, and that is regarding man as discarnate. Here Lodge the scientist changes to Lodge the spiritist and follows his idol, Frederick Myers, and the latter's "Human Personality and the Survival of Bodily Death." It is curious how those caught in the meshes of spiritism pass rapidly from strict reasoning to loose assumptions. Lodge is famous for his work on the ether; along with this goes his book entitled "Raymond," which purports to give veridical messages from the departed. In this he resembles Conan Doyle, who abandons the logic of the Sherlock Holmes stories and takes up the vague generalizations of spiritism.

This passage from the natural to the supernatural is made early in Lodge's book. Assuming that communication between mind and mind through immaterial channels is proved by the phenomena of telepathy, he adds that we learn now that those who have departed this life communicate with us by speech and writing, just as they did when here. Upon this assumption of the truth of telepathy, both local and long distance, Lodge's book is built. The chapters upon "The Development of Man," "The Destiny of Man," and "Transcendental Man" are especially based on this. Yet what is the evidence at present? The large majority of professional psychologists, at least in academic circles, would render a Scotch verdict of not proven as to telepathic messages, although a small group of trained observers is now work-

[1] The Origin of Magic and Religion. By W. J. Perry. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

[2] Introduction to Modern Philosophy. By C. E. M. Joad. The Oxford University Press, London and New York. $1.

[3] The Making of Man. By Sir Oliver Lodge. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

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ing on that subject. As for communications with the departed, we note that the last number of the "Proceedings of the American Society of Psychical Research" offers only one very dubious case, called "The Mother of Doris," and that carried on through a previous convert to the spiritistic theory.

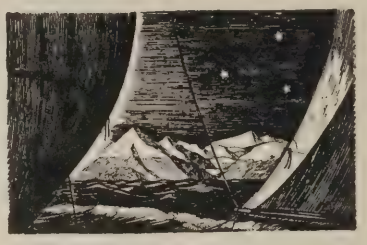
Yet on such "evidences" as this for survival Lodge goes on to develop his "Ether-working Hypothesis." Assuming that "Life" is a thing in itself, a principle apart from the organism, he sees life taking the opportunity of entering into relation with matter at every turn. It presses forward into material existence on every heap of rubbish. It seems to utilize every chance, whenever the conditions allow, for incarnation. Surely it will have utilized the ether also. The author adds that the writers of half a century ago in their book entitled "The Unseen Universe" speculated in this direction. He might have gone back to Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, who in his theory of the homogeneity of man claimed that humanity appeared at that point where matter was made fine enough and spirit coarse enough to coalesce. This homogeneous substance is apparently revived in Lodge's search for a third somewhat to bridge the gap between matter and mind. To him this is the ether as something more fundamental than matter, something of which matter is only a sensuous manifestation. For all that, Lodge himself casts doubts on his ether-working hypothesis, for he confesses that science knows nothing of ultimates. Nevertheless he goes on to speculate as to the future and takes up the destiny of man in this "the best of all possible worlds."

Here the author's outlook is distinctly antiquated. Assuming that this *is* the best of all possible worlds, he goes back to arguments that sound like the Bridgewater Treatises. To prove design in the universe he says, for example, that eyes came to the front of the head, where they were most needed, while ears remained at the side, where they would be most useful.

After these two uncritical works it is a relief to turn to a book describing things as they are and not as they might have been or may be. Joad's "Introduction to Modern Philosophy" is a veritable *tour de force.* It describes the most recent movements in metaphysics, with all their difficulties, in clear and concise form. Of these the pragmatism of William James is perhaps the only one familiar to the American public. Because of the lucidity and pungency of his style James could present his philosophy of practicality in a way that would make even the

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tired business man sit up and take notice. But there are two other American systems of thought to which Joad gives marked attention. These are new realism and critical realism, the very latest fashions in speculation, as yet hardly known except among the pundits. This modern realism is a reaction against the sappy idealism of Mid-Victorian times. The good, the beautiful, and the true as such are considered obsolete. Instead of a perfect universe, the realists consider the universe a gigantic box with a number of different contents, and the philosophy of the aggregates, as Joad puts it, will be a catalogue of items rather than a systematic doctrine deducible from one general principle. In other words, Hegel's Absolute, unfolding like a lotus blossom, is replaced by the cosmic department store, where new goods are offered as they are called for. All this is in line with books ranging from William James's "Pluralistic Universe" to H. G. Wells's "New Worlds for Old." Still, idealism has not entirely evaporated. There is the new idealism of the Italians, Croce and Gentile, which has gained several followers among us. These thinkers attack the old-style block universe and the static Absolute, and concentrate on the multiplicity of human experiences. Like d'Annunzio and his Fiume affair, daring humanity creates new realms, especially in the æsthetic field. As with the artist and the poet, the philosopher's æsthetic activity produces its data for itself. Art is lyrical, it is the giving expression to the intuitions of the soul. In short, for the neo-idealist only mind is real. But, as Joad points out, if the philosopher be the maker of reality and in speculating creates the object he studies, it follows that the universe as a whole must be one gigantic reproduction of this self-generating mental activity. This is manifestly absurd. It is the fable of the frog and the bull over again. Man and his little brain can never swell out to the vast proportions of the stellar spaces.

The Italian neo-idealism, then, is a kind of Mussolini metaphysics. The politician in one sense may recreate his country, but no philosophic dictator can create a cosmos by his individual effort. There is a call for an outside activity, an immensely greater force, and this Bergson supplies with his Creative Evolution. His doctrine, says Joad, still remains something of a stumbling-block to the man in the street. He might have added that it is unfortunate that the parlor philosophers, the pink-tea speculators, have given a certain vogue to the *élan vital*, the vital impetus. Bergson, as we take it, has supplied the motive power to

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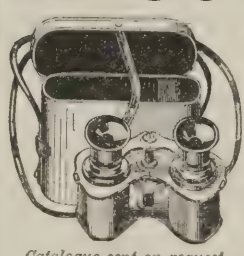
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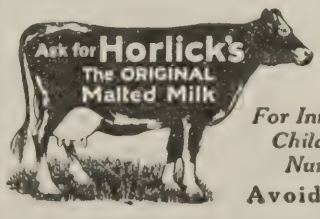
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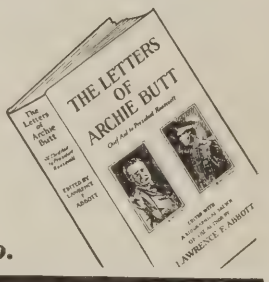


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The New Books

FICTION

BLIND RAFTERY. By Donn Byrne. The Century Company, New York. Cloth, $1.25; leather, $2.50.

A lovely thing with magic in it; a spell cast conjointly by the scene, the story, and the telling. Mr. Byrne has given us in Blind Raftery the poet, welcomed for his songs by high and low, wandering through Ireland with his beautiful young wife, the Spanish girl Hilaria, two such figures of glamourous romance as we seldom meet with nowadays. The book is so far historical that there was once, we believe, a real Raftery; whether there was also a real Hilaria we do not know—nor care. The pair justify themselves in a tale whose outstanding quality is its beauty; but it contains also one memorable scene of truly delicious comedy, in which an Irish pig-buyer, his imagination just comfortably stimulated by his potations, relates at an inn his version of an interview between Dean Swift and Queen Anne.

THE KING OF ELFLAND'S DAUGHTER. By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

Lord Dunsany, we are afraid, has for once overestimated the capacity of the Anglo-Saxon reading public to assimilate Irish fantasy. Gods and seers, witches, fairies, and princesses, he has introduced to us before, but within the compacter bounds of drama, not in a fairy tale three hundred pages in length. An excellent fairy tale it is, too, for those who can still enjoy a fairy tale direct without the medium necessary to most of us of a child to read it to. "The King of Elfland's Daughter" cannot be read to children; it is too grown up for them; and, despite its indubitable appealing poetic quality, it is likely to seem not quite grown up enough for most grown-ups.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE. By Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

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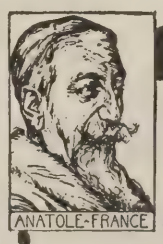
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make silly a considerable fraction of current literature.

MEMOIRS OF AN EDITOR. By Edward P. Mitchell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.50.

First mention in these pages of what is perhaps the most interesting American autobiography of this season. Mr. Mitchell was formerly chief editor of the "Sun."

POLITICAL PARTIES AND PARTY PROBLEMS IN THE UNITED STATES. By James Albert Woodburn. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Third revised and enlarged edition.

OUR PRESIDENTS. By James Morgan. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Brief and interesting biographical sketches of the Presidents from Washington to Coolidge.

AMERICAN STATE GOVERNMENT. By John Mabry Mathews. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.75.

A study of the varied State governments within the Union.

THE POLITICAL PARTIES OF TO-DAY. By Arthur N. Holcombe. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

By the Professor of Government in Harvard University.

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A STUDY OF BROWNING'S "THE RING AND THE BOOK." By James Cassidy (E. M. Story). Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

A careful study and description of Browning's long narrative poem.

MARIE ANTOINETTE. By Hilaire Belloc. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A new American edition of a book first published in 1909. A wonderfully interesting presentation, at length and with detail, of the Queen as the central and tragic figure in European politics.

The Mail Bag

The Supreme Court and Senator La Follette

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE proposes to submit any law passed by Congress and signed by the President, but declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, to a second vote by Congress, and, if it is passed again, that it shall become the supreme law of the land in spite of the adverse decision of the Supreme Court.

This is clearly a direct threat to the entire fabric of our Government and imperils the safety, in person and in property, of every citizen.

Note first: The Supreme Court consists of nine Justices, carefully selected from the Bar of the whole Nation and approved by the Senate. They hear arguments both for and against the constitutionality of the law in question by eminent lawyers. Then, no doubt, they discuss exhaustively the question among themselves, and finally reach a decision on purely legal grounds. They are not apt to be swayed by the popularity or

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unpopularity of their vote, for they are appointed for life and not subject to reappointment. Each bears one-ninth of the responsibility for their decision.

Note second: There are 96 Senators and 435 Representatives. Among these 531 persons there is a certain proportion of lawyers. Nearly all of the rest know little or nothing of constitutional law. In deciding which way to vote many of them at least cannot possibly avoid being swayed by political or party or personal considerations. Each Representative must seek re-election not more than two years, and each Senator not more than six years, after the vote. Each Senator feels only 1/96th part, and each Representative only 1/435th part of the responsibility for the decision, instead of 1/9th. The sense of personal moral responsibility rapidly lessens as numbers increase, and to decide solely on legal grounds becomes by so much less possible.

Note third: Let me suppose a case along surgical lines. Suppose that I have met with a most dangerous accident—a compound fracture of the leg, in which the bone tears the muscles and protrudes through the skin. I summon nine of the very best surgeons in the country to decide whether my leg shall or shall not be amputated. After a minute and careful examination of the wound, of my general health, the condition of my heart, lungs, kidneys, arteries, blood pressure, and every other necessary factor, they decide, let us say, even 5 to 4 (and of such decisions by the Supreme Court in which a law enacted by Congress has been declared unconstitutional in the 135 years since the Constitution was adopted in 1789, there have been only eight!), that the chances of my recovery would be greater if an amputation were done—or, if you choose, were not done. Do you suppose that I would be willing in either case to have that decision revised, and possibly reversed, by any body of 531 persons with the same proportion of doctors as there are of lawyers in the two houses of Congress? No! Not on your life! W. W. KEEN.



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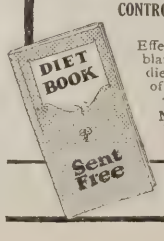
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Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5–6 in cities and popular resorts, $4–5 in the country

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Fifteenth Season—1925
(A) EUROPE via the MEDITERRANEAN, $919.00
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Outside rooms with bath.
Number limited, ¾ of the space already taken.
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Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*

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Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
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Most Convenient Location
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350 acres, 75 miles New York, 10,000 apple and peach trees, standard varieties. Going and profitable concern. 1924 gross receipts over $25,000. Comfortable residence, complete plant and equipment. Price $100,000. Terms to suit. Photos. **BARTON CHAPIN, 331 Madison Ave., New York City.**

For Sale, 190-acre farm, fruit trees, tenant house, barns, sheds, farming machinery. Immediate possession. For particulars address SAMUEL HOTALING, Mgr., Mellenville, N. Y.

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The World's Largest Dog Kennels

offer for sale Oorang Airdale watch dogs, automobile dogs, children's companions, farm dogs, stock drivers, hunters and retrievers. Also Big Game Hounds, Coonhounds, Foxhounds, Rabbit Hounds, and thoroughbred Hound and Airedale puppies. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed to any point in the United States. Large illustrated descriptive catalog mailed free.
OORANG KENNELS, Box 146, LA RUE, OHIO

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LAKEWOOD, N. J. Christian family will take a few boarders. Home cooking. Terms reasonable. 5,536, Outlook.

FURNISHED room, beautiful, quiet section near bay, Miami, Fla. Breakfasts served. 5,551, Outlook.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

ROCK-BOTTOM prices now on "Century," "St. Nicholas," "American Golfer;" single subscriptions, any two, or all three. Investigate now, save money; information postpaid. Address Box 265, Oak Park, Ill. Mention Outlook.

RETAIN your French! Delightful, inexpensive method; interests French persons, teachers and students of French. Request information, postpaid, now. Box 265, Oak Park, Ill. Mention Outlook.

"MASTER Key," 410 pages, $2.50. Catalogues (all subjects) 10c. Books wanted. Phipps, 1014 Belmont, Chicago.

MANUSCRIPTS to type by specialist. Neat, accurate work. Write for reasonable rates. Carbon copy. Beryl M. Johnson, Hollis Center, Me.

ROOMS TO RENT

LADY owning comfortable bungalow in St. Petersburg, Fla., desires lady to share same for winter. Reasonable. E. K., 1775 Seminole Heights, St. Petersburg, Fla.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives, secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite C 5842, Washington, D. C.

WOMAN—Publishing house has permanent sales position to offer woman of keen intelligence, capable of earning $100 per week; previous business experience not necessary; education, refinement and determination to put through whatever you undertake essential for success; traveling required; all transportation paid; liberal drawing account and commission basis. Write, stating age and qualifications to B. E. Sparrow, 50 West 47th St., New York City.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED — Refined Protestant woman, competent to instruct, good cook, to take full charge kitchen department. References. Davenport Home, Bath, N. Y.

COMPANION-housekeeper. Elderly woman and two professional women. New York City. Interview required. 5,541, Outlook.

MOTHER of two children of school age, with pleasant home in country town forty miles from New York, wants young woman to spend few weeks or months with her, giving companionship and assistance with light household duties in exchange for board and small remuneration. 5,545, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Protestant governess between twenty-five and thirty-five. Thoroughly competent teach piano, pleasing personality, bright and cheerful, fond of children, understand physical development, perfect health. Best references. "Penllyn," Whippany Road, Morristown, N. J.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

GRADUATE nurse, position as companion to patient going to California for the winter, or would consider a permanent, chronic, or invalid case. 5,507, Outlook.

RESPONSIBLE position desired by competent woman, experienced in institutional work for boys. Matron, supervisor, sewing room, or any position of trust. 5,552, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse would like the complete care of a child. References given to interested parties. 5,506, Outlook.

DIETITIAN, experienced. Excellent references. Graduate Home Economics School. 5,554, Outlook.

TWO ladies desire positions of trust and responsibility in home for adults or children. 5,542, Outlook.

Business Situations

CAPABLE woman wishes position as manager and caterer. Fifteen years' experience in hotel and school. Best references. 5,524, Outlook.

SECRETARY, experienced, all day or part time, New York. Capable of taking responsibility. 5,553, Outlook.

WOMAN of refinement desires to act as hostess in club, hotel, or private home in New York or Detroit. Competent to be social adviser and direct staff of servants. Exceptional references. 5,557, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

POSITION of responsibility—companion, chaperon, or care of motherless children. 5,498, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate wishes to spend the winter as traveling companion. 5,540, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman who is alone as companion, preferably with a lady who is alone. WILL travel. REFERENCES exchanged. 5,533, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COMPANION-secretary. Young woman, excellent business training. Willing to travel. References exchanged. Address F. A., 675 Forest Ave., West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

AMERICAN woman as housekeeper. Understands thoroughly all duties in a home. Good caterer and manager of servants. Long references. 5,555, Outlook.

WOMAN of culture, experience, adaptability, wishes position as companion-secretary to lady. References exchanged. 5,556, Outlook.

COMPANION. Cultured young college woman desires position with lady. Willing to travel. References exchanged. 5,558, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN desires position as traveling companion to lady going South or to California. References. 187 Hamilton Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR wishes position; college preparation. 5,512, Outlook.

GREETING CARDS

UNIQUE ten cent Christmas cards. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, printed in dark blue on good bond paper, $1. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

PERSONAL PRINTED STATIONERY. 200 noteheads, 100 envelopes, good white vellum bond paper, three or four line printing in neat Gothic type, blue ink. Quick service. Price $1, cash with order. Excellent Xmas gift. HANSON PRESS INC., 561 Harrison Ave., Springfield, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

IDEAL New England home for little girl. $15 weekly. References exchanged. 5,522, Outlook.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Elderly lady, spending winter alone on Columbia Heights in Brooklyn, desires lady to call two or three evenings each week to gossip about news of the day. 5,559, Outlook.

LADY, traveled, experienced tutor, hospital training, receives children in mid-Southern home. Includes instruction grade subjects, French, music, outdoor games. Competent, tactful assistants. Write 5,546, Outlook.

Responsibility and Real Estate

THE real estate advertisements that you see in The Outlook's Classified Department represent genuine opportunities to responsible people—that is why you will find it decidedly worth your while to follow them week by week. It will be especially worth while for you to examine the issue of November 19, which will be a special Real Estate Number and will contain many valuable property offerings.

Incidentally, if you yourself have property to sell or rent you could choose no better medium than The Outlook and no better issue than that of November 19. The Outlook enjoys a rare influence with its readers, which makes for splendid response.

We shall be glad to give you rates and information on request.

Classified Advertising Department

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue, New York

By the Way

THE rhapsodies of a connoisseur about his favorite wines make amusing reading for prohibitionists who are beyond all that sort of thing. Describing a banquet given by a learned wine-lover to "a small company worthy of it," Mr. H. Warner Allen, in "The Wines of France," says: "The harmony of the '58 Lafite, as gentle as the faded tinkle of Galuppi's clavichord, called up a world of pleasant melancholy, peopled with graceful shadows of the past, creating a perfect atmosphere for the wine that was to follow. For the '64 Lafite also belonged to an ideal world; but with it the company left the shadow for the substance, the reflection for the reality, perceiving the highest artistry of Médoc no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face. All that the '58 had hinted at and subtly suggested the '64 most delicately expressed."

"Even if we cannot live up to this sort of thing," says "Country Life" (London) in sarcastically commenting on the above extract which it quotes, "we may yet perceive the author's artistry through a glass darkly."

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

Bobby—"Would it make any difference to you, mother, whether I was elected President on the Democratic or Republican ticket when I grow up?"

Some Scotchmen like to tell stories about the "canniness" of their own race. Here is a recent example:

A man threw a shilling to a street entertainer, and when his wife remonstrated, said it was a bad shilling. "Why did you not throw him a bad sixpence?" replied the wife.

The oldest seagoing vessels of the world are the junks of the Yellow Sea of China, according to a writer in the "Yachting Monthly" (London). These junks are "highly decorated vessels with tall poops and rounded sides, reminiscent of the days of Drake and Columbus. Junks of this type are in existence still which were built in the time of Kien Lung, say some hundred and fifty years ago."

Referring to the sailing peculiarities of the junk, the writer above quoted says: "A junk will not heave to, and John Chinaman is fully aware of this. He doesn't even try; his plan is far simpler. He lets his halyards go with a run, and the sail is off his vessel in a moment. The high poop acts as a riding mizzen and brings him head to wind; the low bow prevents him from falling off the

wind. If the blow is likely to last any time, he lays out a sea-anchor. His next procedure is to burn a joss-stick and probably a few pieces of paper to his household god. After that, as there is nothing more to do except eat or sleep—he does so."

From the London "Humorist:"

"Did you have a nice time at the dance?"

"Wonderful. George was so jealous that his whole evening was spoiled."

A machine that has maintained its competitive power for fifty years is rare. This is said to be the case with the Swedish "universal" match-making machine, which was first put into operation in 1872 and is still in daily use. It was the invention of Alex. Lagerman, of Jonkoping, who by means of this and other inventions has enabled Sweden to maintain its standing as the greatest safety-match producer of the world. It is the proud claim of a Swedish match company that it makes a match a day for every individual on earth.

A message from a woman on her 114th birthday to other women is probably unique. It was given by Mrs. Peshe Malke Urdang from her room at the Harlem Home of the Daughters of Israel, New York City, in the midst of a mass of flowers and near a cake with 114 candles on it. "Happiness," says Mrs. Urdang, "is not easy to find, but for true contentment I advise young women to marry wisely and for love alone, and not for worldly wealth. I chose a poor man myself when I was a young girl, when I might have married a wealthy man, and I have never regretted it."

From the "Pelican:"

Johnnie—"Mother, I just seen—"

Mother (reprovingly) — "Johnnie! Where's your grammar?"

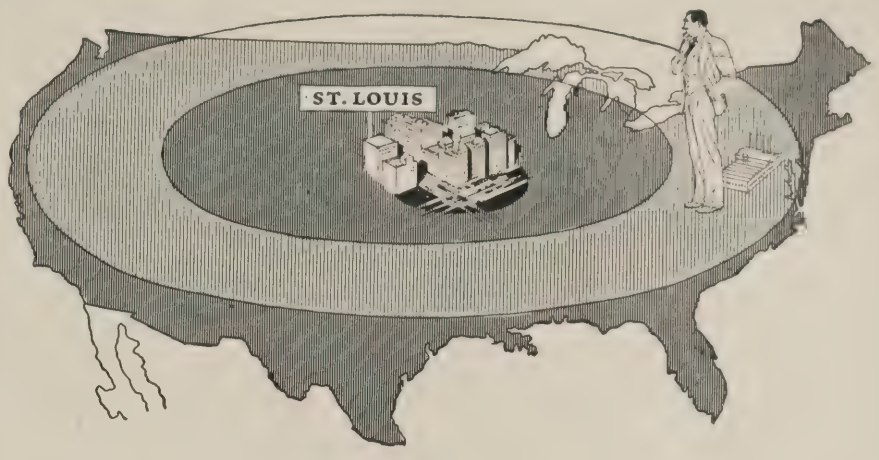
Johnnie—"I was just trying to tell you. She's down at the barber shop getting her hair bobbed."

A Southwestern subscriber sends in the following advertisement from his local paper with the request that we notice "how, when, and where we make guns in the West."

LOST—Double-barrel shot gun, 16-gauge Fulton, made by Hunter Arms Co., Sunday morning on rough road, between Montana and County road. Good reward. 3807 Clifton.

Answer to riddles in last week's Outlook: Conundrum; Manhattan.

Are You The Man on the Rim?



IF YOUR factory is on the rim of your market instead of at the center you cannot take advantage of your greatest possibilities. You are not getting your full profit. Suppose you could pick up your entire plant and set it down in St. Louis. Your net profit would be increased.

Here's Why:

In St. Louis you would be located at the center.

St. Louis reaches markets in all directions with a straight-line haul and direct service.

Raw materials are available with a short haul, and are manufactured close to their source.

Your fuel costs would be lowered.

You would save long-haul freight costs to and from your plant.

You would save time in assembling the materials, and save time in making deliveries.

Distribution is a matter of geography. Location at the center is a distinct advantage. St. Louis manufacturers ***Ship From the Center—Not the Rim.***

"St. Louis as a Manufacturing Center" tells the story. This booklet is free. Send for it.

ST. LOUIS CHAMBER of COMMERCE
St. Louis, U.S.A.

PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN





On the floor is shown Rug No. 538. The 9 x 12-foot size costs only $18.00.

Six New Designs in Congoleum Rugs—

Variety of artistic designs has always been one of the outstanding reasons for the popularity of Congoleum Rugs. The six new designs, shown at the left, further increase that variety. They prove that colorful beauty in rugs is not limited to high-priced floor-coverings.

A quaint charm distinguishes the Chippendale designs—numbers 552 and 554. These patterns represent the newest notes in rug designing and until now have been found only in the most expensive rugs.

Patterns number 544 and 546 are all-over floral effects that lend daintiness to any bedroom. The motifs of numbers 556 and 558 were taken from an antique rug now on exhibit in the British Museum.

Ask your dealer to let you see these latest Congoleum designs. He will also have on display many other patterns in color combinations that are appropriate for any room.

The waterproof surface of Congoleum Rugs is smooth and firm—never catches dust and needs only a few strokes of a damp mop by way of cleaning. In addition, they lie flat without fastening.

Note the Low Prices

6 ft. x 9 ft. $ 9.00	9 ft. x 9 ft. $13.50
7½ ft. x 9 ft. 11.25	9 ft. x 10½ ft. 15.75
9 ft. x 12 ft. $18.00	

The patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only. The small rugs are made in designs to harmonize with them.

1½ ft. x 3 ft. $ .60	3 ft. x 4½ ft. $1.95
3 ft. x 3 ft. 1.40	3 ft. x 6 ft. 2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

NOVEMBER 5, 1924

NOV 4 1924
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



James A. Drain, National Commander of the American Legion

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Pattern No. 556



Pattern No. 518

The Mail Bag

If not Electricity, Gasoline

RECENTLY you spoke about the report of George Otis Smith, which in effect stated that the farmers of the United States used electric power in smaller amount than the European farmers.

While I can hardly credit this statement, I would call your attention to the fact that electric power is available to only a very small number of farmers. However, our farmers are certainly not behind any one in the use of power on the farms. This is speaking generally. If you will take the trouble to make inquiry of three firms—Fairbanks-Morse & Co., Montgomery Ward & Co., and Sears, Roebuck & Co.—I believe you will find that the American farmer has purchased an immense number of small-power gasoline engines (from 1½ horse-power to 5 horse-power) and is using them for every conceivable purpose. There are mighty few farms nowadays which do not have at least one gasoline engine in use. In addition to the above there are at least twelve other firms making and selling this type of engine, and all catering to and finding their largest market with the farmer. This takes no account of tractors, many of which are equipped in such manner that the engine may be belted to wood saws, threshing-machines, silo cutters, etc.

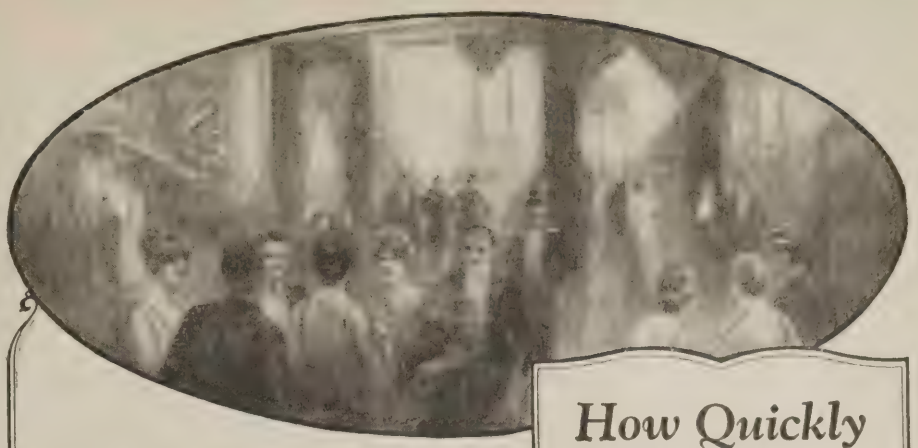
If Europe is ahead of us in the use of electric power on farms, it seems to me that they must be much better off than we have been given to believe, for one thing is sure, a bankrupt farmer cannot equip for the use of electric power.

Luning, Nevada. E. C. WATSON.

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

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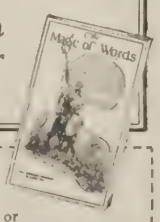
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Before the Next Issue Reaches Our Readers

two great democratic nations will have gone to the ballot-box and chosen their leaders. The interpretation of the elections in Great Britain and the United States will, we hope, be published in next week's issue of The Outlook.

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Contributors' Gallery

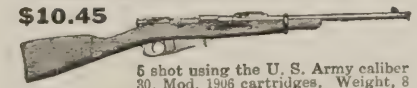
JAMES A. DRAIN before assuming the National Commandership of the American Legion was one of the leading attorneys in active practice in Washington. He joined the Legion in 1919, and has served as Department Commander of the District of Columbia, National Executive Committeeman, and as a member of the Board of Directors of the "American Legion Weekly." His chief interest has been the rehabilitation of the disabled—a subject with which Mr. Drain has a personal acquaintance. In the war Mr. Drain sailed with the First Division as a major of ordnance. He was decorated with the Distinguished Service Medal, the French Legion of Honor, and the Cross of the King of Italy. He was discharged as a lieutenant-colonel, Tank Corps.

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT is at present an editorial writer of the New York "Times." He has long been a close student of international affairs and was present both at the Peace Conference at Paris and the Arms Conference at Washington.

CHARLES HODGES has just returned from a summer spent abroad. He observed in Berlin the reception by Germany of the outcome of negotiations over the application of the Dawes Plan. His statement of the attitude of Berlin is an analysis, not a justification, of the premises upon which German opinion is based.

JOHN M. K. ABBOTT is a graduate of Harvard, where he was editorial chairman of the "Crimson." After serving as a reporter in various capacities on the New York "Times," he went to Wichita, Kansas, as editorial writer on the Wichita "Daily Eagle."

IN view of the fact that a great many people are now saying that all the veterans of the World War and all the progressive younger generation are against National preparedness, we believe that our readers will be interested in "Arms and the Man," by Captain William Alfred Eddy, the son of a missionary and a soldier in the late war. Captain Eddy is now a professor in the American University at Cairo, Egypt.

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To Problem-Solvers



We live in a scientific age. It has therefore become customary to approach all problems, both industrial and domestic, in a truly scientific manner.

Not to be outdone, let us present the following problem:

> Assume that a man is taking a balneal immersion (bath), using a coagulum of sodium oleate (piece of soap) which, when dropped into the balneal liquid (water), seeks its own level at the nadir of the porcelain (sinks). If, then, while the man searches diligently for the elusive coagulum, the thermal index (temperature) of the room increases by two (or more) degrees, what has happened?

The answer, of course, is simple. The man has become irritated, if not angry.

The prevention of such an unhappy event is just as simple as the answer to the problem itself—the man should get a cake of Ivory Soap.

Because Ivory Soap doesn't sink —it floats.

More—it *lathers.* It *rinses off.* It is *white* (no stained soap-dishes). And when a self-respecting male emerges from an Ivory bath, he bears with him no accusing scent to convict him of beauty-parlor methods. His unspoken message to the world is, "I've just had a corking good bath," which to most of the world, means unmistakably an Ivory bath.

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The Outlook

Volume 138 November 5, 1924 Number 10

BEARING the date of the day after election, this issue is necessarily prepared and printed before election. We have said our last word upon the issues of the campaign. If the result of the election is ascertainable as promptly as usual in Presidential years, we shall comment upon it next week.

Roorback

A COMMENT upon American politics is to be found in the definition of the word "roorback." In the Century Dictionary it is defined as "a fictitious story published for political effect; a 'campaign lie.'" In the Standard Dictionary it is defined as "a lie or fictitious report for political purposes, as before an election." And in both dictionaries it is marked as a word peculiar to the United States. We do not suppose that campaign lies issued just before an election are confined to American politics; but they are frequent enough in this country to have acquired a distinctly American name.

Generally, Presidential candidates have been spared the indignity of attack by roorback; but they have not been immune to the sort of attack that is made by the twisting of facts or by personal reflections.

An example of one kind of appeal to prejudice has been the effort to discredit Mr. Coolidge's part in the suppression of the Boston police strike. The attempt has been made to represent him as inactive as Governor during that emergency. As a matter of fact, Mr. Coolidge did what every good executive does under such circumstances. He leaves those in direct charge to act, and backs them up unless they fail in their duty. Mr. Coolidge proved himself a good executive on that occasion. His sententious statement at that time, "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time," will long be remembered as the statement of a leader.

An instance of personal reflection upon a candidate which is impossible for the candidate himself to pay attention to and yet may be accepted by people just because it is not answered is an article circulated by the John W. Davis College League in which Mr. Coolidge is characterized as "a rattled and ridiculous person," "a very much dismayed and huddled little man," "a passive and pallid little man." There is little or nothing in this article which is anything more than the author's personal characterization. And yet this article has been circulated by an organization of which the Honorary Chairman is the President Emeritus of Harvard, Charles W. Eliot, the honorary vice-chairmen include such college presidents as Dr. Alderman of Virginia, Dr. Garfield of Williams, Dr. Hibben of Princeton, Dr. MacCracken of Vassar, and Dr. Mary E. Woolley of Mount Holyoke, and the National Chairman is Mr. Cleveland E. Dodge. Probably some subordinate authorized the circularization of this attack under the apparent indorsement of these influential names. It is not so much against the roorback as such that intelligent voters need to be on guard as against irresponsible appeals to prejudice made with all the guise of responsibility.

The President Restates His Policy

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, speaking before the United States Chamber of Commerce, but addressing the country by radio and otherwise, gave a clear account of what the Administration has done during the past four years and what, if he is elected President, it will undertake to do during the next four. There was in this speech more of calm statement of achievement and of purpose than might have been made in months of campaign speeches.

The President insisted that the Government has a well-defined international policy, and he specified the components of that policy both in what it has achieved and in what it hopes to achieve —adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice, international conferences to consider definitely stated international problems, limitation of armaments, codification of international law, constitutional covenants which will look to outlawing aggressive war, opposition to the proposed referendum on adherence to the League of Nations, opposition to cancellation of foreign debts, opposition to international consideration of peculiarly domestic affairs of the United States.

Governmental economy, public economy of every kind, he emphasized as of almost supreme importance, the need for it world-wide. "That nation," he said, "which demonstrates that it has sufficient self-control to adopt this course will immediately become the leader in the financial world." This leadership, he said, is easily within America's grasp.

He defended the tariff as it exists. He placed the blame for deflation of currency and credit upon the Administration which preceded that of Harding and Coolidge.

He announced his intention of calling a conference of leaders of agricultural thought to work out a programme of legislation which will place farming permanently on an equality with other business and which, he said, "we can all support."

He told why Government ownership of transportation and water-power facilities would be disastrous. Such a system, he said, could be used to control "all other business of any importance."

The proposal to give Congress the power to set aside decisions of the Supreme Court would, he said, "put the power of life and death in the hands of Congress," make possible destruction of the States, abolition of the Presidential office, the closing of the courts. The weak would not have more, but decidedly less, protection than at present.

It was an excellent statement of fundamentally sound American principles.

An Old-Time Minstrel

THE death of "Lew Dockstader" (his real name was George Clapp) on October 26 recalls a chapter of stage entertainment of a kind now all but extinct. Indeed, the "nigger minstrels"—only super-refined people ever said "Negro minstrels"—were on the wane when Dockstader made his reputation, and in a few years he, like other famous black-face comedians, drifted into vaude-

ville. He was perhaps the last of those whose names are recalled with joyous reminiscence by old-timers addicted to this form of amusement; nowadays schoolboys and other amateurs have almost a monopoly of the burnt cork as a medium of fun. There are many living, however, who recall Primrose and West, Duprez and Benedict, Backus and Birch, Thatcher, and other old-time favorites of the prime days of minstrels, say, in the late sixties and the early seventies. Then the end-men, the solemn middleman, and the half-circle of singers were in their glory. The shows began to lose their special hold on the public when they became formal, ambitious, and "gigantic" —with two or three "bones," two "interlocutors," and so on. Other kinds of shows improved; the "nigger minstrels" deteriorated. But in its palmy days "nigger minstrelsy" was indubitably and excessively funny, and it was on the minstrel stage that many of the still-enjoyed melodies of Stephen Foster and other song writers gained their popularity.

It is said that the first Negro minstrel on the American stage was Dan Rice, who as Jim Crow (the part was taken from a slave then living) danced and sang himself into immense popularity both here and in England in 1836. The first actual troupe of cork-faced minstrels appeared in 1843, and from that time on the bones, the banjo, the song of the plantation, and the "second part," made up chiefly of dancing and comic acts, rivaled the circus in attractiveness to boys and to grown people who retained a boyish sense of fun.

The Farmer and the Town Man

Professor Kolb, of the University of Wisconsin, has a strong conviction that one thing that would help the farmer would be for better relations to exist between the farmers and the people and business men of the near-by towns. Professor Kolb has issued bulletins from the University's agricultural experiment station which contain interesting facts. These certainly go far to indicate that better relations personally, socially, and especially in business, are fairly due to the farmer.

The conclusions were drawn from investigations made in several counties, and hundreds of farming families were visited and questioned. It was found that farming groups in the country do not have local high schools, and that when the children are sent some distance to the town the farmers do not have a share in the management of the high school, and their boys and girls do not receive just the right kind of knowledge and vocational training that they should have. Again, it is said that the local farmers' church is seldom large enough to thrive, while if the rural people go to town for church privileges they notice "a discriminating distinction" as between the farmers and the business and professional men.

On the business side the figures and conclusions are somewhat surprising. A survey of eight towns near Madison showed Professor Kolb that in those towns the farmers in one year bought goods and services to the amount of $4,694,560 and all the customers other than farmers and their families bought only to the value of $1,802,929, yet it is alleged that the towns do not rightly appreciate or encourage country trade and are reluctant to give the farmer credit, although the figures obtained show that the farmer is only slightly slower pay as compared with the town man.

The remedy proposed as against discrimination and patronizing of the farmer by the town man is that apart from purely agricultural matters the farmers should organize for all sorts of progressive purposes; that they should have boards and institutions of their own and meet their neighbors in town and city with more sturdy assertion of equality.

Secretary Wallace

Henry Cantwell Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, who died in Washington on October 25, had taken his official duties even more seriously than is customary with men called to Cabinet positions. Somewhat because of that, somewhat because of the early-rising habit of the farm which had never left him since his boyhood, he was usually at his desk and at work before the rest of official Washington had finished shaving. He worked hard—too hard, his friends thought. And overwork, very likely, was a contributing cause to his untimely taking off.

Secretary Wallace's hard work, however, was not work wasted. Despite the recent fomentations in Washington which have made difficult any accurate appraisal of the efforts of men in administrative positions, it is clear that Mr. Wallace rendered a public service of large and abiding usefulness.

The safeguards of Conservation were somewhat weakened during the early days of this Administration. Those who oppose the holding of public resources for other generations—both those who properly may be called exploitationists and those others who honestly believe that the withholding of material resources from immediate use is not wise—were having their inning. The National forests were looked eagerly upon by those who would bring them into immediate exhaustive use. There were efforts, not always open, to have the forests transferred from the Department of Agriculture to the Department of the Interior. Genuine conservationists believed they saw the possibility of disaster in that. It was no reflection on the Department of the Interior, they held, to say that it is not as well fitted as the Department of Agriculture for administering a trust such as this. The Department of the Interior through all its existence has been an agency to develop resources for immediate use. Its channels of thought run, naturally, toward mining a resource. The Department of Agriculture through all its history has been an agency for developing and conserving resources for permanent usefulness. Since, they contended, timber is essentially a crop to be harvested occasionally and not a deposit to be mined, supervision of the forests belongs in the Department of Agriculture.

Against odds, Secretary Wallace successfully maintained that position. His persistent adherence to it was sometimes exasperating to those who held the other view, and his devotion to what he believed the best interest of the country was given by some the name of "Scotch stubbornness." The forests remained in the Department of Agriculture. Had they gone elsewhere, they might not have remained always National forests.

If Mr. Wallace as Secretary of Agriculture had done nothing else than this, his contribution to the welfare of his country would have been great. But there were other trying problems which, if he could not always quite solve, he labored upon in helpful fashion.

When Mr. Wallace became Secretary of Agriculture, the industry of agriculture in the United States was entering what has been probably the most serious depression it has ever known. Whether Secretary Wallace did all that could have been done to make the disaster less se-

Every man to his business

(1 Henry IV, Act II, Scene 2)

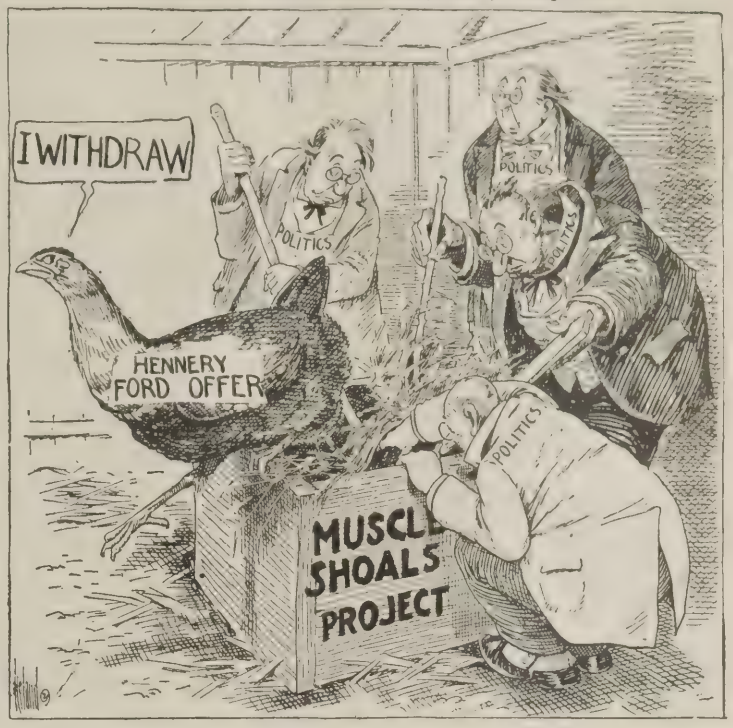
Darling in the San Francisco Bulletin



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From Charles Grover, Paso Robles, California

Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch



Off the nest

From Paul L. Wood, Columbus, Ohio

Orr in the Chicago Tribune



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While others talk

From Mrs. J. K. McCalmont, Wood River, Illinois

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News



Another step



P. A. Photos

The late Secretary Wallace at his desk in Washington

vere will always be a question. There remain those who believe that he was misled into a too implicit reliance upon economic theories as a substitute for vigorous practical measures. There has never been any question that Henry C. Wallace tried with all the diligence of an energetic nature to save agriculture from the immediate and the Nation from the ultimate evils of a period of unprofitable production. In that effort, though it did not wholly succeed in averting the immediate crisis, there was constructive work for the future. American agriculture and the American Nation may remember Henry C. Wallace as a benefactor.

What Mr. Wallace accomplished as Secretary of Agriculture was no more than the culmination of a life-work. His work as an agricultural editor, extending over the greater part of his active life, constituted his largest contribution to social welfare. In his early manhood he established "Wallace's Farmer." His father, the Rev. Henry Wallace, was for many years its editor, while Henry C. Wallace devoted his efforts to building up the paper and to formulating policies, doing a great deal of the editorial writing meanwhile. He assumed the editorship when his father died in 1916. "Wallace's Farmer" is and has long been one of those rare achievements in journalism, a paper of comparatively small circulation which exerts an influence greater than others of circulation many times larger.

The Roosevelt Memorial Association

With the retirement of Colonel William Boyce Thompson as President the Roosevelt Memorial Association will not, we hope, lose his wise counsel and his generous aid. That the collection of valuable material relating to Theodore Roosevelt is greater than that collected concerning any other President of the United States is due, of course, to the Roosevelt Memorial Association, which grew up out of the Roosevelt Memorial National Committee, which in turn was formed under the chairmanship of Colonel Thompson. It is right that the Board of Trustees on Colonel Thompson's retirement should have placed on record their recognition of "his rich and most lovable personality, his courage, his far-seeing and sagacious mind, and his profound understanding of the significance of the life this Association has sought and is seeking to commemorate."

Since Colonel Thompson decided not to be again a candidate for the Presidency of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, it is gratifying to be able to record that he is succeeded by James R. Garfield. As Secretary of the Interior Mr. Garfield was closely associated with Mr. Roosevelt in official duties, and was, moreover, a close and honored friend. By temperament as well as by experience he is well fitted for the grateful task of preserving and disseminating Theodore Roosevelt's spirit. Hermann Hagedorn, who has been Secretary of the Association since its foundation, will continue his constructive work in that office.

Prohibition Withstands a Shock

The Province of Ontario retains its Prohibition Law as the result of the recent plebiscite, but by a majority greatly reduced from that of five years ago and under circumstances which may add peculiar difficulties to those always attendant upon the enforcement of prohibition anywhere.

The cities voted so heavily to overturn prohibition as to make it appear for a time that the "wets" had won a victory. Even cities which when the previous referendum was taken voted in favor of prohibition were now strongly against it. At one time the "wets" had a lead of 70,000, which was gradually whittled down as the returns from the farming districts came in. Ultimately, there was a "dry" majority of 7,900 or so. French centers, rural as well as urban, gave "wet" majorities, as did the smaller towns along the American border. The majorities in the border communities are attributed to the hope of profit from thirsty American tourists and residents across the line if the sale of liquor could be legalized.

The task of enforcement in the cities will probably be the more difficult now that the strongly adverse sentiment of the

cities is recorded in an official vote. Toronto gave a majority of approximately 50,000 against prohibition, and Ottawa, the seat of the provincial Government, recorded a very substantial "wet" majority.

Even so narrow a victory for prohibition may mean, however, the end of revulsion from prohibition sentiment which has taken most of the western provinces out of the "dry" column. "Wets" believed and "drys" feared that Ontario would follow the lead of Columbia, Manitoba, Saskatchewan. It did not, and now that the prohibition forces have repulsed the shock attack they think of a new offensive to reconquer the lost territory in the west, and even to make conquests in Quebec.

It must be remembered that the proposition voted on in Ontario did not involve the return of the saloon. The question was between prohibition and the legalized sale of beverages in sealed packages under Government control. Had the return of the saloon been proposed, the prohibition majority probably would not have been so thin.

The present Prohibition Law was enacted in 1916 as a war measure. The plebiscite just held gave it its second confirmation. The first came in 1919, when seventeen cities gave a majority against prohibition only one-tenth as large as that of the recent vote. Country and small-town sentiment, apparently, did not change much during the intervening five years.

The Chinese Chess-Board

SOMETHING fairly definite, in the peculiarly indefinite Oriental way, apparently has occurred to bring cessation of the several-sided warfare in China and, if not to augur peace, at least to rearrange the pieces on the chess-board for another game. Perhaps only the Chinese mind can appreciate the niceties of the moves which checkmated Marshal Wu Pei-fu when he seemed on the verge of victory, and made Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General," master of the puppet President, and therefore dictator of the Peking Government. Whatever the moves were, they resulted in orders from President Tsao Kun for general cessation of hostilities, in the deposition of Wu from the position of generalissimo and the establishment of Feng in his stead.

The "Christian General" Feng, who held a subordinate command under Wu in the warfare against the invading Manchurian General Chang Tso-lin, apparently deserted his chief and took possession of the city of Peking, which is equivalent to control of the Peking Government, such as it is. In order to do this, Feng left the portion of the country he was supposed to defend at the mercy of the Manchurian invader, Chang, which may be taken to indicate some sort of coalition between Feng and Chang.

Wu, thus deserted by his lieutenant with one of the best-trained armies in China, lost his opportunity to complete his mastery of China's twenty-one provinces and his position of importance with relation to the Peking Government. That position, in the disorganized state of things which has existed for some time, means little more than the opportunity to "run a bluff" in trading for comparatively petty advantages, domestic and foreign. But such power as the position confers is no longer held by Wu, the supposed friend of American interests. Whatever gain has been made by this *coup d'état* accrues to the Manchurian leader, Chang, of all the Chinese generals the most inclined to favor Japanese interests.

Old Homes

MONTICELLO, the home of Jefferson, has been bought by a memorial association and will be preserved as a National shrine. Jefferson was the chief exponent of one of the theories of government that has persisted in our National life and thought. He contributed much to the establishment of the Nation. Monticello may well be, down the years, an inspiration to Americans who are to perpetuate the Government he helped to establish.

Perhaps it would be an influence for good if places intimately associated with many of our Presidents were preserved for the public. Not many such places have been noticed so far. It may be that houses in any way typical of most of the Presidents never existed. There is, however, a sprinkling of Presidential shrines.

Washington's home at Mount Vernon is, of course, first. The Hermitage, which Andrew Jackson built in the wilderness, has been for many years maintained on much the same basis as Mount Vernon. The Lincoln cabin in Kentucky was fifteen years or more ago inclosed in an appropriate structure of stone and will stand through the centuries as a Lincoln shrine. Much has recently been done toward making a shrine of the Roosevelt house in New York City.

One other there is—the strangest, in a way the most interesting of all. It is the little frame building in Greeneville, Tennessee, where Andrew Johnson worked as a tailor. The signboard over the door still shows the name, but dimly after the weathering of eighty years since Johnson left his bench. He was to lose the love of his own people later on because he would not desert the Union. Still later, when that attitude had brought him the Presidency, he was to lose the esteem of those who supported him, to suffer im-



Monticello, Jefferson's home at Charlottesville, Virginia, which has been bought by a memorial association and will be preserved as a National shrine

peachment charges, and barely to escape removal from office, largely because he would not desert the people of the seceding States in defeat. Two years ago his State of Tennessee erected a memorial building over his old workshop.

Johnson can never have a place among the great Presidents, but Americans down the ages may draw inspiration from the life of a man who because of loyalty to country and loyalty to kindred suffered a double martyrdom.

To Aid Peaceful Arts

IT is good news to all who are interested in American industrial development that a sum of two million dollars has been left by the late Henry R. Towne for the establishment in New York City of an industrial museum. No such permanent exposition of those arts and sciences which relate to industry exists, on any large scale at least, in this country.

The purpose and scope of the proposed institution is expressed in a statement in Mr. Towne's will. After calling attention to the fact that the United States is the greatest of industrial nations, he says:

> We do not possess any permanent exposition of American achievement in the peaceful arts, including agriculture, animal industry, forestry and woodworking, mining and metallurgy, transportation and communication, engineering and architecture, industrial chemistry, electrical mechanism, aeronautics, textiles, building trades, and all of these, including products, processes, and implements.

It has been suggested that if plans for a public Art Center in New York are carried out, this new museum might well be included. A special fund has been left by Mr. Towne for a campaign of education and publicity "to create a public understanding of the usefulness and importance of such an institute."

So far as we know, the most extensive and remarkable industrial museum is that known as the Deutsches Museum, in Munich, which was established a little less than twenty years ago. This is notable, not only because it treats every branch of science, invention, and industrial work in great detail, but because these things are popularized and, one might almost say, dramatized for the visitor. A description of the Deutsches Museum in The Outlook ten years ago stated that "the visitor himself works models, uses microscopes, sets the machines in motion." He goes down into a miniature mine, sees how the iron ore is obtained, and follows it on through all processes until he comes to a gigantic modern locomotive as the finished product. He goes into a booth, follows printed directions in several languages, and demonstrates for himself the work of the X-ray. Everything is visual, graphic, simple. Models, miniatures, automatic machines, are everywhere employed. How the Deutsches Museum has prospered during the war and since we do not know, but probably it might well serve, if not as a model for the proposed institution in New York, at least as a rich field of suggestion.

Do Students Read?

NOWADAYS students must read if they are to do good work and be graduated with good standing. The question has been raised, however, whether students do enough general reading not specially prescribed. The student would probably reply that the required reading is so extensive that he has very little time for reading either for pleasure or for general culture. On the other hand, the American Association of University Professors, with members from more than two hundred universities and colleges, thinks that something should be done to induce students to increase the scope of their reading. So the Association appointed a committee with the formidable name "On Increasing the Intellectual Interest and Raising the Intellectual Standards of Undergraduates."

A recent report of this Committee takes up this very question of general reading for students. Many specific suggestions are made. Some of these are technical or for the use of teachers; a few are of general purport. Thus one advocates the choice of teachers who are men of broad reading and human interest as well as scholars, encouraging them to talk about books and literature to the students outside the classroom as well as in, and in every possible way stimulating independent reading. Courses for freshmen which teach methods of reading and study and the right use of the college library are recommended. At Clark University the librarian has made a list of about two thousand volumes for a model private library, and it is suggested that such a model library, installed in an attractive special room in the college library, would be of value in encouraging reading, both in college and after college. Other commendable encouragements to reading for other purposes than examinations mentioned are Smith College's delightful "Browse Room" with its open fire and easy-chairs, and the bookstores in college towns in which the salesmen are college men. So also is the custom of the Harvard Co-operative Society in issuing from time to time a book catalogue which offers the undergraduate opportunities to obtain good literature at moderate prices. The Association also suggests that a suitable faculty committee might offer from time to time to the students selected reading lists apart from the college courses.

On the whole, the report of the Committee leaves us with an optimistic feeling as to what is being done in this direction, and not at all depressed as to the actual conditions existing.

Germany and the Next Peace

ON November 11 it will be six years since the last shot fired in the World War was followed in all Allied countries by rejoicing. Since then the anniversary of the beginning of the Armistice has been celebrated. In Germany as well as in the Allied countries it is a day of remembrance of the dead; and it is also an occasion for expressing relief from the strain, the suffering, the offensiveness, and the horror of warfare. That day, however, has stood in the minds of the people throughout the world as something more than the ending of an evil experience; it has been the symbol of a hope, a promise of the future.

If that hope has been deferred till the hearts of many are sick, if that promise has seemed to many like a broken pledge, it is because men hope at once for too much and too little, because they believe too readily and yet do not believe enough.

After such an experience of struggle and pain the most desirable thing in the world seemed to be tranquillity. It was natural, therefore, that the peoples of the world were ready to welcome any plan that promised tranquillity, whatever the cost. They were ready to listen to those who called external peace the highest good. They were not in the mood to think of justice so long as justice involved the continuance of struggle. They even gave ear to those who asked, "What



P. & A. Photos

Percy D. Haughton, famous football coach

is justice?" as scornfully as Pilate asked, "What is truth?" They were inclined to think that, after all, those were right that idealized peace without victory. Of course all who think that tranquillity is the chief end of man, and is obtainable when justice is forgotten and victory over wrong is unprized, have been disappointed.

Too ardent a hope for tranquillity, too ready a faith in promises of tranquillity, makes hope for justice, faith in the promise of justice, difficult. Only those who are willing to struggle for the right can believe in it. Those who wish to banish struggle from their life cannot believe in anything that is worth struggling for.

The chief obstacle to peace is always injustice; and the chief obstacle to international justice to-day is still the mind of Germany. It was the mind of Germany that brought on the World War. It was the mind of Germany that made it possible for the German military machine to become an agency of mere destruction for the purpose, not of military victory, but the economic crushing of a neighbor.

As long as the mind of Germany is unchanged, so long will the struggle which from August, 1914, to November, 1918, took the form of armed hostilities continue. There are signs that the mind of Germany has been changing. The greatest achievement of the Dawes Report has been in its effect on the thinking of Germans.

With these principles in mind, our readers will find three articles in this issue provocative of thought. Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt's article indicates the connection between the present controversies in Europe and the battles that ended on Armistice Day. We do not agree with him when he implies that nations in war are not guided by ethical considerations. The very thing that made Germany most dangerous was Germany's war ethics. No one can read Bernhardi without seeing that Germany in undertaking war was not devoid of ethics, but was actuated by perverted ethics. And as long as America remembers and honors Grant and Lee, so long America in arms will count no war worth winning that is won at the expense of the higher ethics.

Mr. Hodges reports the mind of Germany to-day so far as it is dominated by the industrialists. It is evident that the mind of Germany as thus interpreted, though not that of ten years ago, is far from recognizing and acquiescing in the demands of justice.

Captain Eddy's article is a reminder to those who are weary of struggle that the German way of thinking would have dominated the world to-day had it not been for the willingness of men to sacrifice tranquillity for the sake of something more precious.

It is true that there will be no peace until Germany's will is enlisted on behalf of justice; but it can never be enlisted on behalf of justice except by those who are as willing to resist injustice as the man who offered their lives in the trenches and on the field of battle.

A Master of Football

THE sudden passing of Percy Duncan Haughton, master of American college football, came as a great shock to those who had been absorbed in his methods and his triumphs for years, and who had hoped that in the course of a still active coaching life he would further enrich the knowledge of the game, not merely among those who taught and played it, but among those who inhabit the great stadia on still, cold autumn afternoons. For Haughton did enrich the game as no man before him. The great and dominant personality, a little austere, a little cynical, perhaps, but still steeped in an abiding love of the game, has departed, but much is left behind. To determine just what that is it is first necessary to consider the man himself and his teams, especially during his régime at Harvard, a little more closely. Percy Haughton, or, as he was more familiarly known, "P. D.," had the gift of leadership, and the added asset of an incisive and inquisitive mind. A psychologist always, he ruled not only his players and bent them to his precise will, but he dominated the very supporters in the stands, and brought to life that great roar of cheering at the exact moment that has so often terrorized Harvard's opponents.

For Haughton was, first, last, and all

the time, the complete dramatist. His teams marched to the beat of some mysterious inner cadence inexorably exact as the metronome, but these teams marched like an army with banners. It is not necessary here to delve into the thousand and one details of his coaching, carried on by able assistants, or the finesse with which he prepared his elevens for the big battles. These were bound up in his personality. Of greater import is it to lay hands on just what legacy he has left to the game itself. It is indeed a rich one.

He invented the modern generalship, the complete domination of the football terrain by the cold and calculating brain of the quarterback. He chose brains, not brawn, for *his* field generals, and required nothing further of them than to take command of every situation as it arose. This generalship aimed to bring the team at least five times in the course of a game into what are termed the "master positions" from which to score, and to keep the opponents' attainment down to a much lesser figure. Most of his teams accomplished just this. The process has come to be known as the "standard generalship."

Another invention was the football of cadence. Into the signal system that tolled off the single numbers like a drill-sergeant calling the beat for quick-time marching was built the starting signal that loosed the Crimson avalanche. He invented the system of running the defense by signal, and finding a leader for that defense equipped with as much brains as the attacking field general. He developed scientific punting and drop-kicking to a point never before attained, overlooking none of the arms of offense, and he brought out specialist after specialist. His own personal genius is lost, but his discoveries remain, and the system is at hand for any one to use who has the faith that Haughton had and some degree of leadership.

Organization, leadership, "coaching the coaches," insistent attention to detail, these are a few of the things that Haughton brought into the light. But, above all, he believed in drill. He invented the "soft scrimmage," that worked for precision, without risking injury. He never believed that an exhausted player was in any condition to learn. There was a great deal of personal sacrifice in playing for Haughton and a deal of monotony. He has been called a coach of "machines." No man evaluated the human element in football with greater accuracy. He has left behind him a system understood and taught by many men—among them his best pupils—a system without fundamental flaw, and of lasting benefit to the game itself.

The Great Proboscis

ONCE upon a time a group of eminent Americans, foregathered in Philadelphia, made a declaration concerning certain self-evident truths. They held that governments are instituted among men in order to protect them in their inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This was a novel doctrine to many of their contemporaries in Continental Europe, where government was regarded as a dispensation from above rather than an institution based upon the consent of the governed. It is somewhat bewildering to find our so-called radicals turning back to the principles and methods specifically and categorically abandoned by the Fathers of the Republic.

In simple terms the Fathers declared that the individual was entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Not a word did they utter concerning the right to pursue the happiness of others. A citizen, they held, was entitled to privacy of conscience and the right to carve out his own destiny. The Government which the collective citizenry of the country ordained was a Government created to further the self-development of the individual citizen. Now our reactionary radicals, with their eyes turned toward Continental Europe and away from the faces of the founders, give evidence of their repudiation of this elementary American doctrine. Government, they hold, though it may spring from the people, has as its chief function the task of remolding the lives of the people in accordance with the desires and the wishes of whatever theorists may control it.

A dramatic illustration of the changes which these reactionary radicals would make in our whole theory of government was shown when thousands of Americans rubbed their unbelieving eyes as they saw the figures concerning the income tax of private citizens spread beneath the headlines in their daily papers. When the bill authorizing the Government to make public these tax returns was passed, The Outlook pointed out the exact implication of this measure. Now that the provision of this bill, written at the behest of the insurgent bloc in Congress, has gone into effect, the cries of indignation from all quarters portray something of that frantic activity of the proverbial effort to lock the door after the horse is stolen.

A more futile and senseless invasion of privacy than the publication of these income-tax figures it would be difficult to imagine. In no possible way can it aid in the detection of tax dodgers. It is a measure whose sole aim can be the grati-



H. W. Haenigsen in the New York Evening World

Why not carry this income publicity further?

fication of impertinent curiosity, and the only result can be the further destruction of trust in legitimate governmental activities.

The great proboscis of our Government is no longer satisfied to smell out matters of public concern. It has lost the power to discriminate between the private and the public life of its citizens. Against such an extension of "unwarranted jurisdiction" it is time to register a new declaration of independence and to reaffirm our determination to make evident the truth that the greatness of America lies, and must lie, in the freedom and the liberty of those who are the creators and not the creatures of her Government.

Figures, Fancies, and a Famous Man

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE other day I happened to run across, on an out-of-the-way book-shelf in my library, a biography that I had not looked at for twenty-five years, so that when I took it down I found that it had all the freshness of a just-published "best seller." It is the life of an English clergyman, or one who intended to be a clergyman, but who never went further in that profession than the office of deacon, perhaps because of theological difficulties. So he became a mathematician, and was mathematical lecturer at Christ Church College, Oxford, for twenty-five years. His name was Dodgson—the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. Does that mean anything to you, Gentle Reader? I venture to say that to eight out of ten persons under whose eyes this article may fall the name of Charles L. Dodgson means nothing at all. And yet it is the name of one of the most widely read and beloved of English authors of the nineteenth century. Although he was an expert, not to say abstruse, mathematician and made many contributions to the literature of higher mathematics, a science which most normal children utterly detest, his best-known book has been read and re-read with absorbing interest and devotion by hundreds of thousands of English-speaking children, and will probably continue to be read by each succeeding generation as long as the English language lasts. He was the author of "Alice in Wonderland," which he wrote under the pen-name of Lewis Carroll. It is fortunate for the affectionate fame which the name of Lewis Carroll has achieved in the kingdom of childhood that his younger readers never know that he was a Professor of Higher Mathematics, for the doggerel quatrain is as true to-day for most children as on the day it was written:

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad.
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.

What is there, I wonder, that makes delicate, subtle, and even whimsical fancy go hand in hand with mathematical genius? People, like myself, who have no capacity for mathematics generally regard it as the most austere, exacting, and unforgiving of all the sciences. It is a hard taskmaster, visiting the severest punishment on the slightest errors. Yet it is a fact that many distinguished mathematicians have been men of gentle humor and exuberant imagination. Pasteur, who before he became the greatest chemist of his age was a mathematician, intended to be an artist in his early youth. Some of his pastel portraits are still preserved as remarkable examples of the art of portraiture. Our own Arthur Sherburne Hardy, the author of "But Yet a Woman," "Passe Rose," and "Diane and Her Friends" (the latter, to my mind, being unsurpassed in American fiction for the delicacy of its workmanship and the whimsicality of its humor), is a graduate of West Point and was for a long time Professor of Mathematics in Dartmouth College. How the same mind could produce a volume on the "Elements of Quaternions" and create the elusive and fascinating Diane is beyond my comprehension. Nevertheless Mr. Hardy has done it. Lewis Carroll's mind was made of the same stuff.

The laws of mathematics were apparently created when the universe was created. Or, rather, they were perhaps never created, but have always existed fixed and immutable. It takes, however, a creative mind to understand them. That is doubtless why the first reaching out of Pasteur's mind was towards the expression of beauty of form and color in pastel portraits, and why Lewis Carroll was an amateur photographer of very gifted accomplishment. His Life by S. D. Collingwood (the Century Company) is illustrated by many of the photographic portraits which he made with his own camera. For composition and lifelike effectiveness, although they are not very well printed in the volume which I own, I do not see anything in the work of our modern half-professional amateurs that surpasses them. Tennyson said—Tennyson, who was familiar with the famous work of his friend Mrs. Cameron—that Lewis Carroll's photographic portrait of Alice Liddell as a beggar child was "the most beautiful photograph he had ever seen."

Alice Liddell was one of the daughters of Dr. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church College, Oxford, whose name as co-author of Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon will be anathema or blessed to American college graduates in accordance with their attitude towards the undergraduate hours which they were compelled to devote to, or waste in, the study of the complicated hieroglyphics of the Athenians. Although Lewis Carroll was a bachelor, perhaps because he was a bachelor, he understood and enjoyed children. One day in 1862 he took the three Liddell children on a picnic "up the river"—he does not say whether it was the Thames or the Cherwell—and during the excursion told them a fairy tale which developed into "Alice in Wonderland." Its great success, with its charming illustrations by Sir John Tenniel, was an astonishment even to the author. Thereafter to the day of his death he maintained two personalities, as it were, living his clerical and mathematical life under the name of Dodgson and his story-telling life under the name of Carroll. "Alice" has been translated into French, German, Italian, and Dutch, and the "Father William" poem has even been turned into Arabic. Lewis Carroll's biographer describes the amusing perplexities which the translators had with the puns and parodies and whimsies with which the book abounds. "At two points, however, both M. Bué and Miss Antonie Zimmermann, who translated the tale into German, were fairly beaten: the reason for the whiting being so called, from its doing the boots and shoes, and for no wise fish going anywhere without a porpoise, were given up as untranslatable."

Lewis Carroll immensely enjoyed the



Courtesy of the Century Company, New York

The original "Alice" of "Alice in Wonderland"

(Lorina, Alice, and Edith Liddell)

From a photograph by Lewis Carroll

quaint sayings of children, and kept a commonplace book or card catalogue to record them. When "Through the Looking-Glass" followed "Alice in Wonderland," he set down the answer of a little girl whom he asked if she had read the two books. "'Oh, yes, I have read both of them, and I think' (this more slowly and thoughtfully), 'I think "Through the Looking-Glass" is more stupid than "Alice's Adventures." Don't you think so?'"

Many of Lewis Carroll's friendships with children were begun by chance meetings on railway trains or on sand beaches at the seaside. To these chance acquaintances he often immediately wrote letters which cemented the casual meeting into a friendship. The following are characteristic examples:

Christ Church,
December 15, 1875.

My dear Magdalen—I want to explain to you why I did not call yesterday. I was sorry to miss you, but you see I had so many conversations on the way. I tried to explain to the people on the street that I was going to see you, but they wouldn't listen; they said they were in a hurry, which was rude. At last I met a wheelbarrow that I thought would attend to me, but I couldn't make out what was in it. I saw some features at first, then I looked through a telescope, and found it was a countenance; then I looked through a microscope, and found it was a face! I thought it was rather like me, so I fetched a large looking-glass to make sure, and then to my great joy I found it was me. We shook hands, and were just beginning to talk, when myself came up and joined us, and we had quite a pleasant conversation. I said, "Do you remember when we all met at Sandown?" and myself said, "It was very jolly there; there was a child called Magdalen," and me said, "I used to like her a little; not much, you know—only a little." Then it was time for us to go to the train, and who do you think came to the station to see us off? You would never guess, so I must tell you. They were two very dear friends of mine, who happen to be here just now, and beg to be allowed to sign this letter as your affectionate friends,

LEWIS CARROLL and C. L. DODGSON.

Christ Church, Oxford,
October 13, 1875.

My dear Gertrude—I never give birthday *presents,* but you see I *do* sometimes write a birthday *letter:* so, as I've just arrived here, I am writing this to wish you many and many a happy return of your birthday to-morrow. I will drink your health, if only I can remember, and if you don't mind—but perhaps you object? You see, if I were to sit by you at breakfast, and to drink your tea, you wouldn't like *that,* would you? You would say "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson's drunk all my tea, and I haven't got any left!" So I am very much afraid, next time Sybil looks for you, she'll find you sitting by the sad sea-wave, and crying "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson's drunk all my health, and I haven't got any left!" And how it will puzzle Dr. Maund, when he is sent for to see you! "My dear Madam, I'm very sorry to say your little girl has got *no health at all!* I never saw such a thing in my life!" "Oh, I can easily explain it!" your mother will say. "You see she would go and make friends with a strange gentleman, and yesterday he drank her health!" "Well, Mrs. Chataway," he will say, "the only way to cure her is to wait till his next birthday, and then for *her* to drink *his* health."

And then we shall have changed healths. I wonder how you'll like mine! Oh, Gertrude, I wish you wouldn't talk such nonsense! . . .

Your loving friend,
LEWIS CARROLL.

The author of "Alice" did not confine his whimsicality to his intercourse with children. As the Rev. Mr. Dodgson, Lecturer on Mathematics at Oxford, he sometimes introduced it in his serious scientific work and in the political controversies of the University. In 1855 the appointment of Dr. Jowett, of Balliol, as Regius Professor of Greek raised a great rumpus because of Jowett's alleged liberal theology. It is not quite clear whether Mr. Dodgson sympathized with the orthodox opponents of Jowett or was poking fun at them—probably poking fun, as his own theology was liberal. At any rate, this was his published comment upon the controversy: "Let U = the University, G = Greek, and P = Professor. Then G P = Greek Professor; let this be reduced to its lowest terms and call the result J [*i .e.,* Jowett]." In 1865 Mr. Gathorne Hardy, an ultra-Conservative, who afterwards became the Earl of Cranbrook, contested with Mr. Gladstone for the representation of Oxford in Parliament. The struggle was a bitter one, and Mr. Gladstone was defeated. Mr. Dodgson commented upon the campaign in a kind of mathematical parody, of which the following were some of the "Definitions:"

Plain Superficiality is the character of a speech, in which any two points being taken, the speaker is found to lie wholly with regard to those two points.

Plain Anger is the inclination of two voters to one another, who meet together, but whose views are not in the same direction.

When two parties, coming together, feel a Right Anger, each is *said* to be *complimentary* to the other, though strictly speaking, this is very seldom the case.

A surd is a radical whose meaning cannot be exactly ascertained.

Here we may appropriately take leave of this happy clergyman with the whispered aside that some of our own radicals, in the political campaign which we have just passed through, answer very well to the punning definition which Lewis Carroll gave to the radicals of his own day.

The English Elections

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

"HIGHER, higher," was the cry of a shrill, feminine voice last night up in the gallery. Stanley Baldwin, ex-Conservative Premier, had remarked that as they took office the MacDonald people promised cheaper food, but that after three-quarters of a year of office the price remained "practically the same as a year ago." "Higher, higher," also asserts the lady at whose house I am staying.

In rejoinder to some Socialist attacks, Mr. Baldwin then spoke of hitting below the belt, and added, slyly, "Belts are worn much lower now." At this sally the applause and laughter were indeed led by the women auditors.

These two references indicate the increasing prominence of women in the English electoral campaign. A further and more impressive element is the fact that there are many more women candidates for Parliamentary seats than there were a year ago.

Anyway, women, particularly housewives, are especially interested in present issues. To them, quite as much as to their men-folk, the chief issues are:

1. A fall in living costs; particularly in bread and bacon.
2. Decent homes and more of them.
3. Employment for all and full-time employment.
4. A living wage.

We have already noted the answer to the first issue. The answer to the second is that fewer houses have been built under the Labor-Socialist than under the preceding administration, and at a higher cost. The Socialist administration's answers to the third and fourth problems are similarly disappointing, especially in the case of unemployment.

The result of all is that to-day I read this Anti-Socialist campaign poster:

WHAT'S UP?
Unemployment up!
Cost of living up!
Prices of houses up!
To Bolsheviks—hands up!

It's UP to YOU
to bring them DOWN!

In addition to the four mentioned, there are two other issues. The first and graver is that compelled by Mr. MacDonald's onslaught on a Constitutional principle. Amazing as it may seem, the Government's prosecution of a Communist editor for incitement to sedition was suddenly withdrawn. Why? Because, as universally believed, of pressure from Mr. MacDonald's most radical supporters. Never has there been a clearer case, it would seem, of the interference of politics in the course of justice.

The Prime Minister seized upon this event as an excuse for an appeal to the country, for he wanted to save himself from certain defeat in the Parliament debate on the treaty which he had made with the Russian Bolsheviks. There is thus the issue of the Government's foreign policy before the voters.

When, last January, the King asked for the services of Mr. MacDonald as Premier of a new Cabinet, England seemed to have fallen into her old policy of "splendid isolation." Certainly, on the Continent she had for a long time had to submit to the masterful will of M. Poincaré. But she was represented by an idealist, a doctrinaire, Ramsay MacDonald, whose rather mystic, certainly eloquent, and very Wilsonian language contrasted strikingly with the clear, compact, precise, and rather peremptory phrases of the French statesman. Some months later, however, Mr. MacDonald found in a new French Premier, M. Édouard Herriot, a man more to his liking. Both men, for the nonce, at least, worked well together. Concerning Germany the Dawes Plan brought them into nearly equal step. Concerning the Russian Bolsheviks, however, they showed such extreme generosity as to seem culpable to many of us.

Turning to Mr. MacDonald's internal policy, the anti-Socialist world has been agreeably surprised to note no effort on his part towards such radical measures as the nationalization of mines or of the great industries or of banks, or towards a capital levy, or towards any great social change. The new Premier was evidently so eager to gain the nation's confidence that he would not realize his own programme. His great ambition was to improve internal affairs by an amelioration of external relations. The English people must depend upon the foreigner to absorb a part of their own activity. At the Geneva meeting of the League of Nations the other day the British representatives were working hard on the problems of arbitration, security, and armament reduction, not only in the interest of the whole world, but in particular in the interest of Great Britain, with her world commerce. Nor did Mr. MacDonald lose sight of the fact that in this he was also faithful to his own party's aim, for true Socialists shrink from everything military.

To sum up, the Labor-Socialist Party here is not in the strategic position that it was a year ago, despite its good records in some things. This for three reasons: First, as I have said, it has not fulfilled its promise to remedy the evil—unemployment—by reason of which it came into office. Second, it has now no longer favoring its success at the polls the discontent created a year ago by Mr. Baldwin's sudden protagonism for protection in a generally free-trade country.



P. & A. Photos

The British Premier's daughter, Miss Ishbel MacDonald, campaigning in Nottinghamshire for her brother, Malcolm MacDonald, who has been in America with the Oxford University debating team. Miss MacDonald is shaking hands with miners

Mr. Baldwin and his party have thought better of this now and have relegated protection to a back seat. In the third place, the previous Conservative administration had reduced the country's war liabilities, had appreciably lowered taxation, and had piled up a big surplus. The Socialists' record regarding each of these things has been a disappointment to them and to others.

Besides all this, many remember that the man who intervened to save a Communist from being tried and punished for inciting soldiers to mutiny, and who now would lend the honored name of his country to a Government which his own Chancellor described yesterday as "detestable," is the man who in 1914 wrote that the only reasons for war with Germany were that the Foreign Office was anti-German and that the Admiralty was anxious to seize any opportunity of using the navy in battle practice; that this man, as one of the leaders of the Independent Labor Party, was responsible for that party's resolution passed a half-year later to the effect that all its members be requested not to assist the Government in recruiting campaigns; finally that he, another half-year later, declared himself against conscription, "hateful to every instinct of liberty and every assumption of democracy." As it did a year ago, so this memory in the anti-Socialist mind accentuates the mistrust of Mr. MacDonald. In harmony with the sickly-looking foliage of the Hyde Park trees, now almost bare, so Mr. MacDonald's rhetoric has worn pretty thin.

To what leader shall Englishmen now turn? Among the Conservatives, to Stanley Baldwin? He is of all men preeminently quiet, self-contained, self-confident, sincere. He lacks MacDonald's magnetism; but he is a safer leader.

Or, on the Liberal side, to Mr. Asquith? He is able and with ripe experience, but he does not thrill; his name does not *ring*. Lloyd George's does still, to a certain extent, but not as it did.

Last year, as the result of triangular elections, the anti-Socialist vote was split enough to insure the entrance of nearly 70 Socialists into Parliament, who otherwise might have been excluded. The uniting of the anti-Socialist vote, therefore, ought to mean in practically every case a Socialist defeat in the nearly 70 constituencies. This union has taken place in about 50 of these constituencies. So active have been the movements towards amalgamation that Mr. MacDonald is justly alarmed, and at Oldham the other night dubbed them "cold, callous, calculating combinations."

London, October 17, 1924.

Bill White and the Shirt-Tail Rangers

Special Correspondence from Kansas

By John M. K. Abbott

THE most interesting thing in Kansas right now is Bill White's campaign for Governor. Bill the Younger, who is, of course, entirely absorbed in the thing, has the finest chauffeur's job in the country. His father wants to get out and talk to the folks, so Bill is driving him in the family Dodge (vintage of 1919) over the prairies, over the flint hills, through the wheat country, through the oil fields, from town to town, everywhere that is Kansas. And when William Allen White talks to the folks, he talks.

I don't suppose there ever was such a gubernatorial campaign. I have been rather fortunate in getting something of a close-up of the thing. On two occasions I have substituted for young Bill in doing a little gubernatorial chauffeuring myself—the last time was a week ago, when the candidate was brought to Wichita for a good night's rest.

Here's the situation at a glance. Jonathan Davis is running for re-election on the Democratic ticket. In the Republican primaries to pick Davis's opponent Ben Paulen, who has a good reputation as a banker, defeated two men, Reed and Stubbs. As you probably know, the Klan issue was injected at the start, when Paulen was accused of having the Klan's support. The anti-Klan vote went to Reed and Stubbs, neither of whom polled enough votes to head off Paulen, although their combined totals were away beyond his vote. That made it Davis against Paulen.

The Klan issue came out with a loud bang when the Republican Convention met at Topeka. An attempt to get an anti-Klan plank in the platform failed, and when an anti-Klan resolution was about to come up on the floor the move was headed off by Paulen himself. It was this which decided Mr. White. "The Klan put a gag on my party," he says. He just made up his mind that it was time for "this fat little bald-headed fellow from Emporia" (his description) to put the Klan thing up to the folks.

He had never run for office in his life. He talked it over with Mrs. White and his son, Bill, and then one day handed to the foreman of the printing-room in the "Gazette" office a copy of a petition to set up. According to the State law, he needed 2,500 signatures by petition in order to have his name placed on the ballot. He got 10,000 in little more than a week without so much as asking help from a single solicitor. So that's how William Allen White, editor and author, came to be a political candidate.

And he has been pushing his candidacy all over the State, traveling in the Dodge, making five and six speeches a day always to crowded halls, and always lighting into the Klan gently, like a ton of brick. He doesn't give a rap for the conventional gubernatorial campaign equipment. He has no committees, no speakers' bureau, no publicity staff except the boys in the "Gazette" office, no elaborate headquarters, no literature, no anything except William Allen White. On the way from Winfield to Arkansas City (that was part of my chauffeuring) he told me that all that stuff about huge campaign expenses was bunk if a man had a real issue. He draws $25 from the bank on Monday morning for campaign expenses. At Arkansas City—it was Saturday night—he pulled $13 from his pants pocket. He told me the previous week he had arrived back home in Emporia with $4 left of his weekly allotment. He "mooches" some of his hundreds of friends, he declares, whenever he wants dinner and a bed.

I wish you could hear Mr. White when he warms up to his work of lambasting the Klan. I have heard him three times now, and he does not use gloves, I can assure you. He scarcely has the "Ladies and gentlemen" off his chest when he comes out with something to this effect: "I am running for Governor for one reason, and only one reason, to put—the—Ku — Klux — Klan — out — of — business—in—Kansas." Whereupon the Kluxers in the audience (you can almost always spot some of them by the way they don't applaud) turn one shade more gloomy. The speaker then goes on with the genuine Kansas language, and there's nothing in the East to compare with it.

"One day there came up from Oklahoma," Mr. White will say in telling how Paulen came to be picked for the



P. & A. Photos

A gentleman whom William Allen White describes as a "fat little bald-headed fellow from Emporia"

nomination, "a crowd of cyclopses—and dragons—and kleagles—and furies—and terrors—and wizards—and callithumpians—and willopus-wallupuses—and they held a meeting in Wichita with some Kansas genii—and pterodactyls—and whangdoodles." Whangdoodles is as far as he generally gets!

"Shirt-tail rangers down in the cow pastures," is another favorite line. He has slues of them. The White version of the Kansas motto, *"Ad Astra per Aspera,* by the way, is *"Ad Astra per Cow Pasture."*

In a homely way, without any frills, he tells the folks who pack his meetings—the one I attended at Winfield in the opera house was a sardined crowd in spite of a World Series baseball game being recorded just around the corner—that both Davis and Paulen are Klan-picked candidates and that the shirt-tail rangers of the Invisible Empire don't care which one is elected. When his audience is thoroughly warmed up to him, he gives them a serious discussion of what the Klan means in this Nation where "under the Constitution we are all just plain folks, just folksy folks, starting from the taw line together." He gets a tremendous laugh when he gets back to the concert (first he gives them a concert, and then he sells the soap, and then he gives them some more concert) with a description of how when the Jews and the Catholics and the Negroes have been relegated to the corners of the cow pasture and when the Klan has gone on and sent the Episcopalians and the Baptists and the Presbyterians after them, they will discover in the dictionary "that after Catholic comes Congregational—and that's me." Mr. White claims a perfect right to talk about Americanism because his people came over so long ago that if his vest were unbuttoned the audience would see a blue Yankee stripe running from his belt to his chin.

The crowds enjoy every minute of his speeches, unless it be the Ku Kluxers, who may not like it so well. But most of them stay. Over at El Dorado three or four of them rather conspicuously walked out on him after his talk was about ten minutes old.

"I don't blame you; I would too if I were you," Mr. White called after them. The crowd rocked with mirth.

About three minutes later a young, nice-looking fellow stood up in the center of the floor with his hand upraised as if he were in school.

"I've got to work," he pleaded. Mr. White excused him. Nobody else walked out of that meeting!

I would not give you an accurate idea of this campaign if I didn't convey the impression that Bill White is just having the time of his life. He is out for the principle of the thing. If he gets licked, he won't worry. He is anything in the world but a professional office-seeker. He is out against the Klan, and he revels in the fight. "Everywhere I go I get the same crowds," he told me. "It's just one picnic after another."

He is right about the crowds. When he was talking in the industrial region, to the miners in the southeastern part of the State, for example, hundreds of persons came over from Missouri to hear him, although they haven't a thing to do with this campaign. And all along the southern tier of counties hundreds of Oklahomans swelled his audiences. The Klan is something they understand. It is very real and very close at home. They get it. It is an issue; Mr. White is perfectly right about that.

Of course he has a platform—something to this effect: He is progressive, and those who would elect him would come from all camps. He would therefore steer a middle course as Governor. He would not try any new-fangled ideas, but develop what the State already had. He would take the schools of higher education out of politics. He would favor the child labor amendment. He would favor economy. He won't join the procession of liars who promise tax reduction knowing that that is the Legislature's job. And he won't promise to bring the farmers Utopia overnight. "I will promise to clean out your cow pastures, though," he says. And there you have it: The big thing is the Klan.

How it will all come out nobody will venture to predict. It was thought at first that Mr. White, by splitting the Republican vote, would surely hand the election to Davis. But Davis is certainly not widely popular and it is doubtful just how big a vote he will poll. The feeling grew as the campaign wore on that victory lay between Paulen and White. Mr. White has been pushing his opponents hard. There is no better evidence of that than the circulation of a silly letter, obviously a forgery, purporting to have been written by Mr. White and showing what a hard time he was having finding anybody to listen to him! He has been reading it at all his meetings lately and making capital of it.

A most important break came the other day when Charles F. Scott, editor of the Iola "Register," bolted Paulen and came out for Mr. White. Scott is widely known as a "Regular." Bolting the party ticket for him was undoubtedly a very hard thing to do. But he did it, and will certainly carry others with him. The consensus of opinion seems to be that Mr. White now has all of an even chance to win. If he does, it will be a real family triumph, for Mrs. White and Bill have been in the fight from the start and every minute of it.

The scrap in New York between Roosevelt and Smith—why, we here in Kansas wouldn't trade it for this one for anything!

Rome's Forgotten Glory



Inscription on façade of the Imperial Palace at Leptis Magna—dedicated to "Imperator Caesari Lucius Septimius Severus." Part of the inscription can be deciphered in the picture



Excavators at work amid the ruins of the buried city—the demolition evident here probably having been caused by an earthquake

International Newsreel Photos

THE ancient Roman city of Leptis Magna, situated in northern Africa about one hundred miles east of Tripoli, was abandoned on the decline of the Roman Empire and has lain buried for centuries. It is now being excavated under the direction of Professor Renato Bartoccini, of the Italian Department of Fine Arts. This city, which once had a population of over 100,000, was the birthplace of a Roman

Exhumed in Africa



At the rear of the Imperial Palace—note the marble block bearing the partly legible inscription "Tribunicia Potestas," referring to the tribune of Septimius Severus



The harbor of Leptis Magna, almost freed from sand, is coming to light again. The steps formerly led down to the water. To these wharves were moored the grain ships and war galleys of Rome

Emperor, Septimius Severus. His palace in Leptis Magna has been uncovered within the past few weeks. "Leptis Magna," says Professor Bruno Roselli, of Vassar College, an authority on the subject, as reported in the New York "Times," "has far more imposing structures and more valuable works of art than any found in Pompeii. No buried city has ever yielded anything like it."

November Obsession

By Marjorie Meeker

Like withered words, like lovely words forgotten,
Comes the brittle, windless whisper of autumn leaves—
(April is lost, I have loved a flame and a shadow)
It is the year, and not my heart, that grieves.

Let old winds cry around forsaken corners,
And rattle the bare tree-branches like dry bones;
All things are autumn's to the wind's gray calling,
Deep-drowning in autumnal monotones.

Vast is the voice of wind through empty gardens,
Lonely the call down bird-forsaken eaves—
(April is lost, I have loved a flame and a shadow)
Any sound is better than rustling of leaves.

The American Legion in the Year to Come

By James A. Drain

The Legion represents the organized opinion of hundreds of thousands of veterans of the World War. This announcement of the programme of the Legion is put forth by the National Commander who is to guide its destiny during the next twelve months

LET me say at the start that the Legion has no justification for existence except through its capacity of service to the country. Let me say further that this service must be given as unselfishly in peace as it was given in war.

This is the immovable foundation upon which the Legion is built. Through five years the Legion has gone forward with this creed guiding it. It starts the sixth year still adhering to that creed. Its record for the five years that have gone before stands firm. It needs no prop. It will need none in the years to come.

If the day ever dawns when the maimed and sick veterans of the World War are receiving the treatment which is their just due, the American Legion will cease to make that its chief concern. As it is now—even though a great number of faults have been eliminated—there are wide gaps in the line of defense which must be closed before the agencies administering to the care of the disabled are functioning at maximum.

This, then, is first on the Legion's calendar, the place it has always had during the years the organization has existed. It was at the instance of the Legion that the cumbersome, almost numberless, non-workable bureaus, which fell over each other in trying to care for the disabled, were abolished and the United States Veterans' Bureau created. This was historical, for it gave the country one distinct unit on which to place the responsibility if the disabled were not being cared for.

The Veterans' Bureau, under the law, must be held strictly accountable for medical care, rehabilitation, and compensation of this unfortunate class of World War veterans. It is the Governmental agency which must receive the approbation and the fangs of dissatisfaction from the country.

The Veterans' Bureau to-day, while it is functioning more efficiently than ever before and possibly is on a par with other Government agencies, continues to fall short of the Legion's ideal. Until the disabled are receiving the super-service which a grateful people have announced in no uncertain terms they shall receive, the Legion will remain unsatisfied. It will continue to exercise its undeniable right, as the representative ex-service men's organization, to criticise the Bureau. Fault-finding will never be done unjustly, and will not be done at all until the officials of this all-important unit of the Government have had every opportunity to carry out the provisions of the disabled laws as they now stand.

Lest there be misunderstanding, I wish to make clear that the Legion—with its own rehabilitation organization of Nation-wide proportions—is ever ready to work with the Bureau officials to the end that this super-service may be the more quickly realized. Every Legion facility has been placed without restriction at the disposal of the Veterans' Bureau officials. They have been accepted, and without question will continue to be accepted during the coming year.

It is a short step only from the care of the actual casuals of the greatest conflict in history to the care of the innocent humans who were cast high and dry when the tide of war receded. War in any form breeds disaster of the form that leaves no one class untouched. Only one class, the children, are without the means of defending themselves. This Nation to-day has 5,000 orphans whose mothers or fathers or both were veterans. The care of the waifs of war is second on our programme, second only to the care of those men whose physical selves were shattered while following their Nation's flag.

The only heritage these children have is the memory of a father or mother who died that their country might live. The Legion realizes that every child has the right to a normal, happy, and contented

life. This realization caused the Legion to take as its wards every orphan, particularly those whose parents were in uniform during the war period.

The Legion programme of child welfare has one basic principle, namely, that every child is entitled to a home of its own and a mother of its own, either its own mother or an adopted one. It believes and is carrying out the additional principle that the children of one family should be kept together.

To this end the Legion Nationally, working, of course, in conjunction with its State departments and local posts, is continually striving to place in good homes those orphans coming to its attention. Where it is at all possible the Legion assists financially and otherwise to keep the child with its own mother in those cases where the father has died, leaving child and mother little or no means of support.

When no home is available, the children are placed in the Legion Child Welfare Billet at Otter Lake, Michigan. This billet is maintained exclusively by our organization. At present it is composed of three large, comfortable buildings equipped with every modern convenience. Another will be built this year. In no sense can this billet be called other than a home. The children are called each morning, as in a real home. They attend the public schools, return, and have their recreation in their own yard, cared for by housemothers who know and love children.

The Legion last year received a gift of 388 acres of land in Montgomery County, Kansas. This gift and $100,000 in cash has been accepted by the National organization from the Department of Kansas. The property will be improved and another billet for child welfare established.

To carry out its programme of orphan care the Legion intends raising an endowment of such proportions that every parentless child shall, until it becomes of age, have the care and attention which the Almighty intended it should have.

As part of its Americanism work during the coming year, the Legion will unquestionably fight for the enactment of a law placing at the disposal of the Government in time of war, not only the man power to fight, but the man power to make munitions, the finances, and every other resource needed successfully to carry on a war. This is the so-called Universal Draft Act, which received great attention when it was introduced into the last Congress and which is now before the House Military Affairs Committee. The Legion will appear before the country with the convening of the next Congress to urge the passage of this act, on the grounds that in time of war it is only right that the man in the trench should be placed on an even plane with the man in the shipyard and the man who manufactures the bayonet. War, the Legion believes, is every one's job. To finish that job as efficiently as possible requires the doing away of distinctions, the placing of every citizen on an even basis, the subjecting to immediate Government call every industry, every natural resource, whether publicly or privately owned.

The Legion stands for a programme of sound preparedness. It believes in the National Defense Act and a National Defense Day. It opposes any changes in the former and has pledged itself to take an active part in the latter.

The Legion as an organization has no interest in politics as they apply to one party or another. Those who hold local, State, or National office in the Legion are prohibited from taking part in political campaigns. They are expected and urged, however, to exercise the right of every citizen and vote. The Legionnaire who does not hold office is just as strongly urged to take an active interest in the affairs of his party, work for that party, if he so desires, and assist in getting others to vote. It was the belief of its organizers that the Legion must be non-partisan. The wisdom of that belief has been proved with time, and at the last National Convention, held in St. Paul, the following resolution, sweeping in its content, was passed:

> Reaffirming that The American Legion is non-political in character and expressing the sense that the National Constitution of The American Legion prohibits all officers, employees or representatives of the National, Departmental and Post organizations from taking any part whatsoever in the affairs of a candidate for political office, and calling upon the National Officers and the National Executive Committee of The American Legion to be vigilant in preventing the violation of such non-political character.

This leaves no room for the splitting of hairs.

The advocating or the fighting against all those things which the Legion may be either for or against must come, in the final analysis, from the local Legion post. The organization's strength is these 11,000 units, which, knitted together, make up the Legion as a whole. The Legion knows its programme to be one which will help the country. It believes the citizenry is behind it. It wishes their support, and it wishes to give its support to those things which will help the community, State, and Nation. The National and State organizations urge the individual posts to take the lead in all forms of community endeavor where leadership is needed. Where it is wise to join in any movement sponsored by another individual or agency, the post is urged to get behind that movement.

The value of the Legion post to the community was realized at the 1923 National Convention when it was voted to establish a National Community and Civic Betterment Bureau, which would have as its object the arousing of interest in all posts in community endeavor, furnishing plans and helping to carry these plans through, that the Legion may take its place as a community asset. It is the desire of the Legion that the leaders in every community shall look to the post for help when any constructive community project is being considered. They will find the post willing.



P. & A. Photos

James A. Drain, newly elected head of the American Legion

Victorious Germany—the Pathology of Defeat

By CHARLES HODGES

Assistant Professor of Politics, New York University

THE face of a country tells a great deal about a people—their place in the world, their problems, their ambitions. No one can cross Germany on a diagonal drawn from the upper Rhine in the west to the Elbe in the east without seeing that Nietzsche's "will to power" is imprinted on this part of the Teutonic landscape. It is, moreover, the very backbone of Germany to-day and to-morrow.

The truth about Germany is written in a pastoral hand, agriculture standing out as more intensive than anywhere else in western Europe. The fields repeat themselves in endless precision. There is a painful duplication of what might well be an endless market-garden district, resembling a super Long Island, feeding vast urban populations. It bespeaks of narrow margins of existence, more reminiscent of China's teeming millions and a "spade" economy than anything elsewhere in the Occident. The railroad right of way plunges through kilometer after kilometer of commercial forest. The stands of timber are precisely at attention, stripped of all wasted limbs. Geometric dividends in terms of decades flicker by; one even suspects the distant somber woodlands climbing away toward the Alpine triangle that is the peak of Central Europe. A dominant civilization has fastened itself patently to the land. Its scientific hand calculatingly puts in its tenth to harvest tenfold.

It is written in an industrial script, written large in the obtruding industrial centers, the stacks, the smoke of creative enterprise. To the door of France and Switzerland the flood plain of the upper Rhine shows this almost mushroom-like expansion of German manufacturing power. The abrupt appearance of factories thrusting themselves out from the sylvan setting reveals how far the very nemesis of modern machines underlies Germany's world position. Bitterfeld, Mülheim, Karlsruhe, Frankfort—the industrial tempo increases. It becomes the outstanding German note in the landscape. Periodically, high-power electric transmission stalks mysteriously from somewhere to somewhere else. The easy curves of the cables help one to understand why German man power is not to be seen in the fields; there is obviously a place for it in the plant at the end of the line.

It is written in a determined maritime hand. The docks of Hamburg and the Elbe shipyards punctuate the story of world-wide economic relations vital to the Fatherland, whether empire or republic. Newest tonnage still on the ways; new tonnage restlessly seeking the currents of international business; the old, pre-war tonnage gone, turned over to the reparations account of the Allies—Germany girds herself with economic trappings to face the morrow.

The Most Monstrous Thing

THE very outstanding strength of Germany's industrial power lends a sardonic note to the "most monstrous" thing the Teutonic mind has met apparently in history. It is that full stop to Imperial German political ambition which America and the Allies know as the Treaty of Versailles.

Whatever is wrong in the German Fatherland becomes a "typical instance" of the wrongs inflicted on Germany—and on a world which, the Teutons believe, cannot prosper without German prosperity—by the Peace Treaty. They will tell you in the German Foreign Office that if it were not for the monstrosity of Versailles things would be very different in the realm of high politics. Now the Wilhelmstrasse is too poor to play the rôle Germany should occupy once again in international relations. What can one expect, they demand, when six out of every ten frock-coated officials are laboring on this problem or that springing from a treaty of



"The truth about Germany is written in a pastoral hand. . . . The fields repeat themselves in endless precision—an endless market-garden district, resembling a super Long Island, feeding vast urban populations"



(C) Keystone

"... It is written in an industrial script, written large in the obtruding industrial centers, the stacks, the smoke of creative enterprise ... this almost mushroom-like expansion of German manufacturing power"

peace Germany was forced to sign on the dotted line? It is a Foreign Office with its energies that ought to be reconstituting Germany as a world power, exhausted by the extra burdens imposed upon it as a result of the great settlement. It is a weak reed indeed for Germany to lean upon in these trying times.

"*Business as Usual*"

As a matter of fact, the industrialists, in whose hands Germany largely believes her destiny rests, do not particularly lean upon it.

They have the contempt of economic strength for diplomatic weakness. Face to face with the realities of "blundering" which have blocked "business as usual," these lords of German business express little concern over a still popularly discredited diplomatic office force. Politics, these industrial leaders hold, still stand in the way of European rehabilitation; the world is stupid not to see that economics are against everything that can be summed up in the word "Versailles."

Here is the black beast of the Peace Treaty. It is made up of imbecilities that cut across the life of Germany—so doing, across reparations, and all that sort of thing. The Fatherland has been denied even a working basis of existence, quite apart from justice according to any Teutonic angle of post-war developments. The imbroglio of the past half decade has been created by Germany's refusal to meet French wishes as to national suicide. For these economic dictators of Germany, disavowing, of course, any such power, are frank. As one of the responsible figures in the great Reichsband der Deutschen Industrie put it: "The Treaty of Peace made it impossible for Germany to work. Work is the only way that the Germans can pay reparations. These depend on world business, for Germany without it is incapable of paying any huge sums such as have been forced upon us. The French cannot have things their way; it means that every German must be killed."

The one thing that the dominant industrial interests in Germany want is "business as usual." The Teutons evade agreements, so the undertone runs, because business decidedly is not as usual. She signs new agreements, not because she can or cannot fulfill them. It is because they seem to represent a groping toward this ideal of business, untrammeled by the political monstrosities of any war's aftermath muddling the affairs of the business world. All this, of course, is a proposition in economics. It is demonstrable on the blackboard of statesmanship with geometric precision. But the German schoolmaster no longer receives the respectful hearing that was his due before the Great War. Or perhaps, parenthetically, has this thing done at Versailles really taken away his chalk for purposes of demonstration?

"*One Little Paragraph of the Peace Treaty*"

To these minds in Germany the Dawes Plan, embodied as it is in the Pact of London now in effect, touches but "one little paragraph of the Peace Treaty."

That is not enough—too much of the Treaty of Versailles still remains intact. For the fault lies, industrial Germany believes, not in the charges of the Peace Treaty. It is its failure to give Teutonic business what is held to be a "working" basis. Of what importance are the charges? After all, in two or three years these can be changed again, as they have been before. But a revision, a fundamental revision, if you please, of the Treaty of Versailles is the essential not yet realized. That would give Germany this modern magic, the magic of business as usual. Then Germany would be all right, the world would be all right, and France would get her reparations—that is, some of them, as much as would be good for France, for the world, and for German business as usual.

To this extent, in the opinion of the industrialists, the work of the London Conference is on trial. Germany could not help herself; she had to accept it—German business, it must be remembered, needed those loans. Moreover, it forces the battle of settlement further into the field of economics. Through economics, the German industrialists hope, the world will come to a sensible view of the Great War.

"*National Economics—Not International Politics*"

Intellectuals in Germany, radicals in Germany, may lean toward the new international life for salvation. The industrial mind rejects contemptuously the League of Nations on the one hand, the Red International on the other.

To such neither Geneva nor Moscow touches on the hard facts of existence. The League of Nations is dominated by France, the German of this stamp believes. Anyway, it has not given Germany a just decision in five years, men of this persuasion maintain, five years of

this nibbling at the Versailles Settlement. Now what is its use to Germany?

As for the Bolsheviks, Germany can gain nothing from that madness in a capitalistic world. Indeed, the masterminds of revolution could be swept away by a sound economic policy, the economic policy of German business, with its comprehension of this Slavic malaise which the rest of the world so fears. Treaties such as Britain's Labor Government muddles into with Soviet Russia only delay the cleansing of Bolshevik Russia. It will come, if ever under the muddling Allied diplomacy, by a business which understands how to deal with Moscow. Then there follows a sigh for German brains—and American money. Here is an unbeatable co-operation of talents, the industrialists maintain, that could change the whole picture in the Old World.

So Germany envisages a future in the hard terms of national economics. "What else is left to us?" the industrialist mind inquires. "Are we not disarmed? Where can you find real power, outside of what is left of our technical and economic strength? Is the real German military machine not scrapped down to its industrial foundations? Is this not the pinnacle of modern power destroyed? Need political Europe fear the business strength that, standing alone, is helpless against the quick massing of actual brute force now overwhelmingly in the hands of her opponents?"

Goods, Europe's Industrial Staff of Life

EUROPE, this Germany of business men believes, can climb out of its economic morasses only by a causeway of business built of the products of everyday life.

What the Old World needs, these German economic statesmen hold, is the restoration of normal life—buying and selling as in the old days. This means getting Europe back to a position where Europe's millions of people can make and consume the thousand and one commodities upon which modern life depends. The insatiable industry of Manchester and the Ruhr will take care of the making; the big problem that has to be solved is how to get the products into European use. It means getting a consumption of manufactures, from watches to railroad trains, back to par.

Now this is a problem of the nation. Internationalism of all sorts, the hard-headed German business man contends, is powerless to meet the crisis. Reconstruction must be built out of a restoration of normal conditions within each nation. True, it rests upon the co-operation of the whole world. The problem is to get at the strangling of every nation's buying power which is taking place; it lies through the debt situation. These gigantic burdens, internal and external, are crushing the economic existence of Europe. The domestic debt of all countries is so high that the taxes are eating up the livelihood of people from England, France, and Germany to the newest nation in the Balkans. There is not enough left to buy what people really need. This forces factories to slow down their making of products; and the very stability of nations is threatened. Unemployment rises, bread lines grow, and business itself is starved by hard times.

The lesson, the German industrial mind maintains, is plain. When the mess of the Treaty of Versailles is discussed from a political angle, the world only revolves in a vicious circle. If we get down to the economic realities that the Teutonic business leaders see close at hand, they believe it leads us inevitably to the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, the scaling of world-wide debts, or the collapse of an overburdened world.

An Error, not a Crime

WHAT have we, then, as the substratum of settlement? Only that Germany made a mistake in the tragedy of the Great War, not that she was guilty of a wrong.

This Germany in defeat is really a pathological problem. She may have been caught with "the goods," in the argot of our times. But she believes they were "planted" on her by the Allies. The victors get lip service, not co-operation, in the execution of the terms of peace. Here it ends. The "Lie Clause," as the statement in the Versailles settlement laying the war responsibility on Germany is referred to in the Fatherland to-day, was acceded to, but not subscribed to in good faith. The business provisions are a similar story. The Reparations Sections were signed, but not sealed in German honor; consequently they should be canceled by German asseverations that they could not be executed. The dishonor must lie in attempting to meet, not in breaking, what has been decided in Germany are the "unworkable" conditions of peace.

This is the heart of the European deadlock up to the present moment—up to the closing of subscriptions on the Dawes Plan Loan to Germany. *Force majeure,* Allied might, explains it all to the Germany of post-war days. The "unworkable sections" of the Treaty of Peace are the means to the end. We are confronted with a German generation that does not accept these things as we see them. Something has snapped in the German mentality; the continuity of events is broken. It is a moral hiatus—a gap. Perhaps more accurately, it is a non-moral kink.

We face a public opinion united in Germany upon one thing. It is that the Great War, not exactly lost, yet far from won, was a scurvy deal of non-Teutonic fates against this now-republican Fatherland. It is something that ought not to have happened—something whose results all good Germans disavow. So there is always the recurrent thought that had the Allies occupied Berlin, swinging through the weather-beaten, drab granite of the Brandenburg Tor and down the Unter den Linden, it might have brought a different note into the settlement. But it is of no moment to current statesmanship. The sun shines, between the clouds of the war's aftermath, on a still-disciplined land. It is oppressively conscious of its industrial power. It is a land where more and more the test tube in factory laboratories builds greater power. It is something that has risen into dominance over German life itself. It is not without beauty in a kind of hard quality, an insensate striving upward out of the flatness of life itself. The very German architecture expresses it; there is none of the florid ornamentation of the Latin civilization here.

Present-Day Germany—a New Portent

THESE recurrent vertical lines reaching toward something are perhaps a glimpse into the real Germany. There is a startling contrast between the building we call Germany and the builder—an instinctive economy of line upward and upward toward the sun so different from this stolid Nordic people footed tenaciously in Middle Europe. It is part of an elusive quality that tinges the whole German landscape. There is none of the suggestion of contentment to be seen in the French, or English, countryside. Maybe it is because hardly a panorama but has its lowering factory stack. In a rustic setting factory stacks obtrude from behind a sheltering hill; they rise above the dark-green forest; they punctuate the city sky-lines, encroaching on the horizon. Somehow, they carry the same message: "We stand here; we are not disarmed—the power of man-made machines, of business, remains."

Possibly such fleeting impressions reveal more of the world's problem in the land that is Germany than any statistics and much economic jargon. Did not a German industrial leader tell me in Berlin that we must learn to feel in order to understand things? There is perhaps something in the face of Germany that goes to the very soul of the arts-loving, machine-obsessed German.

Wittenberg seems to epitomize the

whole thing. Its baker's-bread, dumpy cathedral tower competes for the eye against rearing factory stacks, rising slim, sleek, and even sinister, over the other side of the old city. You will recall they erected spires in old Germany, glorifying the Church and the Reformation. The present-day Fatherland has its multiplying stacks, monuments to the industrial revolution of the last one hundred years of human progress. Is it not possible that the world is startled at the handiwork of our times? That Germany recalcitrant is the portent of a new order in world power? That there is slowly emerging another force in international mastery, the power of a nation's business? That it is competing for primacy with the political democracy of our times—as democracy itself destroyed autocracy in government and thought in the modern age of "a politically minded world" which is perhaps drawing to a close?

When There Is No Peace

By NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

This is a discussion of the philosophy of War and Peace, and its application to the statesmen of troubled Europe. The Outlook's view of some of the problems presented here will be found on a preceding page

TO the false idea that war ends when peace has been declared is due much of the confused thought about the recovery of Europe. As a matter of fact, war continues in a modified form, with commercial and political rather than with purely military weapons, until the terms of the peace treaty have been carried out or so modified that the loser no longer deems it worth while to resist or the victor to demand fulfillment.

Other Things than Arms

TWO reasons explain the common failure to grasp this truth. The first is that in war interest is centered almost exclusively on military and naval activities. Every one longs for the day when these shall cease. An armistice, therefore, which stops the armed fighting, is hailed as the end of the war, even though it be recognized that peace is not formally declared until a treaty has been negotiated, signed, and ratified. The second reason is that only a few statesmen appreciate the force of the contention of such military philosophers as Clausewitz that war is simply the carrying out of national policy by force instead of by diplomacy. In other words, war is not a detached event which begins with the first act of violence and ends when the fighting is done. Even though it may break like a sudden flood, it is the direct outgrowth of national policies and international commitments, and may be said to flow out of peace. Although diplomacy for the moment gives way to the sword, both are the servants of the same policy.

Now the truth is that just as war flows out of peace, so peace flows out of war. The stream is swift if the victory has been overwhelming. But it is slow if there has been peace without victory.

The philosophy of this reasoning is based on the theory that the purpose of war is to impose our will upon the enemy. Our will may be merely to check him. It may be to drive him out of our territory or to force him to surrender part of his own territory or commercial privileges. It may be to make him pay heavy reparations. It may be to annihilate him. Whatever the specific objective, however, the purpose is the same—to make him submit to our wishes.

More often than not these wishes are known to him before the war begins. At other times they are set forth in the declarations of our leading statesmen during hostilities. Some of them will be stipulated in the armistice agreement. Most of them will be embodied, either openly or covertly, in the conditions of peace.

Now it stands to reason that the stronger the enemy when he finally submits, the more difficult will it be for us to make him accept our conditions. His strength, be it noted, depends not only on his military and naval forces and reserves, but also on his economic condition and the morale of his people.

If by means of war we have been able to inflict a crushing blow, he can do little except submit to our peace terms. But if, on the other hand, he has seen that defeat is inevitable and accordingly sues for peace while he is still strong in order to save as much as possible out of the wreck, he will have an advantage over us in the enforcing of the peace terms which is directly proportionate to our will to make him carry out the treaty, "precept upon precept, line upon line."

In other words, we may be able to force, lure, or tempt him into negotiating and signing a treaty, but unless we can enforce the peace he may soon become strong enough to evade it. In particular is this true if we have had allies in the war, and have not alone the strength to counter renewed resistance on his part. We are then dependent for the enforcement of the treaty terms upon the unity between ourselves and our allies. This naturally gives the enemy the chance to profit from our division. If he can find or foment enough divergencies among us, he can count on being able gradually to wring concessions from us.

His object, of course, is to retain his strength or to regain it at the earliest possible moment. If he is forced to accept peace terms which, when carried out, will make or keep him weak, he will do all in his power to circumvent or to nullify those terms. In other words, he will seek by evasion, resistance, or diplomacy to escape the obligations which he has accepted.

His methods will be dictated by expediency, and will be measured only by his ability to "get away with them." In considering his plan he will ask himself but one question, "Does it pay?" He will weigh the chances of success and the cost of failure, with a special eye to the penalties involved.

Peace When There Is No Peace

IN this manner, the war may be carried on during years of declared peace. The object of the vanquished is to save as much as possible of the wreck. The victor's aim is to get as much as possible out of the vanquished. In proportion to the determination and skill of the vanquished will he succeed. It is clearly to the loser's interest to do anything to thwart the victor that will not have a repercussion on himself. And he will keep it up until it ceases to pay, or until he has so far met the victor's wishes that the latter no longer cares to force the issue. Then, and then only, will there be true peace.

This is the important thing—that peace is not at hand until the treaty terms have been carried out or changed. The signing of the treaty is little more than a declaration of policy. It remains to enforce that policy or drop it. In general, the victor seeks to put it into effect and the vanquished to abandon it.

Efforts towards modification come almost exclusively from the vanquished, except when the victor has a special interest in changing it.

War and Ethics

If in the foregoing no attention has been paid to moral factors, it is because we are concerned here, not with ethics, but with the principles and practices of war. Most talk about the ethics of war, as a matter of fact, is either hypocrisy or buncombe. There may be a just war, but there is no war which is ethically conducted. Proof of this is readily seen in the wholesale violation of the rules of war during hostilities and in the disregard of international agreements which hamper the activities of belligerents.

Likewise, in carrying warfare over into the peace the defeated belligerent is guided, not by ethics, but by his own interest. If this lies in compliance with the dictates of peace, he will bow down. If the chances of resistance, in whatever form, equal or outweigh the risks, he will resist, regardless of "treaty obligations," "international law," "the practices of civilized nations," or the demands of higher ethics.

This is thoroughly reprehensible. But it is very natural, and finds many precedents in history. However much we may abhor such a policy, to ignore its existence is mere idleness, and we deceive only ourselves if we pretend that nations nowadays are too advanced to follow it.

When the Devil Was Sick

When we come to apply these principles to the situation in Europe to-day, we find that Germany's present policy dates back to March, 1918. Then, and then only, was the tide definitely turned against her and did it become clear to her leaders that, contrary to their expectations, the United States could and would serve as a boundless reservoir of man power and supplies for the Allies which would finally defeat Germany.

From that moment it was clearly to Germany's interest to save as much of her strength as she could, and at the same time to inflict all possible damage on her enemies. She thereupon began to fall back, devastating the occupied regions as she went, and sought to prepare the way for an armistice. War-weary as were the Allies, they could not consider stopping while Germany still occupied French soil. They therefore continued to exert full pressure on the retreating Germans. The nearer the German line came to the frontier, the more anxious were the Germans to end the fighting. Sentimental, commercial, political, and military reasons made it plain that they must at any cost prevent the Allies from invading German soil. At the same time they wanted to avoid losing more men than was necessary in checking the too hasty advance of the Allies towards the Franco-German frontier.

Finally the Armistice was signed. It imposed severe terms upon Germany, but she accepted, believing that she could so modify them at the Peace Conference as to make them more advantageous to her than would have been the armed invasion of her territory.

During the peace negotiations, however, it was clear that in this, as in every other important European peace conference, the terms would be dictated by the victors. Germany did what she could through appealing to the Allies separately to have the conditions ameliorated. At the same time she began driving in wedges between her enemies. She saw that if she could isolate France and Belgium, both of which would stand on the policy of an eye for an eye, she would be in a powerful position to sabotage the peace treaty. Incidentally, she was the first to appreciate the terrible truth that in a war such as this one, no matter who won, the real victim was the country on whose territory had been the fighting.

Although she lost during the negotiations at Paris, except in so far as she persuaded Mr. Wilson and the American delegation to work (often unsuccessfully) on her behalf, she signed the Versailles Treaty under protest, and forthwith began to fight for its revision. She succeeded in having the claims against her reduced. Owing to the fundamental difference between British and French policies, she met with moderate success in splitting the Allies. She even found that she was strong enough to sabotage deliveries in kind and to attempt to delay payments which she had conceded were justified.

For Home and Foreign Consumption

In the meantime, while proclaiming to the world her inability to pay reparations, she was renovating and improving her railroads, canals, and roads, and was rebuilding her merchant fleet and expanding and modernizing her factories. All available movable wealth was shipped out of the country where it could not be reached by the Allies, and she then proceeded to unload on credulous Americans and "neutrals" hundreds of millions of dollars of worthless paper marks. In short, while her enemies were working to repair the ruin caused by her troops she was preparing to start her economic life anew with all the advantages of an intact and up-to-date industrial plant.

Then came the Ruhr occupation. It was a crushing blow. It disorganized Germany's industrial plans and meant that if the Allies wished to hold it they would have Germany at their mercy. Obviously, Germany had to do what she could to counteract this stroke. She hoped to enlist England's aid in her passive resistance. Owing to the disapproval in England of the Ruhr occupation, she was now nearly able to effect the split between the Allies which she had so long sought. But as conditions became worse, she saw that her only hope was to accept the Franco-Belgian demands, and to drop resistance and resume work. In the meantime she sought to encourage the move for a committee of experts to look into her ability to pay.

The appointment of the Dawes Committee was hailed by her as a godsend. Its conclusions were seen to be more favorable to Germany than anything heretofore proposed. She accepted them —under protest, of course—after seeking vainly to have them softened.

Will the Leopard Change Its Spots?

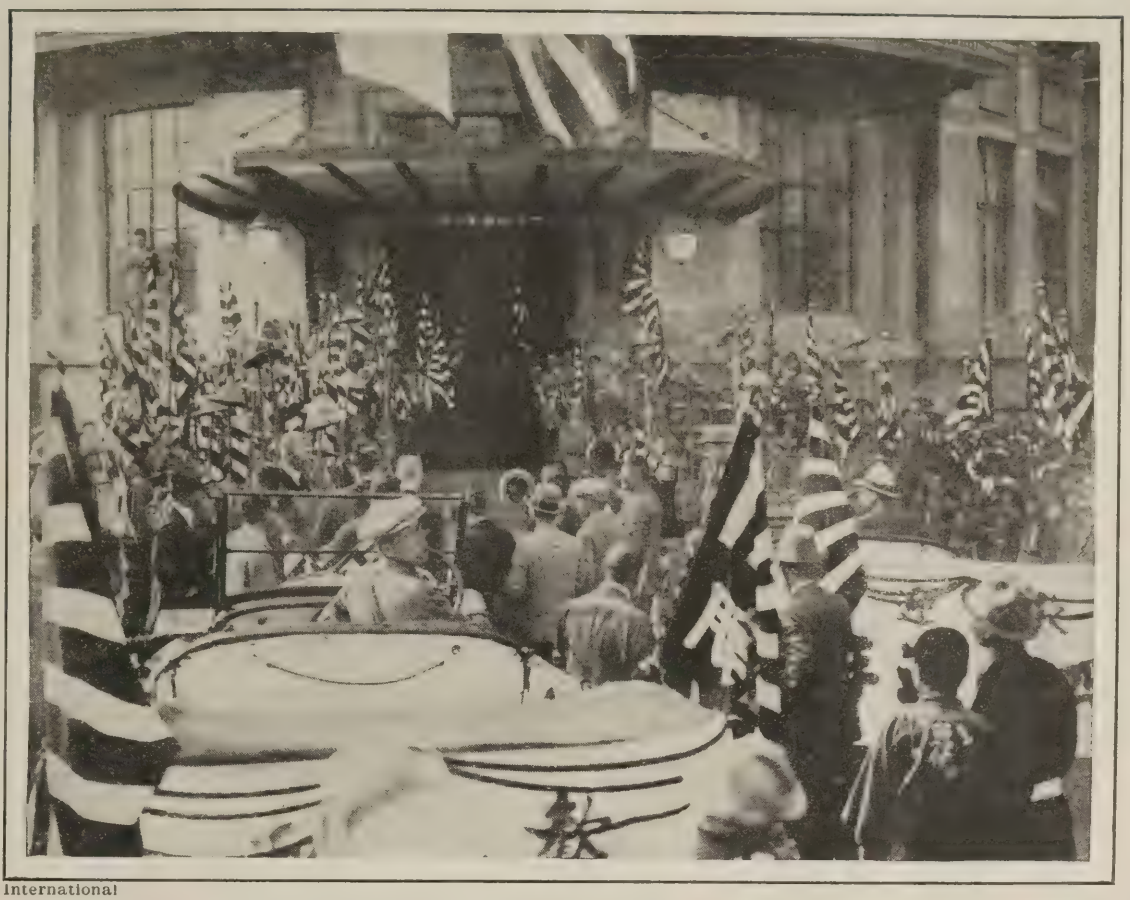
What of the future?

If her past policy is a criterion, she will do with the Dawes Plan just as she has done with the other conditions imposed upon her. So long as she cannot profitably escape its terms, she will carry them out. But the moment a chance appears to modify them, whether by negotiation, default, passive resistance, or bluff and bluster, she will do so. All means that may be successful which she can employ will be used by her to cut down the sums which she owes the Allies and to remove the restrictions under which she labors. She will use every opportunity to undermine the Versailles Treaty, on which rests the territorial settlement which has deprived her of parts of East Prussia and Silesia in the interest of Poland and the new states of Europe.

In other words, the war will continue until the Allies tire of it or until Germany believes that she has obtained as much as she can. Although ostensibly it is only a fight against the Versailles Treaty, it is in fact merely a continuation by other means of the armed conflict which stopped on November 11, 1918. Germany, not having then received a crushing defeat, is doing everything in her power to escape the penalties imposed upon her. Until the Treaty of Versailles has been carried out or so changed that she has forced from the Allies all possible concessions, the war will not end in Europe.

The sword has again given way to diplomacy, but both are still servants of the same policy. Why cry "Peace, peace," when there is no peace?

Sport Knows No Boundaries



Japan's welcome to American and Finnish athletes — Scene in Osaka, Japan, on the arrival of Jackson V. Scholz, sprinter, John Myyra, Finnish javelin thrower, Emerson Norton, Georgetown University decathlon contestant, and Albert Spearow, American Olympic pole vaulter, early in October. These Olympic athletes are in Japan as the guests of the Asahi Shimbun combination of Tokyo and Osaka, to give exhibitions before Japanese students to inspire them to better work for the next Olympics

International



A soccer game in Paris between French and German teams, reported as the first athletic competition between the two nations since 1914. The chivalrous spirit of the French was shown in the loud applause which the visitors received from the great crowd of spectators when the German team won the match by a 3 to 0 score

P. & A. Photos

The Apache Trail Adventure

By STANLEY HOLLIS GIBSON

IF you are seeking adventure, you will find it where the comfortable 120-mile automobile highway of the Apache Trail winds through the weird canyon country between Globe and Phoenix, Arizona. It is a land that makes your pulses pound and your heart leap. In the ancient cliff-dwellings on the rocky walls is written the story of prehistoric man. Through the wildly rugged beauty of awesome peaks, deep canyons, and strange cactus growths runs the autobiography of nature. On the smooth, modern roadbed of the Apache Trail is imprinted the history of civilization.

Yet, despite the grandeur of its scenery and the glories of its past, few tourists seem to know of this wonder land that awaits them in sunny Arizona. The writer, who rather prides himself on having visited every bit of beautiful and interesting territory in the United States, admits to a tremendous and marvelous surprise on first viewing the Apache Trail Country during a trip to the Coast via the Sunset Limited in the Autumn of 1920. Since then he has made it a point to seek the Trail each Fall. In fact, when you are reading this article I will be enjoying this adventure to the full. Somehow, it always calls to me at this time of the year. Somehow, there are always new beauties of Nature—new points of interest to be seen on this trip.

"You rave about the Apache Trail Trip so much," said one of my friends, "that I don't see why you don't write about it and let the whole world know." Well, that's what I've tried to do here in my humble way—give you something of the Trail's history—something of its splendor—tell you why it calls to hearts that beat at high adventure.

Ages before Columbus crossed the Atlantic, Arizona was the stage upon which were enacted thrilling scenes marking the development of the human race from brutal savagery to intelligent reasoning and initiative. In the tiny, curious cliff-dwellings on the rocky buttress above the Apache Trail lived a race of pygmies.



They gave the Trail its name. Apache Indians on Roosevelt Lake



A giant cactus that dwarfs both horse and rider

Probably they built their little homes high in the canyon walls so that the wild prehistoric monsters that roamed that region could not reach them. We can only conjecture. We can only wonder at the tenacity of this vanished race that lived against great odds and built so enduringly that the efforts of their handiwork have existed through the centuries.

Next came the Toltecs, a cultured people who were driven southward by more warlike clans at the close of the tenth century. It was they who preceded the Aztecs in Central Mexico, and who, according to Aztec tradition, were largely the authors of the latter's civilization, the most advanced form of human relationship on this continent of those days.

The exact time of the arrival of the fierce Tonto Apache Indians in this territory no one seems to know. But of their undisputed sway, for many years, of the trail that now bears their name there is no doubt. Woe to the near-by tribesmen who attacked them in inferior numbers. Woe to the rear-guard of Spanish soldiers who became detached from the main body. The Tonto Apaches were fighters all, and their bloody savagery knew no bounds.

In 1540 Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, Spanish explorer and gentleman adventurer, rode down the Apache Trail with his brightly accoutered men-at-arms. They were seeking the seven cities of Cibola, a cluster of Zuñi Indian villages where it was reputed that great treasures of silver and gold were stored. With his well-trained forces Coronado succeeded in pushing through the wilds of Apache Land despite the fierce attacks of the tribesmen.

From that time on there was a constant succession of courageous men in whom the spark of adventure flamed high. Fearless in their faith, the humble friars wandered through this land afoot. In quest of new places to conquer—new experiences to thrill—the hardy American pioneers marched over the mountains and climbed through the tortuous canyons. Frontiersmen in buckskin, pathfinders and scouts, red-shirted miners and blue-clad cavalrymen, they all swarmed down the Apache Trail with their eager eyes ever searching south and west for the country of their dreams.

It was the building of Roosevelt Dam to impound the waters of Salt River, Tonto Creek and their tributary streams that brought about the 120 miles of smooth roadbed over which tourists now glide in automobiles between Globe and Phoenix. Finding the Apache Trail insufficient for the transportation of the building materials, machinery and supplies necessary for this huge task, the engineers constructed a broad, modern highway to the site of the projected dam. When it had been pushed thus far from Globe through the very heart of the mountains, these stalwart, far-seeing men conceived the idea of cleaving through the rest of the rocky country to Phoenix.

Is it any wonder that a land that holds a history like this should captivate the mind? From the moment you step from your Pullman to a comfortable 12-passenger motor car at Globe in the sparkling sunshine of an Arizona morning, you are in the region of romance. Deep blue is the sky, except where it blends to turquoise at the horizon line. In your lungs is the cool, clear air of the desert—on your cheek the warm caress of the sun.

Past the giant copper mines, "Old Dominion" and "Inspiration," and over Cemetery Hill you glide into Apache Land, where tortuous canyons twist and



Built before the dawn of civilization. Cliff-dwellings above the Apache Trail

[*Advertisement*]



Strange Fish Creek Canyon, where nature refracts a different vivid color from every turn and twist of the rocky wall

writhe. Now Nature refracts a different vivid color from every crack and crevice —from every turn and twist of the rocky walls. It is as if the brilliant Arizona sunshine spilled its light on cliff and buttress through a giant glass prism.

Through this constantly changing wonder land your car mounts upward until the summit, 3,988 feet above the sea, is reached. There you are on a great natural divide that separates the Gila from the Salt River Valley, and all the vivid countryside lies spread before you. Spires of rock as slender and graceful as those of noted cathedrals, domes as rounded as the roofs of state capitols, and jagged needles like the spear-shafts of some Neolithic man vie with one another for your admiration. In the distance is 30-mile-long Roosevelt Lake, a glittering piece of blue glass in the surrounding landscape with silvery ribbons of streams running down to it. So marvelous is this whole scene that you can only gaze and gaze in utter speechlessness.

When you have drunk your fill of the beauties of Nature, your motor car begins the rapid but comfortable descent to the Lake level, dropping 2,000 feet in six miles through a succession of whirling rushes down the smooth road. Just before Roosevelt Dam is reached the tiny and curiously built homes of the cliff-dwellers appear on the rocky buttress above the Trail. It is well worth any one's while to make the short detour to these strange cave houses that antedate the dawn of civilization.

After browsing around to your heart's content you jump into the motor car and are carried swiftly along the shores of Roosevelt Lake to that delightful midday stop, Apache Lodge, where an appetizing meal rewards your keen hunger. Just south is Roosevelt Dam, 1,125 feet in length, which holds back many million gallons of water for the irrigation of lands miles distant.

Luncheon finished, your car glides smoothly around the turn that leads into the wild gorge of Fish Creek Canyon. On either side the "Walls of Bronze" rise 2,000 feet above the rushing stream. Then your car is climbing gently up the steep ascent of Fish Creek Hill to the heights that crown the canyon. Below, the earth seems to shelve away into a bottomless abyss.

Next you are looking into the dizzy depths of Hell's Canyon. The rock formations and cactus growths that you pass are, if anything, more startling and fantastic than all those you have seen during the morning ride. Canyon Diabolo, Niggerhead Mountain, Tortilla Rock, Whirlpool Rock, and the Little Alps flash by in rapid succession.

As the sun of early evening is casting orange and purple shadows over Apache Land, the car emerges through the foothills and passes weird Superstition Mountain—the last outpost of the range. Now you are in the fertile levels of Salt River Valley, which show the creative effect of the irrigation from Roosevelt Dam. Flowers appear in profusion. Mimosas and yucca gloriosas flame at the side of the road. Farmers in the beautiful little towns of Mesa and Tempe pause at their work to shout a greeting or wave a friendly hand. Your sun-browned driver is a jovial individual who knows them all and hails them heartily.

It seems as if greeting and reply have hardly been exchanged before the car is slipping through the quiet, tree-lined streets of Phoenix, where you will board the comfortable Pullman that will carry you westward to Los Angeles.

The Apache Trail trip is an adventure that makes your blood sing, yet you journey there so comfortably by the Sunset Limited of the Southern Pacific that you are bothered by no more details or annoyances than if you were sitting safe at home. If, like me, you demand the perfect connections and conveniences that go into the making of a de luxe train trip, I know that you are going to enjoy this travel route. Through Pullman cars are operated between New Orleans and Globe on the east and between Los Angeles and Phoenix on the west. Your through ticket in either direction is honored for the side trip with an additional payment of only $20. There is a club car with barber shop, shower bath and valet service, an observation car with ladies' lounge, shower bath, maid, manicure and hair-dressing service, and there are sleeping cars of the latest type, and excellent diners.

Should you wish further information, you can obtain a very attractive booklet on the Apache Trail and all the facts pertaining to transportation facilities and schedules upon application to the Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, New York; Pan-American Bank Building, New Orleans; Southern Pacific Building, Houston; Score Building, Tucson; or Southern Pacific Building, San Francisco.



Massive Roosevelt Dam, which has helped 213,000 acres of the arid deserts of Arizona to bloom like the Garden of Eden

[*Advertisement*]

Arms and the Man

By WILLIAM ALFRED EDDY

Captain, U. S. Marines, Retired

This interpretation of veteran opinion has been made by a disabled soldier of the World War. It is an appropriate message for the eve of the Armistice

THIS is not a plea, nor a rebuttal, but merely a first-hand account of a few things the veteran believes which have been hidden from the public. My sources, varied and mostly oral, have been gathered in trench and camp, in home and on the road, but, above all, in hospitals, where the Armistice did not put a period to the pain and where the dead are still dying.

The truth is that the veteran has not changed his mind very much about the war during the past six years. He did not think of himself as a Galahad in maiden mail in 1917, and may therefore be excused from recognizing the more recent portrait of himself as a Falstaff grumbling: "What is honor? Can honor set a broken leg? 'Tis but a word; I'll none of it." Opinion of him has run unchecked from one foolish extreme to the other, largely for the reason that the real soldier is not an author, and (unlike many contemporary authors) is also not an autobiographer. In the early months of the war fever, men who had or had not smelled powder wrote best-sellers describing the carnage. Later, certain sensitive youths whose vanity had been bruised by discipline took their revenge in print, showing that the pen is a safer weapon than the sword. The average veteran, whose comrades fell at his side, has written nothing, and for a reason that he alone fully understands. Words are so cheap.

It goes without saying that the veteran of the World War is a genuine pacifist, as is every intelligent man, woman, and child. He views with dismay the distrust between nations, the arrogance of the Anglo-Saxons toward "inferior" races, the secret alliances between money and government, and all the other forces making for injustice, and therefore leading toward war. But, unlike the blatant minority now clamoring for all war to be outlawed, he does not believe that injustice which becomes intolerable ought necessarily to be endured. He dreads another war as he dreads to see his house set on fire, but, the damage once done, he would not be so ridiculous as to oppose the bucket brigade and the fire-engine. He knows well enough that a defensive army is not the incendiary, and that the fires of hate are not lighted nor fanned in the fraternal life of camp and trench. He suspects, moreover, that the conflagration originates more often than not in the pigeonholes and waste-baskets of those same editors and politicians who now decry the soldier. In truth, the soldier's bitterness is largely directed at civilian tactics which have gone far to rob him of the victory he sought. It is a common notion that the military pressure at the peace councils was evil; but the veteran would be much happier if the counsels of Foch, Haig, and Pershing had prevailed. Soldiers would have brought justice and the world security for which they had fought, instead of log-rolling with enemy colonies and Levantine mandates.

It falls to the lot of the veteran to be lectured on his folly in thinking that he fought for a great and glorious cause. He hears now that the ties of race and custom bind us more closely to the Germans than to the French, and that our sympathies should be consistent with these ties. Again, he is scolded for supposing that he was making the world safe for democracy while allied to the despotic armies of the Romanoffs. He is assured that, in any case, his efforts were fruitless, inasmuch as the latter condition of the world is worse than the former. These are a few examples of the bits of wisdom to which he is treated continually. What the lecturers fail to realize is that none of these questionable generalizations in any way affects the motives and the value of the enterprise undertaken in 1917. The American soldier enlisted for the simple and definite purpose of checking and defeating the Germans, an aim happily accomplished. If other evils have come from the politicians' peace, so much the worse for the world; but few of the present-day prophets of gloom who now deride the veteran bear in mind the alternative to Allied victory. Had the Germans won, these same malcontents would now be occupied with the task of berating our national cowardice and supineness in failing to strike a blow before the sun set and the night came in which no man could work and no child could play.

Hating though he does the causes and producers of war, the veteran reserves his supreme scorn for the doctrine of non-resistance. To make the devil flee it is sometimes necessary to resist him. Certainly he will not leave us in peace if we guarantee him a free hand. Most of us do not take much stock in the devil now, but he was very much abroad in Belgium and France from 1914 on, and, happily, even America was orthodox enough to give him a *de facto* recognition in 1917. A promise never to fight is as provocative of war as the reverse readiness to fight on the smallest pretext. It is monstrous to think that serious efforts are being made to train up a new generation to believe that armed resistance is always wrong. The teachers of this doctrine will be careful, of course, not to recommend it to the policemen who patrol their houses at night.

I want to say a final word about valor—that subject which publishers are said to avoid. The veteran hears that valor is a myth, that marches were always undertaken by compulsion, and that danger was faced unwillingly. There is to this no retort that will serve; verbal accounts of heroism sound hollow, particularly to those who know that the reality is too magnificent for words. One must see to believe. But, when all is said and done, the veteran remembers with humility and awe the gallantry of his comrades, and listens with ill-concealed fury to their defamers. He can prove nothing to the unbeliever, though he himself knows that on the battlefield nobleness walked in our ways again. War, like death, is a tragedy; but the courage to endure either is a grace which the world cannot afford to banish.

And I want to give one warning in conclusion. There is an active element in the American churches, happily a minority, which seeks to brand the soldier as the enemy of Christ. These builders of that curious paradox, a new orthodoxy, wish to eliminate as heretical the threefold creed of the soldier—Courage, Comradeship, Sacrifice—a creed which has ever been the corner-stone of Christian chivalry. Ye know not what ye do. If the effort should succeed, you will alienate from your ranks those who in time of dire need are willing to endure hardness as good soldiers, in wars of the spirit as well as in wars of the flesh; and you will unwittingly breed a congregation unable to comprehend the Son of Man, who braved death that others might have more abundant life.

The Book Table

"Cats" and "Bulls"

A Review by BRANDER MATTHEWS

AFTER I had read the earlier chapters of Mr. Cooper's fascinating volume[1] I had to lay it down unwillingly to keep an appointment; and as I put the book on its shelf two pictures were revived in my memory. Years ago—thirty or more—a poverty-stricken skeleton of a circus showed in a little town in the Catskills, and a dozen or a score of those who were summering at Onteora went to see it. It was not even a one-horse show, for it had not a single steed. It had one elephant, a thin and hungry-looking antique; and it had half a dozen dogs, also hungry-looking and broken-spirited. They carried their tails between their legs, and when they failed to do the expected trick, as they did more often than not, they were cruelly lashed. When this punishment was inflicted once too often, the lady whom I had accompanied hissed, whereupon the trainer told the dog to try once more "and see if the lady will hiss you." And the lady called out so that all might hear: "I wasn't hissing the dog; I was hissing you for whipping him!"—whereupon the scanty audience clapped its approval.

A dozen or a score of years later, at the Alhambra in London, a troop of dogs gamboled out on the stage and jumped on their chairs, waiting for the orders of their trainer, an American by her accent. She was a wholesome, kindly, motherly woman and her dogs had no fear of her. With indefatigably wagging tails they obeyed her orders, each of them restless on his chair until his turn came to perform and to receive a caress. As I recall this exhibition after all these years, no one of the dogs ever failed to achieve the feat expected from him. It was a pleasure to see animals so happy in their work and so eager to show off, whereas the Catskill show had been unpleasant and almost as painful to the spectators as to the performers. Here we have evidence that gentleness can accomplish what it is impossible for brutality to achieve.

This is the message that Mr. Cooper brings us in this book of his. No longer are animals ill treated, beaten, and tortured to make them perform; they are gently persuaded to do what is required of them; and, being freed from fear, they come in time to enjoy the public exhibition of their feats of skill and to delight in "showing off." Æsop and La Fontaine and Uncle Remus were exaggerating only a little when they told us that the beasts of the field have many traits in common with *homo sapiens*. They are our brothers under their skins.

It is a strange world into which Mr. Cooper introduces us; and he is a sympathetic interpreter of its inhabitants—the bipeds and the quadrupeds who live together summer after summer in the Greatest Show on Earth. In Mr. Cooper's earlier book, "Under the Big Top," he dwelt at length on the manners and customs of the circus-folk; and in "Lions 'N' Tigers 'N' Everything" he deals mainly with the elephants (who are called the "bulls") and with the lions and tigers and leopards (who are collectively termed the "cats"). Mr. Cooper is a ready writer; he makes us understand the animals he writes about so lovingly; he increases our knowledge of their actions and reactions—or, rather, he dispels a little of our ignorance. He has been in the lion's cage himself, and he tells us how he felt the first time he made this adventure. His thrilling portrayal of his emotions will fill every boy reader with fearful envy—for every boy is more or less Tom Sawyer and would joy in standing out in the sight of the multitude by the side of the lion, "if it was a tame lion." So is it that this latest book of Mr. Cooper's will be a welcome Christmas gift for any youngster—and even for any oldster who has not forgotten his youth.

Some of the tales Mr. Cooper tells in these pages are exciting; some are humorous; and some are pathetic. Even if his heroes and his heroines stand on four legs and cannot talk our language, the stories in which these brute beasts figure are, now and again, what magazine editors call "human interest stories;" and more than one of them has an appeal surpassing that of "sob sister stuff." I may recommend the simply told tale of the lonely man, a mere laborer, a "roughneck," who made a friend of the surly hippopotamus and who at last, when the circus train caught fire, gave his life for the beast he loved. As a writing man myself, I may be allowed to suggest that it is "some stunt" (as the highbrows

[1] Lions 'N' Tigers 'N' Everything. By Courtney Ryley Cooper. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.



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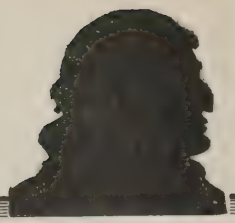
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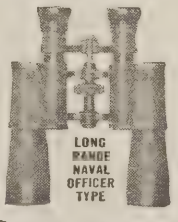
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would say) to find pathos in a hippopotamus.

The blurb on the jacket of Mr. Cooper's volume informs us that he has filled all sorts of positions in the circus from water boy to press agent. In this book he appears as the most competent of publicity men, not for one circus only, but for every circus of which a menagerie is an integral part. I believe that the advertising men maintain that half their work is done when they have succeeded in "arousing the desire." This is what Mr. Cooper has achieved; and all he has left us to do is to sign on the dotted line—that is, to order our reserved seats whenever the circus comes to town.

I may add that the book is illustrated with a score and a half of photographs. The frontispiece introduces us to two lordly lions, fierce looking and ferocious; and I think that Tom Sawyer would be reluctant to enter their cage even if my friend Miss Mabel Stark were to chaperon him.

The New Books

FICTION

FABRIC OF THE LOOM (THE). By Mary S. Watts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

This is slighter than most of Mrs. Watts's novels, but it makes thorough work of its unsparing exposition of the type of woman who is ambitious to be abreast of the newest society activity, who is always talking of clubs and culture, but who is actually ignorant, superficial, and common. The reader sees this type through the eyes of an American woman who has lived abroad and is herself a person of cultivation and social training. There is a fugitive view also of the ultra-modern girl and boy. The situation culminates in the elopement of a naturally kindly and decent husband who simply cannot stand life with his correct and "brilliant" but really vulgarian wife.

RED RIDERS (THE). By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

This posthumous story of South Carolina in the Civil War and just after, was nearly finished when the author died; his brother, Roswell Page, completed the book. There is included a charming account of a meeting of a Southern lad with Lincoln. The colored people's talk is rendered as only Page and Harris could render it. The reconstruction scenes are painful but true.

OLD LADIES (THE). By Hugh Walpole. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Pitiful in its picture of the three old ladies living separately on the top floor of "a windy, creaky, rain-bitten" build-

ing. One is a simple-minded old maid, one a lovely, sweet-natured mother hoping for her long-lost son to come back, one a wild, gypsy-like, greedy creature who brings death to that top floor. Perhaps no one could make this slight story so appealing and so abiding in one's memory as Mr. Walpole, who, as always, writes sympathetically and with the reserve that is so great a part of true art.

YOUNG ARCHIMEDES. By Aldous Huxley. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

In reading this new volume by Aldous Huxley the reviewer whose mind is—let us say in concession to modern ideas—still clouded by any lingering inhibitions of Victorian decorum will often share the feelings of the scandalized schoolma'am whose prize scholar she catches throwing spitballs or chalking unseemly remarks on the blackboard. Mr. Huxley's flaunting of innocent indelicacies, his fondness for mentioning things we do not usually speak of, though of course the Latins do, in polite literature or society, may be lightly dismissed; it does not in itself seriously mar the quality of his work, although there are times when one fears it may be symptomatic of a more important defect in estimation and judgment of human instincts and values. But, if we like or dislike, approve or disapprove, agree or disagree, Mr. Huxley can observe, he can imagine, he can think, and he can write. No derogatory suspicions or reservations apply to the tragic final story in the book, which gives it its title. There is something in the approach, the development, and the conclusion of "Young Archimedes" which suggests the method and handling of Henry James at his briefest and least meandering best. It is a poignant and powerful story, beautifully told.

BIOGRAPHY

BEGGARS OF LIFE. By Jim Tully. Albert and Charles Boni, New York. $3.

The book professes to be "a hobo autobiography," but, though one may not doubt Mr. Tully's intention to give us a perfectly true account of the hobo phase of his career, one feels that the artist in him has been too strong for the historian. Considered, however, as a series of sketches of hobo life (no doubt embodying a great deal of authentic autobiographical material), the book is sufficiently interesting. The "raw stuff," both in incident and conversation, is presented absolutely raw; which certainly makes for vividness. But is the life, even of the hobo, quite so consistently hideous as we have it here?

OUR AMERICAN KINGS. By Frederick L. Collins. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

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NERVE EXHAUSTION

How Nerve Abuse Wrecks Health

by PAUL von BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him, He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion is due to nerve strain. There is no other cause for it. In men, nerve exhaustion can generally be traced to excesses and vices, although the strain of intense concentration and the worries of business life are often the chief factors. In women, Nerve Exhaustion is due mainly to over active emotions. Especially in their marital, domestic and kindred relations do women subject their emotions to constant upheavals. Indeed, we are all under severe nerve strain because of the mile-a-minute life we are leading. And no man or woman is so strong as to be immune to this strain.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly, yet its symptoms are unmistakable. It does not manifest itself, as many think, in twitching muscles and trembling hands. The majority of sufferers from nerves seem strong and healthy, and may have not a tremor in their body, yet *inwardly* their nerves are in a turmoil and are undermining the entire bodily organism.

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows: First Stage: lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling." Second Stage: Nervousness; restlessness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains. Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure that your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food, and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down," and need a rest. Your doctor may prescribe a drug—a nerve stimulant or sedative. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.

And don't be deceived into believing that some magic system of physical exercise can restore the nerves. It may develop your muscle but it does so at the expense of the nerves, as thousands of athletes have learned through bitter experience.

The cure of weak and deranged nerves must have for its basis an understanding of how the nerves are affected by various abuses and strains. It demands an understanding of certain simple laws in mental and physical hygiene, mental control, relaxation, and how to develop immunity to the many strains of everyday life. Through the application of this knowledge, the most advanced case of Nerve Exhaustion can be corrected.



PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Author of Nerve Force and various other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects, many of which have been translated into foreign languages.

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This book will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you and the advice will be of incalculable value whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull-nerved means to be dull-brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition, and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves.

"Nerve Force" is not an advertisement of any treatment I may have to offer. This is proved by the fact that large corporations have bought and are buying this book from me by the hundreds and thousands for circulation among their employees—Efficiency. Physicians recommend the book to their patients—Health. Ministers recommend it from the pulpit—Nerve Control, Happiness. Never before has so great a mass of valuable information been presented in so few words. It will enable you to understand your Nerves, your Mind, your Emotions, and your Body. Over a million copies have been sold during the past fifteen years.

present governors of fourteen of our States, their appearance, their home life, their families, their hobbies. It is a book of portraits rather than biographies, of impressions rather than opinions. Mr. Collins trailed them all to their homes, and caught them off their guard. Mr. Collins has probably seen more of our world and its first families in less time than anybody alive. In the last year or so he has visited twelve foreign countries and forty-eight American States."

The last two sentences furnish by implication a perfect criticism of the book. No human being can visit twelve foreign countries and forty-eight American States in one year and bring back "portraits" (of his making) of the "Crowned Heads and Elohims of the Earth." He may bring back photographs; that is what we have here, photographs—remarkable word photographs. We all know the limitations of the photograph. The book is pure journalese; entertaining, but quite superficial. It does not pretend to be critical. It is considered, it seems, quite fair in the great American game to trail a Governor to his lair and catch him off his guard; but, to our credit, it would not be considered fair, under such circumstances, to reveal anything unsuitable to a kind obituary. The notices of the wives and children of the Governors are mushy. Yet, when all's said, it is an entertaining book, and certain to be popular.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

FIGURES IN MODERN LITERATURE. By J. B. Priestley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

Mr. Priestley's essays, which are critical and autobiographical, discuss Arnold Bennett, Walter de la Mare, Maurice Hewlett, A. E. Housman, W. W. Jacobs, Robert Lynd, George Saintsbury, George Santayana, and J. C. Squire. The inclusion of the last may possibly be explained by the fact that nearly all these papers originally appeared in the London "Mercury." But for an American audience the name of J. C. Squire and also of Robert Lynd seem out of place. That is not meant as disparagement of the work of either of these men; simply that hardly one American reader has heard of them for a hundred fairly familiar with the work of Bennett and Hewlett and W. W. Jacobs. A. E. Housman is always interesting, but just on account of "A Shropshire Lad," which was soon after reflected in Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol." Mr. Priestley introduces "A Shropshire Lad" as one of the most astonishing volumes in an astonishing literature. "It came to us practically a full-grown masterpiece, and the production of what used to be regarded as a lyric poet's maturity. He gave us no

interesting juvenilia to examine; we have never seen the beginnings, when he was working under half a dozen conflicting influences, when his own manner was only half developed. His next surprise was to maintain an almost unbroken silence for over a quarter of a century—to be exact, from 1896 to 1922."

DEFINITIONS. Second Series. By Henry Seidel Canby. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

Frankly a kind of *obiter dicta,* "Definitions" is mainly made of those essays, semi-editorial in utterance, which Dr. Canby contributed from week to week to the "Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post" in the years 1922, 1923, and 1924—essays suggested or provoked by the constantly changing aspect of the literary scene. Formally the conspicuous new novel, biography, or book of verse was being discussed elsewhere in the pages of the periodical; it was Dr. Canby's duty as editor to comment upon the informal side, to find the tendency of the particular book, and to link it with or contrast it to the other books of the hour in the same field. In revision, these papers have been subjected to systematic grouping. Thus they are presented as those dealing with "Literature To-day," "America in Literature," "Sex and the Censorship," "Highbrow and Lowbrow," "Studies," "Various Reflections," "On Criticism," "Reviews," "Literary Geography," and "The Twentieth Century." Dr. Canby is likely to provoke controversy with his suggestion that in the South local color went to seed before it was ripe, and that it remained just local color. "The great poet of the South, Poe," he writes, "was inspired by sectionalism not at all; his second, Lanier, was scarcely more Southern than he; the novelists and short story writers who have given us a dozen Souths, all equally picturesque, have stayed upon the level of manners. The great Southern story is yet to be written, and it will have to be more than a Southern story to succeed."

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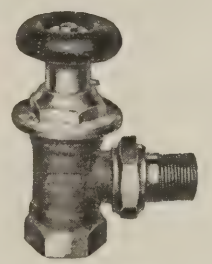
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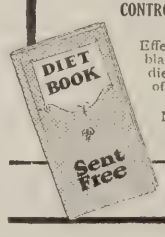
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GLIMPSES OF JAPAN AND FORMOSA. By Harry A. Franck. The Century Company, New York. $3.

That Japan is a country of great artistic charm has often been stated by travelers, but we are not as well informed in regard to the life of the people. Twenty years ago the author visited the islands, and he now gives his impressions of a recent trip through Japan and Formosa, while on his way to China. He frankly recounts many curious customs and describes a moral code that seems strange to American thought.

Recent travel in this attractive country has been marred for foreigners by exorbitant prices and by what is said to be the most atrocious tipping system in the world. In Formosa, however, the prices average twenty-five per cent higher. Mr. Franck tells us that, while there are no tramps in Japan, the land is full of beggar pilgrims. Notwithstanding this, in some of the holy cities the guide-book says that "the occupation of the people is to feed peacefully upon pilgrims."

Notes on New Books

KEEPING UP WITH SCIENCE. Edited by Edwin E. Slosson. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

It is said—we have not counted—that 140 topics are discussed in this book, and that each of them can be read in about ten minutes. It does describe in readable and simple fashion a great number of the discoveries of modern science, and each one of the sections is about two or three pages in length. A good Christmas gift for a boy.

THE WONDERS OF SALVAGE. By David Masters. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

Raising sunken wrecks and searching for lost treasure at sea. True stories with great romantic interest; a book to appeal especially to men and boys.

THE GEM-HUNTERS. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $1.75.

Another interesting book of real adventure; stories of the search for precious stones. A boy would be glad to own this book.

HEROES OF THE SEA. By Chelsea Fraser. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.75.

Still another book of adventure; about lighthouse keepers, whale fishers, submarine sailors, and airplane pilots.

DOWNLAND PATHWAYS. By A. Hadrian Allcroft. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

How refreshing is the idea of an early morning gallop on the "downs"! And how mysteriously fascinating to wander by twilight upon the "downs," recalling Kipling's poem "Sussex," and looking for fairy circles, strange monuments, prehistoric remains, old inns, grassy hills and fields! How rich

in suggestion is the very word "downs"! And all the richer because none of us has anything except a vague notion what on earth it means.

ONE-PIECE DINNERS. By Mary D. Chambers. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

How to cook and serve the whole meal from the same pot. Simple recipes for good meals which are easy to prepare. First aid to the housewife in an emergency or in doubt what to have for dinner.

GESTA ROMANORUM. Translated by Charles Swan. (Broadway Translations.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

Translation into modern English of a work which for centuries was as popular as the "Arabian Nights."

AN ANTHOLOGY OF HUMOROUS VERSE: HERRICK TO OWEN SEAMAN. Selected by Helen and Lewis Melville. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

A charming little book in every respect, and fit for a Christmas present. We would like to tell you its price, but the publishers were too coy to print it anywhere upon the volume.

ONE-ACT PLAYS. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

Six short plays, especially for amateurs.

THE TRUTH AT LAST. By Charles Hawtrey. Little, Brown & Co., New York. $5.

Autobiography of a delightful English actor who has appeared in "The Private Secretary," "Lord and Lady Algy," "A Message from Mars," and recently in "Captain Applejack."

LA BELLE STUART. By Cyril Hughes Hartmann. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

Court memoirs in the time of Charles II. Miss Stuart became Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, and figures in the Memoirs of Count Grammont.

THE GRAND DUKE'S FINANCES. By Frank Heller. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

Throw all ideals of probability aside, all ye who enter here! This Swedish plot-story writer, his humorous Grand Duke of Majorca, his Grand Duchess of Russia, his marvelous Swedish detective (met before in "The Emperor's Old Clothes"), and all the rest are wildly and joyously unreal, but also gorgeously exciting to plot-lovers.

A BEACHCOMBER IN THE ORIENT. By Harry L. Foster. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

A beachcomber is a tramp in hard luck. When Mr. Foster, well known to lovers of travel adventure as the "Tropical Tramp," lost his steamer by accident and his clothes by theft, he became a real Oriental beachcomber; and so he hikes on land or sails by sea to and through Borneo, China, Japan, and the Philippines, always seeing things queer, funny, or surprising. A capital record of adventure, this.

THOMAS THE LAMBKIN. By Claude Farrère. Translated by Leo Ongley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

This "gentleman of fortune" ("lambkin" by irony) simply drips with gore and grins with ferocity. If you want to shiver with terror, this is your chance. The story has power as well as excitement.

MARBACKA. By Selma Lagerlöf. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

This has been described as the soul-autobiography of the author. Its best characters are its children and women, who are made both natural and interesting. Swedish life is faithfully portrayed.

A LOITERER IN LONDON. By Helen W. Henderson. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $5.

Another book on London. This is conscientiously written, well printed, and excellently illustrated from photographs. It is, physically, a very heavy book, and should be read from a lectern, unless you are feeling vigorous.

KEYS TO CROOKDOM. By George C. Henderson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

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OUR CAPITAL ON THE POTOMAC. By Helen Nicolay. The Century Company, New York. $5.

A history of the city of Washington. Much attention is given to the early days; in a volume of over 500 pages the period of the Civil War is not reached until page 356. Hardly any incident or person connected with the city is neglected, but with all this comprehensiveness it is never dull. The half-tone illustrations are good, and a few of them merit the word superb.

IMAGINARY LIVES. By Marcel Schwob. Translated by Lorimer Hammond. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

They are indeed imaginary. The author writes about Empedocles, Lucretius, Clodia, Pocahontas, Captain Kidd, Burke and Hare, and other peculiar personages, ancient and comparatively modern. His style, in French, may have been charming; in translation little of the charm is left. His liberty to invent biographical details about persons of whom we are nearly ignorant is undoubted, considering his title. But why with Burke and Hare does he depart from the truth when the truth was easy to discover, and makes a better story than this distortion and perversion? Creative literature is indeed different from historical narrative, but a false statement of a fact does not become literature merely by virtue of its falsity.

THE MONKEYFOLK OF SOUTH AFRICA. By F. W. Fitzsimmons. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $3.50.

Second edition of an interesting and novel book by a competent zoölogist. He makes the animals tell their own stories in very simple language.

C. By Maurice Baring. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

This is a curious novel. It is very long, in two volumes, with the shortest title on record. It is the life history of a man; moderately interesting, but hardly justifying its length. Our advice is to read the author's autobiography, "The Puppet Show of Memory," or better, his earlier books, like "Dead Letters."

LITERARY STUDIES AND REVIEWS. By Richard Aldington. Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press, New York. $2.50.

Essays are included upon some of the older French writers, but the book is more apt to be read for its level-headed comments upon modern authors like James Joyce, Remy de Gourmont, Marcel Proust, and others.

THE GYPSIES. By Charles G. Leland. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

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THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY. By William Addleman Ganoe, Major of Infantry, U. S. A. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5.

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A BOOK OF CHARACTERS. Compiled and Translated by Richard Aldington from Theophrastus, Sir Thomas Overbury, and other English and French Authors. (Broadway Translations.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

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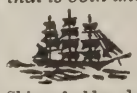
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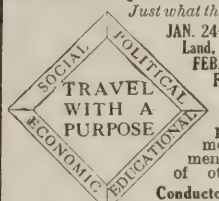
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COLLEGE graduate or person with equivalent training and good appearance to assist official of a $3,000,000 private school. Good pay. Work will be at your home. Give all details regarding training and experience in first letter. Address W. A. Johns, Hudson, Ohio.

EDUCATED woman with practical knowledge of nursing, good reader and typist, to go South for the winter with a family of three. Address Mrs. W. O. Campbell, Sewickley, Pa.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite B 5842, Washington, D. C.

REFINED nursery governess or mother's helper to assist in physical care of boy 11 and girl 7½ and do sewing and mending. Capable of long walks and outdoor games. References required. 5,560, Outlook.

WANTED, in New York suburb, by family containing three school girls, a woman of refinement as mother's helper. One able to sew and willing to assist in household. Give salary expected and particulars. References required. 5,567, Outlook.

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CAPABLE woman wishes position as manager and caterer. Fifteen years' experience in hotel and school. Best references. 5,524, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary. Young woman, excellent business training. Willing to travel. References exchanged. Address F. A., 675 Forest Ave., West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

EXECUTIVE position by woman of experience—matron, institutional manager, or care of children. 5,570, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED trained nurse, capable of managing home, refined, desires position with semi-invalid or elderly person going South or West for winter. EXCELLENT references. 5,566, Outlook.

POSITION wanted as companion by refined, educated young Protestant woman. 5,561 Outlook.

REFINED young American Protestant woman desires position as hostess or companion. Will travel, shop, sew. References. 5,563, Outlook.

TUTOR wishes position; college preparation. 5,512, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as visiting governess or chaperon in New York City. Part or whole time. 5,572, Outlook.

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YOUNG man 18 years old desires position next year with man who travels. Willing to do clerical work of any kind. Two years' banking experience. 5,562, Outlook.

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The owner, wishing to retire, offers for sale
One of the Best Small Ranches in Central California
14 miles from Hollister; 82 acres, 60 cultivated, nearly level, very rich valley land. Abundance of running water all year. Everything grows. Fruit, vegetables, etc. Ideal for stock. Individual irrigating system. 5 crops alfalfa this year. No healthier climate in the world. Price $20,000, terms on one-fourth, if desired. Address HORACE LANGDON, Monterey, or WM. H. LANGDON, Hollister, Cal.

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New four-room and bath furnished bungalow with garage; conveniences. On Indian River, near Cocoa (east coast). For particulars address C. F. NORTON, Cocoa, Florida.

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For Sale, 190-acre farm, fruit trees, tenant house, barns, sheds, farming machinery. Immediate possession. For particulars address SAMUEL HOTALING, Mgr., Mellenville, N. Y.

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SCHOOL FOR SALE OR RENT. Long established school for boys within sixty miles New York City. Further particulars given only to applicants whose experience to continue work and references satisfy proprietor's requirements. State experience, age, and where now teaching. Correspondence confidential. 5,565, Outlook.

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WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, printed in dark blue on good bond paper, $1. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

PERSONAL PRINTED STATIONERY. 200 noteheads, 100 envelopes, good white vellum bond paper, three or four line printing in neat Gothic type, blue ink. Quick service. Price $1, cash with order. Excellent Xmas gift. HANSON PRESS INC., 561 Harrison Ave., Springfield, Mass.

UNIQUE ten cent Christmas cards. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

What have you to sell or buy?
You will find Outlook service and results much above the average. Write for information as to rates, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

LADY, traveled, experienced tutor, hospital training, receives children in mid-Southern home. Includes instruction grade subjects, French, music, outdoor games. Competent, tactful assistants. Write 5,546, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

WANTED to adopt mother, daughter, sister or friend to be helpful and loyal to and to be both to me. Much money desirable but not necessary. Comfortable means and sense of humor indispensable. Pilgrim, 5,477, Outlook.

LADIES—Let Patricia Dix help you with that next club or study paper. Information upon request. Rates reasonable. 5,445, Outlook.

WANTED — Girls, by State accredited nurses' training schools. Free board, room, tuition. Cash allowance paid. For catalogs write FREE BUREAU OF ALL SCHOOLS, 1101 Times Bldg., New York.

WOMAN trained in the management of children wishes entire responsibility of one or two motherless girls, four to ten years. Attractive Southern home. References exchanged. 5,568, Outlook.

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What hotels will suit you
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Just a postal will bring you all the information necessary to a successful trip—and it will cost you nothing.

Hotel and Travel Bureau
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

By the Way

A FLAGMAN on the Western Pacific Railroad has many duties, and he is helped to perform them by a code of directions which is printed in the "Railway Age." One of the items is as follows:

> When necessary (in the night) to use a lantern to kill a rattlesnake, the white lantern is recommended—to make use of the red one might result in its being extinguished. This is no joke; there are all kinds and sizes of rattlers on the desert from sidewinders to diamond-head. They have all the way from eight to twenty rattles, not counting the button.

But why kill the rattlesnakes? Why not train them to rattle when the track is not clear, thus saving the flagmen's shoe-leather?

From the "Notre Dame Juggler:"

A humorist is one who listens impatiently to your story and then tells a "good one" of his own.

The death of Sir Claude Phillips, art critic, reminds the London "Daily Chronicle" that some years ago, when Sir Claude was seriously ill, his obituary was written by another critic who was his colleague on the staff of a daily paper, but who was at odds with Sir Claude on questions of art. By an accident, a proof of this ante-mortem obituary notice was sent to the subject of it! He found that his supposed antagonist had written a sympathetic, discerning, and eulogistic appreciation of his personality and work! Thenceforth the two men were the best of friends.

"Rain is a circumstance," quotes the editor of the "laughing horse" (he prints it that way), a periodical of Santa Fe, and he goes on to show how a prayer for rain was answered in that old refuge of the Franciscans:

"A few years ago, when the rain had not wet the earth for weeks upon weeks, a religious procession was held as a special plea for relief: a pilgrimage of the multitude from the church to a holy shrine on the outskirts of the village. The throngs marched in the heat along the dust of the road to the chapel and back—but no rain came. The faithful stoically traversed the heated Holy Way a second time—and no rain came.

"The few men who carried the sacred throne dashed from the churchyard with angry shouts before any one could prevent them, kidnapping the Virgin! Her

golden tinsel was strewn on the street. Her holy image was hurled into the sandy river-bed by the faithless cowards.

"And Heaven was so agitated over the blasphemous affair that it gathered its clouds, hurled its thunderbolts, and poured its rain down in torrents, bringing to an end one of the longest and most terrible droughts that had ever been known!"

A great lion-hunter is A. J. Klein, of the American Museum of Natural History. He has killed eighty-eight lions—more than any other man in the world, the New York "Times" says, except one other hunter. Klein is an expert with the camera as well as with the rifle, and on his recent trip to Africa he took no end of moving pictures of native hunts, giraffe drives, packs of hyenas, herds of zebras, gnus, etc. In killing lions he regards himself as a game conservationist, for lions are the great slaughterers of game in Africa.

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

Blackstone—"Excuse me, old man, but I'm—er—looking for a little financial succor."

Webster (broke, too)—"Great idea! Let's look for him together."

Darius Green had a real prototype in New England in the person of John Childs, according to a tablet in the yard of the Old North Church, Boston. The inscription reads: "Here, on September 13, 1757, John Childs, who had given public notice of his intention to fly from the steeple of Dr. Cutler's church, performed it to the satisfaction of a great number of spectators. In 1923, the year of the first continuous flight across the continent, this tablet has been placed by the Massachusetts Society of the Colonial Dames, to commemorate the two events." Childs's glider is said to have been a crude affair in which the operator was suspended by a sort of harness.

Under the heading "The Second Passing of the Reaper" the "Journal" of the American Medical Association reprints the following advertisement from the Binghamton (N. Y.) "Press:"

Blatchley cemetery at West Colesville: Those who have friends and relatives buried there are asked to come with scythes and sickles to help beautify the same, Saturday, at 1:30 p. m., Aug. 23, 1924.

"Punch" finds the following Irish bull misplaced in a Jersey (not New Jersey) paper:

"The two Premiers [MacDonald and Herriot] are marching on parallel roads which, as they lengthen, will more and more diverge."



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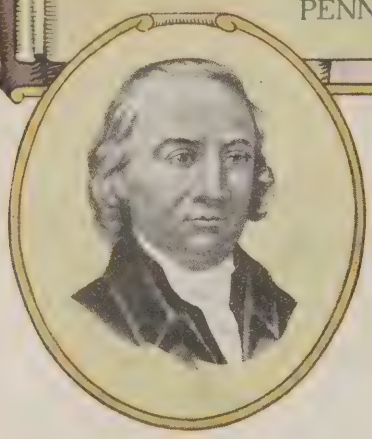
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PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN





A Man Who Saw 100 Years

PENNSYLVANIA'S vote swayed in the balance. Franklin and Wilson voted for the Declaration of Independence, but two delegates were absent, and two others voted "Nay". And without Pennsylvania, the new nation would split squarely across the middle. On the shoulders of Pennsylvania's seventh delegate —John Morton—rested a fearful responsibility.

British sympathizers tried to bribe him—Tories argued with him—Quaker friends pleaded with him. But not for nothing had John Morton's sturdy Swedish ancestors followed close on the foot-steps of William Penn.

In 1777, to those who still blamed him for bringing Pennsylvania into war, he sent a dying prophecy. "Tell them", he said, "they will live to see the hour when they will acknowledge the most glorious service I ever rendered my country".

Just one hundred years later, John Morton's city, state, and nation united in the ceremony of placing a memorial tablet in that very hall where he unhesitatingly sacrificed his own happiness.

*

Not every man can die knowing he has done his country a glorious service. But insurance enables any man to die knowing he has, at least, done his duty to his family.

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*

The little Prudential book of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a copy of the Constitution of the United States, will be sent with our compliments, on your request.

IF EVERY WIFE KNEW WHAT EVERY WIDOW KNOWS—EVERY HUSBAND WOULD BE INSURED

The Outlook

Volume 138 November 12, 1924 Number 11

SINCE this issue of The Outlook has been withheld from the press until the day after election in order that we may comment on the results then available, there may be delay in its reaching some of our readers. In the editorial which stands first in this issue we interpret the verdict of the voters on the Presidential campaign, and after that we discuss some of the particular results of the National and State elections.—THE EDITORS.

The Nation at the Polls

AMERICA is American.

That is the illuminating revelation of the election. America is not European, she is not Oriental, she is not giving way to any political or social order that divides the population into definite and permanent classes, she is not at all inclined to put government into a position of mastery over the people, she is not disposed to place her destiny or her policies in the keeping of other nations; she is proud of her Constitutional form of government, she is democratic not socialistic, she is friendly with other nations but independent, and she holds that the concern of the whole people is supreme over the interests of blocs and groups within her borders and over any international groups and coalitions without.

In some quarters to be American has been and undoubtedly will continue to be considered a reproach. The election will not change the attitude of the small though vocal minority. For the first time, however, on any large scale there was an attempt in this campaign just ended to appeal to distrust of American institutions and the American democratic social order. In other campaigns appeals of this sort have been generally confined to those whose acquaintance with American institutions has been brief or imperfect; but this year it was made on behalf of a candidate that aspired to the leadership of a really National party. In particular it was made in a proposal to enthrone the Congress as a judge of its own powers over the rights of the people or of any individual or group. Coupled with this proposal were definite appeals to the particular interest of special classes based on the apparent assumption that as in Europe, so in America, the individual citizen's interest was confined to the interest of the group in which he happened to find himself and his duty was confined to furthering the interests of that group. This whole conception of America as reverting to a European stage of society has been repudiated by the American voters.

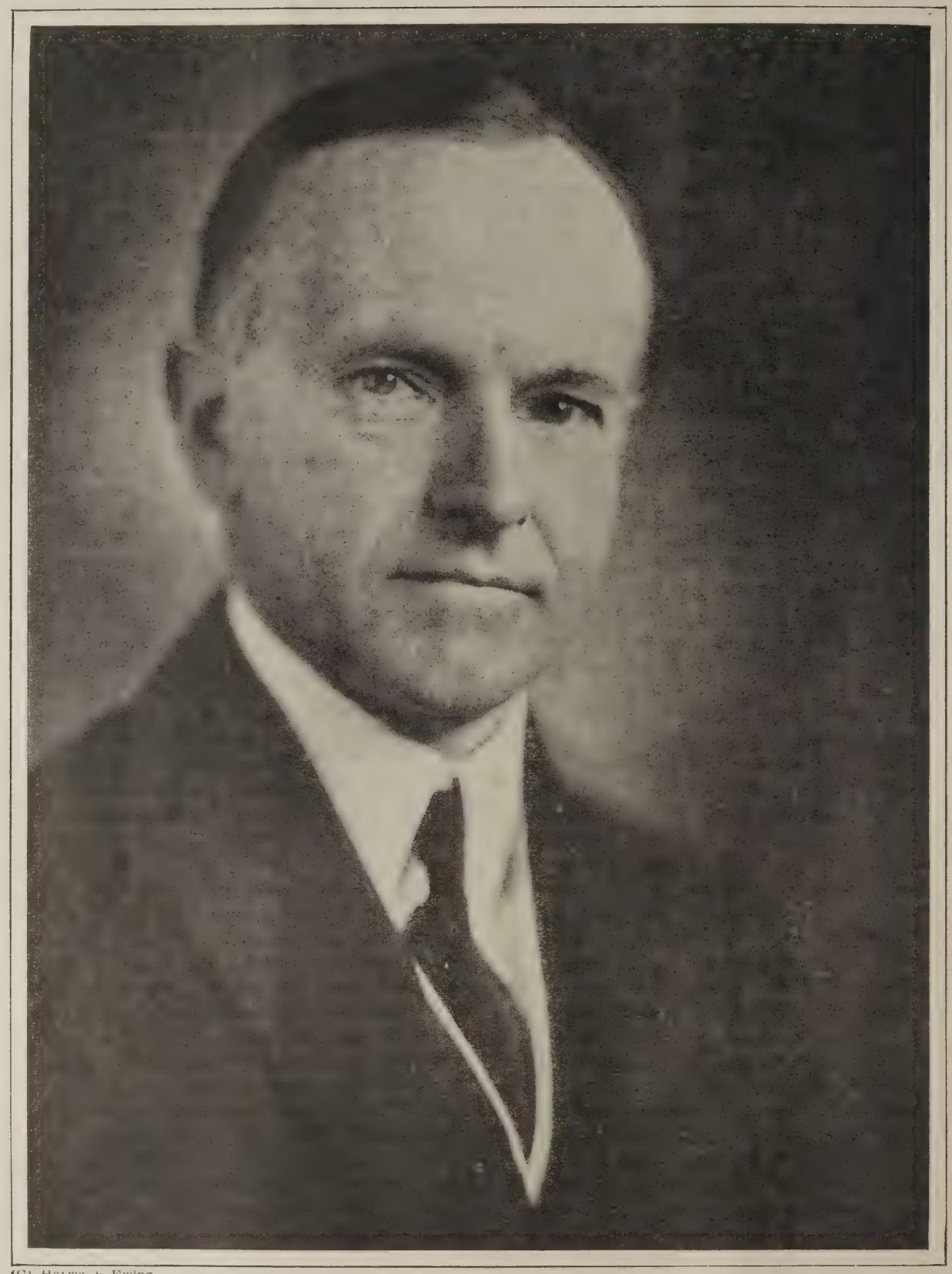
For the second time the American people have been asked to subordinate their will on matters that may affect their vital interests to the decision of foreign nations. It is true that the Democratic platform proposed a further referendum on this subject; but the Democratic candidate this year, as four years ago, was explicit in urging that the United States become a full-fledged member of the League of Nations. For the second time the American people have rejected the proposal. As long as the League of Nations is a political organization, assuming to direct the foreign policies of the constituent nations, America seems likely to remain outside.

Self-reliance at home and abroad, the quality that has distinguished Americans as a people and America as a nation, the source of American liberty at home and American influence abroad, is reasserted.

II

DEFEAT as well as victory conveys its lesson. Reduced to the voting strength of only those States which are Democratic by tradition, the Democratic Party has occasion to ponder the result. Favored by circumstances, of which not the least were blunders and misdeeds of its opponents, the Democratic Party approached the campaign with certain great advantages. These it threw away by the methods it adopted and followed. In the first place, it formed an uncongenial partnership with radical insurgent Republicans. In the Senate the Democratic organization secured for itself the Chairmanship of the Committee dealing with inter-State commerce by agreement with those who favored the Government ownership of railways. This was not because the Democratic Party favored the policy of its temporary partners, but because it wanted to embarrass its political opponents. The only result so far as the country was concerned was to subject the Democratic Party to the distrust which its partners had incurred. Then the Democratic Party began a campaign of what is known as muck-raking. If it had convinced the country that its purpose was to unearth and uproot the undoubted corruption that existed in high office, it might have profited by the slowness of the Republicans in unearthing and uprooting the corruption themselves. At once, however, the Democratic Party lost all advantage that could have come from real public service by the wildness and irresponsibility of those who conducted the investigation and by the evident partisan purpose of the Democratic leaders. In all that the Democratic Party did, nothing was made more evident than the honesty and imperturbability of the Republican President.

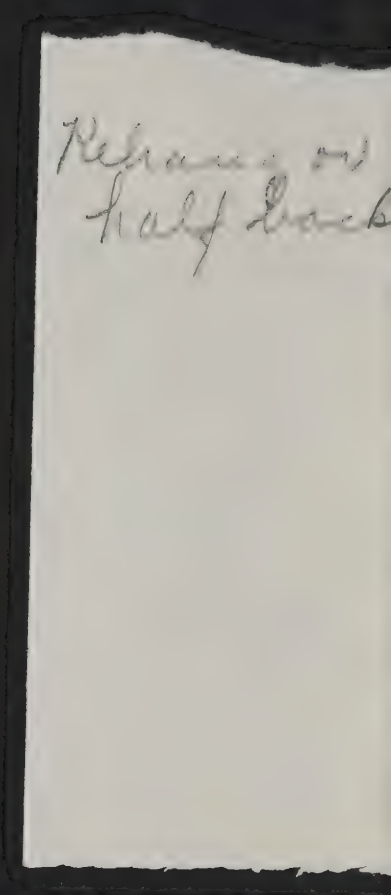
At last when the candidate of the Democratic Party was selected, after a Convention which showed that the party was split from top to bottom, the campaign was conducted on a basis of fault-finding, with constant resort to attacks of a per-



(C) Harris & Ewing

Calvin Coolidge, President and President-elect

V138


Rebound in
half buck



(C) Harris & Ewing

Charles G. Dawes, Vice-President-elect

sonal nature. Not since the campaign of 1904, when Judge Parker attempted to discredit Colonel Roosevelt and met with crushing defeat, has any campaign been carried on on such a basis.

The lessons for future candidates and future political managers are obvious.

III

CALVIN COOLIDGE has now an opportunity such as has seldom been offered to an American statesman.

He has not been chosen because the people have any special confidence in his party. They are freer than ever before from party ties—as was shown by the result in New York, where the Republican National candidate received a plurality of approximately a million votes while the Democratic State candidate received a decisive plurality over his Republican opponent. The people have no love for the Republican Old Guard. If they have put the Republican Party in power in the Nation, it is partly because they believe that the Republican Party under Calvin Coolidge found a way to displace the Old Guard from power before it made its Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominations. If there are in authority within the Republican Party any who believe that this election indicates the people's condonation of Fall, Forbes, and Daugherty, or the people's desire for any reversion to the time when corporate power or moneyed interests found easy and secret ways of escaping just Governmental control, they are unfit party politicians. This election is not a blanket approval of the Republican Party in general; it is a vote of confidence in Calvin Coolidge and what he stands for.

We do not expect President Coolidge to change his methods or to appear in a new character; but we do expect him to assume an authority that he has not so far been able to exercise, and to act with a new initiative as becomes the one who after such an election can speak with the voice of the Nation as its sole elected representative.

Though the discontent in the minds of the people is not as intense or as extensive as some have declared it to be, the vote for the Socialist ticket in this election makes it unmistakable. Such discontent cannot be removed by suppression or disregard. Calvin Coolidge's statesmanship is to be tested by his ability with the support of his party to heed that discontent and make it serve the welfare of the Nation. In so far as it indicates real wrongs it calls for reform. In so far as it indicates the remoteness of those in authority from certain groups of our people, it calls for a new understanding on the part of Congress and the Executive alike. And in so far as it indicates a misunderstanding of America, the American spirit, the American Constitution, and the American social structure, it calls for patient education. We believe Calvin Coolidge, by inheritance, by disposition, and by training, is peculiarly qualified for this threefold task. Alone he cannot perform it; but we believe he can with the aid of all those who desire to see our people progress toward unity, freedom, and self-reliance.

The Week

A Measure of Radicalism

As this is written—on the morning after election—full details of the returns have not come in, and the exact extent of the Coolidge victory is still uncertain. It is not yet known whether the Republicans will have control of both houses of Congress as against the Democrat-radical combination which has destroyed efficiency in the present Congress, though that seems probable for the House of Representatives and possible for the Senate. It is not known whether Brookhart and Magnus Johnson have been defeated, though both may have been. It is still possible that La Follette may have carried some of the small Far Western States. But enough is known—the immense Coolidge majorities, the partial collapse of the La Follette movement, and the pitiful plight of the Democratic Party—so that the main tendencies of the public mind can be measured. If everything still doubtful should turn against the Republicans, it would not detract from the results already shown; if the Republican victory increases, it will merely emphasize those results.

The most important of these is that we have for the first time a real measure of "radicalism" in America, and also real evidence of what the apparent radicalism of the West has meant. It becomes clear that neither has amounted to very much, nor been very dangerous. Of the "radical" Western States, apparently not one has voted for La Follette; in the East his vote is about half what his managers claimed, and altogether it seems to have been not more than fifteen per cent of the total. Johnson and Brookhart, the two other outstanding radicals, are far below their previous strength. The rejection of La Folletteism by the whole country has been emphatic to the point of brutality.

So it is plain at last that the Western radicalism has been, not a true radicalism, but a protest against misgovernment, real or imagined. The desire has been merely for a change, and not specifically for any of the panaceas offered by demagogues. President Coolidge's refusal to compromise with the Socialists and their allies shows how deeply he has understood the true temper of the country.

It is clear, too, that the La Follette movement, and probably—though this is not quite so clear—practically all so-called radicalism in this country, is almost entirely alien and hyphenated.

Klan Wins Most Fights

ANOTHER thing shown by the returns so far is that the Ku Klux Klan has exerted a very considerable power. It will claim that its support of various candidates for Congress is responsible for the margins which may give their party control of the two houses. The apparently successful Republican Senatorial candidates in Kentucky, Oklahoma, and Colorado furnish examples. The Klan, too, has won all its State fights except the one in Texas against "Ma" Ferguson, which has been hopeless from the beginning. It has elected its candidates for Governor in Indiana, Kansas, Colorado, as it did in Maine, has beaten Walton in Oklahoma, Stanley in Kentucky, helped defeat Brookhart in Iowa, and carried thousands of local offices. Yet with all its successes it falls far behind the record established by the similar "Know-Nothing" movement in 1856.

No New Alignment

As a great result to be expected from the election some prophets have talked of the death of the Democratic Party and a new alignment which would divide the country into "real parties" on conservative and liberal lines. The

Democratic Party, however, though broken, humiliated, divided, weak, is far from being dead. Even with the damage done it by La Follette, it is in better condition than it was four years ago. The Solid South remains as solid as ever, and the Democracy of the big Eastern States is uninjured. The party seems wiped out in the West, but it has been wiped out there before. It will revive as soon as the Republicans give it an issue or it finds one for itself.

And the La Follette party has proved itself a poor claimant for the shoes of the Democratic Party. Even if La Follette could remain its leader—which his age will prevent—it has not shown itself even a good nucleus for a new major party. It is not a Nation-wide nor a true liberal movement; its strength is confined to limited areas and definite classes. It will be weaker in the new Congress than the old, in far poorer position to force legislation and get its issues defined before the public. And, although its four million votes are impressive, they represent only about half the popular strength shown by the Progressive Party in 1912. Roosevelt in that year received about the same number of votes, but the electorate has doubled since then.

More Independent Voting

THE tremendous size of the vote cast is almost as important as the result, because of the emphasis which it gives to that result. It has been said that this was a campaign without excitement or issues, but the heavy vote shows that the people believed there was an issue, and that they wished no doubt to remain as to how they felt about it.

Along with the weight of voting went a splitting of tickets which shows that there was more care and intelligence used than at any previous election. In half a dozen States party lines were trampled almost out of sight. The most notable instance is in New York, where with Coolidge winning by nearly a million plurality, Colonel Roosevelt was beaten by above a hundred thousand. Smith's immense popularity, which put him a million votes ahead of Cox in 1920, but did not save him then, was too much for the Colonel to overcome, though it is clear that he would have won against any other man the Democrats would have put up. However much Mr. Roosevelt's defeat may be regretted, it indicated an independence in the mass of voters which it is wholesome for politicians to observe.



(C) Underwood

Mrs. Coolidge being sworn in by a notary public, on the White House lawn, in order that she might cast her absentee vote

Other cases where tickets were heavily split were in the Middle West. Ohio gave Coolidge a strong majority, but has apparently re-elected Governor Donahey, a Democrat. Oklahoma went for Davis. but chose a Republican Senator. In Indiana Ed Jackson, although elected Governor, ran far behind Coolidge. Iowa has apparently marked its ballots with great care in order to beat Brookhart, for he was on the same ticket with Coolidge and had to be "cut." Altogether, it is a fair estimate that a full quarter of all the votes cast were split in some degree. The right to expect party regularity of the voters has to be earned.

The British Elections and the Zinoviev Letter

BRITAIN is not fertile soil for the sowing of Bolshevik seed.

Persuaded that the Labor Party was playing fast and loose with Communism, the British voters turned the Labor Government out on October 29, and put into power the Conservatives with a majority over all of 209 seats in Parliament.

Four days before the British election there was published a letter said to have been received by the Central Committee of the British Communist Party from the Presidium of the Executive Committee of the Communist International. It was signed by Zinoviev, President of the Presidium.

This Russian letter, addressed to the British Communist Party, urged the Communists to stir up strife in Great Britain. Denouncing the MacDonald policy as an inferior copy of the policy of his predecessor, it not only urged activity in propaganda, but gave instructions for undermining Government in Great Britain and paralyzing any war efforts on the part of Great Britain if any open outbreak of war should occur.

The letter constituted, in fact, an incitement to sedition, violence, the undermining of the British army and navy, and the formation of a Communist army of revolt.

With its publication there was made public a protest sent by the British Government to Rakovsky, Chargé d'Affaires representing the Russian Soviet Government in London. But the protest of the British Government only added fuel to the fire of resentment which the Russian letter had kindled.

Why MacDonald Was Distrusted

In its reply the MacDonald Government declared: "No Government will ever make an arrangement with a foreign Government by which the latter is in formal diplomatic relations of a correct kind with it, while at the same time a propagandist body organically connected with that foreign Government encourages and even orders the subjects of the former to plot and plan revolutions for its overthrow."

This is precisely the position which the United States Government has taken. And the MacDonald Government agreed also with the policy of the American Government in holding the so-called Soviet Government in Russia responsible for the propaganda of the Third or Moscow Communist International. Incidentally this attitude of the MacDonald Government has been a shock to those American sympathizers with the Labor Government of Great Britain who when Secretary Hughes protested against Bolshevik propaganda in America denounced him for holding the Russian Government responsible for the propaganda of the Third Communist International. For his protest MacDonald deserves praise from all friends of order and of international good faith.

What aroused indignation in Great Britain was the fact that the MacDonald Government, knowing fully the Bolshevist Government's real character, had negotiated the treaty with Russia which the Zinoviev letter heartily commended to the British Communists as a step toward Leninism with its accompanying violence in England and her colonies. No one suspected MacDonald of harboring any desire to introduce Bolshevism as such into Britain, but it was not necessary to do that in order to see that MacDonald's judgment was not to be trusted when it came to dealing with Russia.

It has been said in excuse that the document was a forgery; but MacDonald regarded it as genuine; and the appearance of delay in making a public protest against it subjected him to suspicion. It is said also that the protest, as well as the letter itself, was made public by permanent officials in the Foreign Office, and that it was these permanent officials who thus forced the MacDonald Government to act by seeing that the Zinoviev letter was published in the newspapers. This excuse, however, did not avail, because, if true, it showed that the Labor Government was not master in its own house. Moreover it is almost certainly not true that the under-secretaries tried to force the Prime Minister's hand.

British Common Sense

It was not, however, the Zinoviev letter alone that turned the Labor Government out. On another page Mr. P. W. Wilson interprets that election from the point of view of one who was for several years a Liberal member of the British Parliament, and for a long time a student of British politics as a newspaper correspondent. His view that MacDonald undertook to destroy as far as he could the Liberal Party in order to substitute the Labor Party for it is undoubtedly correct. MacDonald himself said as much, for at Cleckheaton, a Yorkshire market-place, when a hastily rigged platform suddenly crashed to earth he dexterously picked himself up and, as our editorial correspondent in Europe, Mr. E. F. Baldwin, informs us, shouted, "That's how the Labor Party's weight is going to smash the Liberal Party." As to the success that has attended his attempt, opinions will differ.

It is clear, however, as a result of the experiment of putting the Socialist Party in power in Great Britain that the British people have made a notable discovery, namely, that Socialism in theory is one thing and Socialism in practice is quite another. When theory faces practice the characteristic common sense of the British overrides other sentiments. It is true that the Liberal Party was felt to be a controlling influence; but, as a well-known British statesman remarked to a member of the staff of this journal in London a few months ago, the real controlling influence was public opinion; and the Labor Cabinet, sensitive as all British Cabinets must be to public opinion, very quickly discovered the limits beyond which it could not go.

It was becoming evident too that, while the Labor Government was not as unsafe as many feared it to be, it had allowed the real work of government to be carried on by the permanent officials. In other words, the British nation discovered that it was being run by a bureaucracy. The very common sense of the Labor Government led inexperienced Ministers to defer more and more to the advice of their permanent secretaries. Unfortunately MacDonald did not mend matters by criticising his under-secretaries for an action which, he acknowledged, they took in the belief that they were carrying out his wishes. Admiration at his courage was abated by his censure of civil servants who had no means of replying.

As in other countries as well as in Great Britain at other times, the British elections revealed a tendency for the electorate to retire after a time from advanced positions, and to refit behind the lines—often very far behind the lines. In this case the electorate in retiring from the MacDonald line did not even hesitate at the half-way position of Liberalism, but retired to the heights of the Conservatives, where at least it knew itself safe.

Dealings with the Soviet

It has been said that France was willing to establish friendly relations with the Soviet, as she has lately done, because she hoped to get the interest on her Russian bonds, while England offered the Soviet recognition because she wanted to sell goods to Russia. If France succeeds no better than England has in the desired object, she will find her approachment to a tyrannical and, internationally speaking, irresponsible Government costly rather than profitable.

France's recognition of the Soviet was, as the text of the French vote shows, a recognition *de jure*, and provides for full diplomatic relations. It is careful, however, to reserve French rights.

The Russian press and politicians, and especially the Premier, Mr. Rykov, are exultant at French recognition and declare that Japan and the United States will surely follow the example. It may



The Vehicular Tunnel under the Hudson at New York—"Sand hogs" leaving the shaft after the final blast which connected the New York and New Jersey ends of the tunnel

be coincident, or it may be with a purpose, that simultaneously with this exultation appears a statement from Japan indicating that it has no intention of doing anything of the kind, while Mr. Coolidge's triumph in the election can offer little hope that the United States will follow the Soviet's wishes.

It is probable that the desire to back up the French Government and thereby present a solid front on world questions had a strong influence in the overwhelming vote of confidence offered to the French Premier, M. Herriot, on November 4. The vote stood 410 to 171. The immediate question was the postponement of a long list of interpellations presented by the opposition. The Chamber put the questions aside, as it believed that to press them would be inconsistent with national and international policy.

An illustration of the difficulties which other nations have when dealing with the Russian Reds is seen in the apparent impossibility of sifting out the facts in regard to the letter alleged to have been written by Mr. Zinoviev to the English Communist Party. This letter had a strong effect on the recent English elections. We comment on this matter elsewhere.

Doubtless other nations must try in some way to get along with Russia under its present lamentable régime, but, so far, efforts in that direction have been only too likely to recoil, to the annoyance or injury of whoever desires to be friendly without being taken in or insulted.

The Sons of Martha Rejoice

A GREAT city outgrows its gateways. Shall it fling a new bridge high above the drowned valley of an ancient glacier? Shall it work i' the earth like a mole to form a subfluvian passageway for its millions? There is talk, and talk about it until the day comes when a young engineer is given the word to set the shovels flying and to drive through the river bottom a steel-rimmed highway for the feet of man and his beasts and vehicles of burden.

With the passion of a poet the engineer conceives and prosecutes his great undertaking. What his brain conceives the hands and muscles of men execute. In danger, in pain and sweat, the new roadway grows into being.

At last the day comes when a single blast will shiver the last barrier. The charge is set, the button is pressed, and the two tunnels join with less than an inch of error.

Out of the tunnel come the delvers in earth, the masters of steam, steel, and lightning. There is the joy of achievement, more complete perhaps and satisfying than any workers in abstractions can know. There was a tunnel to dig, and it is dug. Such a sense of absolute achievement seldom comes to dreamers, poets, or statesmen. It is a day that makes the realities of life seem doubly real.

The story which we have told is the story of the new tunnel under the Hudson, built under the management of Clifford Holland, who died the day before the last wall was broken through. Better than any editorial on the romance and dignity of labor is the photograph of the men who labored under Holland's leadership in the bowels of the earth. Somewhere in all such enterprises there should be found a place for a dedication such as that which faces the traveler as he enters the Grand Central Station in New York City:

> To all those who with head, heart, and hand toiled in the construction of this monument to the public service this is inscribed.

That dedication is more than a tribute to one group of laborers with brain and

hand. It constitutes the best possible definition of our American conception of social and industrial life.

Changing Mercury to Gold—the Modern Alchemy

Some weeks ago the newspapers contained an account which stated that a German named Miethe had succeeded in changing quicksilver into gold. In some ways the story read like a hoax. The discoverer of the newer alchemy was stated to be a German professor of science. At best such a report needed confirmation.

Conjectures made by various people more or less qualified to conjecture scientifically have been treated by the press in some instances as fact.

Recently there has appeared, however, in an interesting, responsible, and well-edited British scientific magazine called "Discovery" an account of this modern alchemist's original experiments. It seems that Professor Miethe, who is a member of the teaching staff of the Berlin Technische Hochschule, had been using a new kind of mercury vapor lamp. This lamp when used under too high a voltage or electric pressure became, to the annoyance of the professor, blackened on its inside surface with an unknown deposit. On analysis this deposit was found to contain gold.

However, since the production of one-tenth milligramme of gold worth less than a picayune required the expenditure of about fifty dollars' worth of electrical power, the busy world, even though not suspicious of stock-jobbing motives, has not yet taken the matter seriously.

Could this Alchemy Ever Have Any Practical Significance?

Since the value of gold is not intrinsic, this process of making it from another element would have little or no permanent significance, even if the technique were greatly cheapened. We should have to change to platinum, diamonds, or cowrie shells as a medium of exchange and standard of value, and the people who got rich through the process would, to commit a bull, be poor.

But Professor Miethe's alchemic conversion may contain hidden worth. Nature, it is true, herself converts radium into thorium and thorium into lead. But to man the key to the method of controlling the atomic interior has always been denied—unless the alchemists of Araby knew more than supposed.

To transmute one element of the eighty-six known elements into another having lower atomic weight it is probably necessary only to add negative charges (electrons) to the nucleus of the atom. If incorporated with the nucleus of an atom of mercury, the added electron would then transmute it into gold. Possibly Professor Miethe's apparatus accidentally did this.

As has so often happened in the past with seemingly valueless discoveries, this at present purely scientific technique may open up vast possibilities. The interesting but valueless parlor experiment of Hertz lay fallow many a year before others saw in it the nucleus of radio. Thus an invaluable practical advance came as the unexpected by-product of an experiment in abstract science.

The beginnings made by the German professor will not be ignored by science; indeed, American scientists are already making ready to duplicate his experiments in college laboratories.

The Riot at Niles

Only prompt and effective action by the Ohio State militia prevented the riot which took place at the town of Niles on November 1 from resulting in something like a set battle between bodies of two secret organizations—the Ku Klux Klan and the Knights of the Flaming Circle. As it was, the first reports stated that at least a dozen people had been injured and two probably fatally wounded, although we have not seen that either of the persons so seriously wounded has, in fact, died. An inquiry was at once set on foot by the civil authorities and order was restored, but reports of November 2 stated that the town was virtually an armed camp and that trouble was feared when the militia withdrew. Apparently the almost exclusive attention given by the papers in the following days to the election news has kept further reports and discussion of this affair at Niles out of view for the moment.

Major-General Hough, who at once began a military investigation of the affray, was formerly a Supreme Court Judge and is now a district attorney in one section of the State. He is quoted as making the remark, as to persons who might be indicted for rioting, "Whether they were Ku Klux Klansmen or anti-Klansmen—that makes no difference to us. To us they are all simply members of armed mobs."

Apparently behind this clash lies that same state of festering hatred which brought about the killing and wounding of a number of combatants not long ago at Herrin in Illinois. Wherever racial, religious, and industrial feelings have been wrought to a high pitch in such communities there is danger of similar results. The current accounts state that a great gathering and parade of thousands of Ku Klux members had been planned to take place at Niles, but without masks, and that the parade was promptly abandoned when the trouble began. The local body of the Knights of the Flaming Circle called a meeting on the same day, and many hundreds assembled with the evident purpose of at least expressing antagonism to the Ku Klux Klan. It is alleged that the members of the Flaming Circle were urged to "avoid bringing women and children;" and this, together with the fact that the meeting was called for the same day for which a permit to meet had been granted to the Klansmen, is cited by Klansmen as a strong reason for laying the primary responsibility on the Flaming Circle. It is also said by the Klan people that their opponents were patrolling the roads into Niles and interfering with the right of peaceful assembly on the part of the Klansmen. On the other hand, the "Circlers" assert that the first act of violence occurred when an automobile drove up to the meeting-place of the Flaming Circle and the occupants of the car "fired volley after volley into the crowd" and that this violence led to other firing on both sides and to the list of wounded persons. Each side claims that the other was armed with rifles and pistols, and the Klansmen say that the "Circlers" had bombs.

It makes no difference in public esteem, or in the eye of the law, what the political leanings or private differences of either of these two organizations are. So long as they comport themselves with due respect to law they are entitled to the protection of the law against assault and violence. The incident is, however, an illustration of the fact that for a secret society to propagate political action or place one prejudice in combat with another is a dangerous and un-American proceeding.



(C) Bachrach

Frances Hodgson Burnett

A Portrayer of Lovable Children

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, who died on October 29 at Plandome Park on Long Island, had the art of artlessness. She could use sentiment and pathos so freely as to shock sophisticated critics, but she could also make her dream-children appear simple and natural. She certainly was not the creator of fiction of a subtle or powerful type, yet there was an immeasurable gulf between her stories and those of the late Laura Jean Libbey, who turned out her products by the score without a trace of reality in the characters or a touch of any but artificial feeling.

Mrs. Burnett loved and understood children and gardens. It is said that she was at work before her last illness on a story growing out of the garden she had tended and loved, and her book "The Secret Garden" had a singular outdoor charm mingled with much that was mystical. Of her child characters, little Sara Crewe was the truest to life and least factitious in charm. Librarians say that the book of that name is now, many years after its publication, in strong demand among child readers, and more so than "Little Lord Fauntleroy," despite the latter's early enormous success in novel and play, although it must be admitted that the boy had something in him besides gentle charm and that the picture of the friendship between the grim old earl and the little chap is a pleasant memory.

When "That Lass o' Lowrie's" ran in serial magazine form in America, perhaps forty-five years ago, everybody read it, and a great future was predicted for the author. It was a tale of mining life in England and of conditions of privation that the author herself had known. Probably she never wrote anything better. As a rule she knew her own literary limitations, and modestly kept within them. Once only she essayed to do what Thackeray used to call the "big bow-wow" stuff; and it is a singular fact that at least several articles about Mrs. Burnett's career following her death did not even mention "Through One Administration," although when it appeared it was highly praised as a careful and thoughtful study of Washington political and social life.

Mrs. Burnett's literary career began when she was only fifteen, and her popularity continued through her long period of production—she is credited with at least forty novels, shorter stories, and plays. Her latest feat in fiction was that of putting out a novel in what has been called half-portions—not novel and sequel, but practically one novel in two books published at a considerable interval apart, "The Head of the House of Coombe" and "Robin." One of these was, if we remember rightly, a best seller—perhaps both.

Mrs. Burnett assuredly gave much pleasure to the novel-reading world, and quite unobtrusively paid her tribute to kindness, sincerity, and honesty of heart.

Criminal Contempt

IT is a primary right of every citizen not to be punished on any charge involving actual or supposed criminal action on his part except after trial on that charge before a jury. It is in support of this simple and fundamental right that a recent decision dealing with injunctions has been handed down by the United States Supreme Court.

The ordinary, established, way of dealing with the violation of injunctions which do not involve criminal charges is to regard the offense as contempt of court. There is no question—and there is nothing in this recent decision to contradict the statement—that a judge may punish summarily an act of contempt of court committed in his presence, and even possibly constructively so committed, against the dignity and authority of his court. The injunction is a necessary adjunct to ordinary legal proceedings in cases which do not involve criminal charges but in which irretrievable damage or injury might be done if the matter in question were left to the slow procedure of ordinary civil trial. This use of the injunction is in no wise lessened by the present decision.

The two cases dealt with by the Supreme Court grew out of labor disputes. Taking one of them as typical of the points involved in both, we find that employees of a certain railway were proceeded against by a bill in equity on a charge of combining and conspiring to interfere with inter-State commerce by "picketing" and the use of force and violence. A preliminary injunction was granted; and, as the railway company charged that the workmen were violating its prohibition, the matter was brought up in a Federal District Court; the defendants demanded a jury trial; the court refused it; and the case went up to the Circuit Court and thence to the Supreme Court. The highest court in the country reversed the decisions of the lower Federal courts.

We at once notice that the intent to

do criminal acts is charged. It is perfectly legal for employees to combine in asking for better wages or conditions. It is perfectly legal to "picket" within such bounds as not to injure the rights of others or make public disturbance; but it is not right or lawful for the strikers to employ violence or threats of violence.

Now, if the lower courts were right in saying that these men were not entitled to a jury trial, the court hearing the case would apply the principle of contempt of court; and the men might be punished by fine or imprisonment, and that without any legal determination whatever of the basic question as to whether or not what they actually did was something criminal. There is, to be sure, a principle now certainly accepted by public opinion, and cogently put by President Coolidge in his famous words about the Boston police strike. This is that a labor strike which so interferes with the safety, health, or protection of the community at large becomes a criminal menace. The collapse of such strikes under the vigorous action of Ole Hanson, the Mayor of Seattle, in one case, and in the other of the Police Commissioner of Boston and Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts, has so established this doctrine that it seems to have competent legal authority behind it—if not, beyond question such authority may be obtained by legislation.

But the cases just cited relate to criminal contempts. The decision is based on a provision of the Clayton Act. The Court holds that this provision, which grants the right of jury trial where the contempt alleged has a criminal aspect, is constitutional. The Court in its own words summarizes the definition of criminal contempt and the course to be pursued in such cases as laid down by the Clayton Act:

> Willful disobedience of any lawful writ, process, order, rule, decree, or command of any district court of the United States or any court of the District of Columbia by doing any act or thing forbidden, if such act or thing be of such character as to constitute also a criminal offense under any statute of the United States or law of any State in which the act is committed, shall be proceeded against as in the statute provided. In all such cases the "trial may be by the court, or, upon the demand of the accused, by a jury," and "such trial shall conform, as near as may be, to the practice in criminal cases prosecuted on indictment or on information."

If we were to push the view of criminal contempt held by the lower Federal courts in these cases to an extreme conclusion, it would reach the absurd and preposterous end that an injunction might be issued against a professional burglar if the owner of a building believed that the burglar was about to loot his store. There has, in fact, been an attempt to apply the doctrine of injunction and criminal contempt to violations of the Volstead Act, but there seems to be little support for such action unless there are considerations not involved in such cases as these under review.

The point decided in these cases is practically a single one. The decision does not apply the right of jury trial to cases of contempt in the presence of the court, "or so near thereto as to obstruct the administration of justice." The right of jury trial does not exist in cases of refusal to comply affirmatively with a decree—that is, a workman, for instance, must do what the court tells him to do, but he cannot be punished except by jury trial for refusing to abstain from doing something alleged to be criminal, but for which he has not been tried by a jury.

The doctrine laid down in this important decision of the Supreme Court of the United States is fully in keeping with principles set forth editorially by The Outlook many years ago. We may quote from an editorial written by its Editor-in-Chief, Lyman Abbott, in 1908, and referring back to a similar statement made twelve years before that date:

> Whatever his defense, the Judge who issued the order, and who is presumably prejudiced in favor of its legality and justice, hears and tries the man who is accused of violating it, and determines on his guilt or innocence, and on the penalty he must pay. This power The Outlook has long thought is too absolute and unlimited. We said so twelve years ago. We have seen no reason to change our opinion on this subject. . . . Power should not be denied to the courts to prohibit and prevent wrong-doing; that power should be rather increased than diminished; but it ought not to be exercised without previous notice and hearing, save in very exceptional cases; unlimited power to grant such orders should not be given to all judges; and he who is accused of disobeying such an order should be better protected than he is now in his right to a fair trial before a wholly unprejudiced tribunal.

Justice stern and inflexible as between persons, but with the fullest protection to the liberty of the individual, is at the basis of American law.

The Wahabis

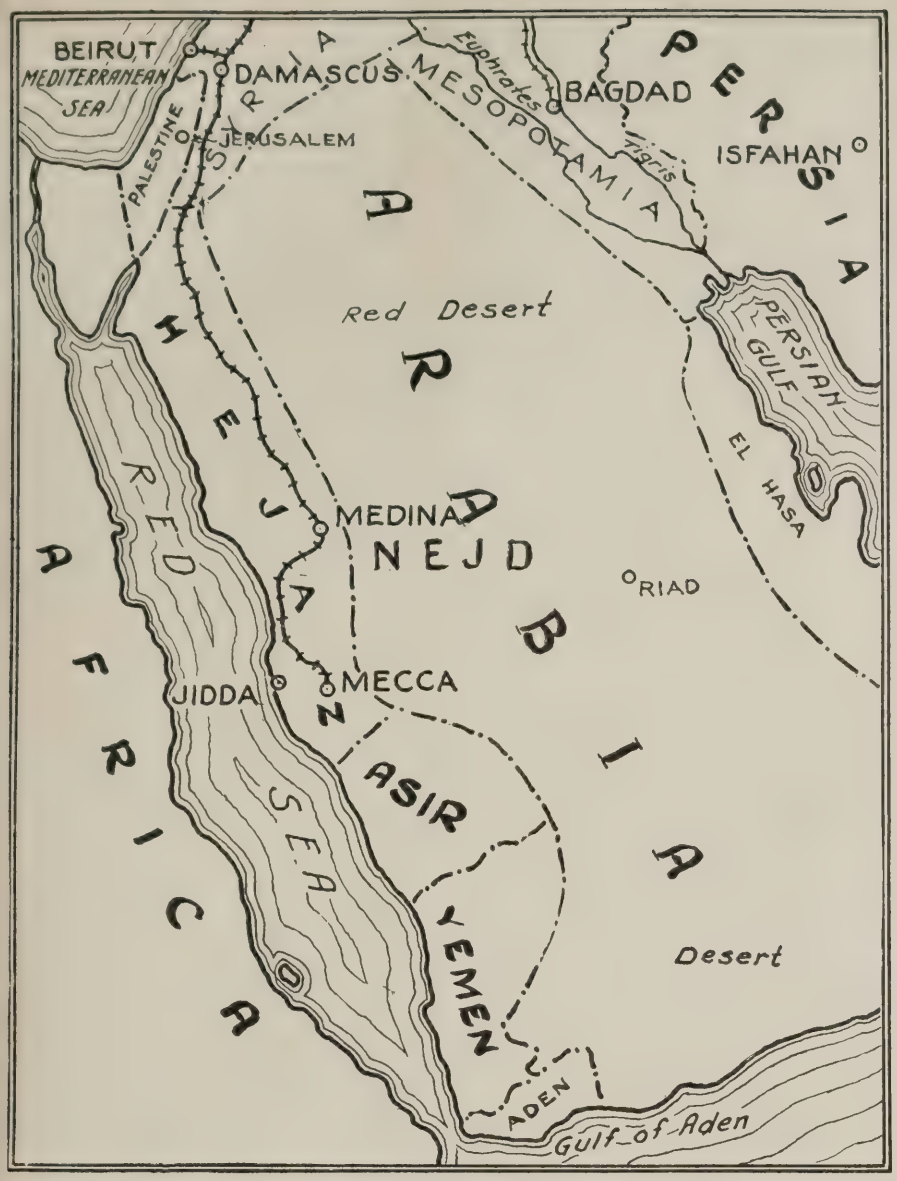
GOVERNING an empire on which the sun never sets is in these days more perplexing than ever. A task which involves such widely different problems as reparations, the Singapore Naval Base, Ireland, South Africa, the right of the dominions to determine their own foreign policy, *swarâj* in India, and a host of other problems in all parts of the world, in addition to a bloodless but thoroughgoing social revolution in Great Britain itself, is not one to be coveted by the lazy or the impatient. It is easy for those who have no such responsibilities to find fault with the British for the way in which they are managing their Empire.

Arabia furnishes a good example of the sort of problem which the managers of the British Empire encounter as a part of the day's work.

In his article in this issue describing the Wahabi movement A. Rustem Bey, former Turkish Ambassador to the United States, pictures Britain as promoting dissension in Arabia in order to dominate the Arabs. So it doubtless seems from the point of view of a nation which was a partner with Germany in the World War and, naturally, is not disposed to a charitable interpretation of the policy of a late enemy. Britain's policy, however, is not always as simple or as designing as it is often represented to be. Certainly in the case of Arabia it is not necessary to ascribe the confusion to any deep-laid plot on the part of the British.

In the first place, Wahabism itself is a producer of discord in the Arab world. This does not mean that it is wholly or even mainly evil; it means that it is a non-compromising cult. The former Turkish Ambassador to the United States calls the Wahabis "the Puritans of the Islamic faith;" but the likeness between the Wahabis and the people of England and America whom we know as Puritans it is not easy for Americans to see. In a communication to The Outlook Mr. Alphonse Tonietti, a graduate of the University at Beirût, Syria, describes this "quaint and dour schism" as follows:

> Wahabism is a Moslem reform taught some 165 years ago by a poor student of the Koran in Nejd and championed by the then head of the family of Ibn Sa'ud. It gained followers almost overnight, for its teachings were just of the kind to meet the requirements of the hardy dwellers of the desert. The Koran, according to



The Scene of the Wahabis' Outbreak

him, was to be interpreted freely by the individual who reads it; the Prophet Mohammed has no power to intercede for the faithful before Allah; Islam must be rid of the strange agglomerations of dogma encrusted upon its purity by the doctors of the law; there is no more sacrosanctity connected with the tomb of the Prophet or the saints than that of any other human being; upon alcoholic drinks, tobacco, jewelry, the use of silk for apparel, and the shaving of the beard and mustaches he laid a strict prohibition; all Moslems who did not adhere to the Wahabite sect were infidels and their warriors were instructed not to spare them.

Never have instructions been carried out with more thoroughness. To-day Riad, the capital of Nejd and the hotbed of this movement, is the center of more fanaticism than any other place on the face of the globe. The faithful must pray five times a day, as laid down in the Koran, and none dare disobey. For the iron hand with which Ibn Sa'ud rules is merciless. On Friday all the male inhabitants must repair to the Mosque and the gates of the town are locked, for the noon hour is devoted to meditation and prayer to Allah.

On the other hand, Wahabism afforded the Arab those pleasures of life for which he craves. For, while it is true that the Koran says that the faithful may marry not more than four wives at a time, "if they can satisfy them," the doctors of Wahabite teaching sanction the marriage of any number of wives by merely using a legal device. If you wish to marry a fifth wife all you have to do is tell the least desirable of your four wives three times: "I divorce you!" She immediately becomes a stranger to you and you may marry the new one. At the time of his death, early this year, the father of the present Ibn Sa'ud, had married one hundred wives, as he explained to the British representatives at Riad.

This form of divorce, we may add, is not peculiar to the Wahabis, but its acceptance by them hardly marks them, in the customary sense, as Puritan.

Fanatics of this sort need no England to incite them to massacre and pillage. In fact, the hostility between the Wahabis of Nejd and the Arabs of the Hejaz has existed for generations. In the early days of Wahabism, as A. Rustem Bey relates, the warriors of the sect captured Mecca and Medina, the chief cities of the Hejaz and sacred places for all Mohammedans. Now again the Wahabis dominate Mecca. The King of the Hejaz, Hussein, has abdicated his throne and has been succeeded, by virtue of the choice of the people of Mecca, by his son Emir Ali. Because of food shortage, Emir Ali himself has been forced to abandon the city and repair to Jidda. Having overthrown Hussein, the Wahabis attacked the dominions of his sons, Faisal, King of Irak, and Abdullah, King of Transjordania. Inasmuch as Faisal and Abdullah owe their thrones to England, they have been England's friends, and naturally expected and received the aid of British airplanes and tanks to repel the invaders. And yet the British are not essentially unfriendly to the Wahabis' chieftain, Ibn Sa'ud. They recognize his capacity for hard work, his simple life, his effective administration, his service in protecting caravan routes and in digging wells for the use of travelers all over the desert. Ibn Sa'ud is himself a "radio fan," and maintains wireless communication with the outside world. He is unquestionably to-day the greatest warrior-king of the tottering might of Islam. He has the support of the Indian Moslems, and the friendship of neighboring rulers—the powerful Sultan Said Idrisi of the Asir principality, the Imam Yahya of Yemen, and even the British protectorate of Koweit, on the Persian Gulf. He has received the official recognition of the French Government, and is looking forward to a *rapprochement* with Mustapha Kemal Pasha.

Under these circumstances, Britain has no reason for creating divisions; for those divisions exist of themselves. Indeed, Britain may be said to be herself in a quandary concerning Arabia. On the one hand, there are those in Britain who urge the claims of the sons of Hussein—Emir Ali, now of the Hejaz, Abdullah of Transjordania, and Faisal of Irak (who, by the way, was the picturesque advocate of Arabian claims at the Peace Conference at Paris). On the other hand, there are those who, out of regard for Indian public opinion, which was actively inimical to Hussein and resented his assumption of the Caliphate (now in abeyance), favor Ibn Sa'ud.

During the Peace Conference it was

suggested that the United States might take a mandate under the League of Nations for all this region. We wonder how many Americans envy the responsibilities that Britain has and covet for the United States the responsibility of trying to bring order out of this chaos and a sense of tolerance out of deep-seated fanaticism.

Voltaire

By Lawrence F. Abbott

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

WHEN I was a boy in New England, the name of Voltaire was almost unmentionable in polite society. He was regarded as the arch-enemy of all that is good in the universe—the very personification of Milton's Satan "hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky" to "make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." Like the mediæval Christian who used to make the sign of the cross whenever the name of the devil was uttered, so the orthodox New Englander shuddered and metaphorically crossed himself at the very thought of Voltaire. In his case the old adage, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum,* was reversed and nothing was imagined or spoken of him but evil. He was not respectable, which is the worst thing that can be said of a man in a society of conventional morals. Naturally, I breathed in this commonly accepted estimate from the atmosphere, and I can well remember the time when I should have thought it extremely hazardous to read any of his wicked writings. Even now I have not read much of them, for his collected works fill seventy volumes. But I have read enough—the "Remarks on Pascal," the "Philosophical Letters," "Candide," "L'Ingénu," and some of the poems, for example—so that my views about him have undergone a radical change.

Voltaire is certainly to be classed, not only among the great stylists and men of letters, but among the great liberators of the human mind, although he was far from being one of the noblest and most admirable of the band. What that fine and open-minded critic John Morley—or, to use his final cognomen, Lord Morley—says of Voltaire appears to me to sum up most truly his work and influence: "When the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand out like the names of the great decisive movements in the European advance, like the Revival of Learning, or the Reformation," although he often "offends two modern sentiments, the love of modesty, and the love of the heroic personages of history."

Voltaire, now dead a hundred and fifty years, becomes a subject of current news because of an article in the November number of "Scribner's Magazine" by Professor Albert Guérard, of the Rice Institute at Houston, Texas. Mr. Guérard protests that Mr. H. G. Wells—himself not a highly reverential person—ought not to brush aside the great French rationalist as "that supreme mocker, Voltaire." I agree with Mr. Guérard. It is probably true that Voltaire, in the prodigious quantity of his writings, employed mockery more than any other literary genius of history, not even excepting George Bernard Shaw! But Voltaire used mockery as a means, not an end, which can hardly be said of the author of "Back to Methuselah." So far from being an habitual mocker of what is good, beautiful, and true, Voltaire often displays a spirit of simple tenderness and genuine reverence. In "L'Ingénue" or "The Innocent," a fantastic tale of a supposed young Huron Indian who is cast upon the shores of France and cannot understand the theological intricacies or social conventions of the sophisticated and artificial society into which he is plunged, there is a charming and touching love story which puts the relation of the sexes on the highest plane. It is true that Voltaire uses some of the characters of this story to satirize the follies of the French Church and French society, just as H. G. Wells tells the story of an angel's life in England, in "The Wonderful Visit," in order to ridicule certain phases of English social conditions and of the Church of England, but it is not all mere mocking in the case of either story-teller.

Voltaire is often called an atheist. That is wholly unjust. In his remarks on the "Pensées" of Pascal his belief in what Matthew Arnold later called "the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness" is clearly indicated. Pascal had said that when he saw the blind misery of mankind, living on the earth as if on a desert isle, without knowing whence they had come or whither they were going, he wondered that the human race did not fall into black despair at its miserable state. To this pessimism Voltaire replies as follows: "What wise man would fall into despair because he does not understand the nature of thought or the attributes of matter, or because God has not revealed his secrets to him? He might as well despair because he has not got four feet and two wings. Why should life fill us with horror? Our existence is not as miserable as some would have us believe. To look upon the universe as a jail and all men as criminals who are on their way to execution is the notion of a fanatic; to believe that the world is a place of mere delight in which one has nothing to do but to pursue pleasure is the fantasy of a sybarite; the wise man, it seems to me, will look upon the earth, its men, and its animal creatures as the product of a Divine plan." And again Pascal complains: "It must be admitted that man is so wretched that he is bored by his own existence without any external cause of boredom." And again Voltaire replies: "Would it not also be true to say that we are under such obligations to the Creator that he has made *ennui* a quality of laziness so as to force us by that very fact to be useful to our neighbors and ourselves?" Once more Pascal deplores the hopelessness of life in a simile: "The rudder guides those on shipboard, but where shall we find such a guide in the sea of morals?" And once more Voltaire answers cheerfully: "In the simple maxim, the truth of which is accepted by all men, *Do not do to another what you would not have that other do to you.*" A mere mocker could not have written these things. It is true that Voltaire did not always practice what he preached, but it is equally true that he often preached what is good to practice.

I am not, however, recommending Voltaire as a moralist; those who are interested in the history of literature ought to make his acquaintance on other grounds. My argument is that he ought not to be taboo because he is an immoralist—if I may coin a word. He should be read, or some of his work should be read—for much of it is inferior and obsolete—as the product of one of the great men of letters in history. His *métier* was not circumscribed. He ventured into every field of literature, more so, perhaps, than any other first-rate writer of modern times. He tried his hand at history, biography, poetry, drama, fiction, science, theology, metaphysics, and criticism. In all he wrote the precision of his style is a model and his wit is sparkling, often stinging a little as sparks usually do. He was a master of the rhymed epigram and used that weapon to rout his enemies, for he made enemies as easily and enjoyed them as much as Whistler did. One of his contemporaries and antagonists was the celebrated critic Fréron, whom he liked

to handle without gloves, as the following epigram shows:

L'autre jour, au fond d'un vallon,
Un serpent piqua Jean Fréron.
Que pensez-vous qu'il arriva?
Ce fut le serpent qui creva!

Or, as it might be put in English:

The other day, beside a valley lake,
Poor Jean Fréron was bitten by a snake.
But weep not, Reader, let your grief subside,
'Twas not Fréron but the poor snake that died!

Another of Voltaire's famous epigrams was aimed at a contemporary, a would-be man of letters of a type for which he had a great contempt. This was Jacques Le Franc, the Marquis de Pompignan, who wrote a tragedy and some "sacred poems" which Voltaire said were only "sacred because nobody touched them." Le Franc's literary output was of about the quality one might expect from a nobleman who thinks that a title may give him the place at the literary table which genius has denied him. Nobody would recall Le Franc's name to-day if it were not for Voltaire's epigrammatic wit:

Savez-vous pourquoi Jérémie
A tant pleuré pendant sa vie?
C'est qu'en prophète il prévoyait
Qu'un jour Le Franc le traduirait.

This epigram, if one might venture to put it into English rhyme, would read somewhat as follows:

Jeremiah's anger was so free,
So low and sad a view of life he took,
Because, as prophet, he could well foresee
Le Franc's translation of his precious book.

Voltaire was an extraordinary bundle of contradictions. He was irascible, cantankerous, irreverent, and spiteful. He was also orderly, patient, sympathetic, and at heart admired that which is fine and divine in human nature. Half the time he was fighting his own enemies to satisfy his vanity, and half the time he bravely attacked prejudice, ignorance, and injustice for the protection of mankind. He had some of the majesty of a lion, but his method of attack was to buzz and sting like a hornet—a little great man whose unhappy career arouses feelings of both pity and admiration.

MacDonald Has His Way

A British Liberal analyzes the downfall of the Labor Party and the triumph of the Conservative

By P. W. WILSON

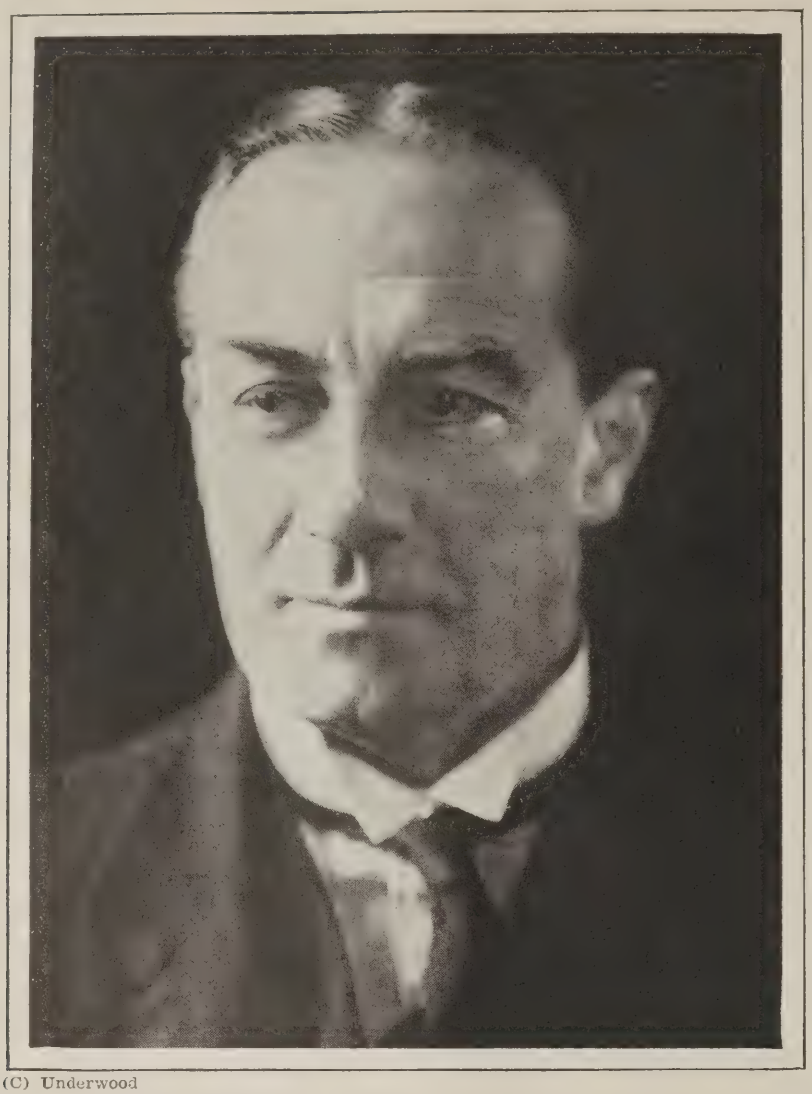
ACTING on the principle that when in doubt you should "put in the Tories" and so mark time, Britain has installed Stanley Baldwin in office, with a majority of 200 over all other parties in the House of Commons and with normalcy as his mandate. For the next four years neither Liberalism nor Labor will seriously influence the conduct of British policy. The question whether the Conservatives retain power for a longer period depends on themselves. If they challenge again the free-trade foundations of British finance, if they sink millions of British money in battleships and the naval base at Singapore, if they indulge in Winston Churchillian adventures against Russia and anybody else that a pugnacious descendant of Marlborough can find to fight, and if, controlling the House of Lords themselves, they seek again to fasten the control of the peers onto whatever progressive party may in the future succeed them, they will set the political pendulum swinging, and it will strike them from office inevitably in or about the year 1929. But if their tariffs are no more than harmless tinkering, if they endeavor honestly to promote a good understanding in Europe, sealed by a limitation of armaments, if they also seek honestly to promote education, housing, and more regular employment, so displaying sympathy and moderation, there is no reason why for many years to come Conservatism should not be the governing factor in Britain. Hitherto Stanley Baldwin has been ranked as a Die-Hard. If he still wishes to die hard, he will die early. But as a good-natured—even a humdrum—administrator he may live long to smoke that pipe of peace, or at any rate of office, that has become his most picturesque asset.

In the Supreme Court of history it is the ninth vote that registers the decision. Eighty years ago the Peelites or Tory free-traders gave that ninth vote to the Whigs, and thirty years of Liberalism resulted. In 1886 Home Rule for Ireland gave the ninth vote to the Tories, and they kept it for twenty years. Free trade then returned the ninth vote to the Liberals and Labor Party; and Socialism has now handed it back to the Conservatives. And the ninth vote is now the vote of a woman over thirty. She is half the electorate. And as a housewife she is under no illusions as to plumbers. If the plumber wants the woman's vote, he will have to do more than talk politics. She will judge him by his joints on the pipes in her kitchen.

That Stanley Baldwin realizes the importance of the women's vote is evident from his talk about lowering the price of commodities. How exactly he will do this remains to be seen. But, obviously, a Hooverish Government, with its eye on the cupboard, might well hold office for a decade. This would mean that for not a few "old men in a hurry" this election is finis. In ten years' time Asquith, now defeated, will have passed from the political scene, and Lloyd George, MacDonald, and Snowden will have reached or approached the allotted span of three-score years and ten. The elder statesman in Britain is a vigorous person, but the men who now matter as progressives are the unknown. Pre-war politicians are becoming as obsolete as pre-war artillery. It is the post-war mind that has yet to arrive at a considered progressive faith.

Whether MacDonald has succeeded or failed is a question, the answer to which depends entirely on one's point of view. If the Labor Party exists for the sole purpose of destroying Liberalism in Britain and enthroning Toryism, MacDonald has got his way. Believing in free trade, he has put the protectionists in power. And opposing the war, he has enthroned imperialism. That, doubtless, pays off old scores, and MacDonald has the satisfaction of knowing that he has excluded from Parliament the statesman, Asquith, who to-day would have been Prime Minister with a safe majority if he had not stood aside ten months ago in order to give Labor a genuine chance of seeing the machinery of government from the inside. By the simple method of shouting down Liberal candidates at their meetings he has, as he thinks, broken their party forever. It has been great fun. But the gala is over and there survives the headache—indeed, a severe one.

For there is another side. It may be true that for the moment Liberalism has fulfilled its concrete ends and has to devise a new programme. But it is not less true that amid all this turmoil Liberalism has been the still, small voice that spoke



(C) Underwood

Stanley Baldwin, again Prime Minister of Britain

the real mind of the nation. The Liberals opposed protection on the one hand and Socialism on the other. They supported the recognition of Russia, but opposed the Russian loan. It was a Liberal Budget, moreover, that Philip Snowden introduced. The Liberals are British and with 3,000,000 votes to their credit do not yet know that they are beaten. There is a middle body of opinion in Britain which this year has voted Conservative. That middle opinion has no wish that the only alternative government to Toryism should be the near-Communist section of the Labor Party, which leads or is led by MacDonald. The very forces which have hammered the Liberal Party will now be interested in developing again that party's strength in the country.

That MacDonald's magic wand has been broken by the thunderbolts of fate is obvious. Overworked by the double strain of the Foreign Office and the Prime Ministership, he succumbed to insomnia, nerves, and, worse than either, to flattery. It was in defiance of the better judgment of his Cabinet that he insisted on fighting the election, and it was Asquith who, on the brink of the precipice, tried to save him. The impression was that MacDonald had the mob behind him. It is a gamble that has proved calamitous. And Labor has a way of superseding leaders when they have become a liability. In those circles there is nothing that fails so completely as failure, and especially failure on the part of an intellectual who has no organized trade union at his back.

For the election has proved up to the hilt the contention of those Labor Ministers who have urged MacDonald to arrive at an alliance with the Liberals. At Westminster the Conservatives have a majority of 200 on a division. In the country they are still in a heavy minority among the electors. The ninth or decisive vote is not a straight vote at all. It is a split vote. And obstinately MacDonald has insisted that it shall be a split vote for all time. Earlier in the year he induced his party—again with much special pleading—to defeat proportional representation. In over-confidence of a single-handed victory over Liberalism and Conservatism combined, Labor joined with the Conservatives in voting down the very measure which was designed to keep him, not in office alone, but in power. MacDonald's conduct cannot be explained in terms of pure reason. Deep jealousies swayed him, and it must not be forgotten that he has never been able to forgive the Liberals and Labormen who could not share his pacifist and pro-German convictions.

Of Labor and Liberalism one may, then, sing with Goldsmith:

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

The election does not mean that Socialism has killed Liberalism. It means that in the ranks of Labor Liberalism will supersede Socialism. MacDonald's attempt to slaughter the Liberals with near-Communist clubs has failed. You cannot cut off your nose without doing despite to your face.

Unfortunately, the nation still boils with bad blood. The circumstances of the Russian manifesto have inflamed sentiment on every side. And the Communists will protest that Parliament has failed and that "direct action" must now be applied. This may mean strikes, disorders in the House, and press prosecutions. And with India, Egypt, and Arabia moved by restless aspirations, Prime Minister Baldwin's statesmanship will be tested to the utmost. In his previous period of office he showed greater skill at his desk than on the platform. If, however, his always aimiable indiscretions are limited to words, Britain will trust him for the sagacity and restraint of his deeds. Whether M. Herriot will welcome the return of Lord Curzon to the Foreign Office is a little doubtful. But the Dawes Plan has changed the face of European diplomacy, and what happens in Whitehall is to that extent of the less significance to the world as a whole. Nor will British policy be of necessity anti-Russian. A desire for trade and for tranquillity in Asia will act as a deterrent on the more violent anti-Bolshevists. But there will be no loan to the Soviets, and persons wishing to be sent by the electors to Westminster will cease to substitute "The Red Flag" for "God Save the King."

The Byronic Mechanic

By Hermann Hagedorn

He has probably never heard of Byron. I have my doubts, in fact, whether a query concerning the club-footed lord, if flung into those rows of eminently respectable, undistinguished and indistinguishable citizens in the sightseeing cars would elicit anything except perhaps a wild guess that he was an obscure motion-picture star or an admiral in the British navy. My neighbor is in his Byronism at least not imitative. I had assumed that that particular malady of romantic youth had been overcome, outlived, laughed into limbo, flung on the historical scrap-book with the Holy Roman Empire, duels, haunted castles, and weeping daughters wed against their will. My assumption evidently was rash.

He is as communicative as his eminent prototype; reticence is not in his lexicon. A dozen exchanges of commonplaces as the car bears us down the majestic sweep of highway that curves in and out along the rim of the incomparable Canyon, and he is in the midst of his story.

He is a mechanic, it seems, and he has been traveling across the length and breadth of the land seeing the sights of his country. First Niagara, then Mammoth Cave, then the Natural Bridge, the Garden of the Gods, the Yellowstone, Glacier Park, Seattle, San Francisco, the Yosemite, the Big Trees, the cliff dwellings; now the Grand Canyon. He works at his trade so and so many months, then he goes sightseeing until the money gives out; then, quite cheerfully, it appears, he seeks another job and earns himself another period of luxurious contemplation of his country's splendors. It is a wonderful country, he says; people don't half realize how beautiful it is.

I find myself feeling a profound respect for this extraordinary young man. He is twenty-five or thereabouts, sandy-haired, pink-cheeked, with naïve brown eyes. I ask him the inevitable question: What sent him forth on this unusual odyssey?

He answers without evasion or hesitancy; without even the suggestion that he might be aware that another might jealously guard from strange ears such a story as he is telling. "I was married when I was nineteen. My wife was just my age. I thought a good deal of her. We were married four years. And then I found that she wasn't what I thought she was. I got a divorce. I couldn't stand it after that, being in the town where she was and where we had grown up together. So I went away, and I have been going around ever since."

He gives his pathetic bit of history in a matter-of-fact tone, naturally and without emotion. A strange new-world echo of Childe Harold:

> Is it not better then to be alone
> And love earth only for its earthly sake?

He does not look romantic, this stricken mechanic in search of the solace of beauty. He would not appear out of place as a clerk in a small-town grocery. He closely resembles a young Swede I know, a professional photographer who makes his living taking pictures of ladies appropriately clad for advertisements of corsets. By all the rules he is intended to be a householder in a cheap suburban development and a life member of some Kiwanis Club.

We descend from the car with our dozen fellow sightseers and climb far out on a crag jutting into the Canyon. He is silent through the gabble of "Oh's" and "Ah's" with which our compatriots greet the benumbing splendor of nature's story of Genesis carved in the eternal hills. He crouches on the perilous edge of an overhanging rock, staring steadfastly across the enormous gash at the turrets and temples, the walls rising one above the other to the remote northern rim, the thousand watercourses leading to the one watercourse where a rushing river far below appears as a tawny slender thread.

The chattering dozen makes its way to the imposing structure of logs where bouillon is served. The splendor seems to grow as they depart. And once more my Byronic friend finds voice.

"I am coming back here again," he says. "I am coming back here again."

I prick up my ears. There are overtones in that voice. Can it be that my romantic mechanic is consciously picturesque?

> Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie—

"Do you ever read poetry?" I ask, irrelevantly.

"Never read a line. I can't get it. I read lots of novels, though. Gene Stratton Porter and Harold Bell Wright. They're great!"

Ah, so. I begin to discern the line of descent.

He speaks of his plans. It is an old law, it seems, that those who claim the open road shall in turn be claimed by it. He is going back home now, he says, but not for always. His father, it appears, has a machine factory. He will work there just long enough to make enough money to buy a Ford; then he will go wandering again. There are so many things to see, and he likes to meet strange people, and he does not mind going scant on food at times when his money gives out somewhere where jobs are scarce. Before things get desperate he can always find something to do.

"I think sometimes," he says, "that I never will settle down again. I find I can't get along with people for any length of time the way I used to. I suppose going about by yourself makes you sort of self-centered. I ran across a fellow a few months ago who wanted to go around with me, and I stood it just four days. He was always arguing and thinking that he was right in everything. I told him we'd have to part or some day I'd kill him." He says it without braggadocio.

"I suppose I'm an egotist," he goes on. "I want my own way. I'm too much used to having my own way to be willing to take much from other people. I wasn't always like that. People back home used to say that my wife could scrape her shoes on my face, and I'd take it and say thank you. But I'm not that way now. I've lived too long alone."

From the highway comes the calling of a motor-horn.

"They're ready to start. We'll have to make tracks."

"I'm going to stay."

"It's a long walk back."

"I'm used to long walks."

"Well, good-by and good luck."

"Good-by."

As I reach the highway where the car is waiting I turn back for a last look. He is standing upright, gazing over the Canyon. I can almost hear him declaim the sonorous lines:

> Oh, that the desert were my dwelling-place,
> With one fair spirit for my minister,
> That I might all forget the human race,
> And, hating no one, love but only her!
> Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling stir
> I feel myself exalted—can ye not
> Accord me such a being?

But I forget. My mechanic does not know his Byron. And there is nothing for him but to stare at nature's magnificence, inarticulate, feeling an aching loneliness, and nursing it.

I find myself wondering how any wife could have had it in her to betray so ingenuous a romanticist.

A Jugoslav Sculptor



Memories

Comes to America



The Fighter

IVAN MESTROVIC comes to America with a great European reputation. He was born in 1883 in Croatia, and early showed marked talent. At the age of seventeen he went to Vienna and studied under the sculptor Helmer, Director of the Academy of Arts in that city. His first exhibition was in Vienna in 1902, since which time he has had forty-three exhibitions in twenty different cities of Europe—in Paris in 1908 and 1919, in Rome in 1911, in London in 1915. His works are in the museums of Vienna, London, Paris, Prague, Rome, Florence, and Budapest. After his exhibition in Rome, Rodin generously said of him, "Mestrovic is the greatest phenomenon among the sculptors of the world."

The opening exhibition of Mestrovic's works is to be at the Brooklyn Museum, beginning November 20. Afterwards the sculptor's works will be shown in various cities of the United States.

In a Time of Unsettlement

By DAVID MORTON

FEWER and fewer, now, the lone defenders
Of aging shrines and questioned citadels:
The new gods and the half-gods and pretenders
Are all a noise that gathers and roars and swells
And brings a fury down on quiet altars,
And brings a shouting to the temple door:
There is a cloud of dust, a flame that falters,
And battle, and the old gods are no more.

There yet will come a twilight on the spears,
When they are tossed and broken and cast by,
A half-light for the wandering ghosts of years. . . .
And in that hour the old gods from the sky
Will walk abroad beneath the pitying stars,
To close those eyes, to bless those faithful scars.

Uncle Sam: Efficiency Engineer

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

The story of what the Department of Commerce is seeking to do for the American business man

AMERICAN business is like Topsy. It started little and grew. It is like the log house in the wilderness to which additions were made as the family prospered. It is a rambling, comfortable, homelike sort of structure, but wastes much coal in its heating and many steps between the kitchen stove and the dinner table. Business goes its own gait, circumscribed by its own low-hung horizon. Its wastes are charged to operation and appear in the bill which is handed to the consumer. Sometimes they prove such a burden to it that a receiver comes and sits in the wicker cage. If the wastes could be eliminated, says Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, many businesses would enjoy greater prosperity and the consuming public would buy more cheaply. We will establish a Division of Domestic Commerce to study industry and business between the oceans, to help bring to them a light of broader understanding, to lead to an elimination of mistakes, to greater general efficiency.

In this way a governmental agency has come into being. This new division surveys the field as a whole. It sees business activities from a different view-point than that of the man who is immersed in them. It brings the light of new facts, the experience of all, to bear on the problems of all. It attempts to get at the principles, the psychology, back of success in business. When there are mistakes that may be seen from this new view-point, it calls attention to them. For instance:

If your father owned a thrifty little shoe factory when you were born, if you grew up in that factory and knew this business of making shoes, you would of course upon arrival at the time of life when you should strike out for yourself go into shoe manufacture. It would be the business you know. Your life interest has been in making shoes. Your personal inclinations are to that business. It is the thing you want to do. As a typical American industrialist you are an individualist. You like the idea of accepting the challenge of competition from those of your kind. You will make shoes.

When you build your factory, you will not realize a vital thing that appears from another, a broader view-point—the fact that there is already fifty per cent more shoe factory space in the United States than is needed. You are adding to a factory capacity that is already too great. You are going into a thing that is already overdone. Naturally, the opportunities are not great, the competition is very stiff. You are using up wealth in establishing a thing for which there is no need. You are making a mistake. Before you build this mill you should know what is the capacity of the factories already in operation and the relation of that capacity to the whole market. Your local business activity, when you come to think of it, has a National aspect. It should be considered from that standpoint. But this idea has never presented itself to you. You would not have known where to get the information if it had.

A group of specialty manufacturers sat about a table in Atlantic City. They were the big men in their line, and were then attending a National convention. They had prospered. They were sanguine of the future.

One of these men told of his plans. He would enlarge his plant, double its capacity. The others had similar ideas in mind, sketched them. An outsider set down the figures on the back of the bill of fare. These enlargements would give a certain productive capacity. The capacity of the market to absorb this product was known to them. It was thirty per cent under this contemplated capacity. The present capacity was near the limit. There was good money in operating as they were, but profits would disappear if the factories were enlarged. The mistakes these men had been about to make were due to the fact that they thought and acted as individuals, that they did not consider their business in its relation to the whole field. This is one of the commonest mistakes of Ameri-

can industry. The Division of Domestic Commerce will furnish the facilities that will enable business to get away from this habit of doing blindly what it prefers to do. It will make available agencies that will allow of proper surveys of business opportunity before action is taken. It will do this that production as a whole may be more economical and the finished product consequently cheaper. There are two outstanding elements, efficiency engineers tell us, in intelligent production. The first is a measure of market and the competition in that market, that the factory may know what quantity of goods it should produce with expectation of sale. The second is a factory problem, the maintenance of a steady flow of goods through the mill, as the steadiness of that flow is the true basis for economical production. This new agency of government will lay much stress on a consideration of these two elements.

If you are a manufacturer of rubber boots, for instance, your primary desire should be to know where it rains a great deal, where people are engaged in irrigating, dairying, car washing, concrete mixing, ditch digging—in the occupations which call for rubber boots. The Government can tell you all about rainfall. It has an occupational census which shows just where and how many people are doing the sort of work that interests you. Had you ever thought of using this information in this way? It knows just how many rubber boots were made last year, which furnishes the measure of your competition.

Or you may be a manufacturer of gas ranges. What, you want to know, are the chances of sale? The Government knows the natural-gas areas, the areas of good coal supply, which gives gas an advantage. It knows the areas where cheap electricity is developing, which hurts the gas-stove business. It knows the general tendencies in the contest between gas and electricity. Maybe the market is gone and manufacture of gas stoves is a languishing industry.

Odd elements go into this measure of markets which is so fundamental, and there are stupendous amounts of information in the possession of the Government departments. In Minnesota, for instance, there was a manufacturer of a certain grade of flour. He had been selling wherever he could for a decade. His books showed a peculiar thing. The orders from central New York had grown steadily from the first. This flour just suited the baking methods of these central New Yorkers. Unfortunately, they were so far from the factory that they were not the logical market for this miller. Where could he find people with the same pastry tastes closer to home?

A study of migration currents showed that these central New Yorkers had contributed very largely to the making of southern Michigan. Southern Michigan should like this variety of flour. It did. To-day, because of a study of American history, the whole output of this mill goes to this market.

In 1921 the shoe factories of Rochester were hard hit. This was because the makers of automobile tires in Detroit and Akron, who were an important element in their market, were out of work. The Rochester people had not measured this market properly, had overfigured its consumption. These tire-makers also had made a mistake. They had overestimated the number of tires the automobiles of the United States would wear out. Each had made a mistake that might have been avoided if a more far-reaching study of the field had been made.

Whoever makes goods should have the best there is in the way of a measure of market. The Department of Commerce is building an organization to help industry make that measure.

With this measure properly made, industry will be in a position to shut off its greatest waste, an uneven flow of materials through its factory. If a flour mill has a market of 60,000 barrels of flour in a year, it may make that flour in two ways. It may establish a flour mill with a capacity of 200 barrels a day and may work it at that capacity for the 300 working days of the year. There is a steady flow of materials through the factory, and all the plant is being used all the time. Again, it may establish a plant with a capacity of 400 barrels a day. It may work that plant at its capacity for 100 days and at one-fourth of its capacity for 200 days. The result is the same —60,000 barrels of flour.

In the first of these factories all the plant is used all the time and the permanent force enjoys steady employment. The second carries a heavier investment and depreciation in plant, and must intermittently train new seasonal workers, which is expensive. The first avoids peaks of production and corresponding depressions. It produces flour more cheaply than the second. The first is the right, and the second is the wrong, method of manufacture. One might suppose that in the pursuit of profits the proper method would be followed. As a matter of fact, it is not. Most industries have more capacity than they need. Few of them maintain the steady flow.

The Government contributes all it has to these problems, and may institute special investigations. Then it resorts to another expedient that stands to yield even more important aids to efficiency in business. It offers itself as a clearing-house through which various commercial groups may work in the solution of their common problems. The dry-goods retailers, for instance, may have a National association. Most such groups have. They work through these associations on the common problems of the group. There is, for example, the practice of sending goods out subject to acceptance. It leads to many abuses. It should be eliminated. These retailers may meet in Washington with the Division of Domestic Commerce. That division knows that similar abuses have been eliminated by other groups and just how it was done. It puts the prestige of the Government back of a proposal that the dry-goods retailers sign an agreement providing that hereafter nowhere in the United States shall goods be sent out on acceptance. So is an abuse removed. Then, while this group is assembled, some one is likely to ask if there are other abuses that should be eliminated. Many are mentioned. A committee is appointed to survey dry-goods retailing, to find the wasteful practices, to report back to subsequent meetings a plan for eliminating them. Thus does the scheme for the removal of abuses leading to waste find a permanent place in the activities of this group. Already many groups have presented themselves for this sort of examination. Thus business, with the Government as umpire, efficiency-engineers itself.

When ten pounds of wool leave the back of a sheep, it starts on its journey to the man who will eventually wear it as a suit of clothes. On every stage of that journey it picks up charges that appear in the price asked for the suit of clothes. If the factory is not economically operated, the charge accumulated there is more than it should be. If the suit travels too far in getting to the consumer, is handled too often in transit, it accumulates too much in transportation charges. If the system of retailing is uneconomical, if the dealers carry too many varieties of suits, if this means unnecessary investment, unnecessary dead stock, these charges must be chalked up and paid by the consumer. Wherever there is uneconomical operation between the shearing pen and the consumer, he pays. Wherever savings can be brought about, he will profit. This new foreshadowing of the "Hoover idea" in government is now under way. It is a new sort of thing in government. It reaches out to every citizen and his every-day purchases for Molly and the babies. It seriously hopes to save every citizen money. Maybe it will.

The Wahabi Movement

By A. RUSTEM BEY

Former Turkish Ambassador to the United States

A graphic and authoritative statement of the Turkish point of view



International

Ibn Sa'ud, the chief of the Wahabis

THE Wahabis are the Puritans of the Islamic faith, whose country is the Nejd, in central Arabia, with Riad as capital and the dynasty of Ibn Sa'ud as rulers. In their eyes the slightest concession to the exigencies of modern life is anathema maranatha. In a word, they are terrible fanatics. They are not content with being themselves literal followers of the original law; they would force the entire community of Islam to revert to the primitive purity of the faith.

In them survives the fierce enthusiasm of the first followers of the Prophet, whose militant spirit, raised to the white-hot pitch, succeeded in spreading by the sword the precepts of Islam within a single century thousands of miles east and west of the Arabian Peninsula.

The first outburst of the reformatory zeal of the Wahabis occurred in 1815, when, declaring war on the *Kufjar* (miscreants) of the Hejaz, a Turkish province since 1514, they crossed the desert in an irresistible rush westwards and captured Mecca and Medina, the holy cities *par excellence* of Islam. Strangely enough, the purity of their iconoclastic convictions exceeded that of the Prophet himself. Thus they removed to the desert from the Kaaba, in the central mosque of Mecca, cursing its existence, the famous Black Stone, worshiped by the Arabs in the times of their idolatry and which Mohammed, in a spirit of prudent compromise, allowed to play its ancient rôle under the new dispensation of the one immaterial God.

Mohammed Ali, the Governor of Egypt, as he was then, came to the rescue of the defeated Turkish troops and Arab levies of the Hejaz. At the demand of the Sublime Porte, he despatched to the invaded territory his son Ibrahim at the head of an army whose European training and discipline prevailed over the fanatical bravery of the Wahabis. Literally mowed down, cut to pieces, they returned to their country, an insignificant remnant of their former selves.

After an interval of somewhat over a century, the Wahabis have resumed their offensive against the Hejaz, which is no longer Turkish, having achieved its independence in the shape of a kingdom placed under the rule of Hussein, a lineal descendant of the Prophet and former Shereef (governor) of Mecca under the Turks. This time their motives are not purely or even principally religious. At least, their chief, Ibn Sa'ud, a young and ambitious prince, is actuated by ideas which are essentially political and feelings which partake of the spirit of rivalry—the latter being a characteristic of the Arab potentates, who have ever fought among themselves for supremacy. He resents the elevation of Hussein to the rank of King, as also his usurpation of the title of Caliph, and even more his pretensions to the leadership of the Arab world. Ibn Sa'ud would rather exercise that leadership himself. In any case, rather than see this rôle assumed by Hussein, he would have it remain in abeyance.

As a pretext for his attack against the Hejaz he gives out that he is commissioned by the Indian Mussulmans, the leading community of Islam, to react against Hussein's self-appointment as Caliph and his treatment of the pilgrims, whom in truth his Shereefian Majesty fleeces mercilessly, not to speak of the indignities he heaps upon them.

Two questions of great importance ask for an answer in connection with Ibn Sa'ud's enterprise. One is whether the latter is the beginning of a big turmoil in Islamdom, followed by a new settlement of the Islamic question consequent upon Turkey's repudiation of the Caliphate, and accompanied by repercussions on the general situation of the world. The other is what is England's rôle in this conjuncture, this Power having always taken a very active interest in Islamic matters. The situations to which these questions apply are in reality so closely connected that they may be dealt with as forming one.

Ibn Sa'ud has been so far distinctly successful. At the time of writing the news comes that Mecca has fallen to his arms and that Hussein has fled to Jidda. Hussein, however, is the protégé of England, under whose auspices he attained his present position, while his sons were also installed by this Power in Irak and Transjordania, respectively. On the other hand, Ibn Sa'ud is a stipendiary of the same Power, from which he receives the, for him, respectable subvention of £60,000 sterling a year. How comes it that he, standing in such a relationship to England, suddenly falls upon

his British-protected neighbor? It may be that he is secretly egged on by England, which is disappointed in Hussein, the latter having refused to sign the treaty of amity she has prepared because it does not fulfill the promise she gave him during the war to place him at the head of an Arab federation. In this not improbable case, her object would be to dispose of Hussein through Ibn Sa'ud, and then deal separately with the latter. Her maxim in the East has ever been, *Divide et impera.*

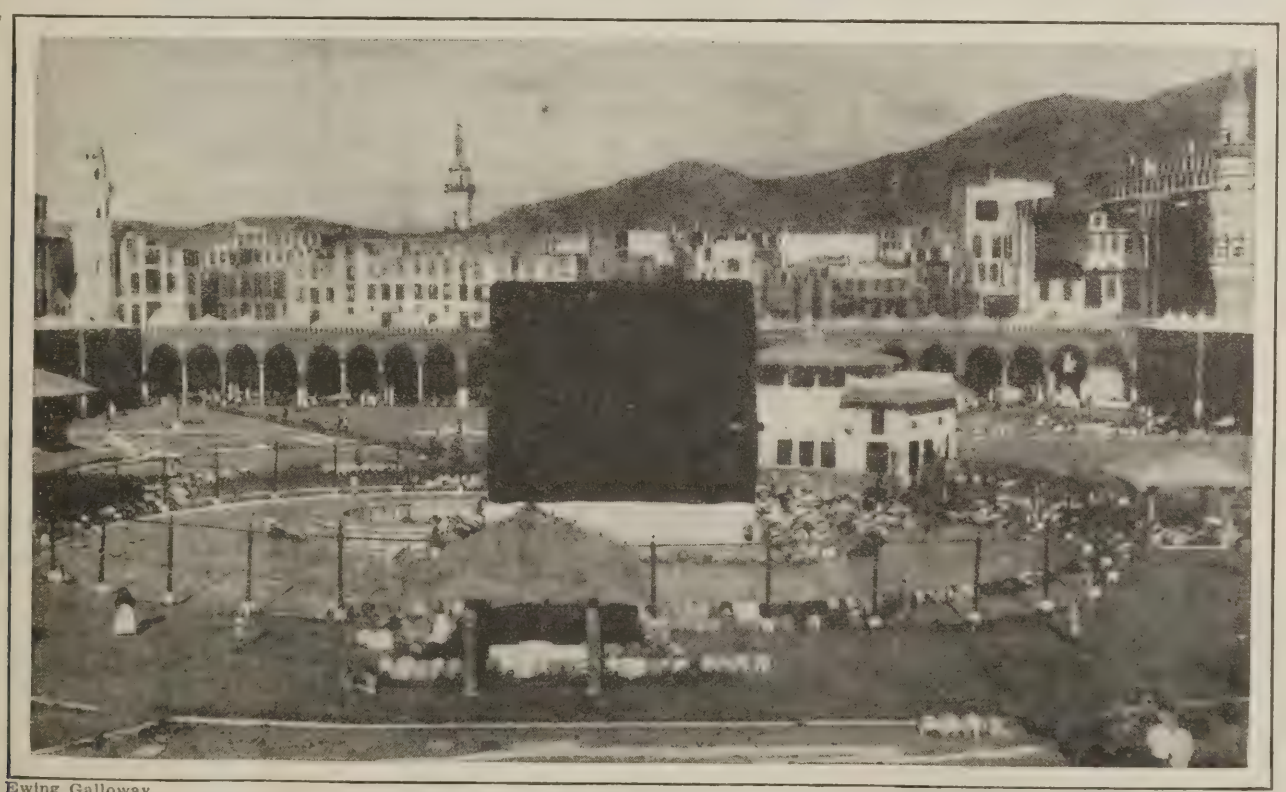
England never meant to keep her promise to Hussein. She was determined from the outset of the war to establish her domination over the Arab world, fortune favoring the arms of her group. Federation signifies unity and strength. She is naturally opposed to that of the Arabs. The latter, half-civilized, rudimentarily equipped, unorganized, have no more chance of resisting her with success than the frontier tribes of India. In fact, with the exception of Turkey, the Near East, indeed the Middle East as well, can hope to maintain its independence or to achieve its liberation from the domination of England or Russia—the Muscovite continues more than ever to be the rival of John Bull in these regions—only on one condition. It is that a new war breaks out in Europe that will swamp Western civilization.

In a word, Ibn Sa'ud's enterprise is doomed beforehand to failure. His career, however successful, will be that of a meteor. At best will he achieve a position as England's dependent. Any commotion resulting from his action will remain local. The unfortunate truth is that Islamdom, besides being paralyzed in most of its sections by the numbing rule of the West, has grown indifferent to its collective interests. The much-vaunted solidarity of Islam has proved to be a fiction.

The most striking feature in the Arab situation is that England's intervention is based on the plan she has formed of consolidating her material domination over the greater part of the globe by bringing under her control the principal religious forces of the world. She occupied Palestine with this intention. It is her reason for wishing to penetrate into Tibet. But her greatest effort has been spent in view of reducing the Caliphate to the condition of a disguised appanage of the British Crown. She was delighted when Turkey, which she failed to destroy after the defeat of the latter in the Great War, voluntarily renounced the Caliphate. In execution of a long-standing project of hers aiming at the transference of this dignity to an Arab dynasty, she forthwith encouraged the King of the Hejaz to occupy the vacant post, a hint which his Shereefian Majesty was not slow to take. But, contrary to her expectations, his self-appointment has not received and will not receive the recognition of the other sections of Islam. In fact, the Turkish was the only Caliphate which could unite the suffrages of all Islamdom. To-day it looks as if the organic unity of the Islamic world had been destroyed forever and that each community would form a separate Church, as in the Protestant and "Orthodox" divisions of Christianity, under nationally elected chiefs devoid of all œcumenical pretensions. In such a case, Islamdom will lose, as such, all political importance and England need not worry about its potentialities. But so long as the Caliphate survives she will leave no stone unturned until she has rendered it amenable to her authority.

Combining, as it does, in her mind, material domination with control of the religious movements of the world, England's conception of imperialism is the most complete of any met with in modern history. The spirit of the times stands in the way of the adoption by her of that realized by Alexander the Great, which was even more complete than hers, unifying and centering, as it did, in his person raised to the rank of divinity, the religious ideas of his epoch, in the service of territorial expansion. Otherwise, who knows?

To conclude. The Wahabi movement is without importance in itself. It cannot lead to any serious developments in the Mussulman world. All the significance it has is derived from its connection with British imperialism, the greatest political factor in the present and in the future existence of humanity.



Ewing Galloway

The great Mosque in Mecca, the Holy City of the Mohammedan world, which has been captured by Ibn Sa'ud, chief of the Wahabis. In the center is the Kaaba, covered with the holy carpet of black brocade. This houses the famous black stone which the author of this article says was once removed by the Wahabis to the desert

The Book Table

New Books for Children[1]

Reviews by LEONORE ST. JOHN POWER

"THEY tell of nothing but youth's appearance and youth's adventure"—thus Padraic Colum offers his collection of stories[2] from the Mabinogion, to the boys and girls of to-day. The sense of youth seen with youth's eyes, which is characteristic of these hero stories of Celtic Britain, is not achieved by clever analyses of the heroes' motives; it is not achieved by packing the narrative full of the author's opinions and devices; it is achieved rather by the narrator's utter absorption in making his audience see and feel the glorious hero or the treacherous villain in details that stir the imagination and please the fancy. The story-tellers were usually youths themselves, apprentice-bards, whose duty it was to relate the histories, stories, and poems that were the popular literature of the day. Hence the delicious glitter of a knight riding forth on a horse with bridle of "linked gold on its head, and on its back a saddle of gold." After giving this bit of magnificence to his audience, the young apprentice-bard lost himself in describing the knight's "four-cornered cloth of purple," his silver spears "of an edge to wound the wind," and his war-horn of ivory.

The countrymen and the nobles who sat listening to the young story-teller saw themselves in the hero, the one thinking that he, too, would achieve a similar magnificence, and the other satisfied that he was a worthy knight. And for such knights there are ladies radiantly lovely —"more yellow was her head than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountain." Such men and women were worthy to do and dare, and they went about their battling, their dragon slaying, and enchantments with a swing that is as alive to-day as when the apprentice-bard thrilled his audiences centuries ago. Two hundred years before Sir Thomas Malory collected the stories about King Arthur then current on the Continent the story-tellers of Wales were telling stories of King Arthur that have less of a pattern of feudal chivalry, but much more of the unmastered personality of men and women. Padraic Colum, delving deep into the history and mythology of the Cymry in Britain and the Gaels in Ireland, and being himself a story-teller of rare charm, has in "The Island of the Mighty" recreated the strength and thrill of that great story-book of the fourteenth century, the Mabinogion.

Charles J. Finger, in his wanderings in South America, must somewhere, somehow, have been touched by the same wand that made the young Mabinogs of Wales such superb story-tellers, for he too in his "Tales from Silver Lands"[3] records all the vital details of "youth's appearance and youth's adventure." But he found his details in South America, where "the trunks of the trees were so large that three men holding hands could not circle them, and where there were no trees there were vines and snakelike lianas and thorn bushes and flowers so great that a man could lie down to sleep in the shade of them;" and he heard his stories, not from passing bards, but from the South American Indians. Against a tropical background of great mystery and beauty, the Indians, who were "wise in all the arts, playing the flute, working in metals, painting, woodcraft, and other like activities," wove a legendary lore that is rich in heroes, enchanters, witches, and fairies. Rich, too, in a knowledge of animal life and the forces of nature, and rich in a philosophy that has all the truth and vigor of a primitive people. And all this is accomplished in stories that are entertaining, amusing, and interesting. One of them begins, "A cold-eyed witch lived in the Cordilleras, and when the first snow commenced to fall she was always full of glee, standing on a rock, screaming like a wind-gale and rubbing her hands," and another, "Singing and waving banners, the four hundred youths with the twin brothers at their head, all of them slim and well formed, brown of skin and straight of limb, marched forth to the land of the giants, their eyes bent on the far mountains all wrapped in a blue floating mist." The woodcuts by Paul Honoré are exceptionally good, and carry the atmosphere of the stories in a manner that shows an unusual sympathy and appreciation of the subject.

In "Hari, the Jungle Lad,"[4] "youth's adventure" is perhaps not of such signal importance, but it is none the less interesting and absorbing to the children who follow it. The author, Dhan Gopal Mukerji, is himself familiar with the jungles of India, and he pictures tiger hunting, elephant tracking, the rush of floods, the battle of man with beast, in a manner that is convincing and thrilling.

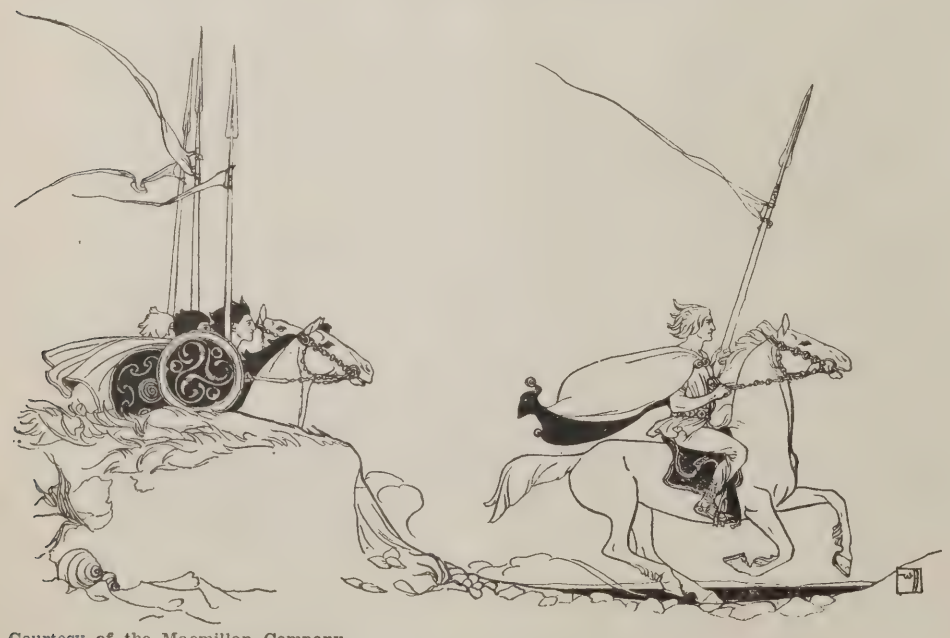
A good story for girls is here in the very real and fascinating adventures of

[1] This article is published in Children's Book Week, November 9–15.

[2] The Island of the Mighty. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Wilfred Jones. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

[3] Tales from Silver Lands. By Charles J. Finger. Woodcuts by Paul Honoré. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $3.50.

[4] Hari, the Jungle Lad. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Illustrated by Morgan Stinemetz. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.



Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

End Papers (by Wilfred Jones) for "The Island of the Mighty"



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LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY count it a privilege to introduce to you the following outstanding autumn books, selected from a fall list of publications of which we are rather proud. Complete detailed descriptions of all our new books will be found in our illustrated announcement entitled "New Books from Beacon Hill, Autumn, 1924." Free copies of this attractive booklet are now ready for distribution and we shall be glad to send you a copy on request.

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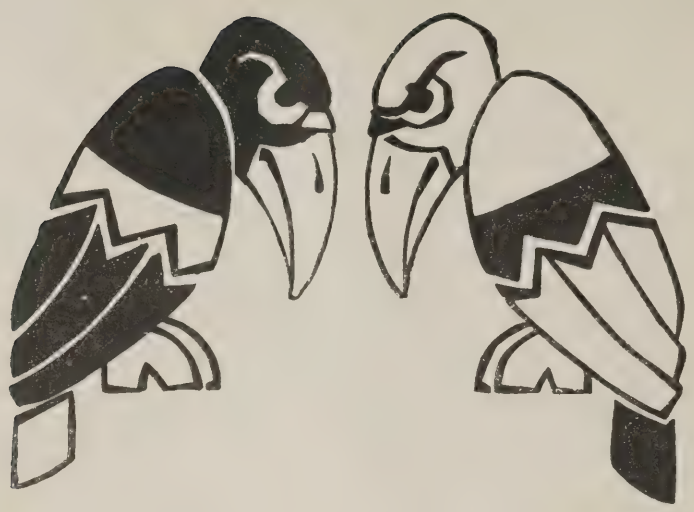
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Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

Illustration (by Boris Artzybasheff) from "Feats on the Fiord"

"Little Princess Nina."[5] The daughter of a Russian noble and a Mohammedan mother, Nina retains a vivid personality throughout a story that is varied in scene and intensely interesting. The childhood of Nina, spent in the home of her Mohammedan grandfather, with his fiery principles, his ceremony, and his poetic language, her visits to the stately home of her noble grandmother, the customs of the Grusians and the Tartars, and, finally, the boarding-school in Petrograd, open up a world of fascination to the girl who loves new places and amusing, entertaining people. These same girls, as well as their brothers, will find in "The New Moon"[6] a story that makes pioneering days in America the height of romance and courage. Well written and imaginative in its details of Indian life and the forests, this story shows how the young Irish boy, Dick Martin, makes his way in a new country. "If your heart turns over inside you when you see the Mississippi then you will know you are the man for the wilderness," is Dick's introduction to the unsettled shores of the great river. As in "Master Simon's Garden," Miss Meigs weaves a story into American history that is romantic as well as an accurate picture of the time.

An unusual book among the children's books of the year is "Nicholas: A Manhattan Christmas Story."[7] Unusual because it presents a city to children with all its traditions, its actualities, and withal it is a good story with interesting characters. Children living in the country sometimes dream of visiting "towered cities," and for them "Nicholas" will provide hours of delight. The traffic towers, the subways, the shops, the old historic places, all become real under the guidance of the jolly Nicholas, who finds New York a friendly city full of color and warmth for the stranger. The illustrations, including a pictorial map of New York, drawn by Jay Van Everen, carry out the spirit of the book.

The very interesting thing about "Number Two Joy Street"[8] is the people who contributed the stories, poems, and pictures. G. K. Chesterton plays hide and seek with a Dragon, A. A. Milne offers a merry solution to the difficulty of providing a successor to the royal throne in his story "Prince Rabbit," Hugh Walpole tells a story about a strange thing that happened to him when he was a boy, Hilaire Belloc contributes some amusing verses about Sarah Byng, who revels in illiteracy and quite openly "does not care a pinch of snuff for any literary stuff." The stories are uneven in merit, but the book has an individuality and character about it that is refreshing.

"Tony Sarg's Book for Children"[9] looks as though its author-artist had had an immensely good time doing it. From the miniature theater on the cover, which is worked by moving a series of cartoons on the inside, to the charming sketch at the end, in which the author takes leave of the children, the book has an air of fun that will capture every child who sees it. The book begins with the adventures of Mary and her dog Freckles in Nantucket. The quaint old houses, with their "Widow's Walks," the tall church steeple, the busy wharf, the cobbled streets, all are pictured delightfully. Mary and Freckles bring a great deal of life to the old town, and the pictures of their doings are most amusing. Nantucket, with its fine stretches of moors, is an ideal place for horseback riding, so the lively Mary takes to riding, and her horse, Black Beauty, gives the artist splendid opportunity to make some spirited pictures of what can happen to a horse, a dog, and a red-haired little girl. The second part of the book is "Little Anne Takes her Marionettes to Buckingham Palace." After the royal family are seated in the front row a scene of much merriment begins; crowns are scattered and royal dignities lost. It is all most entertaining. The latter half of the book is called "Little Moments in the Lives of Great Men," and consists of a series of comic sketches of Sir Walter Raleigh, Columbus, Napoleon, Demosthenes, and Sir Isaac Newton. The spirit of the book is gay and genial and the drawings are original and clever.

New editions of the tried and loved children's books of ten or more years ago, well printed, and in some cases beautifully illustrated, make a fine showing this year. The most distinguished of these is "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales"[10] illustrated by Kay Nielsen. This artist has lent his exquisite imagination and his genius for decoration to interpreting the art of the great Danish story-teller. In lovely delicate colors and in black and white the Princesses, the brave Tin Soldier, and the mysterious Snow Queen

[5] Little Princess Nina: The Story of a Russian Girl. By L. A. Charskaya. Translated by Hana Muskova. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

[6] The New Moon. By Cornelia Meigs. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

[7] Nicholas: A Manhattan Christmas Story. By Anne Carroll Moore. With drawings by Jay Van Everen. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

[8] Number Two Joy Street: A Medley of Prose and Verse. By G. K. Chesterton, Walter de la Mare, Hilaire Belloc, Hugh Walpole, Rose Fyleman, and Others. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

[9] Tony Sarg's Book for Children. Greenberg Inc., New York. $3.75.

[10] Fairy Tales: Hans Andersen. Illustrated by Kay Nielsen. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $6.



Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

Illustration (by Boris Artzybasheff) from "Feats on the Fiord"

will enchant the eye as well as the heart of all grown-ups and children who are fortunate enough to possess this beautiful book.

Another illustrator whose work has for the last two years added to the gayety of the Christmas books is Claud Lovat Fraser, whose "Nursery Rhymes" and "Pirates" charmed us when they appeared in 1922. This year Lovat Fraser is represented in Walter de la Mare's "Peacock Pie," [11] a book of verse, not old, but already dear to the children of many households. Mother Goose has captivated artists for years, and each year she comes out in a new gown. C. B. Falls has done Mother Goose [12] the honor this year in a fine edition with colored plates and many line drawings.

Frances Bedford contributes new illustrations for "At the Back of the North Wind," [13] a distinguished young Russian artist gives new life to "Feats on the Fiord," [14] and several of such fine stories for boys as "Martin Hyde," [15] "Jim Davis" [16] and Robert Southey's "Life of Nelson" [17] appear in illustrated editions. The girls will find "What Katy Did" [18] and "Nelly's Silver Mine" back again with new pictures. All these "old timers" will give fathers and mothers a chance for some enjoyable recollections of the books they read when they were children.

[11] Peacock Pie. By Walter de la Mare. With illustrations by Claud Lovat Fraser. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $5.
[12] Mother Goose. Pictures by C. B. Falls. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $4.
[13] At the Back of the North Wind. By George MacDonald. Illustrated by Francis Bedford. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.
[14] Feats on the Fiord. By Harriet Martineau. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.
[15] Martin Hyde, The Duke's Messenger. By John Masefield. With Illustrations by T. C. Dugdale. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.00.
[16] Jim Davis. By John Masefield. Illustrated in Color by Stephen Reid. David McKay, Philadelphia. $1.50.
[17] The Life of Nelson. By Robert Southey. With Illustrations by A. D. McCormick. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.
[18] What Katy Did. By Susan Coolidge. With Illustrations in Color by Ralph Fallen Coleman. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

Other Children's Books Recommended

(Including new editions of old favorites)

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUDO, THE LITTLE GREEN DUCK. By Jack Roberts. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

JACKO AND THE DINGO BOY. By Howard R. Driggs. The University Publishing Company, New York. $1.25.

THE POPPY SEED CAKES. By Margery Clark. Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

THE PEEP-SHOW MAN. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Lois Lenski. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

THE VANISHING COMRADE. By Ethel Cook Eliot. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.75.

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY? By Edna Geister. Decorated by E. McKinstry. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

(Continued on page 414)

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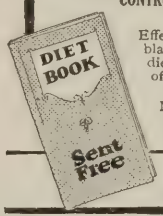
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THE SPRITE: THE STORY OF A RED FOX. By Ernest Harold Baynes. With many Illustrations from Photographs. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

THE SILVER TARN. By Katherine Adams. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

THE BOY WHALEMAN. By George F. Tucker. With Illustrations in Color by George Avison. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

UNDER SAIL. By Felix Riesenberg. Introduction by Captain David W. Bone. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF THE EARTH. By Sidney Aylmer Small. Profusely Illustrated by the Author and Charles E. Cartwright. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD. By V. M. Hillyer. With Many Illustrations by Carle Michel Boog and M. S. Wright. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

AMERICA: THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By George Philips Krapp. With Illustrations by Philips Von Saltza. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

YOUTH POINTS THE WAY. By Douglas Fairbanks. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.

PERRAULT'S TALES OF PASSED TIMES. Newly Decorated by John Austin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

RUMPTY-DUDGET'S TOWER. By Julian Hawthorne. With Illustrations by George W. Hood. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.

DAVID BALFOUR. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

OMOO. By Herman Melville. Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

THE PETERKIN PAPERS. By Lucretia P. Hale. With Illustrations in Color by Harold Brett. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

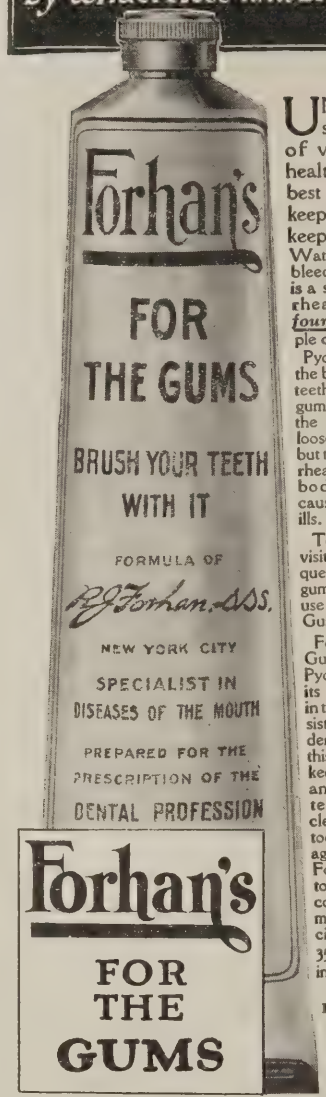
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PROFESSOR! HOW COULD YOU? By Harry Leon Wilson. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. $2.

The author of "Merton of the Movies" and "Ma Pettengill" has hardly a rival in the field of hilarious humor. He is a past-master also in the use and abuse of slang and colloquial persiflage. The fun in his new book revolves about a precise and innocent college professor who revolts from domestic restraint when his spouse becomes Mayor, and from legal pursuit when he casually sets fire to his neighbor's house. Quite innocently he becomes a bootlegger and fights "highjackers," an Injun chief in a medicine show, and a "wild man" in a circus, and has other wild experiences. His conscientious and highly esteemed efforts to ballyhoo in Greek and Sanskrit and his earnest attempts to assimilate the language of his new world in time make him a "snappy bimbo," and when he returns to his scholastic career he is hailed by his students as the world's wonder. All this is funny enough, but it would be too

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continuously comic if there were not present a vein of kindliness both in the eccentric professor and his queer playmates.

RUGGED WATER. By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

"All the Lincoln novels are about Cape Codders, and they are all alike," so this writer heard the other day. The first statement is true, the second not. They are alike, however, in some particulars; one is that they are all immensely popular; another is that they are all wholesome and humorous and smack of the sea breeze. This one is a fair, average "Joe Lincoln;" not as good as "Cap'n Eri" or "The Portygee," but fine in its pictures of life-savers and their rescues, rollicking in its rendering of odd characters and racy talk, less satisfactory and less pleasant in its women—a shrew, a vulgar husband-hunter, and a nice girl who hasn't much to distinguish her from nice girls generally.

SUDDEN WEALTH. By Henry James Forman. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

A fine subject is here in the sudden enrichment of a poor couple, the man a convinced Socialist, his wife a discouraged commonplace woman. What will they do? Their reversion to greed and luxury is too sudden to be convincing or agreeable. The story has interesting characters, but it is not well put together.

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Salvage from Mr. Morley's newspaper column. Here are three stanzas by Miss Edna Millay; she has humor, but some of her more ecstatic admirers are in need of it.

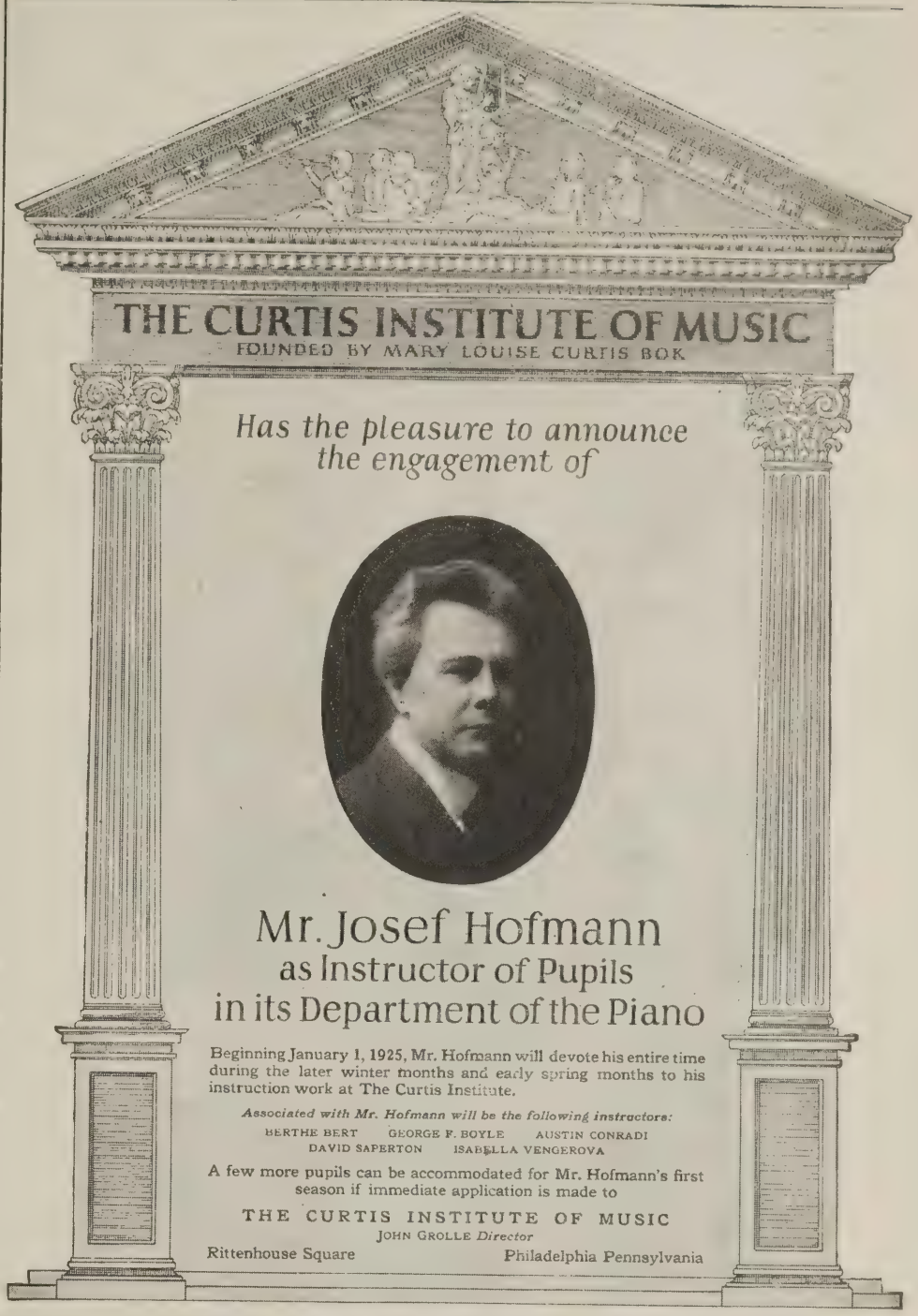
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Or throw myself from off a bridge,
Except such things must be
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Investment Trusts

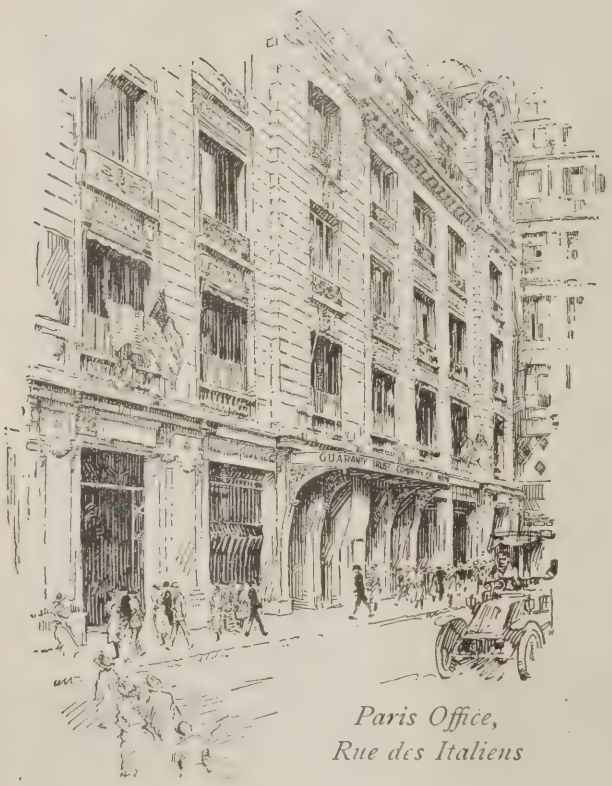
By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

THE latest important development in the investment field in this country is the investment trust. Though not always called by this name, the characteristics of all enterprises of this variety are strikingly alike, and, greatly as they may differ from each other in detail and in the security afforded to their stockholders and the owners of their bonds, there is a fundamental similarity which it is well to understand.

An investment trust is a business whose capital is invested in a wide variety of securities. Its income is derived chiefly from the earnings of its invested capital, and the amount available for distribution to shareholders or bondholders is the difference between the "cost" of its capital and the gross earnings on investments, less, of course, expenses of administration.

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investment trusts have had an important part in building up the railroads and industries of this country. For over half a century in Great Britain the investment trust has been utilized as a market for foreign (*i. e.*, foreign to Great Britain) and colonial stocks and bonds; millions of dollars' worth of American securities have thus been purchased abroad at times when there was pressing need for outside capital.

The investment trust, according to a study made by the Federal Department of Commerce, is an excellent illustration of the saying that in union there is strength. "They have enabled the moderately circumstanced investor," says this bulletin, "to combine his savings with others so situated. These accumulated funds may be invested to advantage in securities too costly for the individual either because they are of high value or must be purchased in large lots. As enterprises in less-developed communities have generally offered a better return than domestic issues, and the same has been true of foreign public and private bonds, the shareholder has reaped advantages to which his small savings would not otherwise entitle him. While preference shares are generally non-participating, they have ordinarily offered favorable rates and have enabled savers of even greater caution to invest safely and profitably. . . . Furthermore, the limited savings of these three main types of investors are judicially distributed among many securities. The law of average keeps fairly steady the capital account of any well-managed trust. Thus an uninitiated investor in foreign industrials and governments is able to put his eggs in more than one basket, even though, strictly speaking, he has only one egg!"

As an indication of the growth of this type of business in the United States and of the attendant dangers involved, the Governing Committee of the New York Stock Exchange a short time ago voted: "That participation by members of the Exchange or stock exchange firms in formation or management of investment trust corporations or similar organizations which, in the opinion of the Governing Committee, involve features which do not properly protect the interest of investors therein, may be held to be an act detrimental to the interests of the Exchange."

There is nothing sounder than the soundly conceived and managed investment trust. Yet it is perfectly possible for an investment trust, like any other type of enterprise, to be unsoundly if not dishonestly managed. The warning of the managers of the Stock Exchange is timely. Yet the protection that it gives is not complete and there will therefore sooner or later arise investment trusts or schemes masquerading under this name, which will be but another device to ensnare the unsuspecting investor. It behooves us, then, to examine a little more closely into this matter.

A recent advertisement in the financial columns of a newspaper gives us an illustration of the new American type of investment trust. It is organized under the laws of Massachusetts as a "voluntary association" and is created by an agreement and declaration of trust filed with a well-known and conservative trust company. It offers for sale to the public one class of stock, par value $50, secured by stocks deposited with the trust company as custodian. The advertisement reads:

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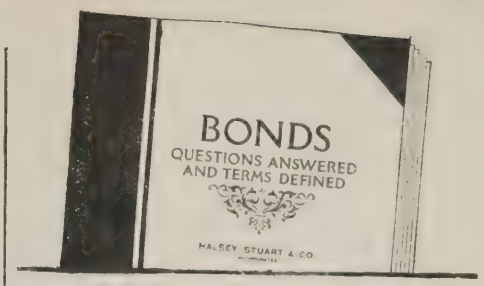
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There follows a list of the approved companies, which, on the whole, are excellent. The three trustees put their names to the advertisement; each is a name to command respect.

I give this résumé of a published announcement as probably typical of the American investment trust. Capital may be raised by the sale of stock, or bonds, or both. The capital so raised is invested in securities, selected for their soundness, chance of appreciation, and diversification. As a rule a bank or trust company is employed as depositary or trustee under a trust deed or agreement designed to safeguard the integrity of the underlying securities. To the managers of the trust fund, to their skill as investors, to their judgment and clear-sightedness, the investor must look for a high earning rate.

No careful investor will purchase shares in an investment trust till he has satisfied himself that the terms of the deposit of the underlying securities in every particular, and especially in relation to the shifting of securities by sale and purchase of substituted securities, are safe and legally binding. It is possible for an investment trust to begin with excellent management and then fall by the wayside because the management has too much leeway. It is better for the management, even the best, to be restricted by a carefully drawn set of instructions—instructions, moreover, which cannot be too lightly amended.

Another American investment trust

which is still in its early career is worth examining briefly. Its capital comes from bonds, which are a lien on the securities held by the trust, and preferred and common stock. Under the terms of the declaration of trust, the trustees may not invest more than 3½ per cent of the bond and share capital of the trust in a single issue of bonds or stock. This means compulsory diversification of investment. Again, at all times the market value of the collateral securing the bonds must be 115 per cent of the amount of bonds outstanding. Before any new bonds can be issued the total assets of the trust, taken at net cost price, must be equal to 180 per cent of the outstanding bonds and the bonds about to be issued. In this particular trust one of the largest trust companies in New York City is trustee under a deed of trust, holds the collateral, and enforces the provisions of the deed. It is difficult to see any intrinsic weakness in this plan.

While national differences will always, no doubt, result in a different type of investment trust in America from that prevalent in Great Britain, any investor who has been attracted by the investment trust will do well to study British experience. Fortunately, this is now at our disposal in a convenient and succinct bulletin of the United States Department of Commerce—"Trade Information Bulletin No. 88," on "British Investment Trusts," by Leland Rex Robinson. One sharp contrast to the American type should be noted at once, namely, that the English investment trust participates in the underwriting of new securities. Although this has been done in this country, and doubtless will be done in the future, the tendency will unquestionably be to purchase only "seasoned" shares and bonds.

What returns can be expected from investment trusts can, perhaps, best be suggested by quoting from this bulletin:

> Let us assume that in the eighties or nineties the total capital of a typical trust is divided in the proportion of one-third ordinary, one-third preferred, and one-third debenture. This ratio was not uncommon, it being the practice to issue debentures to at least one-half of the share capital and preferred from 50 to 60 per cent. The debentures could be sold on a 4 per cent yield basis and would carry a long maturity. The preferred must command a slightly higher rate—let us say 4½ to 5 per cent. The total capital, inclusive of that raised by the sale of common stock, could be invested conservatively to yield 5½ to 6 per cent. On two-thirds of its investments, therefore, the trust had for nothing more than a small administrative cost a return of at least 5½ per cent for an outlay of 4½. This represented a net

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interest of 2 per cent on the equivalent of the common stock. In the meantime the securities representing common stock investment were also drawing the same rate. About 8 per cent was therefore available for common stock at a time when half that was considered a fair return for senior securities. This dividend was obtained with no more effort than a careful examination of purchased securities and with no more risk than is entailed in buying any high-grade foreign issue.

Some of the features of investment trusts must be left for future discussion in this department. Without doubt the investment trust has invaded American markets and will prosper, and where it is wisely run will bring prosperity to its owners. The very simplicity of the idea will attract many. Fine promises will attract some. The shrewd purchaser of shares, however, will demand to be shown—and will make this demand doubly insistent because of the relative inexperience of Americans in this type of enterprise.

From Inquiring Readers

AT times it is very difficult to satisfy some of our inquirers without invading the realm of prophecy. For example, a reader in Buffalo asked us about —— & —— a manufacturing concern in —— —— Massachusetts. She purchased some of their preferred stock about four years ago, being persuaded by a brokerage house. "I have received one dividend," she writes. "My lawyer has written and has received no answer. What are they up to?"

The story, so far as we have been able

to secure details, is typical of many a promising industrial enterprise which started to expand in 1920 or thereabouts. This concern was formerly a department of another factory, making electric automobiles. It was capitalized at a considerable figure—$5,000,000 preferred stock, and 100,000 shares of common, in two classes. The present status may be gathered from the fact that the financial statement for 1923 showed a deficit of about $10,000, deferred charges of over $400,000, accounts and notes payable of about $329,000, and accrued taxes of about $17,000. Newspapers recently announced attachments on the property of the concern filed to the amount of $187,000, brought, apparently, by firms and individuals who had sold materials.

Holders of stock will evidently have to wait quite a while for dividends. There is an excellent chance that the company will be absorbed by somebody else or reorganized. This is only a guess, on the basis of the information reported above.

The moral of this, if there is any moral, is that one should be very slow about putting money into relatively untested enterprises. Of course some one must invest in new enterprises, but it need not be you. And if it is you, first satisfy yourself that the record of the men in the management, the market for the product, the plans for selling the product, and general business conditions are favorable. Also ask your broker to give you the names of local bankers who know about the enterprise. And when you get all the information you can, decide for yourself and stand on your own decision.

Don't be one of those who say, "I relied on his advice." It is much better to rely on alleged facts and find that they were lies than it is to rely on some one else's advice—unless you know that some one else thoroughly and are aware that he is experienced in the financial field.

An ingenious story appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post" a year or so ago about a man who had found the golden road to wealth. He had really found it. It was an absolutely sure and certain road. Its name is Compound Interest.

"The Way to Wealth" is the name of a pamphlet issued by William R. Compton Company which expresses this same idea. The pamphlet is an advertisement both of this concern and of Compound Interest. Irrespective of whom it "boosts," we recommend it for its advocacy and its clear exposition of compound interest.

Hundreds of Investors Have Adopted This Plan To Accumulate $22,000

FROM $4,800 actually invested, in easy monthly payments over a period of years, you can acquire a $22,000 fortune that will pay you an independent income of $1,500 a year.

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Acres on acres of tropical gardens, where color runs unending riot, and where sun or moon seem to be ever shining.

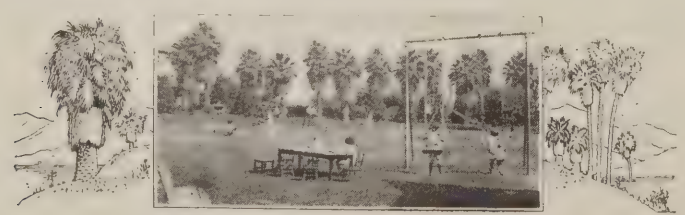
To say nothing of the Hotel and Bungalows. Here are luxurious comfort, and means of *real living,* in a degree that almost beggars description.

A line to the below address will bring you the rest of the story, together with rates, and so forth.

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Beverly Hills, California



Contributors' Gallery



WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY began writing in 1906 as Arizona correspondent for Pacific and Eastern papers. He worked as reporter in Houston, New Orleans, St. Louis, New York, and Philadelphia, and finally settled in Washington, organizing the Du Puy Syndicate, which supplied features on National affairs to newspapers. Mr. Du Puy has written numerous books and articles for magazines on the work of the Government.

A. RUSTEM BEY, whose extraordinarily interesting view of affairs in Islam and of British Imperialism appears in this issue, is a former Turkish Ambassador to the United States.

P. W. WILSON, for twelve years in close touch with the British Parliament, is an able interpreter of British political events.

LEONORE ST. JOHN POWER is in charge of the Central Children's Room of the New York Public Library. She is a frequent contributor to magazines, writing upon the subject of children's books. Her article in the Book Table appears in connection with the observance of Children's Book Week.

DAVID MORTON, the author of "Ships in Harbour" and "Harvest," and one of the best of our modern writers of sonnets, is now established in Amherst, Massachusetts, as instructor of English at Amherst College.

HERMANN HAGEDORN contributes another of his charming "American Vistas."

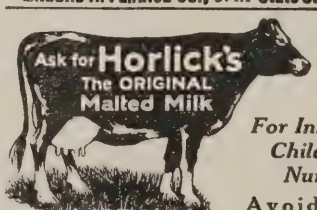
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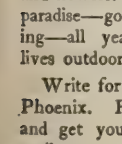
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Earn a three-months trip to Europe by organizing your own party. *Write for details.*
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Sanford Hall, est. 1841
Private Hospital
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Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*

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Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment. Booklet.

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Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

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Wayside Inn NEW MILFORD, Litchfield Co., Conn.
The foothills of the Berkshires. A restful place for tired people. Good food and a comfortable home. 2 hours from New York. Booklet A.
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Four 18-hole Golf Courses.
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Address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

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HOLLENDEN *Hotel*
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Highest Class Service
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SAN YSIDRO RANCH

Furnished bungalows of various sizes situated on the foothills among the orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Good tennis court. 6 miles from Santa Barbara, 2 miles from ocean. Booklet. Address MANAGER, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara, Cal.

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A Mart of the Unusual

Old Time Virginia Apple Butter
Made in our orchard from crisp, finely flavored apples with clear, sparkling cider. Send dollar for two quart crocks, charges collect. RIDGEWOOD FRUIT GROWERS, Winchester, Va.

Personal Stationery 100 four-page sheets and 100 social size envelopes, both heavy linen paper, printed with your name and address on both in rich blue, postpaid $1. Sample if desired. E. C. Harmon & Co., Brocton, N. Y.

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UNIQUE ten cent Christmas cards. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

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PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, printed in dark blue on good bond paper, $1. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

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TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

LADY, traveled, experienced tutor, hospital training, receives children in mid-Southern home. Includes instruction grade subjects, French, music, outdoor games. Competent, tactful assistants. Write 5,546, Outlook.

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New York

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"THE KNOLL"

the home of the late
Dr. Lyman Abbott at

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

The house contains twelve rooms, three baths, lavatory, electric lights, and steam heat. There are on the property also a cottage, with bath and electricity, and a garage and cow barn. About two and a half acres of land afford ample room for garden. Many shade and fruit trees. Views of mountains and river. Address

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For Sale, 190-acre farm, fruit trees, tenant house, barns, sheds, farming machinery. Immediate possession. For particulars address SAMUEL HOTALING, Mgr., Mellenville, N. Y.

Apartments

New York Suburb Furnished 3-room apartment. Private house. Protestant. Refined community. Full particulars. References. 2,811, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SCHOOL FOR SALE OR RENT. Long established school for boys within sixty miles New York City. Further particulars given only to applicants whose experience to continue work and references satisfy proprietor's requirements. State experience, age, and where now teaching. Correspondence confidential. 5,565, Outlook.

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PLAYS, musical comedies and reviews, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. 74, Chicago.

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HELP WANTED

COLLEGE graduate or person with equivalent training and good appearance to assist official of a $3,000,000 private school. Good pay. Work will be at your home. Give all details regarding training and experience in first letter. Address W. A. Johns, Hudson, Ohio.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite B 5842, Washington, D. C.

REFINED nursery governess or mother's helper to assist in physical care of boy 11 and girl 7½ and do sewing and mending. Capable of long walks and outdoor games. References required. 5,560, Outlook.

WANTED—Reliable person willing to do housework. Two ladies, New Jersey. Good home. Moderate salary. References. Replying give some particulars. 5,574, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

ASSISTANT matron, practical nurse, institutional position, hostess. 5,576, Outlook.

CAPABLE woman wishes position as manager and caterer. Fifteen years' experience in hotel and school. Best references. 5,524, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COMPETENT and experienced nurse wishes position to travel with invalid or elderly person. Best of references. 5,578, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman who is alone as companion, preferably with a lady who is alone. WILL travel. REFERENCES exchanged. 5,533, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED trained nurse, capable of managing home, refined, desires position with semi-invalid or elderly person going South or West for winter. EXCELLENT references. 5,566, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, position as companion to patient going to California for the winter, or would consider a permanent, chronic, or invalid case. 5,507, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse would like the complete care of a child. References given to interested parties. 5,506, Outlook.

NURSE, experienced, refined, traveled, wishes position with invalid going South. Highest physicians' reference. Understands manicuring, face and scalp treatments. Nurse, 1216 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

NURSE (graduate) desires position as companion or managing housekeeper. Thoroughly trained in the treatment of diabetes. Pleasing personality. Best of references. 5,580, Outlook.

POSITION as traveling companion by refined woman. In Florida last winter. E. H. B., Box 188, Falmouth, Mass.

REFINED English woman with fourteen years' reference as companion, managing housekeeper, would like similar position. 5,573, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion and assistant to elderly woman. 5,582, Outlook.

WANTED — Position as working housekeeper for people who go to business. 5,577, Outlook.

YOUNG French lady, college graduate, wishes for Xmas vacation engagement as tutor, companion, chaperon. Address 5,581, Outlook.

Where Shall We Go?

Winter holidays are great—when we know where we want to go. Shall we motor to California or Florida or go to Lake Placid for the winter sports? Then there's always the seashore and beyond, the Riviera, Egypt, St. Moritz.

The world is full of wonderful places to go if we know about them, and The Outlook does. You'll find many suggestions of out-of-the-way delights tucked away in the Travel and Resort Section—look in the Classified Advertising columns for a place to go and let The Outlook's Hotel and Travel Bureau plan the details of your trip for you.

Hotel and Travel Bureau
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

By the Way

THAT was an original bit of humor on the part of a comedian who was introduced to President Coolidge recently at a reception given at the White House to a group of prominent actors and actresses. When the actor in question was presented to the President, he leaned forward and said, inquiringly, "I didn't quite get the name?"

Illustrating the importance of will-power in getting well, "Climbing Manward," a new book, tells this story: It was in one of those crowded makeshift hospitals just back of the front. The surgeon shook his head hopelessly, saying to the chaplain, "He's done for." The chaplain leaned over the young soldier and whispered, "My lad, you are in desperate shape, and if you have any word to send to the family, better tell me now." "My inside coat pocket," whispered the soldier. The chaplain pulled out a pocketbook in which was one lone ten-dollar bill. In doubt as to the soldier's wish, he held up the bill. The boy smiled. "What shall I do with it?" asked the chaplain. The soldier whispered, "Bet you that ten I don't die." And he didn't.

From "Judge:"

"Can you support my daughter in the style to which she is accustomed?"

"No, but I can accustom her to the style in which I can support her."

A phenomenon of rare occurrence is reported from Queensland, Australia, by the "Fishing Gazette" (London): "In the midst of a storm there was a downpour of small fish. Every hollow and rivulet was filled with thousands and thousands of small fish, ranging from an inch to four inches in length. They were of a kind quite unknown in the district. The nearest point at which they are found is five hundred miles away. Their journey must have been swift, since they survived it." Whirlwinds are supposed to be responsible for such phenomena; showers of frogs and worms are also recorded.

Headline in the "Journal" of the American Medical Association:

THE PHENOLTETRACHLORPHTHALEIN TEST FOR HEPATIC FUNCTION

Shadow-box windows for the display of dry goods, dresses, etc., giving the effect of an open window, are being introduced into some department stores, according to "Women's Wear" (New

York). A parapet of dark marble is built in front of these windows about two feet from the convex glass of which they are composed. "The passer-by gets the impression that were it not for this parapet he might reach into the window and help himself. Should he attempt this feat, he will find there is a good strong glass between him and the temptations within the window."

From "Punch:"

Vicar (to tiresome individual at parish meeting)—"Really, Mr. Dash, are you the Vicar, or am I?"

Mr. Dash—"Oh, no, sir, I'm not the Vicar."

Vicar—"Very well, then don't talk like an idiot."

Bouillabaisse, that dish beloved of Thackeray and celebrated by him in a famous ballad, is said still to be found in perfection along the Riviera. It is made in Cannes, according to a recent book called "Cannes and the Hills," "by a stout smiling dame whose husband is a fisherman-sailor. They own a rather grubby little café on the old Port, mainly frequented by sailors or by the chosen few who know what to eat and don't mind where it is found. *La mère* Margot must be warned some hours ahead, for lobster is not always procurable, and bouillabaisse without lobster is not possible, though quite superior restaurants fancy otherwise."

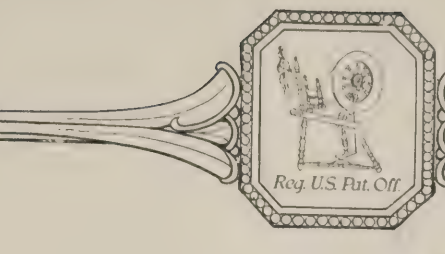
A perennial question is asked by a subscriber who wants the boys and girls to "take notice" of the American flag. The question, or questions, might stump many an older reader:

Before you glance at the American flag flying across the street, can you tell—

How many stripes?
What color is the top stripe?
What color is the bottom stripe?
How many red stripes?
How many white stripes?
How many stars?
How are the stars arranged? In how many rows?
How many short stripes? What colors?
How many long stripes?

Here is an easy charade revived by a subscriber who accompanies it with the sentiment that "the old ones are the best:"

My first, beloved by many an ancient dame,
Within my last from Orient countries came.
O wondrous whole! of which each forms a part,
Thou art not science, but thou teachest art.





New Linens *for* Winter Entertaining

For months we have been gathering beautiful Linens to grace your home this Winter. Ship after ship has added its quota to the treasury of Fine Linens already here. Yet still they come.

DAMASK LINENS

The discriminating hostess as usual, will select her Table Damasks at The Linen Store, with confidence in their quality as well as pleasure in their beauty.

DECORATIVE LINENS

Fine needlework decorates many a luncheon set. Other sets depend upon fineness of weave for their beauty. Then, there are sets with woven borders of gay colors to lend a festive note to informal affairs.

BED LINENS *and* TOWELS

Every woman glories in a Linen Closet that reveals pile upon pile of Sheets, Pillow Cases and Towels. And when these household necessities come from McCutcheon's they amply justify her pride!

Orders by mail receive prompt attention.

James McCutcheon & Co.

Department No. 35

Fifth Avenue, 34th and 33d Streets, New York

PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN

Bon Ami

for cleaning smooth-surfaced floor-coverings



"My, how Bon Ami brightens up my floor!"

And it's so easy to use. Just sprinkle some of the soft, white powder on your linoleum or Congoleum and go over it with a damp mop. Then rinse out the mop in clean water —a few swishes and the colors are again bright and spotless.

No matter what you clean, you never have to scrub and scour with Bon Ami. It simply blots up the dust and the spots—leaves never the tiniest scratch.

There are scores of things around the house you can clean and polish with Bon Ami (see the list of uses). Then, too, housekeepers like it because it never makes their hands red or rough.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Principal uses of Bon Ami—
for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs	Windows
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Mirrors
Glass Baking Dishes	Tiling
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Aluminum Ware	The Hands
Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware	Linoleum and Congoleum

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"



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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

NOVEMBER 19, 1924

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The Outlook

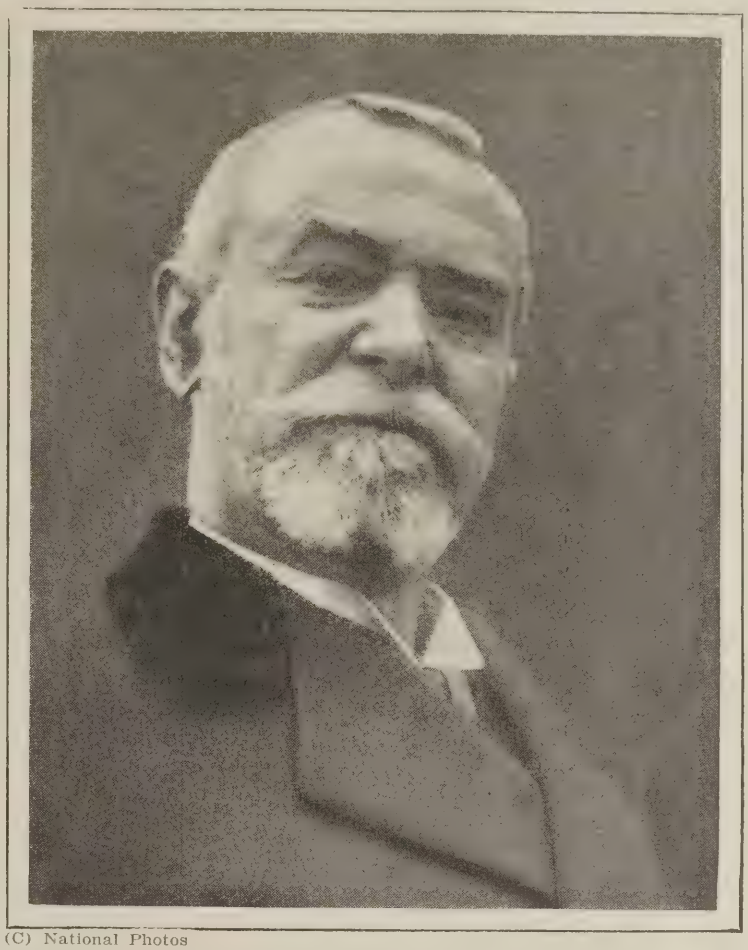
Volume 138 November 19, 1924 Number 12

Jusserand, Friend of America

UNHAPPILY, we have verified the report that Ambassador Jusserand of France, the dean of the Diplomatic Corps in Washington, is about to retire. So far no date appears to have been fixed for this great French patriot and diplomat to return to his beloved France; but, whatever the date, possibly about the first of the year, it will come too soon. All Americans who know him or know of him and who realize what his understanding friendship has meant to this country regret that it is to come at all.

It is not the business of citizens of this country to counsel the French Government as to its duty in providing for diplomatic representation anywhere. Even if it were seemly on other ground, it would be most unseemly for Americans above any other people to protest against the recall of ambassadors. America's record in this respect is not such as to warrant any advice to a country that has kept a great Ambassador here for twenty-two years.

During that time Jules Jusserand has had many a difficult task. In every case he has had to be the spokesman of a people who in history, temperament, standards of life, and ways of thinking are about as far removed from the American people as any liberty-loving, highly civilized, and democratic people can be. One of the very strongest attachments of France to Americans is the contrast of that land to their own country. If Americans understand France better now than they once did, it is largely due to the presence of this great and engaging son of France for these many years among us. In all this time he has never become expatriated; he is the better friend of America because of his devotion to his own country and his own people. He understands America as few foreigners have ever understood her, and better than many Americans do. He could be a close friend of President Roosevelt's without ceasing to be for an instant intensely French. He could be President of the American Historical Association, as he was in 1921, without allowing any one to forget that he was a citizen of France. He has been the diplomat while he has been the historian, the scholar, and the stylist.



(C) National Photos

Ambassador Jusserand, who is soon to retire from his post after twenty-two years' service

We hope that he will continue to come to America as America's friend. We hope that he will continue to help his countrymen to understand us as he has enabled us to understand them. And, above all, we hope that his release from official duties will free his delightful pen to run its course.

American Architects and the League of Nations

THE report from Brussels to the effect that at a private meeting of the League Council it was decided to bar American architects from participation in the competition for the new home of the League Assembly at Geneva is, of course, not quite a fair way of stating the case. There has been no discrimination by the Council against American architects as such, but against architects of all countries not members of the League. By this ruling Russians, Germans, and Americans, together with nationals of a few other lesser countries, are equally barred.

By far the most interesting aspect of the statement is the revelation it makes of the fact that the Council has finally decided to throw open the designing of the new building to international competition. This has been done only after very careful debate. Those who were in Geneva this fall will remember how eagerly the question was discussed and how divided were the views on the matter. On the one side were those who desired an international competition; on the other, those who felt that, no matter how such a competition resulted, it could not fail to engender heart-burnings and unhappy rivalries. These latter insisted that the difficulty could be surmounted,

and even turned to excellent account, by inviting Switzerland to provide the architect. It would, they maintained, be a graceful act, would obviate the risks of an international competition, and would insure a building, if not strikingly original, at any rate efficient and in keeping with its surroundings.

On the whole, there is a great deal to be said for this view of the matter. The Swiss have done pretty well in Geneva, even in their modern buildings, and when it comes to a question of pure utility they are past-masters. Anyway, it is a cause of great satisfaction that the work is to be proceeded with. The present Salle de la Réformation, where the League Assembly has held its meetings for the last five years, can surely find no one to say a good word for it. In spite of all that the Geneva authorities can do with it, it still remains one of the most unsuitable places for such a gathering. Not a board in its floors but creaks and groans at the slightest movement, not a rafter that does not echo and re-echo with the utmost contrariness. No speech in the Assembly, just passed, was more vigorously applauded than that of the Swiss delegate, M. Gustave Ador, in which he expressed the hope that when they met next year it would be in a new hall of their own.

Japan's Foreign Policy

Premier Kato's recent declaration of foreign policy, made to his supporters at a rally of the Kensaikai, signifies a healthy tone in Japanese public opinion and is reassuring to all Japan's friends.

Japan to-day is a nation hard hit. Although more than a year has passed since the great disaster which wrecked so many hopes overnight, comparatively little has been done in the way of restoration. The blow was so swift and so heavy and the damage so severe and widespread that no one seems to have had the courage to envisage the result. At first, the great effort of the Government was to prevent the extent of the disaster being known, and in any and every way to keep up the spirits of the people. Japan, it was said, would recover quickly and amaze the world by her resource; business would not only be carried on as usual, but more prosperously than ever. The result of all this was that no one sat down to count the cost and to build again on a firm foundation. A reckless spirit of gambling spread through the country and every one sought to retrieve his fortunes, not by hard work, but by some lucky throw.

All that is best in Japan to-day is beginning to see the suicidal nature of such a policy and the necessity of bringing the nation's concept of itself more into accord with reality.

So Premier Kato announces a complete neutrality, as far as China is concerned. There is to be no dictation, and there are to be no adventures. In spite of the fact that Manchuria and Mongolia are still held to be "essential to Japan's existence," Japan is evidently determined to be patient, and to take no action that would not meet with the approval of the other Powers.

Similarly in the case of Russia Japan has done with aggression. In spite of the fact that she has large credits in Russia, and that the Nikolaievsk affair involving the murder of many of her nationals has never been settled, Japan will make no attempt to secure her rights by force. At the same time, she will not recognize the Soviet Government. "It has been clearly proved," declared the Premier to his followers, "that Communism, Anarchism, and extreme radicalism are incompetent to make good their promises. Only a steady national policy can lead to world safety and peace." If Viscount Kato can inspire confidence in such views throughout the country, a foundation for a real national upbuilding will have been laid.

The Election in Cuba

Cuba has its Presidential election in the same month and the same year and almost on the same date with the Presidential election in the United States. Perhaps less attention is paid to it here for that reason than would otherwise be the case.

The newly elected President of Cuba, General Gerardo Macado, the candidate of the Liberal and Popular Parties, is described by an American sympathizer with his views, Mr. V. M. Llorens, in a letter to the New York "World," as "a great friend of the American people, a great Cuban, a man of very high character, patriotic, very ambitious to do what is right, and a good, trusty friend." His opponent, ex-President Menocal, has long stood for the conservative interests, and, despite the mutual incrimination of parties and candidates so common in Cuba, has a high personal record.

It would be so phenomenal as almost to be miraculous if an election in Cuba, whichever way it might result, were not disputed on the ground of frauds and fraudulent corruption. After the election of November 1 Cuban despatches to the American press stated that General Menocal intended to dispute the election of General Macado on such grounds, and would bring charges before the court. Later despatches, however, it is gratifying to know, state that General Menocal has taken the part of a good sportsman and a good loser and has conceded the election of General Macado.

This year the Popular Party has thrown its lot with the Liberal Party although four years ago it was in favor of Zayas and opposed to Gomez, the Liberal leader, who was making trouble and threatening revolution. Because of the dispute General Crowder went down to Cuba under implied threats of intervention by this country under the Platt Amendment, if the disturbance became too great. Zayas became President, and it was expected that he would be the opponent of Menocal in the recent election; but he withdrew in favor of Macado.

Chamberlain and Churchill

Two names distinguished in recent British history reappear in the new Government of Great Britain. The sons of Lord Randolph Churchill and the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain will be Chancellor of the Exchequer and Foreign Minister, respectively.

Perhaps Americans may be pardoned for welcoming the news that some one else than Lord Curzon is to direct Britain's foreign affairs. What the London "Times" once called "the pompous and pretentious manner" of Lord Curzon did not promote good understanding. The place which he had in the last Conservative Government is to be taken in the next one by Austen Chamberlain.

When Winston Churchill was elected to Parliament by a Conservative constituency, the question as to what should be done with him was one of the great problems of the moment in British politics. Mr. Baldwin answered the question by appointing him Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had been recently numbered among the Liberals, and the Conservatives could hardly be blamed for looking at him askance. He deserted them once. He has scourged them in season and out of season over many long years. Yet Winston Churchill has qualities which can make him a tremendous

Some . . . are mad if they behold a cat

(Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Scene 1)

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News



The end of Britain's Labor Government

From Albert W. Woods, Fort Worth, Texas

Dorman H. Smith in the Franklin (Ind.) Republican



An ordinary feline has only nine lives

From Mrs. Arch Byers, Franklin, Indiana

Darling in the Buffalo Evening News



Well, anyway, they still have the wagon

From Mrs. F. A. Goldthwaite, Buffalo, N. Y.

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune



Reg. U. S. Patent Office Copyright, 1924, by the Chicago Tribune

"Now let's see you come back!"

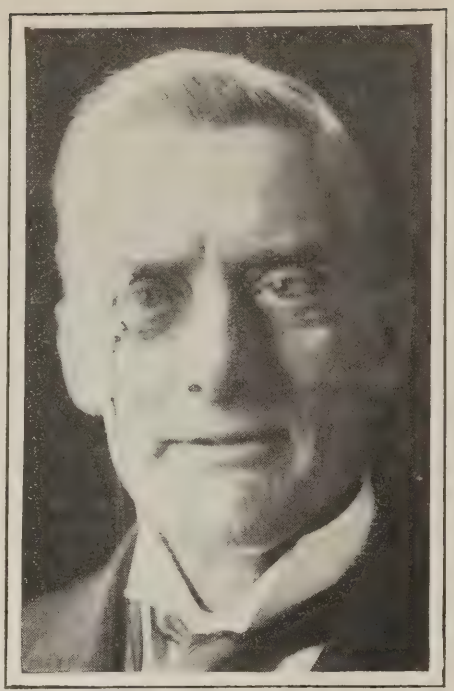
From John A. Boudousquie, Linton, Indiana

asset to any government, and especially to a Conservative government.

He has imagination and he has courage. The story is told of him that in his school days, when he was one of the firebrands of Harrow, some one asked him the inevitable question, what profession he thought of taking up. "The army, of course," he rapped out, "so long as there is any fighting to be had. When that's over, I shall have a shot at politics." He has carried out his programme faithfully enough. A. G. Gardiner could write of him more than a dozen years ago: "He has served in two regiments of the line, fought with the Spaniards in Cuba, and held a commission in the South African Light Horse. He knows life in four continents, and has smelt powder in three. He has seen more wars than any man of his years; written more books than any soldier living. He has been a war correspondent; he has been taken prisoner; he has escaped from prison. And he has shown the same address in war as in politics."

Since then the tragic period of the World War has come and gone. Through its dust and smoke and welter of fear the figure of Winston Churchill appears and reappears, now in all the brilliance of success, as in his early days at the Admiralty, now in all the tragedy of disaster.

What interests the student of world affairs to-day, and indeed a much larger audience, as far as Winston Churchill is concerned, is to see how this strange mixture of qualities, mellowed by time, is going to evolve. Winston Churchill has a passion for work, a passion for affairs, an almost insolent assurance and courage. He is capable of splendid solid achievement, as instance his reforms in the prison system, and he never knows when he is beaten.



International

Austen Chamberlain, announced as British Foreign Secretary in Stanley Baldwin's new Cabinet

Our Largest and Shortest Crop

Just why a corn crop of some two and a half billion bushels more or less should be deplored as a short crop and should command much the highest prices per bushel since 1919 will appear from a glance at a table of the amounts of different foods consumed in a year by the average American family. Corn there appears under many names, and many times over. Beefsteak without its corn component would be less than half as thick. The pasturage supplies the steer with skin and bones, but the corn that he consumes is what chiefly renders him edible. Corn is still more extensively the source of pork and bacon. As for milk, while most of the canned kind is the product of pasturage, a great part of the milk consumed fresh is corn transmuted.

Indeed, eighteen out of forty-three articles of food in the family's every-day larder have more or less corn in them. By weight these eighteen form about one-third of the family's whole annual consumption. In consequence they render corn the staple of staples in the American food problem.

That is why, though we raise three times as much corn as wheat, and export relatively little of it, a drop of something like one-sixth in the corn crop sends the price of a bushel up within a few cents of the price for wheat. The difficulty with wheat in the past few years has been to find buyers able to pay for all the surplus that we normally raised. The difficulty with corn, this year at least, is, on the contrary, to make it go around.

Much has been said of late about the oversupply of farm products, and, by inference, of farmers. Yet of the most valuable single crop that they raise we could use in the next few months nearly half a billion bushels more if we but had it.

This is, indeed, a year of crop deficiency; the corn growers are numerous enough to supply the country's needs in ordinary seasons. But meanwhile the population grows, and the corn acreage does not promise to grow with it unless the inducements to its culture are enhanced. We may have too many wheat farmers, but it does not follow that we can do with fewer farmers, all told. The question how to maintain and increase the annual corn yield promises considerably to outlast and to exceed in significance the question how to correct the past few seasons' surplus of wheat.

X-ray Analysis, the Newest Science of Matter

One of the most valuable instances of recent scientific discovery was that made by von Laue a dozen years ago of an astonishingly simple, practical way to "see" the altogether submicroscopic atoms of crystals. As a result, a new method of analyzing the structure of matter has been growing up within the past three or four years on the basis of this invaluable discovery. A beam of X-rays is directed against a crystalline object, not with a view to seeing through it, but to note various interesting effects produced on diffracted X-rays by its atoms and molecules. In a general way, it might be said that far more than one would even dream could ever be ascertained about the atomic and molecular architecture of crystalline matter is actually being ascertained in this new manner. Incidentally, the same methods have taught us much about the nature of the X-rays.

Most gratifying of all, from the point of view of the pure scientist, is the proved fact that these actual tests have beautifully confirmed the mathematical deductions previously made concerning the way in which the invisible atoms and molecules are arranged. They turn out to be stored away in the crystals with marvelous precision of uniformly spaced layers and tiers, like blocks in a box. The atom, once a postulated unit, becomes real. Atoms do exist in fact—they are not just a convenient explanation of certain observed secondary phenomena. So science "guessed" right years ago.

A Means for Studying the Structure of Matter

At the recent Toronto meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Sir William Bragg, foremost in the new science, presented a notable address on this analysis of crys-

tal structure by X-rays. Sir William said: "We have therefore an immense field of research before us, into which the X-ray methods have provided an unexpected and welcome entrance. They tell us directly the number of molecules in the crystal unit cell, and the mode of their arrangement. . . . We hope in the end to determine the position of every atom, and explain its influence through its nature and position upon the properties of the substance. It is the chemistry of the solid that comes into view, richer in variety ever than the chemistry we have studied for the past century. . . . Every side of scientific activity takes part in this advance, for all sciences are concerned with the behavior of matter."

Von Laue's original belief that the atoms and molecules of crystals, if they were indeed arranged as he thought, would form a diffraction grating suitably minute for the X-rays (which differ from common light only in that their waves are about 10,000 times shorter) turned out to be correct; the results were as gratifyingly ideal as science could possibly have hoped, but the story is too long and too technical to tell in short space. The account is contained in recent works of scientific literature, however.

The new science so unexpectedly revealed has quickly captured the interest not merely of the crystallographer but of scientists of every sort, and it is perhaps the most promising means for the study of the manner in which the atoms and molecules build up matter.

Sir William Bragg and others find incidentally that still another unit of crystalline matter besides the electron, atom, and molecule exists; that is, the "crystal unit." A dozen or more molecules are grouped to form a crystal *in petto*, submicroscopic; and these units in turn are the bricks which make up the whole. Each crystal unit is a replica of the ideal crystal form.

The few who still incline to smile at the vagaries of modern science as misreported by a careless press could do no better than to investigate the manner in which the new experimental science of X-ray analysis has substantiated the deductive predictions of scientists, made when they lacked physical means to prove their theories.

Governors New and Renewed

THE outstanding achievement in the race for Governorships must undoubtedly be credited to Alfred E. Smith, of New York. By his personal popularity and because of the confidence reposed in him by the voters of New York City, he overturned a tremendous Republican majority. He was the only man on the Democratic State ticket to win office at the last election. This next year he will be a Democratic Governor dependent for his record of achievement upon a Republican Senate and a Republican Assembly. The election manifested the freedom of the voters of New York State. Will the coming year manifest the independence of New York's Governor and his Legislature from the party bickerings which so often clog the wheels of government when the control of a State is divided? One of the tasks of the Legislature will be to put back on the statute-books a liquor law similar to the one which Governor Smith caused to be repealed. Will it be possible to adjust the conflicting desires of the Governor and the Legislature so that New York State may again co-operate with the Federal Government in the maintenance of law and order? The Governor's support of the Mullan-Gage repeal was a futile gesture which accomplished nothing except to promote disrespect for law. It is to be hoped that the Governor will see his way clear to permit the passage of the much-needed liquor legislation. It is to be equally hoped that the Legislature will see its way clear to consider such measures of economy and social welfare as the Governor may propose solely on their merits and without regard for political advantage.

It is interesting to record that Governor Smith will have as part of his official executive family the first woman to occupy so high a position in the East. She is Mrs. Florence E. Knapp, Republican Secretary of State. Mrs. Knapp's nomination came to her after a campaign for office of a vigorous character. It was not a complimentary nomination designed to secure the support of women by the nomination of one of their sex.

In Massachusetts Alvan T. Fuller, who secured his nomination by the usual Bay State system of promotion from the Lieutenant-Governorship, was elected Governor. He has been a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, a member of Congress, and a delegate to a Republican National Convention. He was opposed by Mayor Curley, of Boston, whom the voters of Massachusetts did well to reject. When a Boston man has met a citizen of New York City during the last few years, there has generally resulted a generous offer from both sides to swap Mayors with nothing to boot. If such a deal could be consummated, it is our belief (though we would be open to argument from the opposition) that the city of New York would be the loser.

Two Western States elected women for Governors. It was long ago forecast that Mrs. Ferguson would easily win in Texas, and the prophecy was more than fulfilled. The election of Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross as Democratic Governor of Wyoming



International

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill acknowledging the cheers which greeted the announcement of Mr. Churchill's election



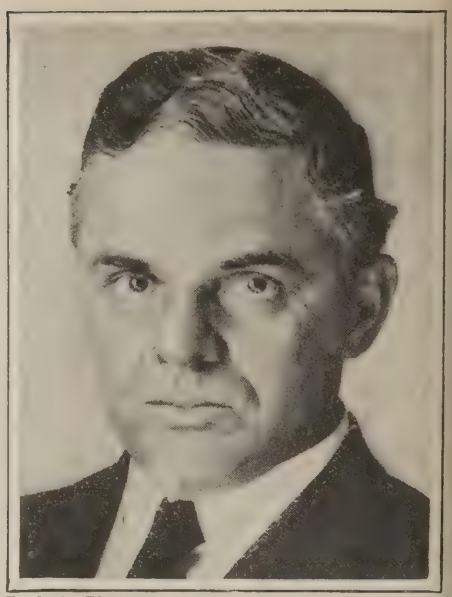
Wide World Photos

Guy D. Goff (Republican), newly elected Senator from West Virginia



P. & A. Photos

W. H. McMaster (Republican), newly elected Senator from South Dakota



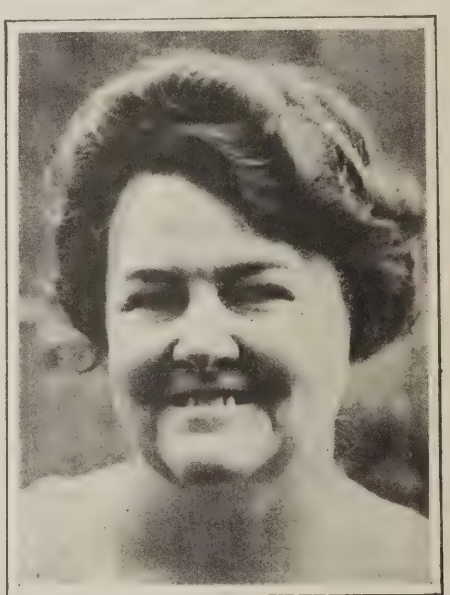
P. & A. Photos

Charles S. Deneen (Republican), newly elected Senator from Illinois



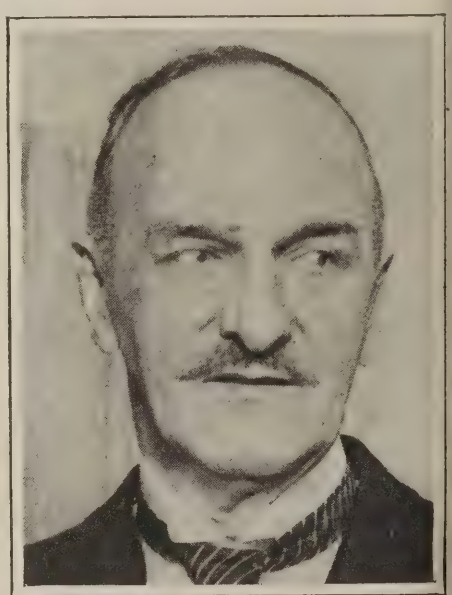
International

L. D. Tyson (Democrat), newly elected Senator from Tennessee



Fotograms

Mrs. Mary T. Norton (Democrat), newly elected Representative from New Jersey



P. & A. Photos

T. Coleman du Pont (Republican), newly elected Senator from Delaware



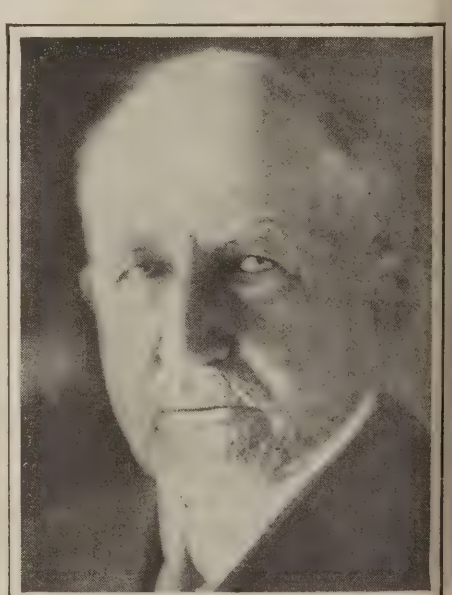
P. & A. Photos

Frederic M. Sackett (Republican), newly elected Senator from Kentucky



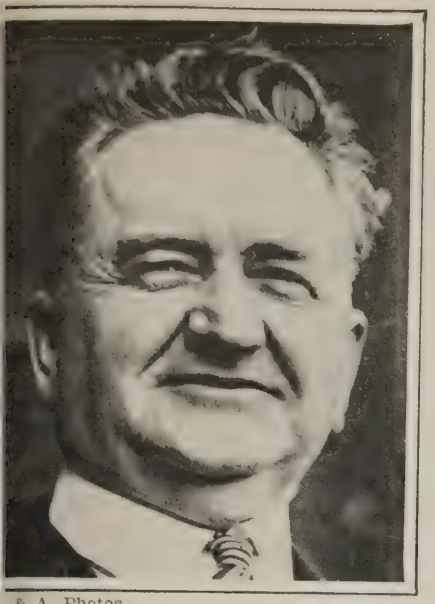
P. & A. Photos

Thomas D. Schall (Republican), newly elected Senator from Minnesota



P. & A. Photos

Frederick H. Gillett (Republican), newly elected Senator from Massachusetts



& A. Photos

:d Jackson (Republican), newly elected Governor of Indiana



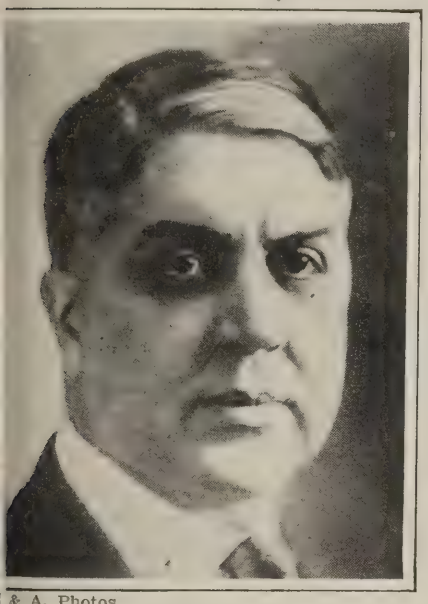
P. & A. Photos

Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross (Democrat), newly elected Governor of Wyoming



P. & A. Photos

Alvan T. Fuller (Republican), newly elected Governor of Massachusetts



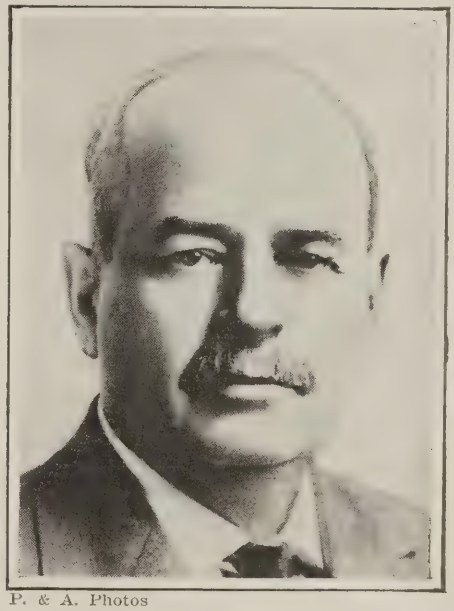
& A. Photos

Harry L. Davis (Republican), newly elected Governor of Ohio



P. & A. Photos

Alfred E. Smith (Democrat), re-elected Governor of New York



P. & A. Photos

Len Small (Republican), re-elected Governor of Illinois



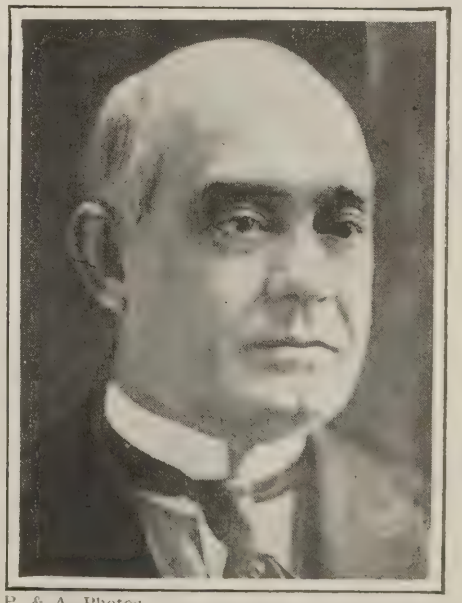
& A. Photos

Hiram Bingham (Republican), newly elected Governor of Connecticut



International

Mrs. Florence E. Knapp (Republican), newly elected Secretary of State in New York



P. & A. Photos

Austin Peay, (Democrat), re-elected Governor of Tennessee

was not so certain. Like Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Ross was the wife of a Governor. She was nominated and elected to fill the unexpired term of her late husband.

Indiana elected a Republican Governor who had the active support of the Klan. The selection of Ed Jackson as Governor can be chalked up as one of the outstanding triumphs of the hooded order. The power of the Klan in Indiana surprised many political observers because of internal dissensions in the Indiana Klan which preceded the election.

Ohio chose for its Governor former Governor Harry L. Davis. Mr. Davis has been closely associated with the old political order in Ohio, which has occasionally manifested itself in ways which have not brought credit upon the Republican Party. He had previously served as Mayor of Cleveland for four years and Governor of Ohio from 1921 to 1923.

Connecticut seems to have done well in the choice of Hiram Bingham. A professor at Yale, an explorer of note, and a member of the Air Service during the war, his election brings into active political leadership a notable example of a scholar and a soldier entering a new sphere of activity. Certainly the Republicans of Connecticut were more fortunate and intelligent than the Republicans of Illinois, who have re-elected to office Governor Len Small. His record is not one which commends him to the confidence of the country.

In Tennessee the Democrats did not have to reverse the Republican majority for the President, as they did in New York, in order to re-elect their Governor, Austin Peay.

New Names in Congress

Some of the more notable additions to the Congress of the United States may be briefly noticed. West Virginia, the home State of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, voted for Coolidge and also for a Republican Senator, Mr. Guy D. Goff.

One face which will be missing from the next Congress is that of Senator Magnus Johnson, of Minnesota, who was defeated by Thomas D. Schall, the blind Representative from Minneapolis. By a narrow margin, his Republican associate in Iowa, Smith W. Brookhart, seems to have been returned to office by the smallest margin in years. He will provide small comfort for the Republican Party leaders, who will have to look for their organization strength to such new men as Frederick H. Gillett, promoted from the House of Representatives to the Senate by the voters of Massachusetts, W. H. McMaster of South Dakota, Charles S. Deneen of Illinois, T. Coleman du Pont from Delaware, and Frederic M. Sackett of Kentucky. Pictures of all of these new members of the Senate are shown in the accompanying pages.

Among the two new Democratic Senators is, unfortunately, Cole Blease, of South Carolina. The other new Democrat is Lawrence Davis Tyson, of Tennessee, who has had a distinguished military record in the Spanish War, in the militia, and in the World War. He commanded a brigade at Ypres and at the breaking of the Hindenburg Line at Bellecourt. He received a Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary conduct during the War.

In addition to these two Democratic Senators, the Democratic Party will be represented in the lower house by the first woman Representative from the East. She is Mrs. Mary T. Norton, a social worker of Hoboken, New Jersey.

Riley Remembered

Innumerable hearts have been saddened by the thought that nothing could be done for the relief of the little boy with "curv'ture of the spine" in James Whitcomb Riley's poem. Now, however, there is comfort in the thought that he may not have been a real little boy at all and that, because Riley wrote as he did of this imaginary little boy and of other children, there is hope of relief through all the years to come for little boys and little girls deformed and crippled and sick.

There has just been dedicated, in Indianapolis, the Riley Memorial Hospital, the gift of the people of Indiana to their crippled children in memory of their poet of childhood. The hospital is now in service, but it is to be expanded and more thoroughly equipped until it is the best hospital in the world for the treatment of children. Wisely, its management has been placed in the hands of the University of Indiana rather than in a board of directors. Always the Riley Memorial Hospital will have at its command the best and the latest that science has learned for the relief of juvenile suffering. From decade to decade it may be expected that diseases and deformities hitherto incurable will yield to discoveries made possible by a people's love for a poet who loved children.

The Future of American Parties

One of the results of the election which Senator La Follette and his followers hoped for was the re-formation of American political parties. This they hoped would be brought about by the creation of a party of liberals, so called, composed chiefly of those concerned in promoting the supposed interests of industrial and agricultural workers. The ballots cast have made such a result highly improbable.

From a European point of view American political parties seem greatly in need of reform. There is no such difference between the Republicans and the Democrats as there has been between the Whigs or Liberals and the Tories or Conservatives. European observers of American politics find it hard to understand how one of the great American parties can be distinguished in character or principle from the other. In his great work, "The American Commonwealth," James Bryce, after pointing out the real distinction in policy between the Federalists and the Democratic-Republicans at the beginning of the nineteenth century, fails to find any difference in policy or principle between the parties of to-day. He is explicit to the point of severity as he writes:

> Neither party has any clean-cut principles, any distinctive tenets. Both have traditions. Both claim to have tendencies. Both have certainly war cries, organizations, interests, enlisted in their support. But those interests are in the main the interests of getting or keeping the patronage of the Government. Tenets and policies, points of political doctrine and points of political practice, have all but vanished. They have not been thrown away, but have been stripped away by time and the progress of events, fulfilling some policies, blotting out others. All has been lost, except office or the hope of it.

The conclusion which James Bryce would have his readers draw from the statement is clear enough, for he adds:

> When life leaves an organic body it becomes useless, fetid, pestiferous: it is fit to be cast out or buried from sight. What life is to an organism, principles are to a party. When they which are its soul have vanished, its body ought to dissolve, and the elements that formed it be regrouped in some new organism.

At the time of writing this he evidently thought that there were indications

approaching reconstruction; but the years have passed, and each attempt which has been made since that time to substitute a new National party for one of the old parties has failed. The most promising attempt of this kind, the one that most nearly approached success, was that of the Progressive movement under Theodore Roosevelt; and that was not so much the creation of a new party as the revolt of the mass of the voters of one of the parties against false leadership. The parties remain as they were.

For the failure of every attempt to force American parties into a division between liberals and conservatives there is good reason. It is simply that in the European sense all Americans are liberals or radicals. The issues that divide people politically in Europe have long ago been settled in this country. They can be raised only by attacks on our fundamental American system of government and Constitutional ideas. There is no question, for example, concerning the relation of the Church and the State. In every European country issues cluster about this one question; in America the question is not even raised. In Europe there are constantly recurring issues involving the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech. There are no such issues here. No one denies the freedom of the press or of speech in America. Whatever controversies arise in connection with this subject are based on the assumption that both speech and the press have a right to be free. Such controversies are confined wholly to the application of the right to particular instances. Over the application of any right in any instance there may be differences of opinion, but they are not such as to divide parties along the line of principle, for the principle has been conceded.

The reason for the crushing rebuke administered to Senator La Follette and his followers is not to be found in any fear of true liberalism. On the contrary, it is to be found in a fear that the American people have of any attack upon the Constitution, which is the safeguard of that individual liberty that is the essence of liberalism.

There are, however, other divisions in politics than those between liberals and conservatives. In Europe political divisions have shown themselves marking off the privileged from the unprivileged classes. Those who look upon American life with European eyes commonly fail to see the reason for the failure of American voters to divide along these lines. The reason is simple. It is that there is no separation of the American population into classes in the European sense. No American belongs to an economic class as the European does. Whatever economic groups there are have always been, and are likely to remain, fluid. It is only the individual's personal limitations that prevent him from moving into any class to which he may aspire. No American is sure that his children will remain in the economic class to which he belongs. And an American, as a rule, is not sufficiently identified with any economic class to feel any loyalty to it. There are people in America who think in terms of class, but they are mainly alien in origin and wholly alien in spirit. The chance of creating a political party based on the economic interest of any class or group of classes is thus slightly more remote than the chance of Europeanizing the American social system.

Other obstacles are in the way of an essential change in the American party system. Americans will have to manage as well as they can with parties determined very much as they are. As time goes on certain useless traditions will, we hope, grow weaker and be abandoned; but there is little likelihood that either party will become an essentially conservative or liberal party, or be confined to any one class or group of classes. Here and there wage-earners or farmers or people of other common interests will form factions for particular ends; but such factions will be temporary and will disappear as they serve their purpose.

We shall continue here in America to exercise our choice as voters between two parties. On the one hand, we shall find an organization to which those will drift who are moved by ideals or theories, some sound, some unsound, some practical, some impractical. On the other hand, we shall find an organization to which those will drift who are moved by the desire of achievement, whether idealistic or materialistic. No better distinction has been made between the two parties that govern America than that of William Garrott Brown, who called one the kingdom of the air, and the other the kingdom of the earth. Each has the defects of its qualities, and their virtues as well. Those who can rid themselves of European prepossessions concerning politics will find the American party system as rational as any, and will expect it to endure.

Henry Cabot Lodge

SOME men can engage in the fiercest political controversies without arousing personal animosity. Senator Lodge was not one of them. Throughout his career he was the object of the kind of antagonism that sometimes, in his case not infrequently, amounted to hatred. The reason for this cannot be wholly explained even by those who are sure they understand it themselves. It was to be found in his personality, and personality is almost impossible to convey by any explanation in words. Whatever the reason for it may be, the existence of this personal feeling makes it impossible for any estimate of him at this time to be universally or generally received as fair and impartial. It will be a generation, probably, before his career can be discussed without heat.

His opponents can be counted on to acknowledge that he was an able and at times relentless fighter. What kindled the anger of his opponents was his ability to fight effectively while retaining the appearance of indifference. Like Balfour in his early days, Senator Lodge could enrage his antagonists by making them feel their own impotence to enrage him. His exceptional mental gifts, his unquestioned learning, recognized by his Doctorate of Philosophy from Harvard and his Doctorate of Laws from Williams, Yale, Clark, Harvard, Amherst, Union, Princeton, Dartmouth, and Brown, and his mastery of both written and spoken English, made him respected and sometimes feared, but did not tend to make those who defeated him in a contest more charitable or those whom he defeated more reconciled to his victory. All the bad consequences of the inferiority complex were evoked from those who, not his match in intellect, engaged him in debate.

For over thirty years he represented Massachusetts in the United States Senate. It is said that during that time his name remained unattached to any great constructive measure. That seems to be true. At least we do not recall any great outstanding law bearing the name or recalling the creative service of Henry Cabot Lodge. That, however, is not a complete measure of his public service. His principal work in the Senate was connected with foreign affairs, and it happens that treaties do not bear legislators' names, nor do foreign policies. Much of the work of a Senator who devotes himself to the foreign relations of

this country is done in executive session or otherwise outside of the public view. It must be remembered that the Senate, though it has nothing to do with the negotiation of treaties, helps to make them. No one denies that Senator Lodge at the time of his death (which occurred at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on November 9, following a stroke) had as great a knowledge of foreign affairs as any living American. He was influential in the framing and disposal of probably every important treaty which this country has made during the last quarter of a century.

His influence from first to last was always on the side of American independence, self-defense, and self-reliance. He was jealous of America's interests and rights. Whenever he was unbending it was because he felt that in that instance yielding would be of substantial injury to his country. He was particularly ready to resist any encroachment upon what he thought American rights by Great Britain. In this he was not without prejudice. In his book "Early Memories" he writes:

> Lord Napier, Minister from England to the United States in 1857, . . . and Lady Napier dined often at our house and drove with my mother. . . . There were also two Napier boys, who made a far stronger impression upon my mind than did their parents. I remember playing and fraternizing with them very cheerfully, although I had a wholly vague, but none the less deep-rooted, hostility to England. This feeling was traditional and in the air, but I am sure that I derived mine from my father. . . . He had enjoyed his visits to England, where he was very kindly welcomed by his uncle and cousins, and I never heard him speak harshly of any one whom he met. Nevertheless, he resented deeply the attitude and policy of England toward this country, as well as the contemptuous abuse heaped upon us by her writers, and this resentment became more intense when England's feeling toward us was revealed by her conduct at the beginning of the Civil War. But although my opinions were strong and sound as to Great Britain, I played cheerfully and contentedly with the sons of the Minister and found them excellent companions.

When, therefore, any disputes arose with Great Britain, Senator Lodge was not disposed to err on the side of magnanimity. The question over the Canal tolls was a case in point. He advocated free tolls for American coastwise vessels against the British protest; but supported President Wilson in urging the repeal of free tolls when he became convinced that free tolls lowered America's prestige.



(C) Henry Miller

The late Henry Cabot Lodge, for thirty-one years Senator from Massachusetts

Senator Lodge's natural suspicion of England's diplomacy did not prevent him from resenting an appeal to anti-English prejudice if he thought it contravened the dictates of humanity. One of the most cogent speeches ever delivered in the Senate was Senator Lodge's reply to such an appeal on December 10, 1915, by Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia. Senator Smith had uttered a long and elaborate protest against the British blockade of Germany. Senator Smith ignored Germany's submarine campaign and the massacre of the Lusitania. Senator Lodge's reply was spontaneous and brief, the more cogent for its restraint. It would be well if schoolboys learned it by heart. In the course of this reply of less than a thousand words he said:

> I think it is of great importance that we should vindicate our rights as a neutral in trade if those rights have been violated, but I think it is far more important that we should extend protection and assure security to American citizens wherever they rightfully are, for I do not believe that any government can long retain the respect of its own people if it does not give them the protection to which they are entitled.
>
> I think Americans should be protected in their lives and in their liberty everywhere. I do not think they ought to be murdered in detail and obscurely in Mexico or openly and wholesale on the high seas.
>
> Although I am as anxious as any one can be to care for our rights in trade if they are violated, to me American lives are more important than American dollars. The body of an innocent child floating dead on the water, the victim of the destruction of an unarmed vessel, is to me a more poignant and a more tragic spectacle than an unsold bale of cotton.

Greatest among Senator Lodge' achievements undoubtedly was the de termination of America's foreign polic after the war. He was leader of th assertion of the Senate's right to partici pate in the framing of the Peace Treaty To attribute his course to mere partisan ship is to ignore his whole career in for eign affairs. To hold him responsible fo the defeat of the Versailles Treaty in th Senate is to ignore the fact that the ver reservations which would have modifie the Covenant of the League of Nation and would undoubtedly be accepted to day by all the Powers, but were rejecte by President Wilson, bore Senato Lodge's name as their chief autho What Senator Lodge can be held respon sible for is the leadership of those wh refused to be committed to an unmodi fied League of Nations, and have sinc

been vindicated by public opinion. Another leader in his place might have secured the same result with less bitterness, but not with more effectiveness or certainty. To have done that when the country was still under the captivity of President Wilson's phrases was the work of a leader. It secures Senator Lodge's place in history.

To Senator Lodge has been attributed an effort to prevent the United States from joining the World Court. Certainly he was opposed to American membership in that Court without modification. The changes he proposed in the protocol of adherence for America to sign were certainly not beyond the pale of discussion. Those who think that the United States should join the World Court as it is or not at all should be able to understand those who think that non-membership is better than membership without conditions, but that conditional membership is better than no membership at all. This we think was clearly Senator Lodge's position.

The closing years of his life were not unmixed with the tragic element. He had chosen in early life not to be an amateur in politics; but he seemed to think too often that the alternative to political amateurism was political opportunism. Twice in his career at least he chose regularity at the sacrifice of principles he had stood for. The first occasion occurred at the outset of his career in the Blaine campaign; the second, near the close in the Roosevelt campaign. And yet at the very end of his career he sacrificed political regularity for what seems inexplicable except on the ground of personal political advantage. On the bonus question he withstood the President, who was also the leader of his own party. As a consequence, though long a prominent figure in his party's councils, he was discarded as a party leader. To those who remember his vigorous and convincing exposition of Colombia's demand for reparation for the Panama Canal as blackmail, his voting for such reparation later is inexplicable except as the abandonment of principle. It seems even more than that; for it was acquiescence in the attempt of others to cast reproach upon a friend who had done what he himself had approved. No explanation is ever likely to be forthcoming that will relieve the name of Henry Cabot Lodge from the burden of that act.

High as Henry Cabot Lodge stands as a public man, he stands quite as high, perhaps higher, as a writer, and especially as historian and biographer. Though not distinguished for geniality of manner, he has written what is perhaps the most genial and human of the lives of Washington. His books are likely to remain permanent additions to a branch of American literature.

The New Renaissance

IS America at the dawn of a religious awakening?

Certainly not since the sixteenth century has there been any period like that which we are now entering. People have been beset with doubts and fears. Looking out over the newly discovered regions of knowledge, beyond which still lie the infinite reaches of the unknown, the minds of men are baffled. And as they were encountering these new proofs of human littleness there suddenly came war, bloodshed, and an overturn of empires. A new world has been ushered in with mystery and tragedy. Of course men doubt and fear.

And with this new world has come a new generation. Those who were but children before the war have now grown into young manhood and womanhood. This new world is the only world they have really known.

Do these young people share the forebodings that seem common among their elders? How do they view this overturned and still mysterious world? What are these younger people thinking about? Above all, what do they believe? What is their faith?

The Outlook has made a preliminary inquiry into what we may well call the New Renaissance. At our request a young man, Kenneth I. Brown, a graduate of the University of Rochester, and until last June a graduate student and instructor at Harvard, has visited various parts of the Middle West, South, and East, and has written the results of his observations and experiences in articles under such titles as "Youth's Demand for a Practical Religion," "Evidences of a Religious Renaissance," and "Responsible Christianity." The first of these articles appears in this issue. He reports and interprets what he has learned of the religious faith of his generation. These articles will, I believe, suggest many topics for sermons and will furnish a basis for discussions throughout the country in church clubs and community groups. They raise, and partly answer, such questions as:

Is religious faith growing weaker or stronger?

What effect has science had on religious belief?

What are educated young people thinking about?

The Church depends on the young people of to-day. If they are with it, it will grow; if not, it will stagnate. The Church must know the mind of these young people. To their mind this series of articles provides an introduction.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

"What Price Glory?"

THE play "What Price Glory?" by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, now running in New York, has been criticised from many angles. Gleefully hailed at first by unwise friends as "anti-war propaganda," it was also denounced by some hasty persons as a mere essay in profanity. For a time it was said to be under solemn inspection and review by officers of the Army and of the Marine Corps to see if it might be a dangerous spectacle, calculated to "discourage recruiting." A few of the oaths and ribaldries have now been pruned away (without any noticeable loss in vigor—there are still enough of them left), and the play is proceeding on what will probably be, and what should be, a long and successful run.

From the start some discerning critics discussed this play as a play, with regard to its dramatic interest, its success as a work of art, its story, and its characterizations. And they agreed, as intelligent theater-goers must, that it is one of the very best plays the New York stage has seen, not only this season, but in many seasons. Like "Rain," another success, it presents an intensely absorbing struggle between its two main characters; its action seems genuine, not artificial, and the stage is occupied by real men, not puppets. Even more than in "Rain," its characters are rough and rude persons, whose speech is a long way from polite, whose love affairs are pretty frankly carnal. No play for the squeamish, nor for the maiden of bashful fifteen, who still exists, despite cynical doubts. The fact that so frank a drama, one in which the spirit of the late Mr. Bowdler is so flouted, can be given on the American stage makes ridiculous a great many of the lamentations about "censorship" and "prudery" which are forever being uttered by the professional Anti-Puritans.



Scene from "What Price Glory," presented at the Plymouth Theater, New York City—The Captain (Louis Wolheim) pushes aside Charmaine (Leyla Georgie) as she tries to prevent a fight about her with the top sergeant (William Boyd)

"What Price Glory?" would not have been tolerated ten years ago, perhaps not five years ago. And this is not to say that there were not being acted at that time plays whose leering suggestiveness deserved condemnation, but whose dramatic merit did not give them any right even to be compared with this one.

The play is concerned with a small incident in a great war, and centers around the contest between a captain of United States Marines (superbly played by Louis Wolheim) and his first sergeant (equally well played by William Boyd) for the possession of the innkeeper's daughter in a French village. At times the spectator almost gets the impression that the war has been stopped to settle the question who shall have exclusive right to the affections of Charmaine de la Cognac. But to concentrate the interest upon something of the kind is the universal custom and necessity of literature and the drama, and it has its sanction in the greatest of all epic poems and in the latest historical moving picture. One may question whether the Captain and his subordinate would carry on both their quarrel and their love-making in quite such a public manner as these players are made to do, but some things have to be conceded to the necessities of the theater—just as in battle scenes one or two wounded men must always be able to stagger on the stage and die there. The sarcastic replies of Captain Flagg to his Brigadier-General have been criticised, but this is, we think, a true note in a most amusing scene. The Captain is an old and trusted officer, and known to command a fighting outfit, although he is severely "bawled out" for commanding such a disreputable one. He complies with all regulations as to military courtesy when the General enters; after that he treats his commander to some sharp answers. The General wisely disregards them.

The incidents of the play are so entertaining and the dialogue so salty and so funny that the play is for more than half the time highly amusing. It is far from blood and thunder or from unrelieved gloom. Typical characters come naturally into the action: the gosling private who loses his identification tag and rouses the Captain to heights of irony, and th lieutenant whose nerves are shattere under the long strain of trench fighting hysterically cursing all the folk at hom who are talking about "making the worl safe for democracy," all the generals be hind the lines in safe billets, and "every body who isn't here." The lieutenan pities the wretched German sniper, hang ing wounded day and night in a tree whence he has been trying to shoot th American foes, and crying "Kamerad!" like "some damned big whippoorwill." Finally he collapses in hysterics, and i soothed by his Captain, whose usua rough manner becomes tender when an man is in real trouble. Captain Flag tells another lieutenant, lying badl wounded near by, and undergoing th long and dreadful wait until he can b sent back to safety and a clean bed, tha his troubles are nothing compared wit those of the officer whose nerves hav failed him.

The phrase "make the world safe fo democracy" seems especially to madde them, and the Captain is moved to ange over the plan to conduct the war b

speech-making and publicity methods. He almost flatly refuses to carry out the General's orders to break through the German lines and put up posters bearing the utterances of some distinguished American statesman, in order "to wear down the German morale." He has a materialistic idea of warfare, and the newer "idealism" does not appeal to him as practical or worth losing the lives of his men to experiment with. In a painfully old-fashioned way he seems to believe that speech-making and note-writing had been tried and had had its chance, and if he and his men were to be called upon to die in order to convince the very hard-headed realists in the German Army before him, they would prefer to die as soldiers and not as bill-stickers.

This is not a "pacifist" play, as a few persons hastened to say that it is. The hellishness of war and the nastiness of it are depicted with sufficient realism to satisfy Mr. Bryan or Miss Addams. But its authors never make the mistake which permeates Mr. John Dos Passos's novel "Three Soldiers." Whatever may have been the intention of the author of that book, it was instantly greeted with glad cries by pacifists, on the ground that war is such a wicked thing that, provided a writer gives it a big black eye, it does not matter whether he tells the truth or not. Mr. Dos Passos did not say that his soldiers represented all soldiers, but he did fill a long novel with soldiers every one of whom is contemptible—either a whining coward, a murderer, an inhuman brute, or a slacker and deserter. His story was an unrelieved description of what the British soldier calls "grousing" and the American calls "belly-aching," and the reader was left with the impression that he was expected to sympathize with men who whined in war time and would have whined in peace. The "yellow dog" is the exception, and not the rule, in "What Price Glory?" as he is in armies generally. In "Three Soldiers" there were nothing but "yellow dogs."

The final moment of "What Price Glory?" showed the soldier as he is, and as he always has been and will be until the human race perishes. This was the soldier of Napoleon's Egyptian campaigns who "grumbled but followed;" and of Doyle's poem:

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore:
A drunken private of the Buffs
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown
And type of all her race.

Captain Flagg's company had accomplished the mission on which they had been sent, and had come back from the front line, shot to pieces, dirty, tired, and miserable. They had been promised a rest, and the Captain an eight days' leave. Suddenly, within a few hours of arrival, the orders were revoked, the promise of headquarters was broken, and the company is ordered back into the trenches. The Captain, half drunk, and cuddling his girl upon his knee, refuses. He will not go. He has his leave, signed and delivered. He is dog-tired—a weariness which Mr. Wolheim makes his audience feel in their bones. Then he reflects for a few moments.

"There's something the matter with this profession of ours. There's some damned religion or something got into it. We *have* to go when they tell us to."

And he goes. And his mutinous sergeant, in his ridiculous hospital clothes and a borrowed smock, who has been fighting with the Captain only a few moments before, sees his outfit moving off, and calls to his chief:

"Oh-ho, Cap'n! Wait for Baby!"

It is the element which the extreme pacifist always ignores: the nobility of the soul of man rising superior to the filth and ghastliness of war.

Britain vs. Bolshevia

The British Labor Party's Record

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

UNDER the responsibility of carrying out a Government, the Laborites proved that they could do far better, both legislatively and administratively, than it was supposed they would. Among their leaders are men, like Mr. Thomas, Mr. Clynes, Mr. Trevelyan, and Mr. Snowden, of real ability and acumen, while the Prime Minister himself, who assumed the duties of Foreign Minister as well, became a prominent figure in European as well as in English politics.

In spite of these advantages, the Laborites were smashingly defeated on a question of their title to public confidence.

When the Labor Party took office, every one anticipated that, given its clever leadership, something definite might be done with regard to economic and social problems.

Unemployment

BRITISHERS accepted the Labor leaders' good intentions and promises and waited months, only to hear the Minister of Labor ask: "Does any one think that we can produce schemes, like rabbits out of our hats?" Meanwhile, whereas unemployment was decreasing when the Labor Party became the Government, it has now been increasing.

Furthermore, the mere presence of the Socialist Government in office incited unrest and strikes. More working days were lost by the trade disputes and strikes in the nine months of 1924 than by those for the whole of last year.

But this is not the worst. If a man cannot find work, muddle-headed idealists would provide him with full pay at trade union rates! Moreover, not a few beneficiaries are coming to regard the dole as their inalienable right, which they should enjoy for the rest of their days without working. "Punch" thus puts it:

Mistress. I'm sorry to hear that your Albert has thrown up his engineering work and is drawing the dole.

Charlady. Well, you see, mum, it's such a certainty, ain't it? A man may get shoved out of a job, but 'e can *depend* on the dole!

Housing

IT was natural to suppose that the trade unions under a Labor Government would facilitate house building. But the long discussion in Parliament delayed the Housing Bill's final passage until August, with the result that no houses have been yet constructed, though the bill promises an enormous number. Meanwhile the cost of those to be built

has already been augmented by some $200 for very small and about $400 for "parlor" houses.

Food

As to the Socialist "cheap food" cry a year ago, the Labor Party, if it cannot point to any legislative accomplishment, at all events did point with pride to its recent Budget, lowering taxation on coffee, cocoa, chicory, and tea. But this is not the first occasion that a Budget surplus has been utilized to reduce food taxes. Sir Robert Horne as Chancellor furnished the example. Further, Mr. Snowden, the present Chancellor, did not pile up the surplus used to carry out his programme; the Conservatives had amassed it and left it a legacy to their successors. But the main argument against the Socialists, Budget or no Budget, was the gradual rise in food prices. A loaf of bread cost 8d. a year ago; now it costs 10d.

Old Age Pensions

The hoped-for Budget action by the Chancellor, reducing the pensions age limit to sixty-five years and increasing the sum to fifteen shillings, was, of course, not justified by the event. Parliament could do nothing and Mr. Snowden had not the money. But it was certainly expected in the next Labor Budget; hence the poster which prophesied:

BOTH WAYS!
The Hope which Labor holds out to Old-Age Pensioners
FIVE YEARS OFF
FIVE BOB ON

Education

In education the Government record has not been brilliant legislatively, although good administratively. Mr. Trevelyan, Minister of Education, informs me that school fees have been abolished in many areas and open-air schools given a real chance; in secondary schools the percentage of free places has been increased to forty per cent and a grant has been made which has effectively stimulated the provision of additional places. The possible expenditure on maintenance allowances has also been increased; in public elementary schools by twenty per cent to fifty per cent, and in secondary schools by fifty per cent.

Administrative Issues.

The Labor Government did not fall primarily because of legislation or the lack of it, though disappointment as to mending or ending the unemployment situation contributed largely; it fell on the administrative rather than on the legislative side.

First there was the Campbell affair, showing more than mere administrative ineptitude; there was positive interference by politics with the ordinary and normal course of justice in the prosecution for a clear case of sedition.

The British-Bolshevist Treaty

The second reason for the Premier's request was his desire to avoid being reversed by Parliament, as he knew he would be, on the issue of the British-Bolshevist Treaty.

It is incredible that he should not have been fully aware of the Bolshevist Government's character when he began relations with it. I know he was. He carried out his pledge to recognize that Government. He then declared that a treaty was "essential to the Labor policy." Thereupon Communist pressure further compelled him to support the Bolsheviki by pledging them a British Guaranty Loan. This, fortunately, had to be submitted to Parliament for ratification. Mr. MacDonald claimed that "British trade with Russia is a matter of supreme importance." ("Supreme" is going it strong when one remembers the tiny percentage of British-Russian trade as compared with all the British foreign commerce.) So, under this specious guise of fostering trade, the Premier had agreed to loan British taxpayers' money, although he must have known that it would return here in the form of subversive propaganda.

Bolshevist Propaganda

The Bolshevist Government's constant aim was revealed in the letter, published just before the close of the campaign, purporting to come from Zinoviev, head of the Third International, instructing British Communists to strive for the violent overthrow of existing institutions, and, as a means to that end, to subvert British soldiers and sailors. To its credit be it said that the British Foreign Office published a protest, approved by the Prime Minister, concerning this matter, signed in his absence and doubtless written by Mr. J. D. Gregory, head of the Northern Department of the Foreign Office. Then, having blown hot, the Premier proceeded to blow cold. He left the country quite in the dark as to whether his Government would continue to press for a treaty with a junta whose professed aim was the British Empire's destruction.

Other Foreign Relations

In other foreign relations the Prime Minister did much better, though the situation in Egypt, Arabia, Turkey, Central Asia, and India is not what it was a year ago. As to the Dominions, the Premier had smacked them in the fac by refusing even the paltry preferenc promised by the Conservative Govern ment, while, in addition, he had specia quarrels with Canada, Australia, an New Zealand. As to the Irish situation Mr. Thomas, a past-master in the art o arbitration, showed himself a clever nego tiator.

It is, however, in his French relation that Mr. MacDonald, as Foreign Minis ter, has justly shone. The advent t power last May of a Socialist Premier i France gave welcome opportunity to th English Socialist Premier to co-operat in establishing justice and peace. Thi was sedulously fostered by Mr. Mac Donald, particularly at the Conference a London over the Dawes Plan. But th British Prime Minister also described prior connection:

> Great Britain does not require to abandon one jot or tittle of its interest in order to get into friendly relationship with France. . . . Before I was many weeks in office relations between our two countries were enormously improved, and M. Poincaré, who was supposed to be such an enemy of England, turned out to be nothing of the kind.

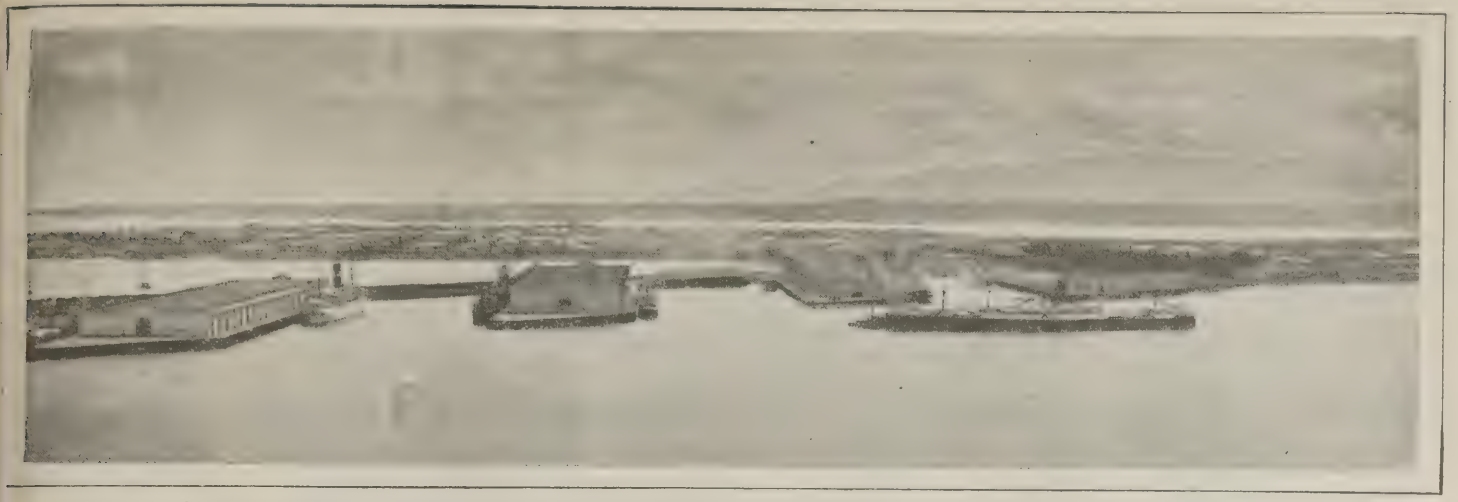
Also to his credit be it said that directly he got into office, Mr. MacDon ald abandoned his party's denunciator and uncompromising attitude towards th Versailles Treaty. Even the new Genev protocol, looking towards armament re duction, for which he worked, clinche the provisions of that Treaty.

Evidently with the protocol in minc the Premier made this statement con cerning the League of Nations: "W found the League practically dying, an to-day it is stronger than ever." Bu this strength is due far more to Franc than to England. With regard to th "dying," I have attended three of th annual meetings of the League Assembl and Council, and have to report tha each year these bodies seemed only in creasingly vigorous.

However praiseworthy individual in stances, the sum total of the Premier record as Prime Minister is disappoint ing. Yet during the campaign jus closed he had the hardihood to asser that "in its brief eight months of offic the Labor Party did more for peace tha other parties have done in eighty years"

Mr. MacDonad's appeal to the coun try gave it a welcome chance to pro nounce on the Labor-Socialist recor taken as a whole. The electors turne from it to the one party which at presen especially with its absolute majority ove all, offers the guaranty of a sound an stable Government.

London, October 31, 1924.



Cristobal Harbor approach channel, looking northeast from gas buoy No. 3, showing location of docks. City of Colon, Manzanillo Bay, and Folks River in the background

The Needs of the Canal

By General Jay J. Morrow

The retiring Governor of the Canal Zone sends a message to the American people through the columns of The Outlook

MY voluntary retirement from the office of Governor of the Panama Canal and President of the Panama Railroad Company is not unfringed with regret. It is a great thing for any engineer to have had such people under him as are operating these two important agencies of the United States, and it is a wrench to have to separate one's self from so many friends. But the work was moving along smoothly, the time seemed most appropriate to assure the appointment of the right successor, and, as I have for over a year been anxious to terminate a service to the Government of over thirty years, I persuaded Secretary Weeks to let me off a half-year ahead of time, and to recommend to President Coolidge the appointment as my successor of Colonel Meriwether L. Walker, who has been the Governor's able right-hand assistant now for well over three years. Colonel Walker is eminently qualified to handle the many problems which he and I have handled together.

Uncle Sam's Big Business

THE Panama Canal is not merely a waterway for the passage of vessels, but it is also a tremendous business concern involving, besides the Canal proper, a railroad, repair shops, dry docks, piers, coal, oil, and general supply to shipping, and numerous other operations, with the addition of the civil government of the Canal Zone. To the uninformed the civil government might seem one of the principal functions of the Governor, but, as a matter of fact, it is a small factor as compared with the other problems. The energies of the Governor and his assistants are directed in the main toward the administration of the business and engineering operations, which are not only large in volume but exceedingly diverse in character. And we have been successful to date in having at the Canal a more businesslike handling of big affairs than can be claimed for any other Governmental operation of the United States. There are no less than 27 separate and distinct large engineering or business operations which are before the Governor, and this list includes only the more important projects.

Colonel Walker is the fourth engineer, trained in business experience and in maritime engineering construction by long service in the Corps of Engineers of our Army, to be appointed Governor of the Panama Canal. In every case (excepting that of the first Governor, General Goethals) the appointee has served as engineer of maintenance. This insures a freedom from improper political influence, has certainly been successful to date, and our people should look to it that it may be assured for the future.

Next in importance to this vital matter come two matters I can here refer to only briefly:

(*a*) The Canal must be permitted to retain the privileges now authorized by law to operate without the limitations of fiscal year appropriations. As soon as this is denied us, if the Appropriations Committees of Congress should insist on it, the Governor's authority to set up and retain the usual reserves which all big businesses retain for replacement or repairs to plant will be gone. When it becomes necessary, for instance, to buy a new dredge to take the place of one becoming obsolete, the Governor will have to wait for two years at least (and probably for five or six years) before he can get it. Such legislation as that referred to would be unwise on the part of Congress and we should be on our guard as against its intrusion.

(*b*) Since the Canal was organized by the Act of 1912 it has been legally empowered to operate all governmental activities. Such things as postal service, quarantine service, customs, immigration, steamship inspection service, prohibition enforcement, etc., are all under the Governor. Many efforts have been made to transfer some of these activities to the corresponding department or bureau in continental United States. These efforts have been successfully resisted so far, and we have demonstrated not only the efficiency but the economy of our plan. Let us keep this going as it is.

These three things—the professional experience of the Governor, the fiscal policy, and the concentration of responsibility—are the fundamentals required for effective and successful operation. Let us now look at some important details which to some may seem to be fundamental. But if you will bear in mind that I am here condensing into the briefest space only a few of many problems which are the subject of detailed

study by the Canal organization, you may possibly arrive at the conclusion that your interests are in competent hands.

Big Enough for Now

OUR people may have almost any kind of an idea as to whether the Canal is adequate for prospective traffic. Much has been printed, and a very great deal of it has been inaccurate. The Canal in the past two years has more than doubled its traffic. There have been predictions that we are totally lost and must have another Canal. Some twenty-four months ago there began a big oil transfer from California to our eastern coast. At the same time there was a steady growth of permanent traffic. Our tolls collections (a fair index of traffic) rose from $1,020,064.55 for September, 1922, to a maximum of $2,335,729.81 in December, 1923. The oil traffic had begun to recede prior to this peak. Our tolls for July, August, and September of this year average $1,846,077.23. They will probably go lower. I do not think they will drop below an average of $1,500,000 monthly. They will later come up slowly, but I do not expect them to average the $2,000,000 which they averaged last year for at least three years more, and maybe a little longer. Two millions a month average, which we may again attain in the fiscal year 1928, means an average of about fourteen ships a day. Our present Canal, with increased water supply, can put about sixty ships per day through, excepting for such times as a flight of locks is under overhaul. We expect to have these overhaul periods only on alternate years, and then only for a period of about three weeks' closure of one flight at one end only, followed by a short open period, and then by a two weeks' closure of the other flight. During this period of about five or six weeks out of two months in the middle of alternate years one or two ships will occasionally be delayed after our traffic reaches an average of nineteen lockages (from 26 to 28 ships) per day. When this time arrives, we will need a third flight of locks at Gatun, and shortly thereafter a third flight at the Pacific end, unless we are willing to detain some few ships a day or so apiece during a period of about two months every two years. I am sure we need not worry about this until a few years from now, when the Governor will ask for funds to start this construction, so as to have the Canal ready to handle the traffic about fifteen years from now. As he has to look forward at least six years, he should get the funds when he asks for them.

More Water Wanted

I HAVE included in the estimate for the fiscal year 1926 the first step in project for additional water supply for the Canal. Colonel Walker ought to get it. It would start the construction of a reservoir at a cost of about $10,000,000 in the Chagres River by a dam at Alhajuela. Besides giving the storage that will keep the lake up in dry seasons it will make navigation easier during rainy-season floods. The reservoir should be ready by 1932, and it will not be done by that time if we are denied our start requested this year.

They Held the Hood

THE size of the present locks is adequate for all traffic that can be anticipated. There is now no ship in the world that the Canal cannot handle (for either transit or repair), and there will be no ship in regular service through the Canal that the present locks will not handle during their century or so of life. Our locks or dry dock would handle either the Leviathan or Majestic without the least excitement, and on July 23-24 of this year the British cruiser Hood (the largest and heaviest of the world's warships) went through without touching a wall except when mooring for supplies. There may be naval ships too large in the future, or possibly commercial ships built for special service, but they will not be using the Canal in their service. They can afford to go around the Horn to get to their station, unless they are launched after, let us say, 1940, when our new locks may be ready to accommodate them.



Pacific Terminals, dry dock and shop buildings, Balboa, Canal Zone



H.M.S. Hood in lower east chamber, Miraflores Locks, Panama Canal, July 23, 1924

The Futile Straits Idea

THE old question of a sea-level Canal has been recently revived by Colonel Bunau-Varilla (a most distinguished French engineer officer and a former chief engineer of the Canal in French construction days). I regret exceedingly that I cannot agree with the Colonel, but we have a better Canal now than a sea-level Canal could be made to be at Panama, one that can transit ships more safely and more expeditiously than even his proposed "Straits of Panama." And we can get the increased capacity when required at about one-tenth the expense of his project, even if we could agree with him that we could go to sea-level through those hills. If any proof were needed as to the wisdom of the decision against a sea-level Canal, made in June, 1906, we had it in the floods of October and November, 1923, which would have closed navigation through a sea-level Canal for from three months to a year (if one had been completed by then, which certainly would not have been the case), whereas our lock Canal handled it without anything more than the occasional extra punch which the Canal force is accustomed to put into an emergency job.

Increased protection of the Canal has been advanced as an argument by Colonel Bunau-Varilla in favor of the sea-level project. As he presents it (confidentially, as befits as distinguished an officer as he is, of France) it would appeal to some as presenting advantages over the lock Canal as well as against the alternative of a construction of a second Canal. I cannot place on record the digest of our studies, but I can state that the Canal Administration is in close contact with War and Navy operation committees, and that projects to assure Canal operations during war or periods preceding possible war receive intensive study by the Governor and his staff, and the closest co-operation exists in these studies. The time may come when Congress will decline to adopt the ordinary sensible precautions to secure a vital route in case of trouble. But I am as sure as mortal man may be that the correct solution is to be found neither in a duplication of routes nor in a change from lock type to sea-level type, but rather in a sane and sensible project for holding what we have, and properly providing for its protection.

Keep the Line Open

THE Governor of the Canal is President of the Panama Railroad Company, which, besides operating the railroad across the Isthmus (since 1855), has operated a steamship supply line for more than thirty years. This steamship line is mainly an adjunct to the Canal. Under the control of the Governor it is an agency to assist in operation that is indispensable for maintaining efficiency in operation of the Canal, with a dependent population of 40,000 or more, about 2,000 miles from our market for both labor and supplies. I believe it should be accepted as a cardinal principle of our operation of the Canal that we must maintain under our own control a direct line of supply from Cristobal to New York (for freight and passengers) and from Norfolk (for coal).

Revise the Toll System

FOR nearly ten years the Canal Administration has urged action by Congress to place its tolls charges on a correct basis, remedying the present double system of admeasurement. I cannot here elaborate on all the technical details of this question into which two or three small political problems have forced their way sufficiently to block it. Our proposal (which is in detail set forth in several public documents) should be enacted by Congress. It would result in no diminution in revenues, would operate to equalize the burden in accordance with cargo-carrying capacity of ships and to the benefit of American shipping on the whole, and would relieve the Canal Administration from considerable embarrassment as being the recipient of criticism for a faulty system for which the Canal is not responsible.

It's Your Canal

OF the many questions that confront the Canal Administration I have here only briefly discussed those few about which our people seem to have been lately not so well advised as they should be, and at the risk of repetition I am presenting them in order that a great people may get the information which will enable them to protect a great work in which most of them take pride.



(C) F. E. Kleinschmidt

Pictures taken during a hunting expedition to the North Siberian regions by Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Kleinschmidt of New York—The party in canoes, accompanied by Eskimo guides, one of whom is preparing to fire



(C) F. E. Kleinschmidt

The Kleinschmidt hunting party capturing a polar bear after it had been wounded by the Eskimos

of the Northern Wilds



International

New photographs of the MacMillan Expedition to the Polar regions—Captain MacMillan finding Admiral Peary's cairn and record left years ago at Cape Thomas Hubbard, in Heiberg Land, west of Ellesmere Land, in the American Arctic regions



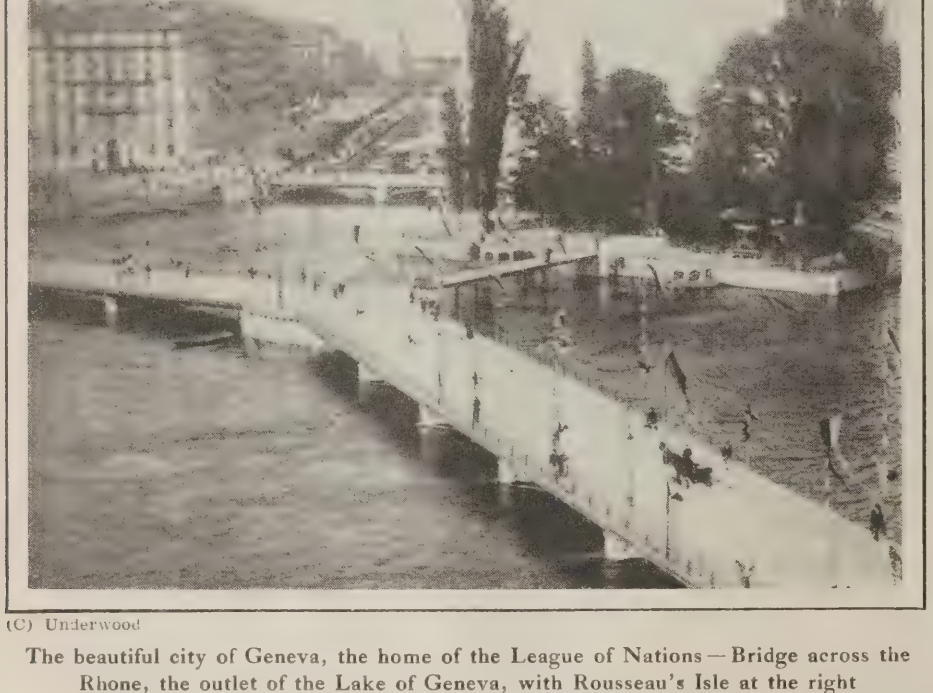
International

A member of the MacMillan Expedition using a white screen to stalk a seal

The League's Big Little Jobs

By DAME EDITH LYTTELTON

White slavery, the drug traffic, the care of starving refugees—these are things which vitally concern the League



(C) Underwood

The beautiful city of Geneva, the home of the League of Nations—Bridge across the Rhone, the outlet of the Lake of Geneva, with Rousseau's Isle at the right

PEOPLE in general hardly realize the humanitarian activities of the League of Nations. They do not know that side by side with the great international questions of boundaries, disarmaments, racial freedom, and financial stability are hundreds of smaller matters which day by day are being brought under international supervision. We can no longer live in isolated communities, secure within our own boundaries to frame and obey what laws we like, for nowadays they can be defied and evaded in numberless ways from outside our frontiers. The United States discovered this when the rum-runners approached their seaboard. When it comes to fighting against drink or dope, slavery or prostitution, or to helping after disasters such as earthquakes or floods or famines, nothing effective can be done unless all the civilized nations in the world co-operate.

Combined agreements between nations are, of course, no new thing; what is new is the attempt to get fifty-two nations, and often more, to combine against certain evils which cannot be combated except by world co-operation. Some of these are being tackled by the League to-day.

The effort to control the traffic in women and children, for instance, has been placed in the hands of the League. A convention was drawn up in 1921 which the Governments of the States Members of the League were asked to sign, and which made certain regulations and inspections, especially at ports and frontiers, obligatory.

A great many nations have signed and ratified this agreement, but there are many for various reasons still outside—the most important being France, Spain, and the United States. As all three countries send representatives to serve on the Advisory Committee set up by the League, there are probably technical difficulties only in the way, but it is greatly to be desired that ratification of adherence to the convention may become universal. There remains much yet to be done before the traffic can be entirely stopped. America, although not a member, has played a big part in the League's struggle, through her former representative Miss Grace Abbott, and her present representative, Dr. Snow. Recently through the Bureau of Social Hygiene America has helped largely to finance a commission of experts which is to inquire into the extent of the traffic. The chairman is Dr. Snow. Mr. Flexner—again an American—has perhaps done more than any other one individual to throw light on dark places by his monumental work "Prostitution in Europe," and he will no doubt give all the help and counsel which his great knowledge would make so valuable. The inquiry will involve visits to a great many countries, and the examination of local laws and regulations and their effect upon the traffic is such a Gargantuan task that we cannot expect a report for a long time. When it is sent up to Geneva, the hour will have struck for a great combined effort which would never have been possible without the steady drive of the League of Nations. The idea that women and children should be sold by one country to another for immoral purposes shocks any one when baldly stated. It is a terrible fact that a whole class of people exist whose object is first to stimulate the passions of men, and, second, to supply the demand for prostitutes, because the trade is extremely lucrative. It would take up too much space to describe the many moves in the fight against one of the worst evils of civilization.

When we come to the question of drug addiction, we find, as in the case of the traffic in women and children, the same class of venal tempters existing and flourishing. It seems hardly credible that certain people should spend their lives trying to induce the terrible habit of drug taking, but it is nevertheless true; such men and women exist in all countries. They use their evil influence for the basest motives; a connection between drug addiction and prostitution is easily imagined, but short of this the sale of the drug itself is a very remunerative occupation. The smuggling of drugs, thanks to international conventions, is becoming increasingly difficult and dangerous, but the reward tempts all kinds of adventurers. Great Britain is vigorously stamping out the evil and ruthlessly prosecuting all smugglers who can be caught, but there is much yet to be done. Drug addicts will pay anything for a supply of their especial form of poison and resort to almost any shifts to procure it. There is no evil where international intervention is more imperative.

This November two most important conferences will be sitting at Geneva, the

first dealing with the production and export of opium, the second with the control of the traffic in manufactured drugs, both matters being highly controversial. America has taken a forward part in the fight both against the production of opium for smoking and the control of the illegal manufactured drug traffic, the latter being a menace to her population. Her representatives take up the perfectly logical position that the only way to control the manufactured drug traffic is to attack the production of the most important raw material, namely, opium. But a great deal of misunderstanding and misconception is prevalent on this subject, it being stated constantly that the Indian Government and the British Government are helping to debauch the world by flooding it with raw opium.

The efforts of the Indian Government to put down the smoking of opium receive scant recognition. Opium smoking in India is severely repressed; the manufacture of smoking preparations is forbidden, except by an individual for his own use from opium he possesses lawfully, and the possession of opium in the raw state is hedged round with restrictions and its sale kept down by the imposition of high prices, while the sale of prepared opium for smoking is absolutely prohibited.

The only part of India where the practice of smoking opium is more common than that of eating it is Burma, and from April 1, 1921, the Government of Burma has entirely prohibited the sale of prepared opium for smoking purposes. I cannot here go into the debated question of the difference between eating and smoking opium. In any case, the internal consumption of opium in India, whether for eating or smoking, is now a matter controlled by the Indian people themselves, through their Legislative Councils, and this must be recognized. The fact that the Indian Government sacrificed £4,000,000 of revenue before the war in the attempt to aid China in the suppression of opium smoking is apt to be forgotten.

The Indian Government now exports opium only under license to other Governments, but it is notorious that many of these, including British crown colonies, import quantities largely in excess of what is needed for legitimate purposes. If I may be allowed to express a purely personal opinion, I hope that members at the Conference in November will agree to suppress gradually the entire export and import of opium except for medicinal and scientific purposes, and I should like to see the British Empire take the lead in this attempt.

All these questions are debated by representatives of the various countries concerned on an Advisory Committee which has been sitting recently, and it is hoped that an agreement has been reached with regard to recommendations to be made to the Council of the League. One thing is certain. The British Empire, including India, and the United States must go into the struggle understanding each other's point of view and giving credit to both sides for disinterested motives.

The questions bristle with difficulties of all kinds, and the more they are understood, the better hope there is. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of an organization such as the League of Nations in dealing with these matters. By no other body could the intricate difficulties of different nations be debated and combined efforts directed. And the only way in which such production of opium can be limited is by international agreement.

The second Conference at Geneva which is between all the States Members of the League, including America and, I hope, Germany, is to consider the question of controlling illegal traffic in manufactured drugs, such as morphine, heroin, cocaine, etc. The increase of drug addiction, chiefly among young people, is terrible all over the world. In spite of the restrictions already alluded to, these noxious products are still fatally easy to smuggle, for they are not only minute in bulk, but even small quantities can work very great evil. The plain fact is that no individual country can really check the illegal sale of manufactured drugs; nothing but international regulation and an international system of export and import certificates such as that devised by the League of Nations can be effective. If the League of Nations can bring the countries of the world together in a combined effort, it will have justified its existence by that alone.

It is pleasant to turn from these two great struggles to the constructive work among refugees done through the League of Nations. There is not space to recount all the relief given to Armenian, Russian, and other refugees by devoted men and women working under the direction of the League, and with funds supplemented from the League's chest. The most recent effort has been the settlement of the Greek refugees. The work is done under the supervision of the well-known American, Mr. Morgenthau, who is President of the Greek Refugee Settlement Commission of the League of Nations. The whole aim of the Commission is gradually to secure the absorption of Greek refugees in productive work. Mr. Morgenthau stated that of about one million refugees who have returned to Greece from Asia Minor since the last war with Turkey, some 350,000 are now settled in productive work. The great need is for charitable funds to keep the rest of the refugees alive and in health, for the money advanced by the Greek Government and the League of Nations can be spent only upon the establishment of these poor people in productive occupations. Thus charitable funds from the



(©) Underwood

"The increase of drug addiction, chiefly among young people, is terrible all over the world." The picture (taken last year) shows a line of young men waiting to secure treatment for the drug habit from a municipal bureau (since discontinued), where thousands of drug addicts had registered for such treatment

rest of the world are still urgently needed for this great experiment of grouping similar races together. There is, however, an end to the necessity for charitable help to the Greek refugees in sight, and once again the League of Nations will have directed a humanitarian effort and led it to success.

One word must be said about the work of the Committee of Intellectual Co-operation. The aim need only be mentioned to secure assent. This endeavor is passionately advocated by the French, and indeed by the Latin races generally, and though the rest of the nations may be slower and realize the practical difficulties more acutely, they too desire all forms of intellectual co-operation—exchange of teachers, experts, books, reports, and so on.

The League of Nations Assembly last year passed a recommendation to the Governments of the States Members of the League that they should grant railway facilities to Boy Scouts and students. This sounds a small thing, but it implies great things; it implies a comradeship of youth, an interchange of visits, a better understanding between the young of all nations. One other seemingly small thing was also recommended by the Assembly, namely, that all the States Members of the League should undertake to have children informed of the League and of the terms of the Covenant. Again this sounds a small thing, but it implies a great thing. Whether the world is ever again to be a welter of blood and horror, or whether it may gradually become a fairer place, those alternatives of the future lie in the laps of little children. The nursery is the seed-bed, and there the new aspect of brotherhood must be cultivated.

Meanwhile the League of Nations plods on. It would take another article to describe the combined work being done for the health of the world and for the regulation of labor conditions, grouped as they are at Geneva. Not only is the League adjusting the great quarrels and the dangerous rivalries of nations, but day by day it is silently weaving a network of international agreements round all the countries of the world, and these agreements are purged of the influences of national pride, or greed, or ambition. They are uniting the best spirits of each nation in a finer relationship, and striving to make a common attempt to lift the ideals of the world, and, having so lifted them, to translate them into action.

Pageant

By Margaret Widdemer

Though I go by with banners,
Oh, never envy me
These flags of scarlet flying,
This purple that you see. . . .

This air of marching triumph
Was all that I could save
Of loves that had an ending
And hopes that had a grave.

Youth's Demand for a Practical Religion

By Kenneth Irving Brown

The first of six articles dealing with the religious thought and ideals of the younger generation. An editorial comment on this series will be found elsewhere in this issue

The strength of our country lies in the strength of its religious convictions.—*Calvin Coolidge.*

In the very beginning, let me say that I am not a theologian, but a layman interested in religion; not even a trained religious worker, but by profession a school-teacher. At the request of The Outlook, I have recently visited various parts of the East, Middle West, and South to observe at first hand some of the religious expressions of our age. It would be presumptuous to present my observations as typical of the entire country, or even of all classes of any one section. What I have sought to do is to interpret sympathetically what young men and young women to-day are doing and thinking religiously. My years of experience have been too few for me to draw sweeping comparisons between to-day and yesterday; in fact, I have been inclined to extend the age limit of the term "young people" sufficiently to allow myself a place at the latter end. It is therefore not as an elder that I would write, but as a member of the vanguard of youth.

But how can one know the religious life of a community except by living among its citizens for a number of years? Therefore, in spite of the cordial hospitality which has everywhere been extended to me and the willingness of stranger-friends to contribute, I have often been at a loss to know how to unravel the tangled thinking which we see everywhere about us. I have sought the leaders of the communities into which I entered that I might have the benefit of their experience; but, in addition, wherever possible I have sought out young people—those who I was told were religiously inclined and those who were indifferent—that I might gain from them, so far as they were willing to share it, their position in what prophets have called the "new renaissance."

It is true that in large measure my observations have been among college students and college graduates. I have not neglected to meet and talk with non-college men and women; but it is my experience that only a comparatively few of our American young people who have not enjoyed the discipline and associations of college are thinking and feeling deeply or individually, and that these few, recognizing their handicap, are making endeavor through evening schools to repair their loss. America looks to her college-trained men for leadership, and there are no signs at present that the leadership in this spiritual awakening will come from other sources.

It is fair, I believe, to divide the race

of young people religiously into three roughly sketched groups. There is, first of all, that circle which we may call pagan. It must be confessed that the pagans include many of the social and athletic leaders; and, containing the leaders, the group must perforce contain many of their thoughtless followers, those young materialists who go the course of least resistance, without dissatisfaction with the social order as it is, who eat, drink, and are decorously or indecorously merry, not because of any to-morrow-we-die philosophy but because of the lack of any constructive philosophy at all. To these numbers must be added the thousands of laborers, materialists likewise but not from choice, whose struggle for a decent livelihood, absorbing time and strength and initiative, leaves little opportunity or desire for enriching recreation or religious culture.

The Test of Tradition

At the other extreme is the group of traditionalists—those to whom religion is first of all an externally imposed body of doctrine, and secondly an emotional experience. There is in their faith no place for change. To them revelation is not a miracle of to-day, but of yesterday. Salvation is the effect of a single cause—a certain attitude of mind; the validity of that attitude they would test by the touchstone of tradition.

Those Who Seek

But there is a third group, fortunately large, which may be called the group of experimentalists. A religious experimentalist is he who seeks the spiritual tokens of life after ways according to his own nature, demanding that which he can test intellectually or emotionally, glorying in the future while revering the past. It is from this class that the religious leadership of our age must come—those who, having tasted and seen that the Lord is good, would pass on their discoveries.

The experimentalist is an inclusive class. May I suggest four widely differing, although not necessarily exclusive, temperaments which it contains?

There is, first of all, the "intellectualist," a type found more often, I imagine, among the men and women of our Eastern colleges than elsewhere. A junior at Harvard described them in these words:

> I'll tell you as I see it, to lots of college fellows God is simply another course to be mastered and criticised. Most students feel no need for religion; they imagine themselves self-sufficient, and are somewhat overawed at the powers and possibilities of their newly awakened mind. They crave to see that mind, to try it out, and, naturally, they start on the things about them. Religion comes to them from the outside, and they resent any element or phase of it which eludes the mind. I mean, they are intensely antagonistic to anything which must be accepted on faith. In cold, factual, logical reasoning about God they indulge, and whatever conclusions they arrive at are purely intellectual, affecting very little their personal lives. When they finish, they put them aside with their note-books and credit themselves with a pass in the course on God.

This is, to be sure, an extreme and unsympathetic statement of the intellectualist's position, but it indicates clearly his approach to the subject.

Organized Religion

To a second group the term "organizationalist" is applicable. This phase of experimental religion is more frequently found in the Middle West, where Bible classes and religious foundations and universities in general speak in numbers which to an Easterner are awe-inspiring. At Columbia, Missouri, I had an appointment to meet the head of the Baptist Young People's Union, a student at the University of Missouri. When he came, he brought with him two friends, likewise university students, the one the superintendent of the Battle Ground Mission (which, by the way, was built with money raised entirely by young people) and the other the University men's president of a Bible class with an enrollment of over a thousand. For an hour and more I listened eagerly as they told me of their plans and hopes for their organizations. It is in no sense of criticism that I call them organizationalists; but they appear representative of that class which looks to groups or denominations for the fullest expression of spiritual and humanitarian motives.

The Mystical Companion

There is, likewise, a third group, which for want of a better name we may call "supernaturalist." "Mystic" is not a term in best repute to-day; colored by Oriental occultism and pseudo-supernaturalism, it has won for itself undeserved disfavor; and yet, beneath, rests unscarred the experience which gave rise to the word. The supernaturalist is he who puts a mystic companionship with God first in his life. Within the past ten years there has been a revival of mysticism, occasioned in part by the separations of the Great War. But other causes have contributed, and chief among them is a disgust shared by some of our best young people at our prevailing materialistic philosophy.

I sat talking with two young men in the corridor of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and in our conversation I asked the question, "What do you mean by religion?" Both were silent for a moment, and then the older answered, thoughtfully, "To me religion is playing the game of life squarely and fairly, with one's self and the other fellow." But his friend objected. "It's that, of course; but it's more than that. God is there; religion [the word came desperately]—religion is having God for a pal."

The Eternal Hunger

And yet I would warn the reader that the young supernaturalist seeking God is not traveling the path worn brown by the feet of his fathers. It was my privilege recently to meet with a group of young men, most of them freshmen at a Boston university. They had come together for the intimacies of informal discussion, and spoke their minds freely on all matters. The conversation turned to religion, and one student, scarcely more than a youngster, was evidently listening intently. I was sufficiently acquainted with him to know that he was keenly in love with beauty of all sorts, devotional by nature, honestly seeking the experience of companionship with God. Mention was made of the frequency of student discussions on religious subjects. "Are you content," I asked, "with your intellectual analyses? Do you make any attempt to put your conclusions into practice?" My friend interrupted: "How can one be content with intellectual analyses? Do we not search intellectually because we feel a peculiar need? I am hungry for something to worship, I crave it; but the tangibles on which I can put my hands are not worthy of my worship. I am searching intellectually that I may discover God—I call it God—or something or some one on whom I can worthily bestow my devotion."

In the Service of Man

The name "humanitarian" is fitting for the fourth group—the largest of the four. These are they who oftentimes are constitutionally unfitted to enjoy the exhilaration of the supernaturalist or who sometimes are unable to assure themselves of those conclusions which the intellectualist reaches, but who interpret religion as a life. Here belongs the man who says (perhaps thoughtlessly, but the type is fairly common): "I can see no need for your doctrines or your personalities. Let morality be an end in itself." A college man of the East, intending to be a physician, assured me, "I know nothing of God, and I am suspicious of those who say they do. But man I can

understand, and in so far as I am capable I shall serve him."

Intellectualist, organizationalist, supernaturalist, and humanitarian—cacophonous terms they are, and in nowise exclusive, for the organizationalist may not lack touch with the unseen nor the humanitarian genuine intellectual convictions, but nevertheless handy word symbols for the types of men who approach the interpretation of life by sundry paths. But they are all experimentalists—amateurs in the art of religion—for they would be quick to uphold me when I say that few of them represent a finished product.

Our prophets have prophesied a new renaissance, a spiritual awakening, a reinterpretation of the values of life in terms of the spirit. Contemporaries of such movements have never been able to understand properly the significance of events and persons about them, and I would not court failure. But of this I am certain: Here in this vast group of young people which I have called experimentalist is the raw material for a religious renaissance, or, as Mr. Glenn Frank has more happily phrased it, here is the "springtime of a new renaissance," awaiting intelligent Christian leadership.

I yearn for a seismographic mind as I endeavor to interpret what these, my contemporaries, are thinking religiously. But there is one demand which they all are making: religion must concern itself with life. Our forefathers were accustomed to say that religion was a relationship between man and God, that the relationships of man and man were the concerns of morality and ethics, but not of religion. It is more than a matter of phraseology when youth says that religion must be big enough and broad enough to cover all of man's relations with men.

The Divorce of Religion and Life

I TRAVELED last spring from Boston to New York with a young man from Washington, a man of concise and thoughtful ideas. I knew him to be a general favorite in his social set, but there were hundreds of dissenting voices ringing in my ears as I listened to him speak: "Religion? I say of it as Coolidge said of the League of Nations: it's a dead issue. Why consider it? You don't suppose that the modern man is interested in religion, do you? He may argue about it, but he never allows it to interfere. He is interested in the struggle between capital and labor, in the cleaning up of politics, in the bettering of international relations, but not in religion. . . . What is religion? My religion is my relation to God, and concerns no one but myself. As for economic matters and international affairs, they are entirely outside of this relation."

But to your honest-minded young person to-day such a divorce between life and religion is unthinkable, and economic matters and international affairs are not outside. The great demand which he is constantly making of religion is that it be practical. What are his most frequent criticisms of the Church? The Church is not meeting the problems of his life. What subjects does he choose to discuss when given leadership which he respects? The application of religion to life, to campus problems, or to factory problems, as the case may be.

The Thing, not the Word

"RELIGION" as a word, to be sure, is not often heard in the vocabulary of our young people, but the concept is familiar. At a gathering of students at Michigan Agricultural College when the question of a name for a certain movement was under consideration a young man said, "Let's not call it 'religious,' for that will give it the flavor of ecclesiasticism and oldish orthodoxy. Let's call it Christian, for Christ was a young man." And the conference voted to call the movement the College Christian Conclave. But my experience leads me to believe that in the East the college student would link "Christian" with "religious" as words in popular disfavor because of their unpleasant pious connotations. And yet the essential ideas beneath the words are alive, recognized, and cautiously admired.

> There was a bird
> That sat a tree-top giving love a voice.
> And never knew that singing made a song.

Is the American young person unknowingly religious?

"Sir, what do you mean by religion?" I had just finished the class hour and was hurrying to collect my wares, in preparation for a trip which I was to make in connection with these articles. It was a thoughtful sophomore who spoke, and he repeated his question as I hesitated. Resorting to the schoolmaster's characteristic evasion, I said, "How would you define it?" This is his answer. "I can get no further in my thinking than to define it as 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." And my answer had to be, "Neither can I." He understood religion to be both mystic and practical, but the average young person to-day is emphasizing the latter half, sometimes entirely to the exclusion of the former.

May I cull from my note-book a few expressions emphasizing this demand for a practical religion?

1. On the opening day of a philosophy seminar one of my friends entered the classroom and took a vacant seat beside a Negro. He shook hands with his neighbor and fell into conversation about the course. Two weeks later a Jew stopped him. "There is something that I have been wanting to say to you. I saw you shake hands with the Negro next to you, and I wanted to tell you, that's the first time since I came to Harvard that I have seen a Christian practicing Christianity."

2. A Princeton sophomore wrote me: "I think that for practical religion Princeton's abolition of 'Bicker Week' is pretty fine. 'Bicker Week,' as you remember, was the time when sophomores were elected to clubs. The fellows realized that it was awful tough on the poor devils who didn't make clubs, and they are now trying to devise a better system. As the fellows who were already in clubs were the ones who started the movement, it was no 'sour grapes' business at all."

3. Whenever I inquired about the religious life of the campus at the University of Virginia, I was confronted by the question, "Have you studied our honor system?"

4. "But how can you tell if a man is religious?" I asked a college undergraduate. "By his life, can't you? I know a fellow, a freshman here, who knew that another fellow was planning to do something which wasn't honorable. It was nothing in his young life what the other fellow did, but he went to him and told him it wasn't decent. He didn't argue that he shouldn't do it because the Bible said so, but because it wasn't fair to the fellows with whom he had to live. I think that was religion."

5. In answer to a questionnaire sent to Harvard graduate students with this among other questions, Does America need more religion? one man wrote: "America to-day needs more religion, but not any cut-and-dry formulas about how God loves us all and how we will go to heaven if we are good, but a practical working basis for life and an attempt to solve some of the great problems of to-day." And the answer was typical of the replies.

A Seven-Day Faith

THE great demand that the experimentalists are making of their religion (by whatever name the experience may pass) is that it meet the insistent needs of Monday and Tuesday, and help them to solve the gnarled problems of human relationships. The religion of the new renaissance, whatever else it be, must be useful, since for an ornamental, Sunday variety of religion the world has forever lost its respect.



Incidents That Have Pointed the Way—(No. 11 of a Series)

And out of the parade came a big idea

"NOW that we have won it, what are we going to do with this twenty-dollar gold piece?"

This question brought a lively discussion from a group of men and women who had just finished a line of march in honor of the one hundredth birthday of their city. That was more than twenty years ago on a hot July afternoon.

The winners were workers in a steel mill that was then just getting under way. Typical of the spirit with which they had entered upon a new enterprise, they turned out the largest number for the parade, and then found themselves in the possession of twenty dollars in prize money.

Their leader was a real leader. He knew how to win. He knew what would be necessary to keep on winning. So he said, "We won because we stuck together. And if I'm any prophet, we're going to make things hum down there at the mill. Let's get ready. Let's band together in an association so that we can mingle, and come to know one another. In that spirit we'll do our best work. This *twenty* will start us off."

Things have changed since that July afternoon of more than twenty years ago.

Now there is an association of thousands of men and women who work in the mills. Every worker is a member and helps support the association of the company. To the money contributed by the members, the company for which they work contributes an equal amount. There is a large downtown association house *always* humming with high grade entertainment, including music, dancing, dramatics, and athletic sports.

That little mill of those early days is now the proud parent of bigger and more modern mills—some of them in the home town of Middletown, Ohio; others in Columbus, Ohio; Zanesville, Ohio and Ashland, Kentucky. In all of these the Armco Association is the great center of mutual interest activities.

And the old spirit still lives. Many of those men of more than twenty years ago are still with the company. They have taken under their care hundreds of youngsters and brought them up in an atmosphere of "stick together, know one another, and do the best work."

Such is the Armco organization, the men and women who work together to give to the world the purest iron ever made in an open-hearth furnace.

ARMCO Ingot Iron is used for: gutters, downspouts, stoves, ranges, refrigerators, and other items of a similar nature. Ask your sheet metal contractor or your hardware dealer about ARMCO Ingot Iron, and be sure to identify it beyond question by the *blue* triangle stamped on each sheet before it leaves the mill.

ARMCO

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Middletown, Ohio

EXPORT: THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO CABLE ADDRESS—ARMCO

Mary and Maggie

By George Marvin

MARY CROSBY runs the rural school at Edgemont. In Edgemont Mary matters enormously. She matters considerably in the world. She works. More than that, she serves; plays her part in the big game, keeps the faith. And smiles while she makes good.

Mary works to good effect. When the second drive for Liberty Bonds came through the Edgemont territory a few years ago, quietly and with bright eyes Mary stepped up and took $700 worth. On the third drive she took $700 more. For her work in the rural school—from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. five days in the week and eight months in the year—she earns exactly $42.50 a month. You can't, and she couldn't, buy many Liberty Bonds on that. She and her husband own a fifteen-acre farm, unmortgaged. Crosby, who used to be an easy-going coachman up at Castle Hill, works too. Mary makes him work. Together they work the farm.

Crosby is what is called a "renter" in Virginia. While his wife is at school he works, in addition to their own real estate, portions of other farms in his locality on a percentage basis, taking his share in kind—stock, corn, cow-peas, vegetables, fruit, or whatever. From their own place and out of their "renter" profits the Crosbys sell chickens, eggs, garden truck, and fruit around the neighborhood. In February, after the annual "hog killin'," they have hams, sausages, and lard to sell. Edgemont is a small settlement, not much more than a cross-roads, at the center of a rambling community of big estates scattered over the red soil of the Piedmont section of Virginia. "Town," with its conveniences, is twelve miles away over a road which has only within the past year become navigable in all weathers. For several years Mary has supplied for the neighborhood some of the trade conveniences of town. At fifty cents a suit she sponges and presses by hand the clothes of some of the neighboring residents rather better than the Greek tailor, with his steam machine, does them in C——. She takes in sewing and mending. Her house, in a small way, is a sort of clothing exchange. Gathering in the discarded gowns and outworn suits of the Piedmont gentry, she revamps and repairs them so as to make them worth something to the colored community, who are glad to get neat old clothes of a good cut and fashion for a fraction of what they would have to pay for cheap new clothing. Mary Crosby "presents"—as the clothing manufacturers say—the autumn styles.

But that's not all that makes Mary matter. In the Piedmont section of Virginia—as everywhere else—it becomes increasingly difficult for love or money to get good servants. Mary is an employment agency for servants who generally turn out to be good. People go to her when they want a cook, a man to weed the garden, a nurse for the children, or a boy to do odd jobs round the place. If such are to be found, she generally finds them. But, as she says:

"The trouble with my people nowadays, so many of them, is they don't want to work. They works for money to dress themselves and go to the pictures, or go boilin' round the roads in a cyar. But they don't take much interest in the job."

She's right. But the "trouble" she complains of is not confined to her people. It is a white as well as a black shortcoming, a recognized failing among both the shiftless whites and blacks in the rural South. A Negro farm-hand, graduated from the county training school, gets very little encouragement by example from the white farmer who leaves his agricultural machinery out in the rain and won't take the time or trouble to mend his fences.

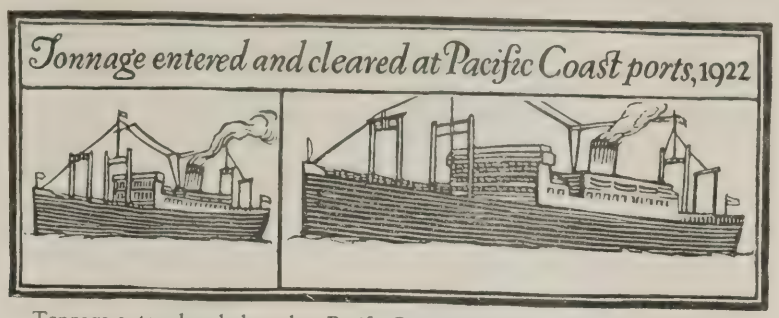
Mary's school, planted in a clearing of the fragrant pines near Edgemont, is founded on the rock of work. One-third of its cost was contributed by the Julius Rosenwald Fund from the North, the county put in another third, and the remaining third was raised by the colored people of the district themselves. The boys who attend the school, with a strong-armed parent now and then, made the clearing in the pines where the school stands; the wood, chopped, sawed, and neatly piled, keeps the stoves going through the winter. It is an attractive structure outside—clapboards painted white, with green blinds and trimmings and a well-shingled roof. Inside, through wide, high windows the sun pours over green plants and bulbs, the gifts of Mary's pupils and friends, where thirty-three children between eight and fourteen years of age, according to the requirement of the laws of Virginia, bend willingly over their book lessons, their sewing or weaving, their cooking, chair-caning, basket and table making, those bright rooms themselves registering their own lesson of association day after day. In richer or more fortunate communities, varied with concrete or brick, this is the



"In richer communities, varied with concrete or brick, this is the type of building which is gradually, all too slowly, supplanting—



—the rickety, dirty, draughty shanties of a day when no one really cared"



Tonnage entered and cleared at Pacific Ocean Ports, 1922

California	Washington & Oregon
4,981,365	10,140,222

The tonnage passing through the ports of the Pacific Northwest is more than double that passing through the California ports.

The leading ports of a greater commerce

On the highway of what is destined to become the world's greatest commerce—that of the dawning Pacific Era—some of America's youngest cities are astonishing us by the swiftness of their growth.

Seattle, forty years ago a frontier settlement of 4,000 inhabitants, with one crude dock and no railroad, today has a population of 350,000 and marine terminal facilities worth many millions of dollars.

Portland, in 1870 a town of 8,000, without a railroad, and carrying on a small river trade on the Columbia and the Willamette, is now a city of 280,000, exporting goods to the five continents of the world.

Tacoma's population since 1880 has grown from 720 to over a hundred thousand. Astoria, Bellingham, Coos Bay, Everett, Bremerton, Port Angeles, Gray's Harbor, and a dozen more, are stepping forward with equal speed into the ranks of the world's important maritime cities.

For the cities of the Pacific Northwest are the natural leaders of our rapidly-growing Pacific Coast commerce.

Two-thirds of that commerce already passes through their ports. That the great bulk of it must always pass through them is assured by definite advantages of location, of ideal harbor facilities, of a rich back country.

Nearer by several days' sailing to the chief points of Asia and the Pacific Islands than the California ports, they mark the principal route for America's future trade with the awakening Orient, where trade with the United States has increased two to four times within ten years.

Nearer by rail to the Atlantic Seaboard, they are in quicker touch with America's fullest present development.

Through them flows the largest part of Alaska's 80 million dollar trade with the United States.

The region which lies back of them, the great Pacific Northwest, comprising the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, is undergoing a development, in industry, in agriculture, in commerce, as rapid as their own.

In the Pacific Northwest, because of its growing commerce, and because of its tremendous undeveloped natural wealth, lie new opportunities for every business enterprise in the United States.

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R·R·
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The Northern Pacific Ry.

Burlington Route · Northern Pacific · Great Northern

type of building which is gradually—all too slowly—supplanting the rickety, dirty, draughty shanties of a day when no one really cared.

All of this varied service and competence centers round Mary Crosby in her particular sphere of usefulness. She contributes the energy and eagerness; the desire to see and understand, the willingness to do, are hers. "Yours to serve, Mary Crosby," she writes in a big neat hand at the end of her reports and letters. But Mary was "bohn an' raised" in Edgemont. There is much of her present efficiency that was not native, but suggested. Some initiative, some incentive, methods and ways and means, had to come from outside. That is where Maggie comes in.

Maggie is the "Jeanes teacher" for the county of Virginia in which Edgemont is situated. In Maggie's jurisdiction Mary's school is only one of thirty-five with which she keeps regularly in touch over Virginia roads—and you have to *experience* a Virginia road to appreciate just what in the way of effective isolation the term implies—in all kinds of weather, supplying just the added incentive, initiative, suggestion, and encouragement which are needed in the rural schools and their constituent communities.

The school described at Edgemont is not an average school. It is well above the average, because its schoolmistress herself is above the average. But all the other schools in Maggie's district are exposed to the same advantages made possible by the Jeanes and Slater Funds. The Rosenwald money goes co-operatively into buildings; the Slater fund helps chiefly to build and equip county training schools; and by the bequest of a tiny old lady, Miss Anna T. Jeanes, of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia, the income from her million dollars goes to "helping the small rural Negro



The " Maggie Burtons," eager-minded and devoted, are the most practical missionaries to their own people, for they deal with the foundations and they recognize facts. A typical " Jeanes " teacher

schools." Maggie Burton is one of 269 supervising teachers maintained in whole or in part from this fund in 255 counties of 14 States of the South. This year she and her associates visited regularly in these counties 7,872 country schools. Their job, their duties, are, as Dr. Dillard, their director, says, unlimited. In the main they bring "life more abundantly" in usable terms into dark and neglected and often into discouraged places, helping and encouraging the rural teachers, introducing simple home industries, giving lessons on sanitation and hygiene, and improving schoolhouses, school grounds, and school morale. In all their endeavors they co-operate closely with the State and county public school authorities.

Well, that's Maggie. Like Mary, she matters considerably in Albemarle County and not a little in the South, she and her kind. To understand just how they both matter let us consider three products of their joint labors and concern. Consider, then, in turn, Ambrose, Anna-Francis, and little gray-eyed "Captain."

At Edgemont Manor, where the land-poor descendants of one of the best Old Dominion families take paying guests the year round, whatever is to be done Ambrose does. Before daylight he has milked the cows. Then he kindles fires in the rooms of the guests, whom he wakens with his cheery "Good-moanin', sir" (or "ma'am"). At breakfast time he is on hand in a spotless white coat to wait on table. Ambrose collects the eggs and wrings the necks of the hens dedicated to the cuisine over which his mother presides. He saddles and harnesses horses, chops and saws wood, scrubs floors, makes beds, and goes to the post office, two miles away, for mail. Other boys accomplish something of this kind. But Ambrose bathes, and brushes his teeth. He keeps his well-brushed clothes on hangers, and his boots, which he polishes with those of the guests, he aligns in pairs along the wall of his clean cabin.

Small considerations these, perhaps, though none too common among Ambrose's people. The significant thing in Ambrose's case is this—significant as bearing on the most recent development of the colored problem in the South:

Ambrose has a relative in Newark New Jersey, who wrote last year extolling the higher wages and social advantages to be had by migrating northward. More effective than the urgings of the labor agents, because more continuous and accumulative, are the influences thus brought to bear upon the Negroes of the Southern States by those of their own kin or acquaintance who have gone before into what they think is, if not a happier, at least a juster land.

Like thousands of his people, Ambrose took the bait last summer and went North. He stayed two weeks. Then he came back to a sunnier South a gladder and a wiser young man. In Newark with shorter hours, he made more money. But he could not save as much. He lived faster but not as well, and spent all his savings keeping up with the colored Joneses. Said he on the morning after his return to Dixie, as he started in with saddle-soap to clean neglected harness:

"They ain' got nothin' up there we ain' got down here. Jes' mo' speed that's all. An' yo' doan' amount to nuthin'. Nobody know yo' name, an' nobody ain' studyin' bout yo' any time of the day. No, *suh!*"

Anna-Francis graduated from the



" Anna-Francis ain' studyin' 'bout no jazz "



Sent to you FREE

The book that will help a million parents

EVERY mother and father dreams of the time when they will begin reading stories to their children in the good-night hour. But when at last, their age of understanding comes, what a bitter disappointment awaits. Wearied by the thousand cares of the day they approach the story-hour with fear and perplexity instead of with pleasure.

What to read tonight? The mind is too fagged to answer. What story? There is such a multitude to choose from—how can they find the one exactly suited to the age of the child and the season of the year? Yet all the time there is the insistent plea of "a story, Mother."

A trying task for all

Each night's story must be intensely interesting. There must be variety, and yet the stories must be linked together. Only in this way can each night's reading make a sure advance in the child's understanding. Some of these stories must be about nature and about the things of every day life; others must be from imagination's sweetest fancy. How can one solve all these complicated requirements when their Highnesses are fretting for a new story!

A book that solves these problems

At last, what doctors have done in arranging menus and diets for children has been duplicated in the arrangement of famous and interesting stories for daily reading to children. There need be no doubt on what to read on any day, at any age.

Educators specializing on children's reading have gathered the choicest treasures of story and fable from all nations and all ages including the present. But most important of all, they have scheduled the proper stories for each day of the year, planned the reading according to the growing needs and growing tastes of children.

This plan or daily schedule of reading is placed in a beautifully bound book of rich blue cloth covers and almost 200 gilt-edged pages. A limited number have been set aside for Free distribution to mothers and fathers.

The greatest educational plan ever devised

Under the guidance of this book, "The Children's Reading Hour," every reading gives definite progress for the children. A new fascination is in each reading hour. Stories that deal with nature are arranged for the proper season; in the early Spring evenings the children hear about the return of the birds and the budding of the first flowers; in the late Autumn are descriptions of the animals preparing Winter quarters. So also, all the holidays and festivals have their appropriate stories. Thus the mysteries of nature and even history itself are unfolded before the wondering minds.

In order that all parents may be given the aid which they urgently demand this handsome book, "The Children's Reading Hour," is offered Free to all who will send the coupon. This book contains in addition to the schedule of daily readings a number of valuable essays on the art of reading and the teaching of reading to children. "The Children's Reading Hour" is sent without any obligation and with only the charge of 25 cents in coins or stamps to help defray the costs of handling and mailing. As the edition allotted to this Free distribution is limited you are urged to send the coupon at once.

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NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc. Dept. W3411 Garden City, New York

Gentlemen: Without obligation send me at once "The Children's Reading Hour," the handsome book in which is the complete plan for reading famous stories to my children so that each day will have that story most appropriate and most interesting. To pay for the handling and mailing charges on this blue cloth book of nearly 200 gilt-edged pages, I enclose 25 cents in stamp or coin. There is to be no additional charge.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

training school last spring. She is "goin' on sixteen." Her mother is dead, and she helps her father run his small farm and make it pay. This last harvest the old man got about forty bushels of corn from each of his acres. Right alongside Anna-Francis, working out "the agricultural home project agreement" with the intensive methods learned at the training school, harvested an average of 56 bushels from her three acres. With the patterns supplied by the Jeanes teacher Anna-Francis makes her own clothes and the clothes of her little sister, who still goes to the rural school four miles away, whither Anna drives her each morning in the yellow-wheeled buggy and calls for her at three every afternoon. Anna-Francis's fences are mended, her floors are scrubbed. There are curtains in the windows and a clean table-cloth every Sunday. On the shelf, where her "prize" clock keeps reliable time, stand the books loaned through the rural school by the "Lend-a-Hand Library." On Sundays, in trim hat and well-fitting dress, Anna-Francis, bound for the Baptist services at S——, is devastating. She has beaux on foot and suitors in flivvers, most of them drones. But, as Ambrose says, "Anna-Francis, she ain' studyin' 'bout no jazz."

Little Captain, aged thirteen, does the chores at home for his mammy before he hits the trail on foot each morning for the rural school a mile or so from his cabin. At the front or rear door of that cabin visitors wipe the glue-like red mud from their shoes on mats of braided corn-husks which Mary Crosby, at the instance of Maggie Burton, taught Captain how to make. Captain made the brooms which keep the cabin floor reasonably clean. On autumn Saturdays he rakes leaves, carries wood, weeds the "gyarden," and hauls garbage at Edgemont Manor, where on Sundays, when there is a large attendance, in one of Ambrose's white coats, three sizes too large, he helps Ambrose wait on table. There is a glib saying in the South to the effect that the mulatto is an economic loss and a social tragedy. But if such is the tendency of miscegenation, you can't look into Captain's steady gray eyes or contemplate his steady labors without realizing that effective agencies are at work to check that tendency.

The latest phase of the perennial "Negro problem" is the general and increasing migration of Negroes in their thousands from the Southern States of their birth and traditions into the Northern States of supposedly better advantages. Higher wages are only a part of the impulse. Whatever the majority feeling in a given locality may be, the Negro cannot be blamed for wanting a square deal and a better chance nor prevented from trying to find more promising conditions. Upon the serious considerations involved, for both the South and the North, many reports have been written, many addresses made, divers conventions and commissions and committee meetings assembled. It is undoubtedly a matter of profound importance.

But listen to this lighter litany which came the other day in the mail from a Southern man who has given the best years of his life to the "colored problem," maintaining nevertheless his sense of saving good humor.

"From near-sighted Negroes," he writes, "and cross-eyed po' white folks, good Lord deliver us.

"From professional uplifters and all 'come-on-boys' and community workers, good Lord deliver us.

"From Northern Negrophiles and Southern hill-billy Negrophobes, good Lord deliver us.

"From all the o'erguid and the unco' bad, from Volstead and Anheuser-Busch, from prohibition and all other tyrannies, from bootleggers and wood alcohol and sudden death, and from all superior clay and the self-righteous, good Lord deliver us.

"And that it may please thee, good Lord, to reveal to race commissions and all other pat-you-on-the-back organizations *that the average Negro goes along living his life according to the best of his lights, and the average white man wants him to have all that's coming to him.*"

Speckled Trout

By George Witten

Norman Clark listens to a fish story, sees a gleam of hope, and tries to save a desperate situation

NORMAN CLARK worked with his bookkeeper until late into the night. But no amount of checking and tallying would alter the figures. There was a decided deficit. Flexible Glass was in a hopeless condition; only a miracle could keep it alive.

Shortly after twelve o'clock Clark told the bookkeeper to go home. There was nothing more to be done on the books; they were in perfect condition, and told the story accurately. He wanted to be alone—he wanted to think. But the bookkeeper hesitated to leave the gray-haired man. He had known Norman Clark all his life. When a schoolboy he had looked up to him as the leading light and genius of the town. As a young man his ambition had been to enter his employ. He knew the financial condition of the corporation, and he knew that its collapse would be a terrible blow to the proud and honest Clark.

"Aren't you going home, sir?"

"In a little while," Clark replied. "I must think out a solution. Good-night." His tone was decisive and left nothing for the bookkeeper to do but depart.

Outside Barney, the night watchman, sat with chair tilted against the wall, slowly puffing his pipe. "Is the boss still working?" he asked.

"Yes, and you'd better keep an eye on him. He's had a hard day; he's overworked, and ought to be in bed this minute."

"I'll be taking my chair and sitting inside out of the night air."

Alone, Clark turned to the safe and brought out a package of papers. These were matters that required immediate consideration. In less than two weeks the mortgage interest must be paid. The pay-roll, which came before anything else, and *must* be met, would use up most of the funds on hand. A pile of unpaid bills stared coldly at him. Back of it all was a long list of stockholders, many of them his employees, who had waited patiently for several years for a return on their investments. These people had put in their money solely on their faith in Clark.

Failure of Flexible Glass would mean loss for the shareholders, hardship for the workmen, and disgrace for Clark. The fine name and fortune that he had built up through long years of hard work would melt away and leave him stripped. If he were a young man, he might come back. But he was sixty-five—too old to start over again, and with a handicap He returned the papers to their shelf in

the safe. On the shelf above them lay a loaded automatic pistol.

Clark lifted the pistol and tried the grip. Holding it there in his hand, he gazed for a moment at the package of papers, then toyed with the automatic, looking back and forth from one to the other. There was a sound of movement behind him, and he turned to meet the large, smiling face of Barney.

"I just came in, sir, to tell you about the whopping big fish I caught this morning. It was this long, and weighed four pounds. The prettiest speckled trout you ever looked at. I'd been fishin' around the Old Point rocks for three hours—"

Norman Clark returned the pistol to its place and closed the safe door, while Barney elaborated on his fishing achievements.

"A day with a rod and reel in your hand would do you a heap of good, sir," concluded the night watchman. "I'd be more than pleased to row you out where I know you'd be sure to get plenty of strikes."

The offer of Barney touched the corporation president, for it typified the general feeling of the employees of Flexible Glass and the populace of Waterville toward him, and brought home to him more strongly the enormity of failing. No, he must not fail. Flexible Glass had to live, and pay dividends. Clark took a grip on himself, and determined to fight it out.

"I think you're right, Barney," he said. "It's really a rest I need. I won't forget your offer. We'll make a day of it together in the near future."

In a small private office at the top of one of New York's sky-scrapers, overlooking the East River, three master stock swindlers met in consultation on the same evening that Norman Clark and his bookkeeper had worked so late in an effort to adjust their financial difficulties.

"You say that Flexible Glass is ripe for a reload?" asked Beatty, a dark, heavy-set man.

"Yes; old Clark has put up a game fight, but he's sweating now. We didn't leave him more than thirty per cent; he's carried on with that for over three years, and come darn near making it go." Mack, the second speaker, had managed the sale of the original stock of Flexible Glass, and had bled the corporation so low of funds that he knew it would be only a matter of time till it would be in need of assistance, and had watched it closely for three years.

"All right," said Beatty, "we'll send Clark a preliminary letter to-night. Jones, you be ready to go out there and take charge of matters. It's going to be easy pickings! Those fellows have a good proposition, and, from what Mack says, they have great faith in old Clark." He reached for a form letter, slipped it into a typewriter, and inserted the heading.

The next morning Norman Clark, hollow-eyed, nervous, and desperate, found this letter on his desk. It was sealed in a plain envelope, and marked "Personal." With trembling fingers the president of Flexible Glass tore open the envelope and, spreading the neat sheet of business paper before him, read:

Mr. Norman Clark, President,
Flexible Glass Corporation,
Waterville, New Jersey.

Dear Sir—Are the finances of your corporation just as you would have them? If not, consult us. We are business doctors, and can advise you on how best to adjust your affairs. Our methods are fair and equable. We work solely on a commission basis. Consultation is absolutely free, and all consultations are held in strictest confidence.

Communicate with us to-day, either by letter, telephone, or telegraph. Our representative will call upon you at your office, and at our expense.

Very truly yours,
THE FINANCIAL ADJUSTMENT CORP.,
WILLIAM K. BEATTY, Secretary.

Clark read and re-read this message, which seemed to him like a rope thrown to a drowning man. Hope began to revive, and with hope came desire to fight and win. "Consultation is absolutely free," he read. It would cost nothing to find out. They would send a representative at their expense to see him. Reaching out for this straw of hope, he picked

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up the telephone and asked the operator to give him Long Distance.

The genial and businesslike Jones arrived that afternoon, and immediately assumed charge of the situation. It was really a very simple and easily adjusted condition. Just something that nearly every successful enterprise had gone through. Mr. Clark had undertaken the work with insufficient capital, but there was nothing to worry about—in a few weeks the affairs of Flexible Glass would be in a better and stronger condition than ever.

"All we need is a National advertising campaign," said Jones. "You have proved that Flexible Glass is flexible, and that it will fill a long-sought necessity. Now all we have to do is to let the world know that we have Flexible Glass."

"Advertising costs money, and our treasury is worse than flat," said Clark.

Jones smiled. "That is a matter easily overcome. In the days when non-assessable stock had not been heard of corporation directors had only to meet and vote an assessment. Now the procedure is a little different, but the end accomplished is the same. We simply increase the capitalization, and call upon each stockholder to buy twenty-five per cent of the value of their present holdings. Then we put on a big advertising campaign, and sell to the public as much more as is necessary for the purpose of raising funds for production."

"And your fee for managing this?"

"The usual twenty per cent and expenses."

Clark thought long and hard, but he could see no other way to save the situation. He would have control of the campaign throughout. Jones had assured him he would remain in the background, giving advice when necessary, and acting only as a fiscal agent.

A stirring campaign followed. Flexible Glass became the talk of the country. Jones "very kindly" helped to place the advertising, and pocketed some large commissions from that source. Under his able direction shares in the corporation began to sell at a premium. Nothing was said to the stockholders about a shortage of funds. Oh, no! What the corporation was doing was expanding. Getting ready to meet the increased demand for Flexible Glass.

Things began to hum around the factory. New workmen were employed, and the force divided into two shifts. Clark again held his head high. He took his holiday and went fishing with Barney, the night watchman. The new issue of stock sold rapidly. Jones collected his twenty per cent commission, and another forty per cent for expenses. Then with Flexible Glass sailing before a strong breeze with all canvas set and Norman Clark at the wheel, the jovial Jones left Waterville and returned to the city.

"Well, how did you leave old Clark and Flexible Glass?" asked Beatty.

"Oh, great!" laughed Jones. "They'll ride for about a year, then they'll be ready for another trimming. That old sucker Clark sure has got those people buncoed; they think he's a little tin angel. Well, I've tied him up with a bunch of contracts that will squeeze him dry before the year's out. Then it will be your turn to lend him a helping hand. Mack and I have done our bit."

A year later Norman Clark and his bookkeeper again tried to balance the books against a deficit, but this time the deficit ran into thousands, where before it had merely been hundreds. Again the bookkeeper was sent home, and again Clark took the pistol from the safe, but this time the smiling Barney was not there to tell fish stories.

The Book Table

A Symbolic Monkey[1]

A Review by R. D. Townsend

If Mr. Galsworthy's post-war extension of his "Forsyte Saga" has a title that seems out of tune with his wonted cultured urbanity, it is because his White Monkey is more symbol than animal. The weird and sad-eyed creation of a Chinese artist, this monkey with the squeezed fruit rind in its paw seems to say: "Eat the fruits of life, scatter the rinds, and get copped in doing it!" Also he "thinks there's something beyond, and he's sad or angry because he can't get at it." And to Soames Forsyte, that "dry file," the allegory was revealed as of the young people of the new and rushing era. "They talked too much and too fast! They got to the end of interest in this, that, and the other. They ate life and threw away the rind." One of the younger generation, Michael, husband of the uneasy and restless Fleur (daughter of Soames), himself a fair and generous fellow, exclaims in his puzzlement: "What's wrong with us? We're quick, and clever, cock-sure, and dissatisfied. If only something would enthuse us, or get *our* goats! We've chucked religion, tradition, property, pity; and in their place we put, what?" There is a symbolical Pekingese pup, too, who looks his message, "There is nothing new about the future."

But let it not be thought from this allegorical side glance at London society to-day that Mr. Galsworthy has written a cynical novel. In this book those who have fortitude, kindliness, and honesty of heart fare well and win satisfaction. We leave Fleur contented, if not passionately in love; Michael happy in having saved his married life from ruin; Soames gratified in his deep desire for a grandson—on the whole, a solidly cemented family out of reach of the modern whirlpool of restlessness.

The author's attitude as a keen-eyed but unembittered observer of social phenomena is admirably maintained. There is a strong sub-current of humor. If the smile is slightly ironical, it is not intolerant, nor is there any note of hopelessness, nor any wish to moralize.

Of all the stories dealing with the annals of the fecund Forsytes, this one least needs the aid of the genealogical table which accompanies the group of novels and tales included in the "Saga." It stands on its own feet, its lines are simple and clear, and it can be read with full pleasure and complete understanding by one who has never even heard of "The Man of Property" and the books that grew out of it. It is true that those who do know those books will have a certain added interest and perceive a special flavor in "The White Monkey;" but Fleur's problem stands by itself, Michael is a new and attractive figure, old Soames is far more interesting here than young Soames was when he was persecuting his not by any means faultless first wife. The movement of plot and development of characters flow with constantly arresting ease and engrossing interest. In sheer workmanship Mr Galsworthy has never given his readers anything better—probably nothing quite so good. It was a real triumph, for instance, not only to make Soames's business complications interesting but actu

[1] The White Monkey. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

ally to make a directors' meeting tensely dramatic.

So long as English-writing novelists of our day can produce fiction at once as entertaining and as socially illuminative as this book, we need neither regret the Victorian demigods of the past nor despair at the futility and banality of a large proportion of the stories of our day.

The New Books

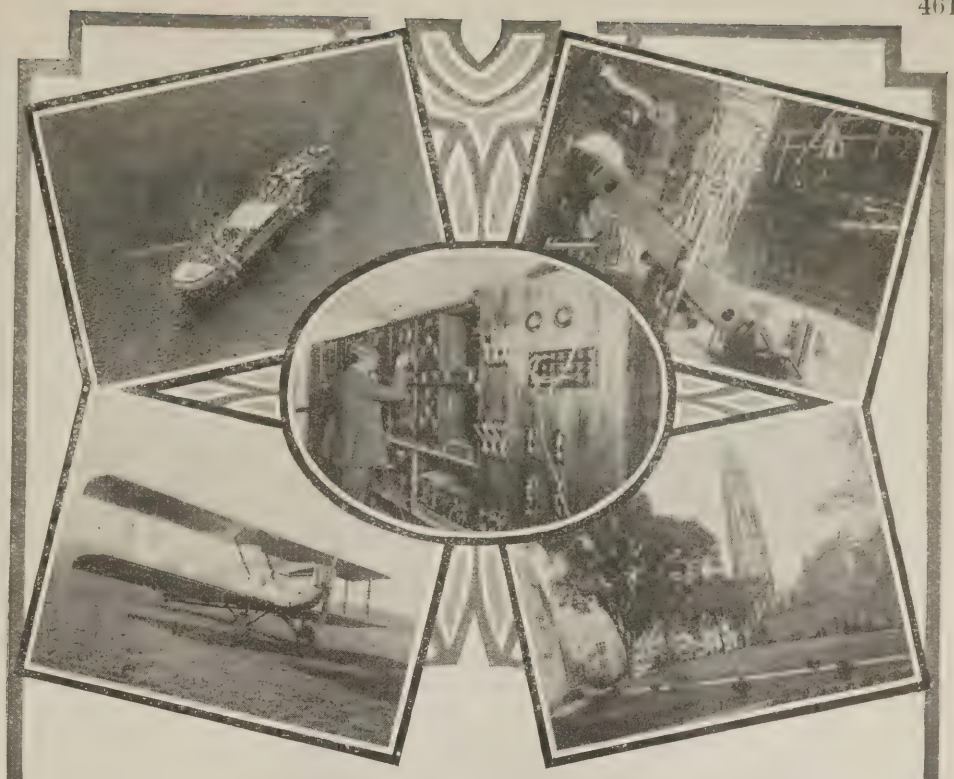
FICTION

AFTER THE VERDICT. By Robert Hichens. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Hichens had a novel and intriguing plot idea in presenting at the outset the distress of a man who has been acquitted by a jury of the charge of murdering a woman, but who knows that every one he meets thinks, "There goes the man who escaped hanging," and that many say, "After all, is he innocent?" The girl he loves marries him and believes in him, but his distress increases until they take refuge in vain under assumed names in Africa—you can't keep Mr. Hichens away from Africa! The reader has no clue, until almost the end, about the who, why, and how of the crime. Psychologically the book is subtle and strong. The situation is naturally an anguishing one, but the agony is prolonged over altogether too many pages.

ARNOLD WATERLOW. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

One review of Miss Sinclair's book is headed "Arnold the Magnanimous"—self-effacing would be the better adjective. Arnold lets the world at large, and all his relatives and the women he loves in particular, run over him without any of that courage which belongs to magnanimity; he sacrifices himself, but he does it tamely and flabbily. His mother is a bigot and snob; his father drinks himself to death; his brother is a dissipated scoundrel; his sister is a prig; he is himself a poet and dreamer, but he gives up his aspirations and becomes a clerk to help his unworthy and ungrateful family. Perhaps this flabbiness (or nobility, if the author insists) is what makes the reader feel less interest in Arnold than in some other of Miss Sinclair's subjects who are more salient and less complex, such as Canon Chamberlain in "The Cure of Souls" or the gross Waddington of Wyck. Moreover, Arnold wanders about too vaguely, in his longing to know the unknowable and in his searchings in philosophy and metaphysics, really to be entertaining company. More exciting is his success in loving two women at the same time, while his wife is equally successful in loving two men at the same time. Apart from drawbacks inherent in



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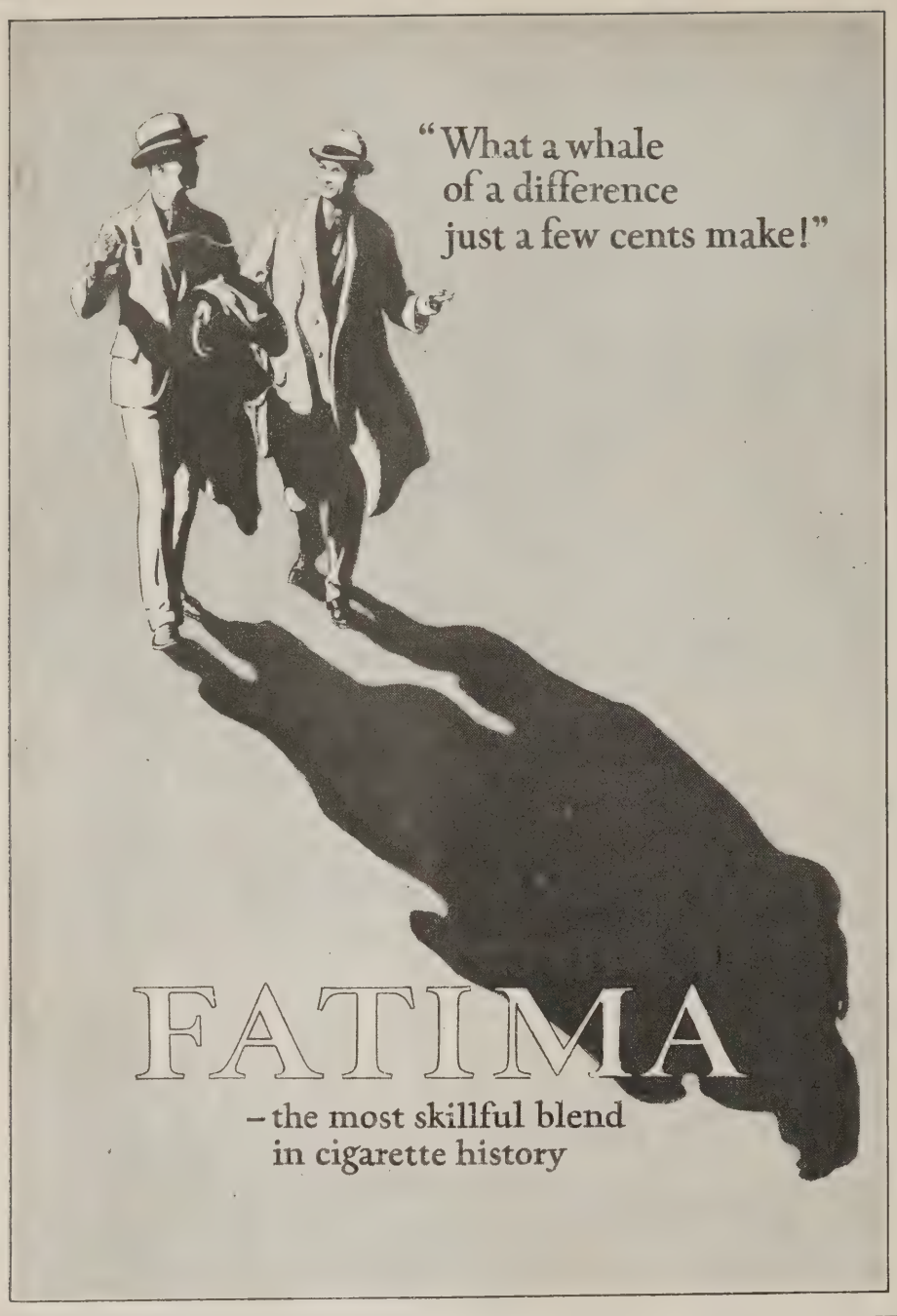
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the very idea of the novel, it is a remarkable study of an honorable, mystical-minded man who dimly seeks after a spiritual something which is "at the back of things," who is a Hamlet in lack of vigorous decision, and who therefore always decides against himself instead of in favor of justice as against others.

QUEEN CALAFIA. By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

In the familiar romantic manner of Ibañez, "Queen Calafia" we may suppose to be a novel with a serious purpose, though this might not strike the casual reader, more prone to fancy that the author had written with an eye on American screen rights. Queen Calafia is the pseudonym of a widowed Californian millionairess, Mrs. Douglas, who unites in her person the beauty of Diana and her chastity, together with an amazing physical strength and dexterity. Mrs. Douglas often drives her own car through the streets of Madrid to the wonderment of the inhabitants, unaccustomed to feminine self-sufficiency. Despite the lady's apparently unconquerable virtue, a handsome, *naïf* young Spaniard, whose father she had known and loved years before, awakens dormant passions, and she dreams of a new happiness. The fact that the young man is engaged to a girl of his own age and class, the daughter of a university professor, alone dissuades her from marrying him. Moral ideas and quixotic abnegation rise superior to love.

The foregoing is the merest suggestion of the plot, to which it is impossible to do justice in a brief space. Ibañez idealizes the American character as Tacitus idealized the German, and doubtless with a similar motive; for he is a modernist with a mission to break down the rigidity of the Old World's social structure, a republican, and a sworn foe to the military autocracy now ruling Spain. Granting that neither in this country nor any other has there existed a woman who combined the noble virtues, the æsthetic sense, and the moral force of Queen Calafia, if you enjoy Ibañez, this, his latest book, will not disappoint you.

BIOGRAPHY

EDITOR AND HIS PEOPLE (THE). Editorials by William Allen White. Selected from the Emporia "Gazette" by Helen Ogden Mahin. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

The selections cover the period of twenty-nine years since Mr. White bought the Emporia "Gazette." To a good many people Kansas means bumper crops, cranks, and William Allen White. This book justifies Mr. White's reputation. There is store here of buoyant spirits, humor, horse sense, neighborliness, hard swipes, homely satire, human sympathy. Faults, of course, also, a great many—excess of sentimentality,

excess in many sorts. But how many editorials are readable a week after their appearance? And here is a fat book of editorials, most of which are worth reading, many delightful. It is interesting to trace in them the transformation of the "standpatter" into the "progressive rampant." You really get from this book a whiff as it were of Kansas at harvest time. Who could have imagined such a phenomenon in a book of old editorials?

DAVID WILMOT, FREE-SOILER. A Biography of the Great Advocate of the Wilmot Proviso. By Charles Buxton Going. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Illustrated. $6.

Always in public affairs there are men whose interests and activities are inextricably mingled with the greatest names and movements, yet who remain secondary and background figures in history. The political eddy that brings a man to a Vice-Presidency or a chairmanship may mark the difference between fame and oblivion. David Wilmot's name was from the first identified with the cause of the famous Proviso which, first agitated in 1846, was finally passed under the stress of war, in 1862. Its phrasing, as finally adopted, is purely Jeffersonian; the machinery of its ultimate adoption was started by other men; but Wilmot more than any other had been its sponsor and supporter from the beginning. His name therefore is not forgotten. But he has had, till now, no proper literary monument.

Here we have the full story of the man and his work. Making due allowance for the enhancing effect of the biographical method, we see him, outside of his special mission, as an agile politician, an effective speaker, a worker in many ways useful under our party system of government. Within his mission he is of larger stature: the parent and prophet of that piece of Free-Soil legislation which forever prohibited the extension of slavery under the American flag. A landmark in our history, it is well that we now have this careful study of the man who set it up.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ROUND THE WORLD IN NEW YORK. By Konrad Berkovici. Illustrated by Norman Borchardt. The Century Company, New York. $5.

An exposition, somewhat sketchy and with a fictional flavor, of racial characteristics retained by immigrants to the metropolis. From that standpoint, such a record of personal experiences and impressions can be checked up only by one who has similarly mixed with the people whom the author describes, and where could such a one easily be found? Prejudice the author either has very little or he has suppressed it. Yet sympathies will crop out, as in the chapter on the

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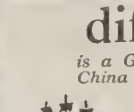
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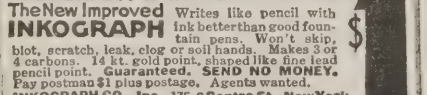
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Negro. There is evident keenness to find and present racial attributes preserved "untarnished" by contact with the New World. It is interesting and amusing reading, especially if you do not apply the yardstick of expert criticism, as did Dr. G. F. Black, Mrs. Joseph Pennell, and others to the chapter on Gypsies. There is a reportorial—or "special story" writer's—tang about the book and a certain looseness of statement. Printers' errors are so common a game that one may refrain from going gunning here.

The detailed indication of streets where various nationalities are grouped is not unlikely to start off the souls in search of new thrills—plentiful enough—on racial slumming expeditions. But the old New Yorker will easily wander off into bypaths of amplification or reminiscence. He may hunt for statements to disprove—such as the one that Leopold Damrosch "produced Wagner as early as 1888," or the one placing coyotes in the vicinity of New York. He may note omissions—say, the Villa Napoli or the marionettes, in the Italian chapter, or Greek inroads into the retail confectionery business, or Spanish theaters, or French visiting actors (Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Jane Hading). Or he may go back to the original purpose of Arlington Hall and the Garibaldi Theatre (once Everett Hall), or the troops of fine heavy truck horses passing through the horse-selling district, or the many other things suggested by the text, that have barely passed around the corner of time. But there, there, this is a book essentially of to-day, not an antiquarian record—and even yesterday is already so far off. Perhaps some one may take up the very slight cue given in regard to odors, and write an article on the odors of New York—a rich topic, sirs, with a wealth of suggested commercial activities and racial customs.

The illustrations sometimes rise above a generally neat and conventional characterization. If they were only labeled or listed!

COWBOYS NORTH AND SOUTH. By Will James. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.

"I was born and raised in the cow country," says Mr. James, "I am a cowboy, and what's put down in these pages is not material that I've hunted up." A cowboy of genius. The drawings are superb and irresistibly humorous. From page 29 on the text is almost worthy of the drawings, and sometimes quite so. Chapter VIII, "Piñon and the Wild Ones," is a masterpiece. Any one who can finish it without a lump in his throat is fit for stratagems and spoils. A glorious book! Every doggone dude back East who reads it will join in the holler: "Stay a long time, cowboy!"

STORY OF DORSET (THE). By Zephine Humphrey and Elizabeth Sykes Lee. The Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vt. $2.

That town is fortunate which has a historian who is able to do more than gather facts. Zephine Humphrey, author of "Over Against Green Peak," has made an unusually interesting and amusing book in telling the story of the town of Dorset, Vermont. Dorset is a place of more than usual beauty, which has always had the loyal affection of its natives, as well as a strong attraction for others. The book, which is sold for the benefit of the Dorset Public Library, is well illustrated with drawings by Katherine Field White.

TO LHASA IN DISGUISE. By William McGovern. The Century Company, New York. $5.

Tibet is a cold and desolate desert country of over a million square miles. Its average elevation is 15,000 feet, but its many snow-clad mountains rise 5,000 to 14,000 feet higher. Every fourth man in the land is a priest. Living in monasteries, where they quarrel among themselves, they are usually fanatically hostile to the foreigner. Rarely has a traveler penetrated their forbidding country to its mysterious capital at Lhasa or conversed with its high priest and emperor, the Dalai-lama, whom most Tibetans believe is both omniscient and omnipotent.

Traveling at first with companions, the author was bitterly disappointed when the expedition was turned back to India by the Tibetan authorities. The storms of the winter had closed the passes, but he decided to attempt the journey disguised as a Tibetan coolie. Although he spoke the native language, discovery probably meant death. This book is Mr. McGovern's thrilling account of his trip, in which he tells us much about Tibetan life and customs. At the start the little party nearly perished in the snow at 18,000 feet. Across the plains the icy wind often swept at one hundred miles an hour, while the temperature ranged from 30° below zero at night to 120° above at noon. Food was difficult to obtain, and the treachery of his native servant, Satan, often imperiled his life.

After incredible hardships and in constant fear of detection by the natives, the author arrived at Lhasa at the time of the New Year celebration. For lack of room he was refused admission everywhere, until taken in by an official, who he soon found, was the one specially charged to stop his entry into Tibet. Revealing himself, McGovern was compelled to remain in hiding to prevent being torn to pieces by the fanatical

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priests. While a prisoner of state he had interviews with important officials, including the Dalai-lama. There is much interesting information about this strange city that is proud to live in complete ignorance of the outside world and cares nothing for the opinion of foreigners. Eventually this venturesome and unwelcome traveler was given safe-conduct back to India.

SCIENCE

ICARUS, OR THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE. By Bertrand Russell. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

A very pessimistic picture of the world as it may become through unhappy applications of scientific discoveries; provoked by Mr. Haldane's "Daedalus," an attractive picture of the world as it may become through happy applications of the same. Interesting of course, for Mr. Russell is never dull; a book to be read by all means, but scarcely worthy of so distinguished a mind. "It may seem," says Mr. Russell, "as though I had been at once gloomy and frivolous." It does seem so.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

PLEASURES OF ARCHITECTURE (THE). By C. and A. Williams-Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.50

Written by Englishmen and drawing much of its illustration from British achievement, this volume is nevertheless quite general in its application. It is not the usual treatise on styles and orders, but deals with understanding and appreciation of the architect's message. The facts that "voids are as eloquent as solids," that lights and shadows form part of the conception, that site and surroundings greatly determine the design, that "architecture properly evolves out of purpose and materials," that "every art has its peculiar quality"—all this and more is told in language untechnical and with many a happy phrase. Many things are considered: America's opportunity and influence (*e. g.*, in office and factory construction), railway stations, preservation of river fronts, the possibility of teaching architecture in schools, the advisability of architectural criticism in the public press. Public and private buildings are frankly discussed, pro or con. Old conceptions, such as the one that the building should express its construction, are attacked, but it is rather the indiscriminating application of a theory that is objected to. The "ferocious stickler for originality" is found equally objectionable.

The whole matter is summed up in the statement that "architecture should be a thing growing closely out of the tastes, desires, and needs of the designer and the user." As the authors say, we can-

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and the
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not escape architecture. It is inevitably with us, good or bad. Hence this plea for a better understanding. It was worth the making, and is well made.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

NON-VOTING: CAUSES AND METHODS OF CONTROL. By Charles Edward Merriam and Harold Foote Gosnell. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $2.50.

Mr. Merriam is Professor and Mr. Gosnell is Instructor of Political Science in the University of Chicago. The book records the results of earnest interrogation by "experts" of some 6,000 persons entitled to vote in the Chicago mayoralty election of 1923, but who did not vote. They were asked why they did not vote, the idea, of course, being to deduce certain general conclusions as to the causes of non-voting.

Perhaps the book will prove of some value to very intelligent specialists, but this reviewer profoundly doubts that it can have interest or value for the general reader. One suspects mendacity or inadvertence in a considerable proportion of the replies quoted. The suggestions as to "methods of control" are not very convincing.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

THE SEVEN LIVELY ARTS. By Gilbert Seldes. Harper & Brothers, New York. $4.

This book discusses the movies, the comic strip in the newspapers, jazz, vaudeville, the circus, and so on. It has been severely denounced in some quarters, perhaps because the author had been an editor of the "Dial," a magazine which sometimes engaged in the juvenile pastime of trying to shock the old folks, even at the cost of printing a good deal of material which was nonsensical without being funny. It was also suspected that Mr. Seldes, the idol of the "intellectuals," in coming out in praise of Charlie Chaplin and Krazy Kat was actuated by the motives which may make a clergyman, in the smoking-car, tell a story with a swear word in it—just to show that he can be a "regular feller." These criticisms were unjust; "The Seven Lively Arts" is an entertaining and often a sincere book. The only affectations in it are the labored reasons which are given to prove that one movie actor is funny and another is not; or why the man of taste may laugh at one newspaper comic artist and not at another.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF CHILDREN'S COSTUMES. From the Great Masters. By Percy Macquoid. The Medici Society, Ltd. London, England, and Boston, Mass.

Here is a book to delight the artist, the designer, and the dressmaker. The golden age of children's costumes, as depicted here by famous artists, is in the past, according to the author's somewhat

pessimistic pronouncement: "Revolution suddenly appeared and then all that appertained to the costume of the old world was swept away. As a reaction shapes and patterns had a tendency to become more practical and consequently more economical, but in the process of this methodical reconstruction all suggestion of original pictorial romance disappeared forever." In the name of proud motherhood we respectfully dissent; charming children are still charmingly dressed, we affirm, though no doubt less "pictorially" than in the good old times which this book celebrates entertainingly in text and beautifully in pictures.

FOUR NEW VOLUMES IN THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY. (Text and Translation in each case.) Vol. II of the **Lyra Græca** (translated by J. M. Edmonds, three volumes); Vol. III of Plautus (translated by Paul Nixon, five volumes); Vol. III of Livy (translated by B. O. Foster, thirteen volumes); Vol. IV of Herodotus (translated by A. D. Godley, four volumes). G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

These volumes are worthy additions to that library of the classics which is one of the most charming and valuable literary enterprises of our day. The translation of Livy is especially fine, and was really needed, being the first good translation in modern English of that delightful historian. "Lyra Græca" is the name given to the remains—alas! how meager—of all the Greek lyric poets from Eumelus to Timotheus, excepting Pindar. The editor has added text and translation of the extant references by the ancients to the poets and their works, with illuminating glosses of his own, with charming result.

Notes on New Books

THE IDYLLS OF THEOCRITUS, WITH THE FRAGMENTS OF BION AND MOSCHUS. Translated by J. H. Hallard. (Broadway Translations.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Translation into English verse. Doubtless only a great poet could have done better, but—"a translated poem is like a boiled strawberry."

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT. By Arthur Weigall. New and Revised Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.

An interesting and vigorous work; a rehabilitation of the character of Cleopatra, against whom the charges which have been made originated with enemies. The chapter upon Cæsar is an especially direct, clear, and admirable essay.

COASTING DOWN EAST. By Ethel Hueston. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

Chatty but pleasant account of a trip along the coast of Maine from Kittery to Calais. On the whole, the charm of this beautiful region is best reproduced in the pencil sketches by Edward C. Caswell which illustrate the book. But the maker of pictures is always a more successful describer than the writer of words.

THE RIVER OF SEVEN STARS. By Arthur O. Freel. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.50.

A journey up the Orinoco River in search of a legendary "lost white race." A good narrative of travel, which would be even better if the author would forego his love

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The mediæval ideas of chivalry, of love, of death, religion, art, and life learnedly studied and expounded for modern readers.

THE SEA GYPSY. By Edward A. Salisbury and Merian C. Cooper. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A voyage in a yacht, visiting the Andaman Islands, Somaliland, Sumatra, Samoa, and other points south.

THE MODERN STUDENT'S BOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Harry Morgan Ayres, Will David Howe, and Frederick Morgan Padelford. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.75.

An anthology in prose and verse covering the entire range of English literature.

DAVID BALFOUR. By Robert Louis Stevenson. With Pictures by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Another addition to the list of books of adventure for which Mr. Wyeth has made beautiful illustrations in color.

NEW ENGLAND HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS FROM A MOTOR CAR. By Thomas D. Murphy. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $6.

Visits to the historical places of New England. Illustrated in color and half-tone.

SUPERS AND SUPERMEN. By Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Comments upon many men, living and dead, by a writer who is called fiendishly clever by some readers, and offensively smart by others. We will not be neutral, but will express an opinion, that the book is as fresh as paint.

THE SOUTHERN OLIGARCHY. By William H. Skaggs. The Devin-Adair Company, New York. $5.

An attack upon political conditions in the Southern States, written by a native of Alabama.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By David Saville Muzzey. Ginn & Co., Boston. $3.60.

The second volume; from the end of the Civil War to the present. Author is Professor of History in Columbia University. Chapters on America's part in the World War are full, very statistical, and yet thoroughly readable.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by John Buchan. Thomas Nelson & Sons New York.

A systematic work for reference and study, rather than for continuous reading.

PRIMITIVE RELIGION. By Robert H. Lowie Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.50.

By a Professor of Anthropology at the University of California. Based largely upon investigations among the American Indians.

THE STORY OF AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. One hundred years of the Springfield "Republican." The Macmillan Company New York. $2.

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THE CRIMINAL AS A HUMAN BEING. By George S. Dougherty. D. Appleton & Co. New York. $2.

Readable chapters upon modern crime and upon police work. Well-informed and clear in style. Author was a deputy police commissioner in New York.

THE BROOKLYN MURDERS. By G. D. H. Cole Thomas Seltzer, New York. $2.

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Bill Adams's Dog

DEAR OUTLOOK—Perhaps you remember a letter I wrote you over a year ago, telling you of how I had attained a boyhood ambition and had become the owner of a white bulldog? You published the letter in The Outlook. Well, the dream is done!

That little white pup grew to be a grand white dog, with a wonderful disposition. Every day in summer-time I go for a swim, and from the time he was seven weeks old he came with me and insisted upon following me in the water. This summer he learned to follow me from the diving-board.

He looked utterly ferocious. When agents came to our door, my wife, who dreads agents above all things, would say, "I'll hold the dog, while you go," and the dog just then appearing round the corner, the agent would rush to the road. All that the dog would have done would have been to grab the man's trouser at the cuff and to wag his tail and pull—a trick I had taught him when he was a puppy.

When one of us picked roses, he came along after we were done and, rearing up on his hind legs, bit off buds—I don't know whether it was to try to be like us or just to tease us with a threat of no more roses.

Last week he pulled four newly made nightgowns off the clothes-line, dragged them to the strawberry bed, and rolled himself in them. He always knew that there would be one of us who would say, "You can't lick a pup just for being a pup."

Every evening he came at the same time to the back door, asked to be let in, went to the kitchen cupboard, and took his dog biscuit; then trotted out with his stumpy tail in the air and a smile in his eyes.

The kids on the block all knew him, and he loved them all in an absurd "tumble you over and jump on you fashion."

Last night I had to shoot him.

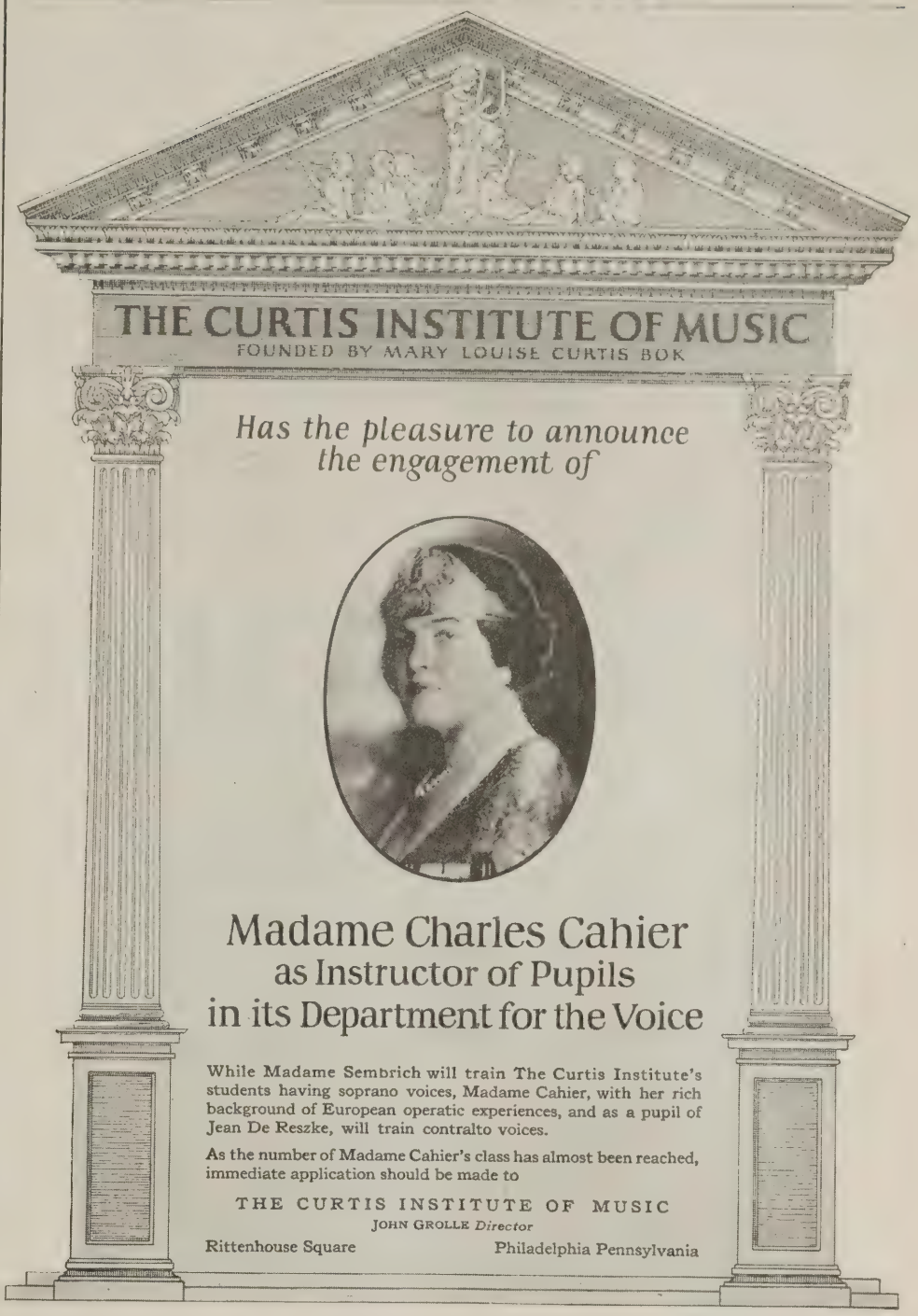
For five evenings he had had sudden spells of awful terror. Last night was the climax. At the end of a period of barking with some dreadful dread he came gasping to us and looked into our faces, begging for help, for relief from his pain.

It was a brain torment, the result of distemper, and incurable.

This morning white clothes hang on our clothes-line and the rosebuds sway. An old deaf man who every morning came to the fence to give him some little tidbit came as usual this morning, and I had to hide while he whistled the Bosun.

(Continued on page 470)

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES



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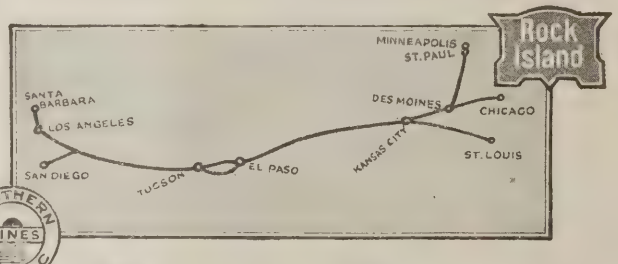
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It's odd, how empty life can be when a spark of real love has to perish from one's little home, isn't it?

"Only a dog! What a fool a man is to fuss about a dog!" some would say.

I hope he is tugging at the end of Peter's gown, trying to peer earthward and see where I and my wife are and what we are doing!

"How white are the dead dog's teeth!" as Christ is said to have said when he passed a dead dog by. BILL ADAMS.

Contributors' Gallery

GOVERNOR JAY J. MORROW (Brigadier-General of Engineer Officers Reserve Corps) retired from the Corps of Engineers of the Army at his own request, after more than thirty years' distinguished service, and after more than five years' continuous service at the Canal as Engineer of Maintenance and Governor. He tendered his resignation as Governor five months before the expiration of his term. His resignation was accepted with regret by President Coolidge and Secretary Weeks. In accepting Governor Morrow's recommendation Secretary Weeks commented as follows:

> It is with regret that I accept Governor Morrow's resignation. He has had charge of the affairs of the Canal Zone since my incumbency in the office of Secretary of War, and his administration of the Canal has always had my full approbation. I do not know of a better-conducted governmental operation than the Panama Canal, and the excellent results obtained in that activity are due largely to the high ability of Governor Morrow and his efficient assistants.

KENNETH I. BROWN is a graduate of the University of Rochester, and until last June was a graduate student and instructor in the English Department of Harvard. Mr. Brown is at present spending a year abroad as traveling fellow from Harvard.

DAME EDITH LYTTELTON (the Hon Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton), British Substitute Delegate to the League of Nations Assembly of 1923, has been for many years in public work, and received her honor for her part in organizing the reception of the Belgian refugees in the war. She was also instrumental in the raising of the Women's Land Army. She has served on various public bodies and commissions, is a vice-chairman of a Trade Board and a magistrate

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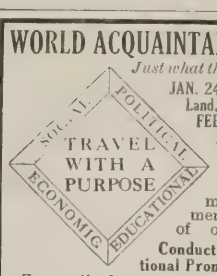
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106-112 West 72d St., running through to 71st St., New York
300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Single rooms, per day, $3 to $4. Double rooms, $3.50 to $4.50. Suite, $5 to $7. Parlor, two double bedrooms, bath, $8 to $10. Send for illustrated booklet J. J. E. GRAPE, Prop.

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Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
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Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. $15-$25 a week.

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The owner, wishing to retire, offers for sale
One of the Best Small Ranches in Central California
14 miles from Hollister; 82 acres, 60 cultivated, nearly level, very rich valley land. Abundance of running water all year. Everything grows. Fruit, vegetables, etc. Ideal for stock. Individual irrigating system. 5 crops alfalfa this year. No healthier climate in the world. Price $20,000, terms on one-fourth, if desired. Address HORACE LANGDON, Monterey, or WM. H. LANGDON, Hollister, Cal.

Connecticut

Sportsman's Country Home 28 acres; ¼ mile Connecticut River water-front; hunting, fishing, boating and bathing. 10-room house, bath, laundry, furnace, piazzas and fireplace. Best condition. 2 miles R.R. depot. Price $15,000; half cash. Owner, Buena Esperanza Farm, Essex, Conn.

New York

For Sale, 190-acre farm, fruit trees, tenant house, barns, sheds, farming machinery. Immediate possession. For particulars address SAMUEL HOTALING, Mgr., Mellenville, N. Y.

Massachusetts

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On Nantucket Sound at West Harwich, Mass., quaint Cape Cod, Christopher Wren type cottage of seven rooms and lavatory, two fireplaces, old-timey papers, etc. One-half acre lot with 115 ft. on unexcelled bathing beach in restricted high-class location. Garage. Will sell for $7,500 if taken now. Also one of six rooms, just back, with unobstructed view, right of way to water, $6,500. Terms. D. G. BARR, West Harwich, Mass.

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FOR SALE

A beautiful summer or all year home: woods glen, open views, isolated, but close to and overlooking city of 10,000. Write for full particulars to E. J. BAIRD, Lock Haven, Pa.

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Old Time Virginia Apple Butter
Made in our orchard from crisp, finely flavored apples with clear, sparkling cider. Send dollar for two quart crocks, charges collect. RIDGEWOOD FRUIT GROWERS, Winchester, Va.

Personal Stationery 100 four-page sheets and 100 social size envelopes, both heavy linen paper, printed with your name and address on both in rich blue, postpaid $1. Sample if desired. E. C. Harmon & Co., Brocton, N. Y.

Florida Citrus Fruit direct from grove to consumer
Trial quarter box, oranges or grapefruit $2, tangerines $2.50, all by prepaid express
Complete season price list on request.
S. L. MITCHILL, MOUNT DORA, FLA.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, printed in dark blue on good bond paper, $1. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

CHARMING personal stationery, rich blue printing on exquisite Alpha Bond paper, club size, 6¾ x 5¼. 200 single or 100 folded sheets and 100 envelopes with name and address printed for $1. Packed in attractive gift boxes Sent postpaid within a week. The P. & R. Printers, 1733 Gregory St., Chicago, Ill.

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HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite B 5842, Washington, D. C.

INTELLIGENT, well-bred young American or Canadian to take care of two little girls three and four years old in small family, Washington, D. C. Must be healthy, cheerful, and honestly fond of children. Kindergarten training would be great asset. Personal references required. 5,601, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined young woman as governess of eight year old girl going South in January; must be in good health, good tempered and fond of children. References required. Box 95, Lockport, N. Y.

WANTED—Young woman of experience, with good education, to care for two boys, 6 and 2. Must be in good health and of cheerful disposition. Desirable position; Jersey suburb one hour from New York. In answering give full particulars and send copies of references. 5,586, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

AMERICAN nurse, California or abroad with semi-invalid or convalescing patient; take full charge. Salary secondary. Nurse, General Delivery, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

AMERICAN woman, qualified by training, experience, and temperament, desires superintendency of institution for adults or children. 5,591, Outlook.

COMPANION—Refined young woman, excellent references. (Miss) Ava Whitney, Bucksport, Me.

EDUCATED, traveled young woman desires position in New York as companion for part of day to read French, English, or do secretarial work. Address 5,604, Outlook.

EFFICIENT, Protestant, American widow with experience wishes position as companion-caretaker for semi-invalid. 5,592, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED trained nurse, capable of managing home, refined, desires position with semi-invalid or elderly person going South or West for winter. EXCELLENT references. 5,566, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, mother's assistant. Educated, experienced woman. 5,598, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, managing, of ability, tact, wide experience with servants, desires position boarding school, institution, or private home. Address 5,584, Outlook.

IS there family who would like assistance of up to date, capable elderly woman during winter, good cook, fine sewer? 5,590, Outlook.

LADY, Protestant, will assume household responsibilities for bachelor family or invalid where help kept. Unquestionable references. 5,585, Outlook.

POSITION required as companion by well educated, English woman. Nursing experience. Address A. C., 541 Elm St., Rome, N. Y.

REFINED lady, companion to middle-aged or elderly lady. Will travel. References exchanged. 5,600, Outlook.

REFINED Protestant American as companion or companion-housekeeper to lady or elderly couple. Salary $65 per month. 5,595, Outlook.

YOUNG lady wishes position to read several hours daily to elderly person or to student. New York only. Address 5,599, Outlook.

YOUNG man, well educated, good typist, desires position as companion or secretary to traveling gentleman. 5,596, Outlook.

By the Way

A PRETTY young lady who is "homely" seems a contradiction in terms to an American, but the British use of the word homely as meaning home-loving is certainly justifiable. Here is an example, culled from the advertising columns of a London social sheet:

> Young man (24), at present on shift work as a greaser, wishes to meet and receive a photo from a pretty young lady, 20 to 26; must be homely and refined; one who can do a little swimming or would like to learn; object, matrimony; etc., etc.

A subscriber tells this story: A conceited lecturer hired a hall in a Western town and advertised himself in terms of high eulogy. Coming to the platform on the evening of the lecture, he found one lone auditor in the rear of the hall. He addressed him in sonorous tones: "My dear sir, it is no fault of yours that this place is not crammed, jammed full, and as a reward for your loyalty I shall deliver my lecture as if a vast audience were before me." As he was about to begin, the lone man called out, "Well, hurry up about it! I'm the janitor and want to put out the lights!"

Wife (with first checking account)—"Oh, John, the bank sent me back all the checks I paid bills with last month, so I haven't spent anything!"

Among the uses to which the X-rays discovered by Professor Roentgen in 1895 have been put, according to the "Amateur Electrician's Handbook," one of the most curious is that of examining oysters in the pearl fisheries. Those found by the X-rays to be without pearls are returned to their beds unopened, in hopes of later developments!

The Arabs tell of a thief who broke into a house at night, Paul W. Harrison says in his book "The Arab at Home," and after looting the place came upon a small gold box which seemed very valuable. After some effort he was able to open it. It contained a box similar in character but smaller, and this when opened held a third. The final inner casket contained some fine white powder. The thief was curious to know what sort of powder was preserved with such extraordinary care, so he tasted it. It was salt. Salt is the bond of hospitality in Arabia, and the robber, having thus unwittingly partaken of the hospitality of the house, immediately replaced all the stolen articles and left!

In the above-quoted book the author says that once an Arab is won to friendship he is unshakably loyal. Mr. Harrison was in a boat accompanied by two Arab helpers. An Arab on the river bank called out, "You there! What do you mean by carrying that Christian around with you?" The two men seized clubs and ran up the bank and compelled the stranger to apologize. "What made you so angry with that man?" the author said on their return. "He called you a Christian!" "Well, that is what I am." "That is all right," said the loyal Arabs; "we know you are a Christian, but he is not to call you one—not while we are around!"

An American woman met James Stephens, the author of "The Crock of Gold," at a reception in Dublin, the London "Sphere" says. She could not remember the title of his book, but its association suggested "Money" to her, and that brought "Hard Cash" to mind, though she had forgotten that Charles Reade was its author. So she remarked: "Oh, Mr. Stephens, I'm delighted to meet you. I did so enjoy your book, 'Hard Cash.'" "Thank you, ma'am," he answered through the merest shadow of a grin; "and how did ye like my 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?"

From the "Brown Jug:"

"Darling, when you are away I have your picture in my mind."

"Oh, Eddie—how small you make me feel!"

Answer to charade in last week's issue: Tea-chest.

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UNIQUE ten cent Christmas cards. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

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MANUSCRIPTS AND CLUB PAPERS CRITICISED, revised, typed by experts. Typing 75c. per M. words. One carbon copy. THE SHEPARD SERVICE BUREAU, Box 105, Pasadena, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Boarders. Private family. Tidewater. "Newstead," Nuttall, Va.

IDEAL New England home offered for one or two children. $15 weekly for one, $25 for two. 5,588, Outlook.

WANTED — Girls, by State accredited nurses' training schools. Free board, room, tuition. Cash allowance paid. For catalogs write FREE BUREAU OF ALL SCHOOLS, 1101 Times Bldg., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

LADY, traveled, experienced tutor, hospital training, receives children in mid-Southern home. Includes instruction grade subjects, French, music, outdoor games. Competent tactful assistants. Write 5,546, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

OLD fashioned boiled cider apple sauce. Direct from farm. Circular. Lee O' the Mountain, Wilton, N. Y.

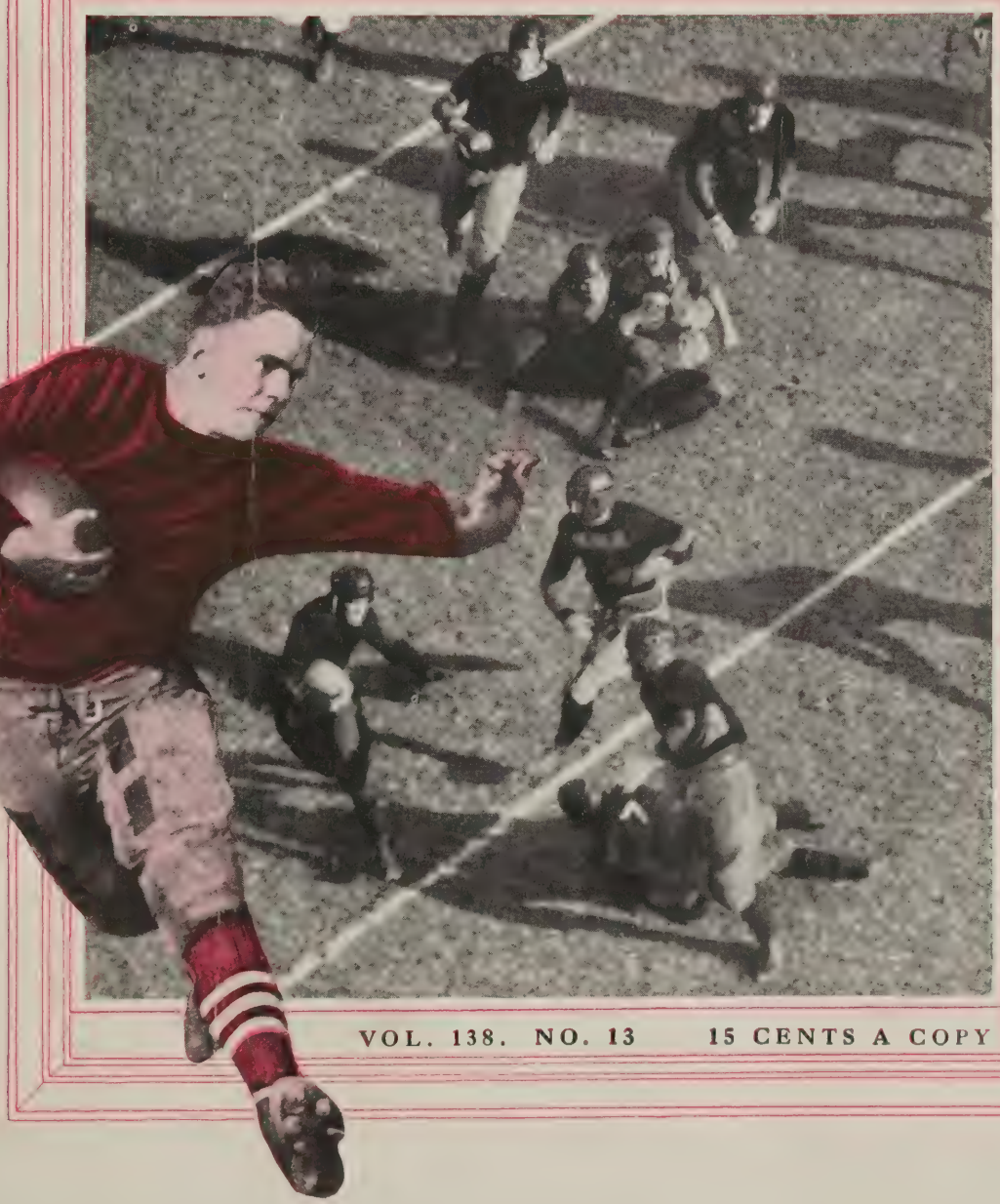
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The Outlook

NOV 0 ILLINOIS

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

NOVEMBER 26, 1924



VOL. 138. NO. 13 15 CENTS A COPY

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Contributors' Gallery

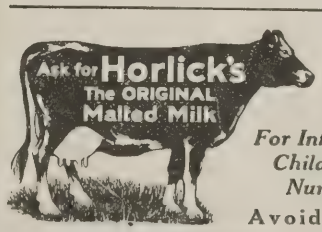
HERBERT REED has watched football for twenty-five years and has followed from year to year the progress of the game and the changes in the rules. Mr. Reed took a hand in coaching football during his service at Camp Lee during the war, and numbers many coaches among his acquaintances. He writes authoritatively and well on all amateur sports, including golf, tennis, rowing, football, and polo, and for a time covered these subjects for the New York "Evening Post," writing under the name of "Right Wing." At present Mr. Reed is with the Universal News Service.

MONTROSE J. MOSES, a well-known dramatic critic, has just edited the very interesting "Letters of Clyde Fitch," published by Little, Brown & Co.

ELSIE SINGMASTER'S stories are always interesting and worth while. She is the author of many books and is a frequent contributor of fiction to The Outlook and other magazines.

OLIN D. WANNAMAKER is executive secretary of Princeton-in-Peking, an organization financed by Princeton alumni and students which is devoted to social welfare and religious work, its ultimate aim being the development of a college of social and political science in Peking. Mr. Wannamaker was in China for a time as head of the Canton Christian College, and has also been a Professor of English Literature in several different American colleges.

JOHN R. ROBINSON, who contributes "Foreign Trade Surveys," is himself a trade survey man in Latin America for one of the biggest paper merchandising firms in the United States. Before going into this business Mr. Robinson was for fifteen years a newspaper reporter, editor, and publisher. During that period he made four trips to Latin America.



Safe Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers

Avoid Imitations

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When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

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By JOSEPH H. ODELL
An illuminating book, wise and refreshing. $2.50

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The one man closest in spirit to the late W. H. Hudson. $3.00

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Touches "the intangible perfection of those whose ideal is rather in being than in doing." $2.50

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Exceptional verses, delightfully illustrated. Just ready. $2.00

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By DHAN MUKERJI
Vivid tales of India's Jungles. $2.

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 Fifth Avenue New York

Give them Health



WE are told that three wise men followed the Star and journeyed to Bethlehem that first Christmas night, carrying gorgeous gifts—Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.

And so the beautiful custom of Christmas gift-giving began. But, as time went on, many people made drudgery of this lovely practice. Making up Christmas lists became almost as perfunctory as making laundry lists. Tom, Dick and Harry received the usual neckties, handkerchiefs and socks. Betty was put on Mary's list, and Mary on Betty's, because both hesitated to break a social custom.

Would it not be a sensible thing this Christmas to give more as our hearts may prompt?

* * * *

Twenty-one years ago, on Christmas Eve, a young man stood at his work in a post-office in far-away Denmark. Thousands of Christmas letters were pouring through his hands. And as he worked he thought how wonderful it would be if all the happy people who were sending glad Yuletide messages would add a special Christmas stamp to their letters and cards. That extra money would build a hospital in his town for the children sick with tuberculosis! The young man took his big idea to the King and Queen of Denmark. His plan was enthusiastically greeted. The first Christmas Seals appeared in Denmark in 1904—and the little children got their hospital.

From this simple beginning grew the widespread custom of selling Christmas Seals to fight the Great White Plague.

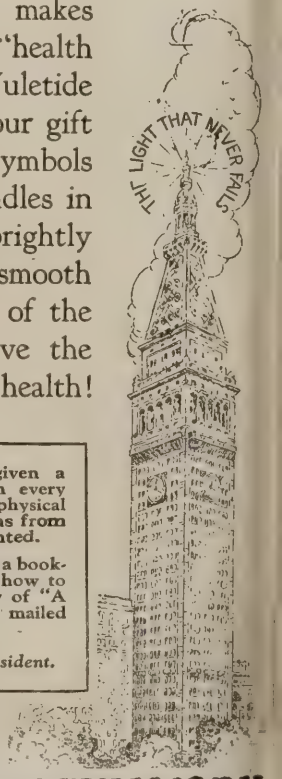
Tuberculosis can be cured—can be prevented, and eventually wiped from the face of the earth. But the great battle against it cannot be left solely to those who support our welfare institutions.

Vast amounts of money are needed to bring back to health those who have been stricken with this most cruel of all diseases. Money for open-air camps out in the woods or on sunny mountain slopes—money for long, restful vacations free from worry—money for proper food and care. Still *more* money is needed for the great work of prevention. And this money will be raised through the sale of the little Christmas Seals.

* * * *

Plaintive voices are calling to you for help. Will you help them? Let's *all* get together to help rid the world of this dread disease that shows no mercy for rich or poor.

Buy Christmas Seals as you never bought before. Buy till it makes you happy. Place a voluntary "health tax" on all your cheerful Yuletide letters, and thus brighten your gift packages with these gay little symbols of hope. The Christmas candles in your heart will burn more brightly because you have helped to smooth away some of the troubles of the world. This Christmas give the greatest gift of all—the gift of health!



In spite of the splendid work already accomplished in the way of prevention and cure, there are still in the United States a million sufferers from Tuberculosis. A majority of these lives can be saved if right steps are taken immediately.

In twenty years, the tuberculosis death rate in the United States has been cut one-half. In some places, the improvement has been even greater. For example, for seven years, the Metropolitan has assisted in a demonstration of health work in an industrial city, and there the deaths from tuberculosis showed a decline of 69 per cent. The Metropolitan has also been able to obtain most excellent results in its Mount Mc Gregor sanatorium for employees. About 70 per cent of the 1,354 sufferers from tuberculosis discharged from the institution during the last nine years are still at work.

Tuberculosis can be detected in its early stages and can be checked. If men, women and children were given a thorough physical examination every year and took steps to correct physical impairments, 4 out of 5 deaths from Tuberculosis would be prevented.

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet telling how to prevent and how to cure Tuberculosis. A free copy of "A War on Consumption" will be mailed to all who ask for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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The Outlook

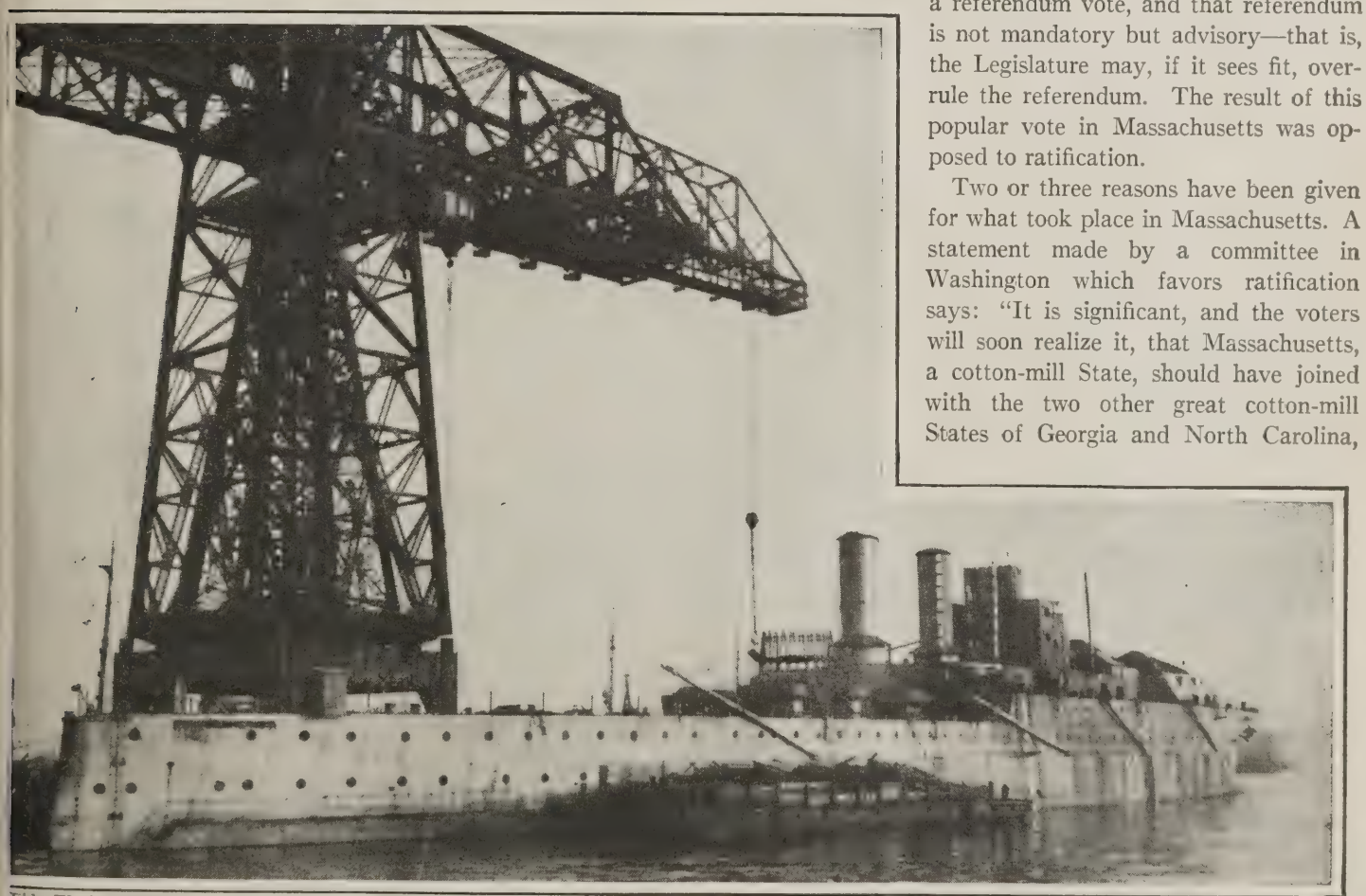
Volume 138 November 26, 1924 Number 13

The Sacrifice of the Washington

DELIBERATELY to destroy a modern vessel worth many millions of dollars seems a great waste. One of America's battleships not far from completion is to be sunk. If we had lost such a capital ship in war, however, even though the loss of it involved also loss of life, Americans would accept the loss as a part of the fortunes of war, and even count it as a glory to the Nation if it meant victory. Even more does the loss of the Washington mean honor to this country, for not only is it unaccompanied with the loss of life, but it means a real victory for other nations as well as our own.

When three years ago Secretary Hughes stunned the Washington Conference by his offer to sacrifice this and other great naval vessels, the country rejoiced. It was not because our people do not believe in battleships, but because they believe that battleships exist for the maintenance or attainment of peace with justice, and they saw in this offer the best possible use to which the battleships then in course of construction could be put. The offer was accepted by the nations to which it was made. There is every reason to believe that the other nations are doing their part while we are doing ours.

No sane man in these days loves war for its own sake. If America can achieve its purpose by the sacrifice of a piece on the naval chess-board, it is better for her to do so than by a similar or greater sacrifice in naval combat. It is still better if in accomplishing her purpose America helps to accomplish also the humane and just purposes of her neighbors.



Wide World Photos

The U. S. S. Washington at the Philadelphia Navy Yard ready to be towed to the Chesapeake Capes for destruction, under the terms of the Washington Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armaments

The Child Labor Amendment

ACTIVE and even acrimonious campaigns are being carried out in some of the States over the question whether the Child Labor Amendment passed by Congress shall be ratified. Thirty-six States—three-fourths of the entire forty-eight States—must approve of the Amendment if it is to become law. Only five States have as yet taken action; one—Arkansas—voted in favor of ratification; three—Georgia, North Carolina, and Louisiana—voted to reject. The action in these four States was by the State Legislatures. But the action taken quite recently by Massachusetts was not by its Legislature, but through a referendum vote, and that referendum is not mandatory but advisory—that is, the Legislature may, if it sees fit, overrule the referendum. The result of this popular vote in Massachusetts was opposed to ratification.

Two or three reasons have been given for what took place in Massachusetts. A statement made by a committee in Washington which favors ratification says: "It is significant, and the voters will soon realize it, that Massachusetts, a cotton-mill State, should have joined with the two other great cotton-mill States of Georgia and North Carolina,

who have refused ratification." There seems to be an intimation here that New England manufacturers, tired of competing with products coming from States where child labor is practiced under imperfect State laws, may give up the struggle and try to get less strict laws as to child labor in New England.

We very much doubt whether this is the case. It is far more likely that the reason for the failure in Massachusetts of the friends of National regulation of child labor was either from misunderstanding by voters of the issues before them or to a feeling that the Amendment should have taken a different form.

A Wrong and a Right Objection

As to the first of these two reasons, it is certain that the propaganda of the opponents of the Amendment in Massachusetts laid altogether undue stress on the fact that the labor conditions of minors up to eighteen years of age might possibly be affected. Some of the voters appear not to have understood that the Amendment does not enact legislation; it simply gives Congress power by legislation in the future "to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." It is entirely improbable that Congress would prevent boys of seventeen from working under proper conditions; the strongest advocates of child labor regulation say that the only case in which regulation of the work of children sixteen or seventeen years old would ever be attempted would be as regards extra-hazardous occupations or night-work or work for excessive hours. Moreover, as a matter of fact, the States may now regulate labor of minors not only up to the age of eighteen but up to the age of twenty-one; no power in this respect is given to Congress that the States individually do not already have.

The second of the two reasons that probably affected the Massachusetts referendum is that a great many citizens everywhere believe that it is undesirable and unworkable for Congress and the States to change the United States Constitution whenever any particular and specific thing is to be done, that it would be far better to plan and pass an Amendment which should give Congress, when State laws for protection of social and human welfare are at stake, the power to use its present right to regulate inter-State commerce as a means of protecting those States which have such laws from the unfair competition of those which have not. If such an Amendment had existed some years ago, we should not have seen, in this child labor matter, a law of Congress well intended and designed for good thrown out by the Supreme Court as unconstitutional. If such an amendment existed to-day, child labor regulation could be provided Nationally, and those States which now suffer commercially from unfair competition because, while they regulate child labor properly, other States competing in production do not, could be protected without interference with the principle that in matters which do not injure outside interests each State has the right and privilege to legislate for itself.

The End of the Rhode Island "War"

One result of the elections on November 4 was to put an end to the queer and in some respects unique political warfare which had been going on in Rhode Island for many months.

The Republican Party won a sweeping victory in Rhode Island. It elected a Republican Governor (Mr. Pothier) and a Republican United States Senator (Mr. Metcalf). The responsibility for reform in Rhode Island's system of representation and for revision of the Constitution, if that is needed, now rests with the Republican Party; and, as it is understood that a number of Republican leaders believe that some sort of change is needed, there seems to be a probability that the State can approach the question in a reasonable and philosophical state of mind.

Before this Republican victory Rhode Island had a Democratic Governor, a Democratic lower house, and a Republican Senate. That position is always productive of blocks, filibusters, and failure to go on with the public business.

The so-called exile of twenty-one Senators was of course self-imposed. It is true that these twenty-one statesmen went over the line into Massachusetts, and have since lived there, just after the sensation caused by the explosion of a gas bomb or tube on the steps of the Speaker's stand in the Senate Chamber in June. The Lieutenant-Governor, who was presiding, was slightly injured and a few others were affected by the ga Who was responsible for this has bee and still is in dispute. Bitter person charges were made on both sides and i dictments were found, including one R publican leader, but the matter has n been cleared up.

The chief reason for the dramat exit of the Republican Senators was n the explosion, however, but the desire prevent action not desired by them, a as a counter-stroke to the Democrat filibuster. The absentees declared th the Democratic Lieutenant-Governo continually ignored Republican Senator ruling them out of order and refusing hear appeals from his decision. T Republican Senators were willing to he pass the annual appropriation bills, b the Democratic Senators filibuster against this and prevented it, because t Republicans would not join in t Democratic effort under Governor Flyn and Lieutenant-Governor Toupin pass a resolution for a popular refere dum as to the holding of a Constitution Convention.

The situation that resulted was d scribed as follows in a statement writt for The Outlook recently:

> For over ten months the Govern ment of Rhode Island has been in a state of practical chaos. There is n enabling legislation to pay curren bills. Many employees of the Stat have not had a pay day since March 1. Practically all employees are re ceiving enough money to live on, bu they receive it by assigning thei wages and salaries to the Rhod Island Bankers Association or to indi viduals. In the main, money is ad vanced at five per cent interest, on th assumption that some day the Stat will be able to spend the money wit which to reimburse the public-spirite assignors. Thirty-seven executiv appointments remain unapproved be cause of delayed Senate action. On hundred and forty bills and resolu tions, some of them essential to th welfare of the people, are held up.

Filibustering for Reform

The justification offered for the f buster was the claim that Rho Island has not a democratic form government and that the Republic organization has always been able resist successfully all efforts at popu reform.

The Democrats sought to call a co vention to draft a new Constitution. Te Republicans contended that the St

We'll have dancing afterward

(Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Scene 4)

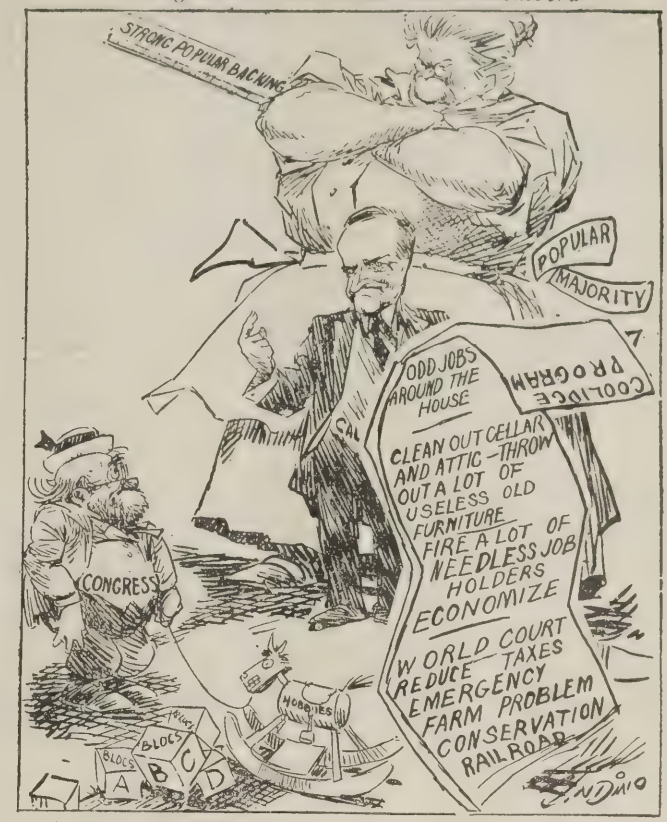
Darling in the Philadelphia North American



Already beginning to make up to the widow

From M. F. McCall, High Rock, Pennsylvania

Darling in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat



It ought to help some with the family discipline

From John Fleming, St. Louis, Missouri

Orr in the Syracuse Post-Standard



Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Copyright, 1924, by the Chicago Tribune

That dark cloud we saw a while back turned out to be only smoke

From John Jennings, Fulton, N. Y.

Sykes in the New York Evening Post



His ship comes in

From W. W. Burroughs, New York City

had no power to call such a convention, that the only legal method of amending the Constitution was by action of the General Assembly. The Democrats retorted that this meant revision not by the people but by the bosses.

The provisions of the present Constitution which are said to be undemocratic are numerous. The two most stressed, perhaps, are the property qualification for suffrage and the almost unlimited power of the Grand Committee—which is the two houses of the General Assembly acting together—in filling State offices. It is said that the Governor has power to fill only one office a year—a membership on the Board of Examiners of Barbers. Sheriffs of counties are elected by the Grand Committee. It is claimed that so large an appointing body cannot be held responsible for their failures, as the Governor could be. The Grand Committee also elects, or appoints, all judges. The reformers demand election of judges by the people.

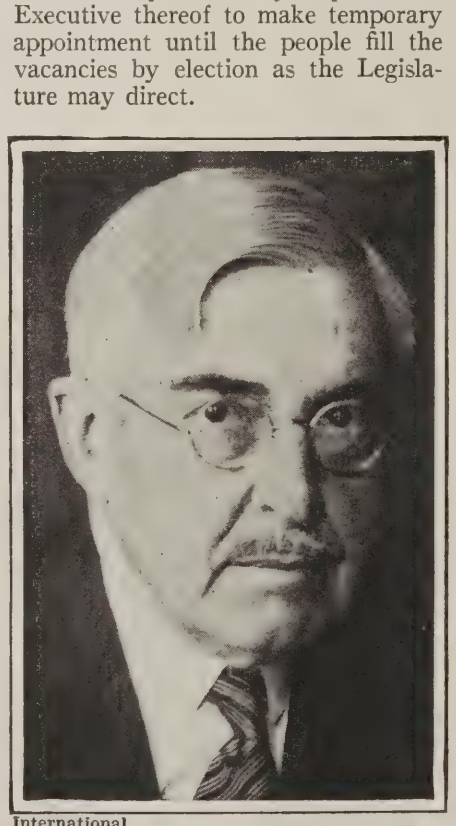
The outstanding fact quoted to show the absurdity of the system of representation in Rhode Island is that Providence, with a population of 250,000, has only one Senator, while the little town of West Greenwich, with 367 people, has the same Senatorial representation. Exactly equal representation by population is possible nowhere, but the case just quoted is preposterous. A writer in the New York "Times" said that the Republican majority in the Senate represented only twenty-four per cent of the voting population. That Rhode Island is not alone in unequal representation is argued by the New York "World," which asserts that "the case is no better in Connecticut, where 24,499 people have 52 representatives, 1,032,503 people have only 56, and 323,529 people elect the remaining 154. It is little better in New York, where, in the Census year, Putnam County, with 10,000 people and a declining population, had as much representation in the Assembly as the Second Manhattan, with 147,000 people." The problem in Rhode Island is thus an extreme form of the problem that exists wherever representation strictly according to population would mean the domination of the State by its cities.

The political situation in Rhode Island has in large measure been centered around the hostilities between individual political leaders of the two parties and personal charges made against them. Into this non-residents need not now enter. The state of war without victory that has existed so long seems ended by the result of the recent election, and the citizens of Rhode Island without regard to party have now a right to expect their Legislature and their executive officers to take up calmly and seriously the unquestionably important problems of putting Rhode Island upon such a basis politically that rule by any party or any faction, on the one hand, or any municipality or group of municipalities, on the other, will hereafter be impossible.

Senator Butler

By appointing William M. Butler to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Senator Lodge, Governor Cox, of Massachusetts, has aroused the opposition of some of the Democrats of the Commonwealth. What legal ground there is for the challenge to the validity of such appointment we do not understand. It seems based on the assumption that a special election should be called. The Constitution of the United States as amended provides that—

> When vacancies happen in the representation of any State in the Senate, the Executive authority of such State shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies: Provided, That the Legislature of any State may empower the Executive thereof to make temporary appointment until the people fill the vacancies by election as the Legislature may direct.



International

William M. Butler, appointed to succeed the late Henry Cabot Lodge in the United States Senate

The law in Massachusetts, we under stand, provides that the appointee hold office until the next general election. I is expected, therefore, that Mr. Butle will occupy a seat in the Senate until th fall of 1926.

Mr. Butler's advent into Nationa politics this year as Chairman of th Republican National Committee an Manager of President Coolidge's cam paign was greeted with doubt by som experienced politicians; but the amateu if such he may be called, proved to b one of the wisest and ablest politica generals of modern times. His conduc of the campaign has elicited—since th election—expressions of admiration fro some of his opponents. The Senatorshi however, will call for qualities of state manship that are not needed by a suc cessful campaign manager. By virtue o his power in the party he will be muc more conspicuous in the Senate than newcomer there usually is. At preser there seems no prospect of a specia session next March. The country wi therefore probably have to wait until year from next month to see two mos interesting figures in action in the Senat chamber—Mr. Butler on the floor an General Dawes in the chair.

Welcome Darkness

Citizens of New York were, formerly surprised when they found thi that, or the other appropriated by th Mayor. There was "Mayor Hylan Committee on Playgrounds," and the were "Mayor Hylan's Band Concerts (paid for by somebody else). So man of the blessings of life seemed to be th Mayor's graceful gifts to his subjec that New Yorkers began to wonder the atmosphere, the days of the wee and the starry skies would not present be ticketed as "Mayor Hylan's."

There is a coming entertainment whic the Mayor and his publicity men hav overlooked. On the 24th of next Jan ary, between eight and ten o'clock in th morning, the sun is to be totally eclipse in New York City. It may be admitte here that this interesting spectacle w not be confined to the metropolis. Th path of the shadow of the moon w stretch across the country from Rhod Island to Minnesota, and even cities lik Washington and Boston will be favore with the sight of a nearly comple obscuration of the sun. New Haven ar Poughkeepsie are in the very center the path. But should this prevent th

Mayor from offering the phenomenon to New York as another reason why his subjects should be glad to have him ruling over them?

There is a peculiar thing about this eclipse. The path of totality cuts the island of Manhattan at about the northern end of Central Park; in other words, it will be one hundred per cent total to those who look at it from 110th Street, while some thin sliver of the sun will remain visible and uncovered by the moon to the inhabitants of Greenwich Village and the lower East Side if they remain at home. It will be well, of course, for the Mayor's henchmen to keep quiet about this. He must not be made to seem to be giving a better show in the Bronx than in any part of the loyal Borough of Manhattan. Moreover, they must be prepared for a failure, in the event of cloudy weather. Ancient astronomers may have suffered inconvenience from such a cause. Happily, as we know, the Mayor is provided with an explanation, and stormy weather may be attributed to the Republican Legislature, the Rockefeller Foundation, or any other of the evil "interests." At all events, a great many New Yorkers would by no means be displeased to read the announcement of "Mayor Hylan's Eclipse."



P. & A. Photos

Congressman John P. Hill, of Baltimore, after his acquittal in the U. S. District Court. Mrs. Hill, wife of the Congressman, in the center

The Wets Rejoice Without Much Reason

An ardent anti-prohibitionist, Representative John Philip Hill, of Baltimore, has been trying for some time to get the Government on to arrest him. The charge upon which Representative Hill wished to be tried was the charge of manufacturing wine contrary to the provisions of the Volstead Act. Representative Hill has now been arrested, tried, and acquitted, although the wine which he had made showed an alcoholic content considerably above the one-half of one per cent specified by the Volstead Act. It was claimed by Representative Hill that the provision for one-half of one per cent applied only to fermented fruit juices which were manufactured for sale. And in this he was supported by the verdict. The jury decided that the wine made by Representative Hill was not intoxicating. The Volstead Act prohibits the manufacture of intoxicating wine in the home, but does not specify the exact alcoholic content.

This discrimination in the law between wine manufactured for sale and wine made for home consumption was pointed out some time ago by the Attorney-General of the United States.

The Prohibition Amendment and the Prohibition Law were the result of a Nation-wide disgust at the political corruption and the social disintegration and the economic loss caused by the unprincipled conduct of manufacturers and venders of alcoholic beverages. It was the commercialized prostitution of American homes and American governmental agencies which gave the dry advocates their chief weapon against the liquor trade.

The law which provided that the sale of fruit juices containing more than one-half of one per cent was illegal made a valid discrimination when it also declared that the home manufacture and possession of intoxicating fruit juices was illegal.

We do not believe that the decision obtained by Representative Hill foreshadows any change in the general provisions of the Volstead Act or that it means a step in the direction of the open sale of light wines and beers. So far as this is concerned, the smile which may be observed on the face of Representative Hill in our photograph is distinctly premature.

Religion in Rural Life

Probably never before in the history of America has so representative a group of rural leaders assembled to give serious and extended consideration to the matter of religion in country life as gathered recently in Columbus, Ohio, under the auspices of the American Country Life Association. Every point of view was represented from that of the Burley Tobacco Growers' Association to that of the Home Missions Council, yet upon one point there was entire unanimity of opinion, namely, that religion is absolutely essential to the future of American agriculture and to the preservation of American rural life.

To some that meant the Church. Others were inclined to find their religious values outside of the Church in various co-operative rural organizations. Some went so far as to declare that the Church was a divisive factor in the community and that its preachers taught hate instead of love. However, there

was a majority consensus of opinion that the Church must still be the mediator of religion in rural America.

It was agreed that the automobile plus good roads has made unnecessary the maintenance of some of the 101,000 rural churches in America. The startling fact is, however, that on any given Sunday fully 50,000 of these churches are not open for religious services. Only one person out of every five in rural America attends church of any sort, and seven out of every ten rural churches must be content with the services of a fraction of a man. The shortage of leadership is further emphasized by the fact that one-third of these rural preachers earn part or all of their living in some occupation other than the ministry, and that one-seventh of all our town and country places have no churches of any sort. It seems clear that the Church in the country cannot move forward or even continue to exist unless the farmer rises to the point of paying the rural preacher a living wage and unless the religious forces of the country can come to look upon themselves as allies rather than as competitors, and co-operate in our farming areas.

It is of considerable significance that as a direct result of this Conference a group of more than fifty rural leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church in attendance at the Conference unanimously adopted an appeal to the bishops of that Church, then in session at Atlantic City, and to the district superintendents and other administrative officers of the Church that an effort be made to organize rural geographical units on the basis of not more than one Protestant church to a population of 1,000; that ministers be trained, appointed, and promoted on the basis of service to the community rather than to the denomination; that struggling and competing Methodist churches be discontinued; that the programme of the local church be altered to include a religious ministry to all the people in the community where other churches do not exist; and that the standing of a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church shall not be jeopardized by appointment as pastor of a federated or non-denominational church.

Two Things Not to Forget

THERE are two exceedingly valuable agencies for fighting disaster and for coping with disease that will surely be kept in mind by our readers and the American people generally as we are approaching the end of the year in a period of great prosperity.

One of these is the American Red Cross, which has been having its annual Roll Call for the renewal of memberships and an increase of membership which would mean an increase in the power of this vast organization.

What the Red Cross stands for in the way of being prepared for disaster and of remedying disaster was splendidly shown at the time of the great Japanese earthquake. It could be illustrated by a dozen other salient examples. If, for instance, we should have another such earthquake and fire in this country as that at San Francisco or a disaster from sea encroachment such as that at Galveston, the Red Cross would justify its existence ten times over. Another kind of activity was shown when the terrible distress in Greece and Smyrna in 1922 brought out an immedate contribution by the American Red Cross of $2,500,000.

In what may be called its every-day work the Red Cross is doing all the while such things as giving relief and advice to ex-service men, as spreading nursing service in small towns everywhere, and as carrying on social welfare activities. During the past year—its chairman, Mr. John Barton Payne, tells us—the American Red Cross appropriated money and organized relief for victims of forty-three disasters in various parts of the world. The head of the Veterans' Bureau has pointed out that there are many ways in which the Red Cross can and does aid ex-service men in directions not provided for by Federal legislation.

In ordinary times like these the Red Cross does not appeal for contributions, but does appeal to American recognition and sympathy through an extension of the membership. It is said that about ten per cent of the population in the United States are enrolled in the Red Cross, and it is firmly believed that the number of these will be doubled before long.

The other of the two agencies for good to which we are calling attention is that largely acting through the sale of Christmas Seals by the National Tuberculosis Association. A statement published by that Association says: "Only half as many people die from tuberculosis to-day as died ten years ago. The organized battle against tuberculosis, carried on by the Tuberculosis Association, has helped to save the other half."

There is no question whatever that millions of Christmas Seals will be sold for holiday use this year. There is a special reason why this is a peculiarly appropriate time for the promotion of this great health and life-saving agency. The fortieth anniversary of the founding by Dr. Edward Trudeau of his famous sanitarium comes in 1925. It was largely because of the open-air sanitarium treatment begun by Dr. Trudeau in the Adirondacks that he was able to say ten years before his death: "Over the doors of the hospitals for consumptives twenty-five years ago might well have been written these words: 'All hope abandon ye that enter here.' While to-day, in the light of new knowledge, we may justly place at the entrance of the modern sanatorium the more hopeful inscription: 'Cure sometimes, relief often, comfort always.'"

The Author of "The Peasants"

THE Nobel Prize for Literature for this year has just been awarded to the Polish novelist Ladislas Reymont, apparently wholly or chiefly for his novel "The Peasants." This rivals or surpasses Romain Rolland's trilogy "Jean Christophe," for it is a tetralogy; each of the four parts is devoted to one of the seasons of the year, beginning with autumn.

American readers have had until quite recently no opportunity of acquainting themselves with Reymont's work; but a few months ago the first volume of "The Peasants" was published by Knopf, of New York, under the title "Autumn."

This is not the first time that the Nobel Committee of Award has marked its appreciation of genius and merit by bestowing the prize for literature upon an author comparatively unknown to the world at large. Even when Tagore was the recipient of this Nobel prize eleven years ago, he was chiefly known to little groups of students and critics, and not to the general reading public; but immediately there was expressed exceeding interest in Tagore's philosophy, poetry, and tales, and an impetus to his popularity followed, together with wide appreciation of his ability.

Those who do know about Reymont's work appraise him as being like Rolland in his methods and like the Norwegian Knut Hamsun in his deep love for the

soil and the country and for man as a product of growth from the soil.

Reymont is the second Pole who has received the Nobel literary prize; the first was that truly great as well as brilliant writer Sienkiewicz, best known popularly by his "Quo Vadis," but really eminent for the much finer fiction of his three historical novels about Poland. Oddly enough, while Poland has thus been twice honored, Russia has never received the literary prize. Tolstoy lived for several years after the prize was established; whether the Committee thought that he was not closely identified with the literature of this generation or whether it thought there was doubt about his moral and economic theory is uncertain. Only twice has this prize gone to writers of English; the two are Tagore and Rudyard Kipling. No American has yet been honored with this particular award, but Theodore Roosevelt and Elihu Root have received the Nobel prize for promoting international peace, and Dr. Millikan, Professor Michelson, Dr. Carrel, and Professor Richards have received Nobel prizes for eminence in physics, medicine, or chemistry.

The interest felt in this yearly award of Nobel prizes is perhaps in part due to the large money value of the prizes, but in the main is founded on the fairness of the recognition of supreme ability in the five fields touched—namely, physics, chemistry, physiology and medicine, literature, and international peace. The complete list of those who have been elected for the awards now includes many distinguished names. While public opinion may not infrequently differ with the Committee as to the particular award for this or that year, it is acknowledged that the difficult task of election has been carried out as a whole efficiently and satisfactorily.

The Baldwin Ministry

It was a curious twist in the wheel of fortune which made Stanley Baldwin, the new British Prime Minister, guest of honor for the second time in succession at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London recently. Since Mr. Baldwin rose to respond to the toast of "His Majesty's Ministers" in the historic Guildhall in November of 1923 much water has flowed under the political bridges. The great experiment of an appeal to the country on the question of protection was tried and failed; the Labor Ministry—the wild impossibility of a few years ago—has come and gone; and Mr. Baldwin, in November, 1924, is once again at Chequers, and once again, according to age-long custom, reviews home and foreign affairs at the Lord Mayor's banquet.

Well, it was a wise and in many respects a reassuring review. There is to be no strong reactionary policy—no one who knew anything about it ever thought that there would be; the good work in foreign affairs done by Mr. MacDonald—and Mr. Baldwin justly and gracefully gave him full credit for it—is to be further developed, and every effort made to secure a still larger measure of world co-operation. What form this will take it is not, at the moment, very easy to say. The inclusion of Lord Cecil in the Cabinet indicates that the League is to have high place and consideration, but the development of the League's influence on British foreign policy is now much more likely to be by way of filtration rather than open attack. Where Mr. MacDonald was inclined to argue that because the League must ultimately do thus and so, it might as well do thus and so at once, Lord Cecil is much more likely to move forward one step at a time. He would, for instance, much prefer a treaty of mutual assistance as an immediate practical measure than the wider provisions involved in the arbitration Protocol.

For the rest, Mr. Baldwin's bold step in making Winston Churchill his Chancellor of the Exchequer shows that he does not mean to remain the champion merely of die-hard Conservatism. The lesson of the past year has apparently been learned to a certain extent, and it is most welcome to find that the new Prime Minister is determined to move with the times. In spite of the tremendous Conservative landslide which has swept him back to power, Mr. Baldwin is too much of a statesman and too much of an Englishman not to realize the just claims to influence national thought of the large so-called Labor minority throughout the country. And so Mr. Baldwin boldly envisages the paradox, and comes out as a Conservative-Progressive.



Courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf, New York

Ladislas Reymont, of Poland, who has just received the Nobel Prize for Literature

Towards Equilibrium

Although it would be an exaggeration to suggest that there was any direct connection between the situation at the present moment in such widely separated countries as Ireland and Italy, France, Spain, and Great Britain, the fact remains that current events in these countries indicate clearly enough a great general trend in Europe—towards equilibrium.

In Ireland a kind of miniature general election is taking place. In five key constituencies representatives for the Dail are being chosen, and in all five the Free State candidate is being opposed by a Republican. But the whole thing is quite regular and official. The Republican Party is now the official Opposition. The Free State Government has released all Republican prisoners, and the pendulum of popular thought is settling down to a regular course. It will countenance opposition; it will even welcome opposition, but opposition must confine itself to constitutional courses, and the just mean must be preserved.

In Italy, as in Spain, the growing opposition to dictatorship indicates a similar movement. For many months Benito Mussolini has been making valiant efforts to constitutionalize his régime. In a measure he has succeeded; but he has not kept pace with the inevitable demand of an inherent democracy once again becoming vocal. "Give Italy back to herself!"—a cry so frequently to be heard throughout the country today—has a significance all its own.

In Spain the situation is very similar. It is true that the Dictator, General Primo de Rivera, thinks so well of his position that he has gone to Morocco.

It is true that the recent bloody riots in Navarre and round about Barcelona are attributed to "French Anarchists," but those who have any private word from Spain know that there also the tendency to swing back from the extreme is increasingly manifest. In Great Britain, as in the United States, the tendency is clear and unmistakable. What is the position in France?

At first it might seem as though the strong vote of confidence recently accorded in the French Chamber to M. Herriot should be taken to indicate that France has not yet exhausted the possibilities of what may be called the "Herriot-MacDonald experiment." The fact is, however, that the similarity between the two statesmen was never very fundamental. It is very difficult for a Frenchman to be an internationalist or a daring experimentalist in the region of politics. M. Herriot remains in power, not by grace of one party, as was the case with Mr. MacDonald, but by grace of many parties, and there is safety in numbers.

The world is beginning to find out that the only way to settling down lies in a fuller approach to a true democracy. The experiments in either direction away from it of the past few years have only tended to confirm this view.

The Election and the League

TWICE in succession the American people have rejected the Presidential candidate who has advocated America's entrance into the League.

In 1920 President Wilson declared that the election of that year should be a "solemn referendum" on the League. Mr. Cox, the Presidential candidate, did all in his power to make the League and President Wilson's policy concerning it the issue of the campaign. Though some voters who wished the United States to be a member of some organized association of nations voted for Mr. Harding, few, if any, advocates of American membership in the League on the terms which President Wilson insisted upon voted for Mr. Harding. The verdict at the polls was overwhelming.

If any decision can be read in a Presidential vote, it was clear in the election of 1920.

This year no party officially sponsored the policy of entering the League, though the Democratic Party proposed an extra-Constitutional advisory and necessarily informal referendum on the subject. The Democratic candidate, however, definitely advocated the policy of entering the League. Among the supporters of President Wilson there is no one who has been more loyal in supporting Mr. Wilson's League policy than John W. Davis. With few, if any, exceptions, the ardent advocates of American membership in the League voted for him. The result was as decisive as that of 1920.

Hereafter no party is likely to invite defeat by making America's entrance into the League a plank in its platform.

To this situation as created by this twofold verdict the advocates of American participation in the League should reconcile themselves. They may regret the verdict; but they will accomplish nothing by ignoring it. The issue is closed. As long as the League of Nations remains as it is, it does not seem probable that America will join it.

For this decision the reason seems obvious. After ample debate which no one wished to prolong, the American people became convinced that membership in the League would injure America by hampering her freedom. Some advocates of the League still attribute this decision to disingenuous, partisan opposition, and even to what one of our readers heatedly calls "wicked misrepresentation." Expressions of resentment, however, have not changed public opinion.

As the American people have truly perceived, the League of Nations is a political organization. That is, the League is designed to settle questions of international policy. America has decided that she wishes to determine her own foreign policies for herself. It has been argued that the provision in the Covenant of the League for unanimous vote would effectually prevent the adoption of any policy without America's consent. The American people nevertheless realize that the very entrance of America into the League would force America into foreign policies in which the American people as such have no interest. What do the American people know about Memel or Irak? Yet if America were a member of the League she would have to have a policy concerning the issues about both of them. There are a multitude of such questions on which America prefers to remain wholly uncommitted. America tried the experiment once of making adjustments in all kinds of international disputes about which the American people themselves knew nothing and cared less. The small army of American experts at the Paris Peace Conference, laboring with the utmost diligence and with the best of intentions, committed the United States to policies on a multitude of boundary questions on which the country they represented had no opinion. The people of the country are not likely to be persuaded into joining any organization which will keep them permanently involved in such problems.

Does this mean, then, that America wishes to remain aloof from the rest of the world? It has so been asserted. Apparently there are still people who believe that there is no international relationship possible except in the League of Nations. As a matter of fact, America could not remain aloof if she would. The geographical position of the United States is such as to bring her into contact with Europe and with Asia and with the newer republics to the south and with the strongest and most virile of the British Commonwealth of nations. America stands at the crossways of the world. She cannot keep to herself.

And she has not remained aloof. There has never been a time when the United States was more influential in the world than it is to-day. The American people have not changed their character. They are no more selfish than they were in 1917, when they threw their lot in with the Allies to prevent Germany's domination over other nations. They have the same ideals that have been characteristic of them through their history. And America has been serving the world well. It is America more than any other country that by her foreign policy toward Russia has been upholding the truth that good international relations depend upon good faith. It is America that, through the Armament Conference, not only brought an end to the dangerous race in naval armaments, but cleared away the menace in the Pacific and instituted the first organized attempt among all the chief nations involved for the solution of the vexing problems of the Far East. And it is America that produced the Dawes Plan, made the London Conference the first really successful reparations conference since the end of the war, and changed the situation in Europe from that of perplexity and instability to hope and progress. Moreover, not all the service tha

the United States has rendered others has been in the field of international politics. America has co-operated so far as her independent position has made it possible with the nations in the League in their humanitarian efforts. America has been a leader in the fight against the drug evil, and is represented at the Opium Conference now in session. If the administrative functions of the League were separated from the political, there is no reason why the United States should not be officially represented on all the international administrative commissions. Toward the Permanent Court of International Justice the attitude of America has been sympathetic, and only the somewhat tenuous connection of the Court with the political functions of the League has prevented the United States from becoming a member of the Court. There is no doubt that America before it joins the Court will co-operate with the Court as fully as if it were a member of it.

America's political independence is not only in her own interest, but in the interest of the rest of the world. By remaining free America can throw her weight whenever necessary on the side of justice for herself and for others.



P. & A. Photos

A. Vic Donahey, re-elected Governor of Ohio

Last week The Outlook published a portrait gallery of political notables which included the picture of Harry L. Davis as the newly elected Governor of Ohio. This was an error. The honor went to his Democratic opponent, who was thus returned to office in a State which voted to support the National Republican ticket

Roorbacks and Academic Calm

THE public in every election is asked to give heed to the advice of the president of this college or that. The heads of our great educational institutions are rightly regarded as ranking among the intellectual leaders of the country. If they have been selected to lead young men and women into wise ways of life, should they not be particularly fit to lead men and women, who are merely boys and girls of a larger growth, along the road of electoral wisdom? It would seem so, and yet—

At every election time the public finds that many of the pronouncements of college presidents seem to show a singular lack of that academic calm, and that nicety of judgment, of balanced perception, which are supposed to be the hallmarks of the educated mind. Not infrequently the pronouncements remind one of Gratiano's dictum, "When I ope my lips let no dog bark." The habit of oracular utterance, which is the besetting sin of all instructive professions (including the editorial), seems to make it doubly hard for college presidents to see both sides of any case which involves their pet opinions.

Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, has enlivened if not enlightened many political debates by his *ex cathedra* statements. And he is a college president who has taken what he has considered to be a more or less active part in the hurly-burly of politics. If so practical a man as Nicholas Murray Butler (remember, he was once nominated for Vice-President—can any little boy or girl tell when or why?) can forget himself so thoroughly as Mr. Butler did in his comments upon Leonard Wood in the campaign of 1920, perhaps it would be charitable if the veil should be dropped over the ill-considered activities of such men as President MacCracken of Vassar and President Harry Garfield of Williams in this last campaign.

In its issue of November 5 The Outlook pointed out that President Garfield had lent his name to an organization which circulated an attack upon President Coolidge in which the President was called "a rattled and ridiculous person" and "a very much dismayed and huddled little man."

We cannot resist the temptation to keep the veil suspended above this utterance long enough to quote an indorsement of Calvin Coolidge which has been sent to us by a graduate of Williams. This former student of Garfield's college writes:

> On October 17, 1919, after the Boston police strike, and years before the so-called "Coolidge Myth" had been invented for campaign purposes, Williams College held a great reunion of its alumni to do honor to its 1,770 sons who had served in the World War. The only honorary degree conferred upon that occasion was upon Calvin Coolidge. In investing him with the hood emblematic of the degree of Doctor of Laws, Dr. Garfield addressed him in the words appearing below:
>
> "By profession a lawyer; by preference a student of the science of government; a statesman practiced in the art of governing, elected to many offices of trust and honor in the city, county, and the Commonwealth; in each performing services of high order, but none of greater value to the Republic than in making clear and preserving the distinction between public duty and private right."

A statement by Dr. MacCracken was published over his signature by the Democratic National Committee. We attempted to secure from President MacCracken a statement as to whether or not the publication of this letter was made with his authority. President MacCracken declined to comment upon the question which we asked and, moreover, refused to let us publish his letter of declination.

For this reason we think that it is still worth while to give the broadest possible circulation to the statement ascribed to President MacCracken in order that it may be remembered as one of the prize examples of the type of statement which educators indulge in when they break through the thin shell of their reputed academic calm:

A MAN OR A MYTH

By Henry Noble MacCracken
President Vassar College

I shall work for Davis, because I prefer a man to a myth. I know something about Davis. I know he is the leading lawyer of the American bar. I know his opinion on every great issue. His record is an open book. He is a man of utter integrity. I trust him.

I know nothing about Coolidge. He is a myth. Secrecy surrounds him.

I can't find out the truth about his record as Governor. I don't even know whether he wrote the magazine articles he signed when he was Vice-President. What else he did as Vice-President I don't know. He sat at Cabinet meetings with Fall and Denby and Daugherty, and could see no reason for change when he came to select his own Cabinet. He is an edited man; he was put together in a publicity office; and he will be plausible just as long as he can find some one to tell him what to think.

I've seen him in the movies. "Smile!" say the picture men; and he smiles. "Go to ball games!" "Give Henry Ford a bucket of sap." "Toss some hay." And he obeyed anxiously and humbly. But is that the real Coolidge? I don't know. I know who tells him to smile, for I can see a movie. But I don't know who tells him to sign on a dotted line, for I'm not there, and I haven't a dictaphone on the job.

I was once a Republican, by inheritance and faith. But when the Republicans abandoned their party policy in 1920, when they caused their country to be defeated in its war policy for the sake of a partisan victory of spite; when they repudiated everything I had learned from Lincoln and Grant and Hay and Root to hold dear, then I gave up my party.

To-day Republicanism means repudiation, cynical and self-seeking; Democracy means progress. It is hypocrisy against sincerity; the record of '16-'20 against the record of '20-'24. Why any one past the age of fairy tales wants to vote for a myth like Coolidge, I cannot see. Vote for a man!

The Williams graduate who sent us the baccalaureate utterance of President Garfield says that we "take these quadrennial offerings of certain of our college presidents too seriously." Perhaps we do. Perhaps they are only evidence of the truth of the old saying that "shoemakers should stick to their lasts." The trouble is that the last of every college president is the development of youth for life. On the other hand, who knows but that President Garfield and President MacCracken permitted or put forth the political pleas we have quoted because of the same reason which actuated the father who said, "I'd rather be a warning to my children than a shining example. It's so much easier."

Mutinies

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

WHEN dirigibles are so perfected, as they surely will be, that voyages across the great oceans are made in the air, there will be no more mutinies. On an airplane or an airship disobedience of orders or the refusal of any member of the crew to do his duty instantly and without argument would mean the immediate death of all hands and not merely the seizure of the vessel or its abandonment by the crew, which was the end generally sought by mutineers in the days of the old-time sailing clipper ships. Thus, under the influence of the airship, the most dramatic adventure which can befall a passenger or a sailor at sea will pass into the limbo of legendary literature.

A recently published volume ("A Book of Famous Ships," by C. Fox Smith, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston) describes some of the mutinies of the nineteenth century that such monarchs of the sea as "Bully" Forbes of the clipper ship Lightning or Captain Samuels of the packet ship Dreadnought successfully quelled on their vessels. From the very dawn of civilization, when man first began to creep timidly out on the surface of the ocean in small boats, mutinies have been more dreaded by shipmasters than waves and rocks and gales. Perhaps the earliest account in literature of a captain who feared a mutiny is Homer's story of Odysseus, Circe, and the sirens as told in the Twelfth Book of the Odyssey. In order that his crew might not succumb to the "charm of the sirens' mellifluous song" and mutinously row him ashore to destruction, Odysseus stuffed their ears with wax. One of the pleasant stories of Herodotus is his tale of Arion, the greatest harp virtuoso of his time, who had traveled abroad giving concerts and had acquired great riches, like Kreisler or Paderewski. On his way home to Corinth the sailors of the vessel mutinied and compelled him to throw himself overboard so that they might seize his gold. But a dolphin took Arion upon his back and carried him ashore, and when the thievish mutineers arrived in port they were seized and punished. "There is," says Herodotus, "to this day at Taenarum an offering of Arion's at the shrine, which is a small figure in bronze, representing a man seated upon a dolphin."

Another ancient writer, less credulous and therefore more credible than Herodotus, describes a mutiny of Greek and Roman sailors which took place not far from where Arion jumped overboard although some four hundred years after the time of Herodotus. This mutiny threatened to be the most dangerous incident of the famous shipwreck of Paul the Apostle. There were two hundred and seventy-six people on the ship in which Paul was an enforced passenger. In the threatened wreck, after being buffeted about for fourteen days in a tempest and having cast out four anchors to keep the ship from the rocks, the crew mutinied and let down a boat under the pretense of casting some more anchors from the bow. But Paul, who was as great a leader of men as he was a philosopher, had by this time taken charge. He declared to the centurion and the soldiers, whose prisoner he was, that if the mutineers succeeded in their cowardly attempt to abandon the ship all hands would be lost. So the soldiers cut the ropes of the lifeboat in which the crew were about to flee from the ship; the sailors were thus kept at their stations, and all hands were eventually saved.

The most famous and dramatic story of mutiny in English literature is that of the celebrated British ship Bounty, commanded by William Bligh, who afterwards became an admiral in the British navy. On a voyage from the South Sea Islands to Jamaica the crew mutinied, set Captain Bligh and eighteen men adrift in a small boat, and took the ship back to Tahiti. From Tahiti, with some native men and women, the mutineers went to the unknown and uninhabited Pitcairn Island, where they formed a settlement. In the meantime Bligh and his companions saved themselves by an extraordinary voyage of over three thousand miles in an open boat with no sextant and very little food. The leader of the mutineers, Alexander Smith, who later assumed the name of John Adams, became converted and after a period of riotous lawlessness established order and a form of government. When he died, he left a little colony on Pitcairn Island of contented and prosperous people which was finally taken over by the British Government. The story has been the subject of more than one book, and Byron wrote a poem about it.

My interest in these rebellious



The Dreadnought, a famous clipper ship of the '50's, which her commander, Captain Samuels, in his book "From the Forecastle to the Cabin" claimed "was never passed in anything over a four-knot breeze." In this book Captain Samuels graphically describes the mutiny of his crew on a voyage from Liverpool in 1859

dramas is enhanced by the fact that I was once the unwilling and startled observer of a mutiny. When I was twenty-five years old, I made a voyage as passenger from New York to Melbourne around the Cape of Good Hope on an American clipper bark of thirteen hundred tons. The captain, less than thirty years old himself, was a tall, thin Yankee from the State of Maine, whose easy-going manner gave no indication of his extraordinary courage and his decisive talents as a navigator and commander. The first mate was also a Yankee. The second mate, however, was a tough Scotch-Irishman from Greenock, and the crew of thirteen before the mast were Scandinavians, Finns, and Germans. In such a crew there is always a natural leader. In this case he was a Norwegian as tall as the captain, but forty or fifty pounds heavier, who was known, because nobody could pronounce his real name correctly, as Charley Smith. During the first two weeks the voyage was uneventful, without the slightest indication of trouble, for the ship was a fine one, well geared, well handled, and well fed. The captain, being part owner and possessing the New England qualities of thrift and good management, took especial pride in having everything shipshape on board. I lived in a little stateroom in the after cabin near the captain's commodious quarters. One noon, about eight bells, as we were approaching the tropics, the steward came into the after cabin, where the captain and I were sitting while waiting for dinner, and said:

"Charley Smith wishes to see you, sir."

"All right," replied the captain. "Send him aft."

We went up the after companionway, and there stood Charley Smith by the wheelhouse with a pannikin of pea soup in his hands.

"This soup is too salt, captain," said the big Norwegian, quite respectfully.

"Very well," answered the captain. "I will tell the cook not to put so much salt in it next time."

Now the cook was a fellow-townsman of the captain, and was a very good cook too. Like the captain, he took pride in his work.

The next day at the same hour the steward knocked at the after-cabin door and announced again that Charley Smith wanted to see the captain. This time the master of the vessel went up the after-companion steps a little more quickly, and I followed to see what would happen. There was Charley Smith with a tin plate of salt beef.

"This beef is dirty, sir," he complained.

"That's a lie," retorted the captain, calmly and quietly, but with an ominous tone in his voice. "There's nothing dirty on my ship. If you've got any reasonable complaints, I'm always ready to hear them, but I won't stand any growling. Get forward at once!"

The man turned and without any further manifestations of dissatisfaction walked forward to the fo'c'sle. The captain and I went below to dinner, and he explained to me that trouble was brewing; that "growling," in sea parlance, on the part of the ringleader of the crew is the first step towards open rebellion; and that Smith was probably testing him to find out whether he or the crew should be masters of the vessel.

The next day at the same hour the steward came aft and got as far as "Charley Smith"— Before the words were out of his mouth the captain went up the companion stairs two steps at a time. While I was jumping from my chair a tin colander full of sea biscuit came rolling down into the cabin, and I knew that trouble had begun. I got on deck as quickly as I could, and found that the captain with his shirt half torn off had Charley Smith by the throat and, with a wooden belaying-pin in his free hand, was rushing him forward towards the fo'c'sle. All hands had dropped their work and were looking on. The second mate, who was half suspected of at least acquiescence in the attempted mutiny, stood idly by, doing nothing to help. The first mate, however, rushed into his room in the fore cabin, came out with a revolver in his hand, and went into the fo'c'sle house, where the captain was struggling with Smith. It afterwards turned out that the first mate attempted to shoot the mutineer, but the hammer luckily came down on the only empty chamber of the revolver, and Smith was subdued and put in irons by the two officers without any wound save such superficial abrasions as would be natural from sudden contact with fists or a belaying-pin. In a few minutes Smith, disheveled and bleeding, was brought out of the fo'c'sle in irons and incarcerated in the lazaret, a dark, low-studded storeroom for sails and gear in the stern of the vessel.

After the captain had washed and dressed he called all hands aft, and there they stood on the main deck in the waist of the ship while he, standing on the poop like a rostrum, made them a little address. He told them briefly that he intended to be master of his own ship, that Smith's complaint of the food was unfounded and was made solely for the purpose of destroying discipline, and asked them whether they wanted their "whack" (which in nautical slang was the food they were getting larger in quantity and better in quality than that prescribed by law) or the rations allowed by Government. Of course the sailors voted unanimously and enthusiastically for their "whack," and the mutiny was over. Not quite over, however, for at dinner the captain asked the mate if he had examined Charley Smith when he

imprisoned him in the lazaret to see if he had any matches. When the mate answered in the negative, the captain directed him to go down at once and if the sailor had any matches to take them away, explaining to me that more than one case had been known of a mutinous sailor thus imprisoned setting fire to the ship in mid-ocean out of revenge.

That afternoon the captain entered in the log a detailed record of the occurrence, which I attested as a subscribing witness. Smith was then brought, still in irons, into the cabin and told that if he signed this record as an acknowledgment of his guilt and promised to do his work properly he would be released. If not, he would be kept in irons until we reached Melbourne, where he would be turned over to the Consul for punishment.

Partly because his experiment had convinced him that the captain was a better man than himself in a fight and partly because he did not relish the prospect of two or three months' imprisonment in the lazaret, Smith signed the log with alacrity, and thereafter during the voyage proved to be one of the best men in the crew.

When, six weeks later, while running our easting down, we were overwhelmed by a hurricane far south of the Cape and were forced to lie to nearly twenty-four hours under bare poles—time of peril that required complete confidence in the judgment of the captain and instant response to his orders—I was very thankful that his decision and courage in the incipient mutiny had put the fear of man, if not the fear of God, into a somewhat reckless and nondescript crew.

"Stonewall Jackson" Feng Yu-hsiang

By OLIN D. WANNAMAKER

A portrait study of the Chinese leader who teaches his men to pray and to shoot

THERE was a great stir at Kaifengfu in the spring of 1922. This is the capital of Honan Province, one day south of Peking. It was then the headquarters of General Feng. He had made the long march from far northwestern Shensi Province at the call of Wu Pei-fu threatened by Chang Tso-lin, had arrived barely in time to smash the right wing of the invaders from Mukden, and had driven them back in such haste that the Manchurians had no leisure to pass through Peking and pick up the many attractive things lying around loose there, but had skirted the walls of the ancient seat of Kublai Khan, headed toward Shanhaikwan and passed through the opening between the Great Wall and the sea, and so back toward Mukden. The various places of refuge for women and children in Peking remained quite unused. Stuart Burgess—of the Princeton group doing so striking a piece of work there, with many fine Chinese pulling the load with the Princetonians—Burgess and his Chinese friends had prepared the places of safety for fear retreating troops might get into the city, but he was now able to accept the Government's offer of $80,000 to the farmers left destitute east of the city, and Peking lapsed back into its usual state.

But I have almost forgotten the excitement in Kaifengfu, Honan. General Feng causes some degree of excitement wherever he passes, and I paused to explain the after effects of his defeat of the Manchurian army. But in his present capital—he had been made *tuchun* of Honan after his defeat of the Manchurians—the excitement was quite different. While Burgess and his friend Liu went to help the farmers buy new water buffaloes, Robert Gailey, also of the Princeton group, had been summoned by the General in haste. He needed reinforcements: he had 1,200 troopers to baptize!

Twenty-two years earlier Feng, as a captain in the army, watched "Boxer" mobs killing Christians. He was moved by the manner in which they met their death. Twelve years later, as a major at Peking, he heard Dr. John R. Mott, and he became a Christian. When he sent for Gailey, he already had some 10,000 Christians among his men, almost entirely by reason of the General's influence, and now he was ready to add 1,200 more.

What sort of Christians were they? Naïve, certainly. The General is probably somewhat less philosophic than either the Liberals or the Fundamentalists, and he has probably not heard yet about evolution. The creed of the musketeers was simple enough for the most primitive of Christians. The whole 1,200 were questioned privately, one by one, by Gailey and his Chinese pastor assistants. When the question came round, "Why do you wish to become a Christian?" the usual reply was, "I wish to learn to be a good man."

A Biblical percentage was followed: one was taken and the other was left—six hundred accepted for baptism and six hundred put on probation.

Then "Stonewall Jackson" instructed the 1,200 to assemble twice in succession at his favorite hour, five o'clock in the morning. Out on the parade ground they gathered, with many thousands of other soldiers looking curiously on, listening to that almost universal Chinese hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers. The address of the General was in keeping with the terseness of the creed of his unlettered men of war. "Nobody want you," he said in effect, "if you are expecting an easier time for yourself i becoming a Christian. But if you mea that you are willing to eat bitterness fo your country and your fellow men, the you know what *Christian* means."

Simple and crude as the philosophy o the Cromwell of China may be, the seem to flow tangible results from i His charge against the Manchurians w no more thoroughgoing than his smas ing onslaught on all places of evil reso in his new capital, Kaifengfu. With forty-eight hours after his arrival a such places were closed. Everywhe one finds traces of something real insi of Feng working itself out in sane a humane conduct. It is related of hi that he prefers his boys with pigtai These are the more perfectly raw r cruits, and can be cooked into soldiers and also into men—according to t General's own cuisine. He drills the hard and works them hard. They a the only Chinese soldiers who have ev trained for American football. But th are by no means mere cannon fodder the eyes of their commander. So officers, he declares, still think that s diers ought to be kept miserably po and underfed, in order that they may reckless in battle. Not so "Stonewl Jackson." He believes in men withou grudge. Speaking some months ago a foreign audience in Peking, he sa "Please remember that the people China are good and the soldiers a good, but the officers and the leaders a bad." He was speaking of soldiers

China, yet he made no mention of strategy, tactics, equipment, courage, or any quality belonging to a soldier as a soldier, but dwelt with much apparent satisfaction upon the assertion that his own soldiers were always patient and forbearing in dealing with the people.

He does not seem to expect that he will receive more from his men than he is willing to give in turn to them. All his men are said to be given the opportunity to learn a trade during their term of service. They make their own clothes, and thus many tailors go back to the country districts, but many learn other trades. Thus they return as guardians of the peace in a double sense. Their own trade keeps them from banditry, and with this as a guaranty, the General is willing to give each discharged soldier a rifle, with which he can persuade others also to keep straight.

There is some reason for the double naming of General Feng. He seems to be something of Cromwell and something of Stonewall Jackson. Lincoln he admires greatly. As Cromwell taught his men to pray and keep their powder dry, so Feng instructs his in praying and in shooting straight. He advises them to pray every morning: "O God, have mercy upon the men in authority in China, and help them to use their authority rightly." When he drills his men in straight shooting, he seems to have no fear as to the target they may select in a hot skirmish. With some officers, he says, it is different: "In the average army, the officers speak to the soldiers with great harshness, and behind their backs the soldiers swear at the officers. The officer says to the soldier: 'Shoot straight! Hit the mark!' Under his breath, the soldier says: 'I am glad to learn to shoot straight, but when the day of battle comes I am not sure at whom I will aim.'" One who entered the barracks at headquarters outside of Peking might hear either a battle chant or a hymn, and find it difficult to distinguish them, for both are sung to the same tune.

Some one has told this characteristic story. An enthusiastic and practical missionary took the General to inspect an utterly up-to-date dairy barn where cows belonging to the best families enjoy the last touches of civilization. The General seemed strangely unresponsive. The cows switched their tails no more meditatively than the Cromwell of China shook his head. At length he expressed himself: "Ah!" said the General; "to think of all this for cows!" He rode away in his car with his head bowed. "While our poor people have so little!" added "Cromwell."

Now that China is, for the moment, in the hands of General Feng, we may well watch him with intense and sympathetic interest. He has taken a commanding eminence and has a full survey of the situation, and he is surrounded by the most loyal body of troops, probably, in China. But these, in turn, are more or less surrounded by other thousands covetous of the same eminence. Any one would be altogether too sure of himself who should venture a prediction where the human elements are so many and so mixed and where Russia, Japan, Europe, and—possibly—America may meddle at almost any moment in one direction or another. The best that can be said is that Feng seems to be the most hopeful personality in China at this moment. He was criticised months ago for taking a second wife in unseemly haste after the death of his first wife. But those who know something of backstairs gossip in Peking say that the General married the admirable woman whom he chose—the cultured and capable student secretary of the Young Women's Christian Associations in China—in order to avoid the embarrassment of a diplomatic proposal that he marry the daughter of Tsao Kun. If women in China really rule, as some persons think, Feng's strong right arm may have more than the usual sureness during the coming critical months when he is dealing with Chang Tso-lin, Sun Yat-sen and others of the overlords as to the fate of all China.

The Englishman As He Is

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

I

IT seems strange to an American to find more liberty in England than in America. And yet it is so.

Years ago, when I was at Oxford, at the Commemoration there (which answers somewhat to our Commencements) John Bright, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and other dignitaries received a D.C.L. degree. Tradition allowed the undergraduates an unconscionable amount of license, and the audience heard floating down from the top gallery some such comments as:

"Old John has conquered his Quaker prejudices; he's got on a red gown, hasn't he?"

"Right you are," from the rest of the undergraduates.

Or:

"Dr. Holmes is laughing at you, sir." This to the grave and reverend authority who was reading a Latin presentation of the candidate for the degree.)

The fact is that the good doctor was smiling. He always seemed to smile, even when his face was in repose. At being reminded of this trait, however, his face bore more unmistakably a smile, on which the applause from the top gallery was deafening and the embarrassed presenter, who instinctively looked up to see whether the report were true, got quite mixed up in his Latin.

A like license was also observable at the week-day services at Christ Church Cathedral. You would see the Lord Bishop of Oxford, with staff and purple gloves and episcopal robes, seated on his throne, and right opposite him, even in the chancel itself, a row of rosy youngsters in their boating flannels fresh from the river. There was something delicious about this meeting of the past and present, of age and authority with youth and buoyancy. In no country does one find such vivid contrasts as here in England.

A similar liberty I have noticed at all the political meetings I have attended here, whether this year or in other years. I like these English meetings. They are less stiff and oratorical than ours; they are easier, more happy-go-lucky, more colloquial. A week ago Sunday night I went to a Labor demonstration at Marylebone Hall. Instead of its being only a one-man show or a two or three men show, there were regular colloquies between orator and audience.

For instance, the speaker would shout: "We want an average minimum wage, say £4 a week." The audience laughed.

"I see you laugh," remarked the speaker. "Do you get that wage now?"

"No!" vociferously from the audience.

"Why?"

"Because the capitalists won't have it."

"Righto. They're the people who, after the war, held up the Government from giving work to the ex-service men

for fear it might interfere with the prevailing rate of wages. By the by, what's the matter with nationalization?"

"It's all right," a man near me answered. "'Twas the private, not the state, food supply that broke down in the war."

"Now one question more," said the orator. "Why have the other parties put in some of our social reforms in their manifestoes?"

"Because we forced them to it," replied many voices. "We had so many of our own that they were afraid of losing votes to us unless they put in one or two." So they were.

II

THE next quality I note is the Englishman's inborn instinct for fair play. For example, at that same Labor rally, moved by the orator's ignorance, exaggerated expectations, and violent language, a woman suddenly and courageously interjected, "That's not true." Instantly thundered a unanimous chorus of "Throw her out!" And for the moment it almost looked as if they would. But fair play came right to the surface; the orator chivalrously objected, and the auditors thought better of it too and let the interrupter stay—after all, she was a woman!

Never did the spirit of fair play show itself better than in December, 1923, when, as the result of the elections, the Labor-Socialists became the second party in point of numbers. The first party—in that respect, the Conservatives—had been soundly defeated on the issue of protection. Stanley Baldwin, the party leader, thereupon resigned his office as Prime Minister. The King might have sent for Mr. Asquith, the Liberal leader, to form a new Ministry, but now, with the Laborites in second place, he sent for Ramsay MacDonald, their leader. During those days I talked with some of the permanent officials at the various Government offices. They were men who had always been accustomed to a traditionally urbane chief, generally one of gentle birth and breeding. Now they were to have chiefs of no gentle birth and breeding. And yet in no instance did I hear a word or even an insinuation of disappointment, much less of disgust, at the change. Every man was going loyally to co-operate. They all agreed to this in their universally used phrase, "Give Labor a chance." The deed followed the word, and before long it was evident that the new chiefs were finding unexpected and gratifying harmony in their departments. And why not? All the permanent officials looked, not only so intelligent, but as well so calm, comfortable, stoical!

Mr. Stephen Walsh, Secretary for War, in recognizing this co-operation, frankly acknowledged that it had given him an understanding of real, sympathetic organization, most useful to him when he should again return to the management of his Miners' Federation. Two days ago he returned to it.

In no department, however, was the co-operation more striking than in the Foreign Office, and in none did the chief, Mr. MacDonald himself, establish pleasanter personal relations. To think, nevertheless, that he should now retire from office, having, at the end, tried to save himself by making the permanent officials of that office the scapegoat, knowing that as civil servants they could not reply and justify themselves! The kindest thing one can think is that the Foreign Secretary, at the close of the most strenuous campaign of his life, was physically overwrought, and in addressing a rough, Communistically inclined audience did not quite realize what he was saying.

III

THIS brings me to a third English quality, namely, a stern sense of justice. An Englishman is quite capable of thoroughly appreciating another man's character or work, yet as equally capable, no matter how brilliant that character and work, of giving his strong disapproval should they be found to have been in any way shifty or unstraightforward. An example of this may be found in the outgoing Prime Minister, who was as well Foreign Minister. In character and achievement he has been appealing and impressive. His most patent quality comes from his own early life. It gives him power over men; he has followers because they feel that by hard-won experience he knows what he is talking about.

Is it housing reform? You remember that he was born and brought up in a two-roomed cottage that gave on a railway embankment.

Or is it education? You remember that his mother strove and sacrificed in order that her boy might have all of Lossiemouth's available schooling, and that afterwards he gave his workday evenings to make himself the cultured man he is to-day. But where did he get his often very aristocratic manner?

Or is it any movement to relieve distress? Can you look at MacDonald's face and not feel that here is a man who has himself known distress, a man of hardships and of sorrow as well as joys?

Or is it something to enlarge the slum-dwellers' horizon? Can you listen to MacDonald's generally felicitous, often poetic phrase and escape the atmosphere of his Celtic imagination, mysticism, fire?

No wonder his followers follow. They sing a parody of "Men of Harlech"—

> Onward, Labor, on to glory.
> 'Twill be told in song and story
> How we fought at Aberavon.
> Ramsay is the man.

(For a variant in the verse, at the next election Mr. MacDonald might stand not at Aberavon, but at Tobermory!)

And no wonder, given his wide, humane vision, and also his exceptional knowledge gained through travel in many lands, that men of all parties listen to him and men of many countries too; he was the first drawing card at the recent League of Nations meeting. Everywhere people are conscious of the charm of one of his idealism, lofty aims, magnetism, seriousness in politics—for politics is no mere "game" to him. His success, both as Premier and Foreign Minister, outdistanced his friends' expectations; it even disconcerted some of his opponents' plans. For here was a man giving to the tired old world a new hope.

So far, so good. Yet the hope was that of an emotionalist and sentimentalist and Socialist rather than that of an entirely reasonable man. And, what is worse, the attempt to fulfill that hope became toward the end of the late Prime Minister's career apparently unstraightforward.

When all is said and done, a man may have MacDonald's splendid qualities and yet, because of certain elemental defects, be bound ultimately to miss fire with the people as a whole. Compare the Labor and Liberal leaders. We do not find the same human touch and magnetism in the Asquith leadership as in the MacDonald. Mr. Asquith rarely thrills you, and yet, except Lord Balfour he seems, among the Elder Statesmen, the greatest figure in contemporary English political life because he is never "sloppy;" he possesses both the ability and the will to be entirely reasonable and entirely straightforward *all* the time.

Nor do Englishmen forget that in 1914 Ramsay MacDonald was Germany's friend rather than England's and that in 1924 he saved a Communist from being tried for inciting soldiers to mutiny.

The ultimate cause, therefore, of the latest change in Prime Ministers was the stern sense of justice in the English nature. It demands satisfaction. Mr. MacDonald may live to run another day. But he will have learned a lesson in psychology as well as in politics.

London, November 7, 1924.

A Shrine for Home Builders



The latest addition to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, known as the American Wing, devoted to the domestic arts of our earlier history, is the gift of Robert W. de Forest and Mrs. de Forest. The south façade (above) was formerly that of the United States Assay Office in Wall Street. Photographs of representative rooms follow



This room, with its big fireplace, is a reproduction of the parlor of the Hart house, built about 1640, at Ipswich, Massachusetts. The armchair dates about 1650. The costume (copied from old documents) is typical of mid-seventeenth century dress

Photographs courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art



Room from the house of Metcalf Bowler, a rich merchant of Portsmouth, Rhode Island, mid-eighteenth century



Room from Petersburg, Virginia, first quarter nineteenth century. Note the elaborate fittings and the yellow satin brocade on the walls, indicating the luxury that characterized the homes of the more well-to-do Americans of the time of the early Republic



Room from Baltimore, Maryland, 1810. The door-jambs and windows are wood-carvings, and the furniture is Sheraton style. Around the walls are engravings by the French artist Saint-Mémin, with the exception of the picture of the Washington family above the mantel



Room from Samuel Powel's house in Philadelphia, built 1769. The wall-paper is painted in water-colors and was imported from China. The mahogany furniture, in the Chippendale style, was made in Philadelphia. George Washington was a close friend of the Powels and spent much time with them, probably in this very room

Foreign Trade Surveys

By JOHN R. ROBINSON

YOU have heard people say, "We ought to build up our foreign trade." If you want to know what that simple-sounding suggestion implies, read this article.

FOR the past six years a score or more of trained American business men have been investigating the world's markets on behalf of their organizations at home. They are the members of the new profession which gradually is taking its place as one of the most useful in modern business methods. They rarely sell; they have no set title; for the time being they are non-producers. Yet, owing to their efforts, American goods now are penetrating markets where heretofore they were virtually unknown.

They have been making "trade surveys." Their work is so new, from an American standpoint, that they are still searching for a proper name by which to designate their profession. Only the biggest organizations can afford to avail themselves of the services of trade survey men.

The Government Helps

FOREIGN markets can be entered in various ways. The United States Department of Commerce, under the very able direction of Secretary Hoover, can outline methods by which almost any worthy commodity can gain fair sales volume abroad. But for the firm which wishes to enter the field in a big, profit-paying manner the trade survey is the only safe and sane method.

The market is thoroughly investigated first. Based on the reports, the sales campaign is planned and put into effect. It seems simple, yet to make a complete trade survey of the continent of South America for a commodity which is in general use will take not less than eighteen months and cost, including the salary of the trade survey man, not less than $50,000. Yet many American firms, left with surplus production after the war-time boom, have taken the time to make these surveys and thus enter the market with a complete first-hand knowledge of every detail to be encountered in thoroughly covering the eleven republics which are included in continental South America. Trade survey men also have been sent to practically every other important section in the world in the new American move for export trade.

The Lesson of the Map

TIME was when the average American firm believed that an office in Buenos Aires covered all South America. The story is told of an American traveler receiving from his firm, when in Buenos Aires, a copy of a letter from a gentleman in Bogota, Colombia, applying for an agency.

"Now that you are in South America," read the traveler's instructions, "take a run over to Bogota and investigate this application."

By the quickest possible route, allowing for perfect steamship connections, which never are obtained, the "run" to Bogota would have taken the traveler twenty-five days and cost more than $500. The trade survey method shows the American firm that to obtain perfect representation in Colombia not less than four separate agency or distribution connections must be made. Even the War Department of the United States Government, in sending an automobile to the legation in Bogota a few years ago, routed it via Buenaventura. The car had to be taken back to Panama, then sent up the Magdalena River.

The Man and the Job

LET us follow one of these trade survey men, representing almost any standard commodity, in which he faced not only American but European competition. The trade survey man himself should be in the vicinity of forty, with mature judgment, yet retaining the enthusiasm for his work of a man of twenty. He should be a born reporter, because it has developed that trade survey work actually is glorified reporting as applied to a commodity or specialty. He must know his own line from the ground up, and also the business policy of his firm, as well as the lines and policies of its competitors. He must be in good health and possessed of a rugged constitution, because his hours are long and travel constant. He must be temperate and possessed of considerable initiative.

Before even reaching a country he studies its history, methods of government, the temperament and general characteristics of the people. For Latin America, the Pan-American Union, Washington, supplies without charge excellent condensed histories of all countries south of the Rio Grande, which histories include a world of useful information relative to modern conditions.

The trade survey man has a list of all possible users of his commodity, made up from various sources, but best furnished by the United States Department of Commerce. Arriving at the city, he first visits the American consul, and checks up with him the names on the list, getting a local and intimate slant on the characteristics of every firm, and also the name of the individual he wishes to interview. He also obtains a list of the banks, native and foreign, their standings, and the names of the executives, credit and collections managers, and the methods of the banks in handling foreign drafts.

Cataloguing the Buyer

THEN he calls on his first prospect. He may have to make two or three visits before he gets down to business. This will bring out in his report one of the most important pieces of information for the equipment of the salesman who inevitably will follow up the trade survey report. It is "Method of Approach."

Only the salesman who follows can appreciate the value of this information. Every little characteristic of the buyer is brought out by the trade survey man—his hobbies, subjects outside of business on which he likes to converse, just how to handle him, and when and how to get down to business.

The trade survey man finally gets to the point of gathering his information from this prospect. Assume that he is representing a commodity used in some small local manufacturing plant. He goes over the plant, making a careful report on its equipment, size of machines, types of manufacture, power used, systems of measurements, whether metric or English, employees, wages paid, organization, method of cost accounting, if any; in fact, everything that will be of value to the sales manager back home or the salesman on the ground.

There may be a number of grades to the commodity which the trade survey man represents. The machinery in this plant may be unfitted to use certain grades. The salesman's time is thus saved—he just eliminates these grades entirely in his later work. This particular machinery might spoil certain grades and thus have the entire line condemned. The trade survey guarantees against this.

Then comes the question of preser

pply for this plant. The trade survey an finds out from whom the plant is ying, type of goods bought, prices id, terms granted, method of payment, ether open account, draft for given riod, cash with order, cash on receipt goods. He sees the competing goods, idies methods of packing, oftentimes otographs perfect bales or cases, takes easurements and makes rough sketches the benefit of the shipping depart- nt back home.

Sales of Ideas

HEN he becomes a salesman of the highest type. Usually he takes no lers until the sales department has roughly digested his report and rec- mendations and planned its campaign. t he sells the *idea* of his goods. He ls the *name,* the desirability of his e, shows samples, explains the stand- of his firm and its past record. He rks best when he creates a desire for a ther knowledge of his goods.

Usually the trade survey man carries a neral report blank which he makes out er each call. Often he attaches to this pecial report applied to any particular se. Again, he secures samples of the npeting lines, especially if they are ropean, and, if the goods are not too ky, sends them back home with his ort.

But this is not all, by any means. He reports on desirable agencies or distributors, also interviewing these prospects and looking up their standing at the local banks. It may be that his own firm may plan a branch of its own in this city. So he looks up current rents, selling license fees, taxes, banking facilities, salaries usually paid good local salesmen and managers, wharfage fees, trucking charges, methods of distribution for adjoining territory which would come under the jurisdiction of this branch, and all facts which should be known before such a branch is established.

From each user of his commodity he obtains the total purchases for a year. The sum is the possible business in the territory. Equipped with this information, plus the other facts, a sales manager readily can determine his best method for distribution.

Total population of the city, its trade district, buying capacity, products of its own, seasonal information on both exporting and importing, advertising methods in use and for possible use, attitude of the people toward American goods and European goods, frequency of desired deliveries—all form part of the work of the trade survey man. He starts work at nine in the morning, and keeps eternally at it until five in the afternoon. Then after dinner he takes the portable typewriter and works up his reports for the day. This usually takes him until almost midnight. He gauges his time so that his last two days are spent in a round of those who have aided him, bidding them good-by. His first day on the steamship on his way to the next town he spends in writing little letters of thanks to each person, to be mailed at the first stop. He must not only give a pleasant impression when he actually is working in a city, but he must arrange so that the same impression is maintained.

For the majority of American goods not less than thirty cities on the South American continent must be visited. Some firms have a representative in every one of these cities. All have been picked by the trade survey man or selected from his reports.

The Cost of Safety

IT'S the most expensive manner in which a firm can get into the exporting business. But it is the safest, surest, and in the long run the best paying. No firm without large capital and large producing and selling powers should attempt it. But for the firms which answer these requirements it has proved to be the forerunner of satisfactory business, low-claim percentage, good credits, and a thorough understanding. They are the ones who really value the new profession.

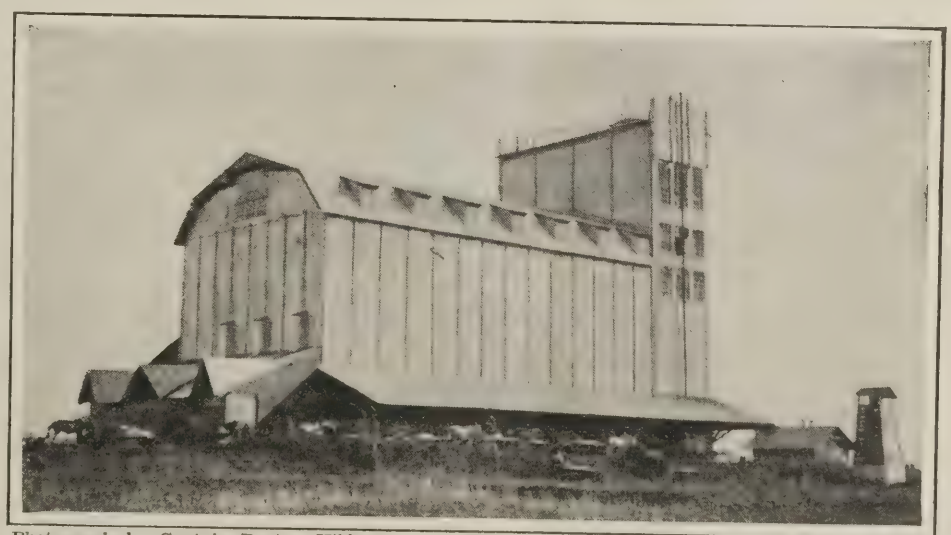
Will there be a Russian Peasants' Revolt?

By STANLEY HIGH

American farmers have thought that they had their troubles. Perhaps they can find some comfort by reading of the difficulties of the agriculturists of Russia

N Russia, much more than in the United States, the big political puzzle is the farmer. If the potentates o live within the Kremlin ever tremble the future, it is safe to say that the rce of their concern is not the bravado clamations of exiled grand dukes or pin-prick attacks of small states that ie against the Soviets from across the der, or the failure of the United es to fit out and equip—with everyig from light fixtures to an ambassa—an embassy in Moscow. Their vousness, if Russia's dictators ever for such a common ailment, will ie, rather, from the farm. Russia's ulation is eighty per cent agricultural. at concerns the farmers, therefore, is ly, sooner or later, to become the f concern of the Government.

low the weather in Russia, as elsere, is not without political influence. e the great famine of 1921 the restoration of Russian agricultural life has gone on apace. With the exception of live stock, it was restored to approximately eighty per cent of its pre-war status. With a few good harvests the farm worries of the Soviets might pass



Photograph by Captain Paxton Hibben

New methods in agricultural Russia—a peasants' co-operative grain elevator



Photograph by Captain Paxton Hibben

A typical Russian peasant farmer

away, and the country in general find itself with reserve stores to meet any ordinary emergency and with a trade balance sufficient to further rapidly the restoration of industry. But the weather took a hand. A drought that has extended throughout the southeastern section of European Russia has worked havoc with this year's economic programme of the Government and given rise to an internal crisis as serious, perhaps, as any that the Soviets have been obliged to face.

The officials of Russia, like good politicians everywhere, are optimists. Early in August, when it was impossible longer to deny the seriousness of the crop failure, I talked with Krassin, the Commissar for Foreign Trade. Krassin it is who is intrusted with the job of luring capital to Russia, and his task isn't an easy one. He is obliged, strictly speaking, to keep the Marxian home fires burning with fuel supplied from storehouses which those fires were lit to destroy. Krassin had counted on this year's crops to provide an exportable surplus sufficient greatly to stimulate Russian industry.

"We need tractors, among other things," he said. "We have been able to supply 200 Fordson tractors in certain districts of southern Russia. Those 200 tractors have created a demand for 10,000. But we haven't the capital to secure them. Exports of grain would have helped us to secure that capital."

But Krassin, although he admitted that the foreign trade prospects of Russia were greatly altered by the crop failures, insisted that there would be nevertheless a large exportable surplus—made up chiefly out of the increased crops of hemp, cotton, and flax. But reports coming in with alarming regularity to the Moscow papers indicated even in August that the crop failure was more serious than any of the Government officials were willing to admit. A territory in which live some 8,000,000 people is directly affected, and the area where the situation is most serious produced before the war about 20,000,000 tons of grain annually, or approximately one-third o the normal Russian crop. At the begin ning of June the situation in the rich farming districts of the Ukraine indi cated that there might be a repetition o the disaster of 1921. But rains came when they were most needed and the Ukrainian crop was saved. Furthermore in the consuming districts of north-cen tral Russia and in the Urals the crop this year were easily up to the average.

There are other reasons why the short age of this year will not bring a repeti tion of the 1921 famine. In 1921 the transport system of the country was in a hopeless tangle. Officials with the American Relief Administration found their major difficulty that of railroad distribution. There seemed to be no pos sible way to connect the relief supplies with the empty cars—which were stand ing idle on a thousand sidings all over Russia. Now, however, the transport is immeasurably improved. Trains run slowly, exceedingly so, but they run on time. Shipments move with a regularity that would be commendable in many west European nations. Grain, there fore, can be quickly shifted from the areas where the crop is normal to those where there is a serious shortage.

Then, again, the currency of the coun try has found its way to stability—and this without the help of imported capital. The Russian financiers have tugged away at their own bootstraps until, literally, they have lifted themselves out of the financial abyss. The purchasing power of the people has increased because of this return to a normal currency, and the peasants, in particular, are in better con dition to meet the stringencies of a crop shortage.

Finally, the general situation in the country has improved since 1921. In 1920 the civil war had just come to an end. Not only the transport, but every phase of the nation's life was in a state of demoralization. Conditions have not returned to normal by a good deal. But enough progress has been made to indi cate as accurately as anything can be indicated in Russia that this year will see no repetition of the earlier famine.

Despite that fact, however, the 1924 crop shortage may give rise to more serious difficulties than those created by the failure of 1921. No observer of the Russian situation can question the hold which Communism has upon the indus trial workers of the country. Commu nism and the Revolution brought their emancipation. And they are ready to make any sacrifices for the cause.

I stood one night on the platform in the State Opera House in Moscow when the Moscow Trades Unions entertained the visiting delegates of the Red Trade

Union's International. From the platform one looked out upon a wide panorama of red and gold—a setting for gatherings of a different sort. Five tiers of balconies ran out from the stage, like heavy strips of carved gold bands framed against red velvet. Silver lights circled the room, and a silver chandelier, hung with laced crystal, swung from the ceiling. The auditorium, from the first row to the topmost box, was filled with Trade-Unionists. Outside of my own I doubt if there were three white collars in the building.

I could not agree with the sentiments expressed by the speakers that night. But their devotion to the ideals which they upheld could not be questioned. And they sang the "International" with a religious fervor. Near me they were mostly young people. When the song began, they straightened up, like soldiers standing retreat, and every one sang. Russians can sing. Not only the voices but the eyes of these workers were in the song. To them, however deluded they may be, it was a song of deliverance. And 4,000 men and women toilers, standing there in that dazzling circle of red and gold, sang it that way.

I met many of those workers—rank and file members of the Communist Party—while I was in Russia. Their passionate loyalty to the Communistic programme, in Russia and out, is no mere lip service. Their world began with the Revolution. An eight-hour day, decent living quarters, school for their children, a place to play, and a part in politics—all this, and more, the Revolution means to the workers in Russia's factories.

But the peasant is a problem of another sort. He lives on the outskirts of the things that happen. The tumult and the shouting, the flag-waving spectacles, and the oratory that fan the flames of the worker's devotion are not seen or heard in Russia's villages, where four-fifths of the people live. Now, very much as before the war, life for the peasant is a weary plodding to the field, a weary day's work, and a weary plodding home again when the day is done. He neither feels himself nor is a part of "the peasants' and workers' government." He is just a tiller of the soil who up to now has found that crops need just as much cultivation—and burn as quickly when there is no rain—under Communism as under the Czar.

The peasants, of course, don't want a return of the Czar or of his family, however distantly connected. The voice of the peasant was heard in no uncertain terms when the "White" armies invaded Russia. In certain sections there was at first a welcome for "Russia's deliverers," since the Communists had confiscated crops and dealt with the farmers in too extreme a way to arouse any genuine affection for the régime. But this welcome was quickly turned to an opposition that became extremely militant when it was found that the "Whites" brought greater evils than those from which the peasants had sought escape. If peasant opposition to Moscow finds frequent expression in the Soviet press, there is little enough encouragement in that fact for the Russian refugees who look upon every criticism of the Government from within as an indication of impending revolution.

However dissatisfied the peasants may be with their present situation—which in many ways is worse probably than before the war—there is very little indication that a peasants' revolt is in the offing in Russia. And were such a revolt imminent, the central authority of the Communists is altogether too well organized, too efficient, and too militant to permit it much chance of success. But peasant discontent is making itself felt nevertheless. And in an effort to allay that discontent the Soviets will find difficulty stopping short of significant modifications of their Communistic programme.

That serious efforts are being made to meet the increasingly articulate dissatisfaction among Russia's land-workers is undeniable. The papers of Moscow contain almost every day letters of complaint from peasants—letters which receive often the most careful editorial consideration. Party Congresses devote more time to peasant than to any other problems. There is in Moscow a peasants' house to which peasants may come and find aid in laying their complaints before the Government. This house is no propaganda institution designed to make the peasants satisfied with things as they are. It is a practical means for furthering peasant expression on matters of governmental administration. And the peasants make constant use of it. There is, moreover, a Government department devoted to the solution of peasants' problems—a department that is making genuine efforts to better the agricultural situation.

The peasants, in so far as they come into touch with the national Government, recognize the determination of that Government to help them. In so far as they think in political terms at all, it is safe to say, I believe, that the peasants recognize the potentialities of the present régime. But just how long they will be willing to accept this hopeful outlook as a substitute for more fundamental returns in the here and now is a question.

For, after all, the peasant is not a Communist. The Communist Revolution gave him the land—and for that achievement he doubtless feels grateful if he ever considers the matter at all. But landowning and Communism are not easily reconcilable. And the further the landowning class is removed from the Revolution, the more difficult it will be to demand loyalty to the principles involved as the price of ownership.

Thus when this new drought came on one of the first steps which Moscow took was to send into the country several thousand city Communists to bolster up the peasant morale in the affected districts and to keep a careful watch for possible counter-revolutionary activities. This propaganda division was followed up by help of a more practical sort. Extra supplies of seed, to insure next year's planting, were shipped out from



Photograph by Captain Paxton Hibben

Threshing in the Biblical way on a Russian farm. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn"

the national storehouses. Arrangements were made to transport grain quickly from one section to another. A searching inquiry was begun to discover whether or not the Government might take steps to make famines less likely in the future. But, first of all, the Government took precautionary measures against peasant outbreaks.

The prosperity of the peasant, in the long run, is dependent upon the success of Russia's dealings with capitalistic nations. If Russian agriculture and industry could be restored and maintained by the Russian people themselves, Communism might be re-established and continue indefinitely. But Russian reconstruction cannot be accomplished by Russians alone. Markets and loans must come from abroad, and markets and loans—especially loans—are the key to the restoration of the country.

Peasant unrest, accentuated by the present crop failure, is making it imperative that the job of restoration be speeded up at whatever cost. But before capitalistic nations will come to the aid of Russia certain modifications will be demanded in the Communistic programme of the Russian Government. If there were no pressure at home, those modifications might be refused. But capital must be secured, for it is becoming increasingly difficult to satisfy the peasants with unfulfilled promises. And this year's crop failure may so increase the insistency of peasant pressure as to alter completely the tone with which Soviet representatives conduct their negotiations abroad, and, in the end, bring significant modifications in the policies of the Government at home.

Football Lessons of 1924

By Herbert Reed

How is the great American game developing, these crisp autumn days? Who are the outstanding figures in the current season? The Outlook asked one of the keenest of football analysts to answer these questions. Here is his reply

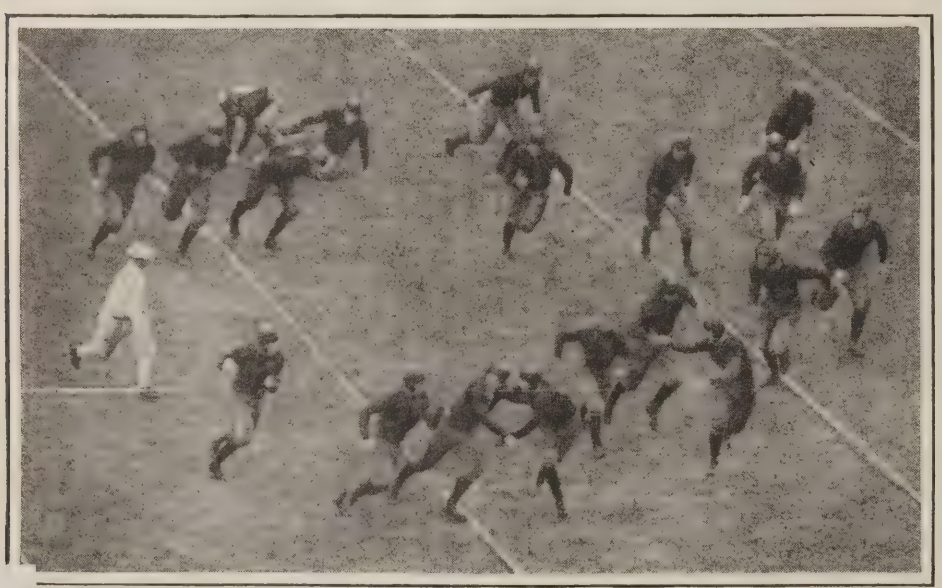
MODERN football has reached new heights of open play in the season which will end with the Army-Navy game in Baltimore on November 27. Not since the forward pass was introduced to the game in the general shake-up of the rules in 1905 was there less of what had come to be known as "ball fear" and more liberal choice of downs on which to make the "long-gaining" plays. The old idea of falling on a loose ball has been relegated to the dark ages of the game, and in general the more radical of the coaches had their way and their reward. It is an ancient axiom of the gridiron game that one moves by force and deception to the citadel of the enemy, and the amount of force used by the leading elevens both East and West was regulated by the quality of material at hand, notably Chicago, Minnesota, and Michigan in the West and Yale and Dartmouth in the East. The amount of deception was regulated also by the amount of speed available in the persons of such backs as Grange of Illinois, Rockwell of Michigan, Slagle of Princeton, Koppisch of Columbia, and a host of others who could handle the ball freely and with a certain amount of surety.

Perhaps the best blend of the two methods of attack was realized by Knute Rockne with his Notre Dame eleven, and by Jesse Hawley with his big Green team from Hanover. The demand of the huge crowds that fill the stadia were met by spectacular passing and by wide running, the attacking teams getting into the scoring positions as rapidly as possible, using the sweep plays perhaps more effectively than ever before. There were instances in which heavy and powerful line men were found useful on the attack, but for the most part the tendency was to swing such guards as Weibel of Notre Dame and Diehl of Dartmouth out around the ends in the path the runner was to take.

While this great burst of offense was going on, the defense languished to a large extent, coming closer to a match for the attack in the later battles of the season. This will always be the case when such elevens as Yale take on the sort of schedule that helps to fill the big Bowl at New Haven, and other teams go traveling long distances in order to begin winning as quickly as possible.

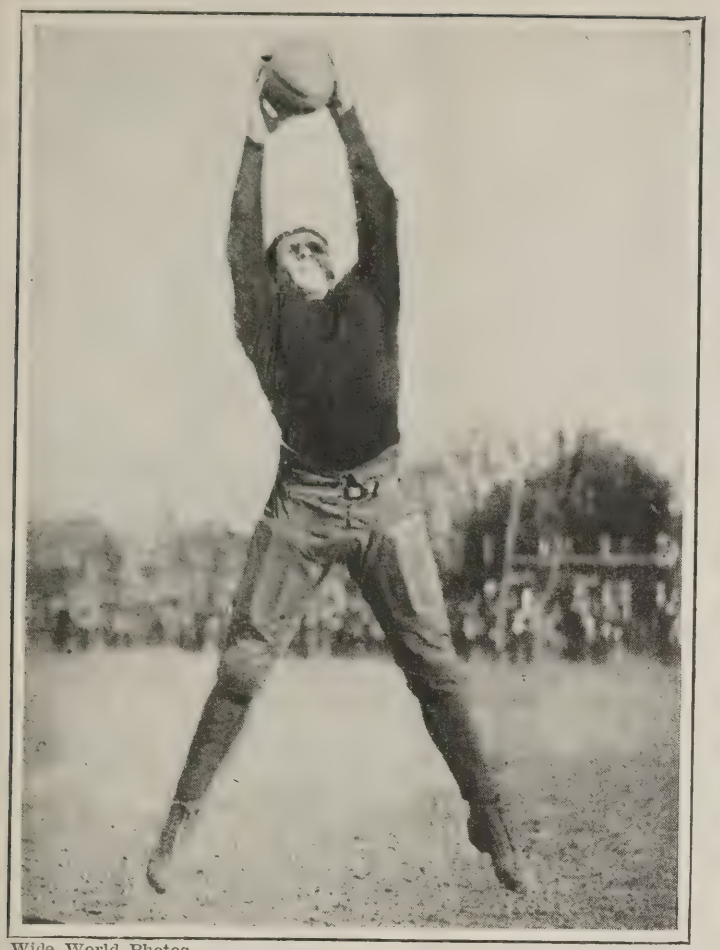
The attack in the Western Conference is generally well ahead of the defense early in the season, for every game these teams play in their league counts in the final standing, and it is necessary to turn out fast scoring elevens as early as possible. Both in the Conference and in the "Big Three" there is a restriction in the actual time allowed for football instruction. This restriction has the effect in the West of building up the attack rapidly, for it is human nature to criticise a losing coach. Therefore chances, and sometimes long ones, have to be taken in handling the ball.

Time was when every team was instructed on defense to expect its opponent to pass on third down with more than three or four yards to go. This very instruction led the attack to move up the passing down in order to "cross" the defense, with the result that Princeton against Harvard, Illinois against the



ernational

Allen, of Yale, with the ball in the Yale-Princeton game in which Yale defeated Princeton 10-0



Wide World Photos

"Red" Grange, of the University of Illinois



(C) Underwood

Quarterback Slagle, of Princeton

teams met in the early season, and even coming up through the Chicago contest, were not afraid to shoot the pass even on the first down and in any part of the field. This was a severe shock to the conservatives. It resulted in frequent scoring, to be sure, but it also resulted in intercepted passes and fumbles.

I have purposely omitted mention of the famous Notre Dame back-field up to this point because it deserves consideration by itself. The play of the Notre Dame back-field in combination with the guards swinging out of the line shared with the Dartmouth offensive in the East the foremost rating for clever attack. There was little to choose between the two, for both combined power and deception. It is well understood that in most cases stars who make a great reputation either as kickers or ball carriers or both seldom are good interferers. This was not true of either eleven. In Stuhldreher, Don Miller, Crowley, and Layden, Rockne had at command four men of almost equal speed, good ball carriers, and superb interferers. This accounted for the smoothness of the attack. They were run from simple formations, with a less complicated shift than hitherto, and they simply smothered the end with interference, while the guard on the same side as the striking point of the attack came out and cut off the defensive tackle single-handed.

This was responsible for the wrecking of the Army eleven. The ends had no help from the tackles, and it was remarkable that the score was not larger. Later Princeton diagnosed the plays better, sending their defensive ends and tackles out wide, but at that time they had not the personnel to check the Notre Dame drive. Later the Tiger team came fast and far, and on the day that it defeated Harvard was undoubtedly one of the best elevens on the field. The following week the eleven sagged notably against Yale, and the Elis, having scraped through a hard early season with two tie games and a squeak or so through to victory, had its first big day in the Palmer Stadium.

It has become the custom to call the winning team, especially the team that wins impressively, a "machine." It was perhaps possible to build something resembling a "machine" in the days when Percy Haughton was at Harvard and when Gordon Brown led a famous Yale team, or when "Hurry Up" Yost was turning out some of his great scoring elevens that reeked of power, and with Heston leading the attack. That time has passed, for the modern team is an organization and not a machine. The best of these modern teams has individuality written all over it. I have already spoken of the flashing team from South Bend. On the ends, with Bjorkman and Tully in action, and with Oberlander, Dooley, Hall, Reeder, and others in the back-field, supported by a good line, the Dartmouth team after it shook itself together as a result of the tie game with Yale, which Hawley's men should have won, was rich in personalities. Dartmouth was consistently good after the affair at New Haven, and improved both brilliantly and evenly. The season culminated in a fine victory over Cornell, a team that had only just found itself.

It is no secret that Dartmouth men would rather have beaten Cornell than any other team on the schedule. There were old scores to pay off, and, while the battle was a hard one all the way, the better team won, because a strong passing and running game was supported by fine kicking.

While most of the elevens were bringing out their attack, the defense was slowly building up, and this was most noticeable in the middle of the line, where Adam Walsh, Notre Dame's great center, Garbisch, the Army's pivot man, Lovejoy, Yale's center, and Slaughter of Michigan, the latter one of the most versatile guards I have ever seen, improved rapidly in both the diagnosis of opponents' plays and in the range of their defense. In the tackle position Beattie of Princeton was one of the best of the defensive men, along with Bach of Notre Dame, and Ellinger and Far-



Keystone

Halfback Don Miller, of Notre Dame

wick of the Army were good enough to play on any eleven.

Grange of Illinois, one of the best back-field men of all time, was running rings around the defense until Minnesota checked him down and he went out of the game injured. An entire offense had been built around him, and when he was carried off, the kingpin of Zuppke's attack had disappeared. Slagle of Princeton played brilliantly against Harvard and was the Grange of the East on that day, but the following week he was less of a mystery to Yale. The defense had caught up with the attack.

It was a season of upsets most of the way. I think Fielding Yost's explanation of that was the best I heard in any of the football camps. He said that under the modern rules "plays are merely plans. They go like clockwork one day, and fail in almost every case on another, and no coach knows beforehand just which is going to happen. The plans come through or they fail. A ball passed a few inches from the receiver's outstretched hand may change the entire complexion of the play. A missed tackle or a perfectly excusable fumble may have the same effect." I might add that defensive bewilderment against an opposing team when that team's plans are clicking off smoothly accounts for many a defeat, notably the rout of Harvard by Princeton.

One of the cheering features of the season was Columbia's ability eventually to carry on after the death of Percy Haughton. The shock to the team proved too much in the Cornell encounter, and Columbia was defeated by an eleven that had suddenly come to life after a disastrous early season. The play of the Light Blue and White against the strong Army team proved that Haughton had done his work well, and that Columbia is equipped for the best of scientific football in the future.

Good teams were developed here and there throughout the country. In the early stages Lafayette was one of the best, but the eleven went badly to pieces at one stage of the season. Rutgers was both versatile and powerful, and Syracuse for a time gave promise of unusual strength. Rutgers boasted of star players in Hazel and Benkert, while there were first-class players on other elevens, notably Keefer of Brown, who had been Kipke's running mate at Michigan; Stiffler, a fine Brown end; McCarthy and Kernwein, hard running backs at

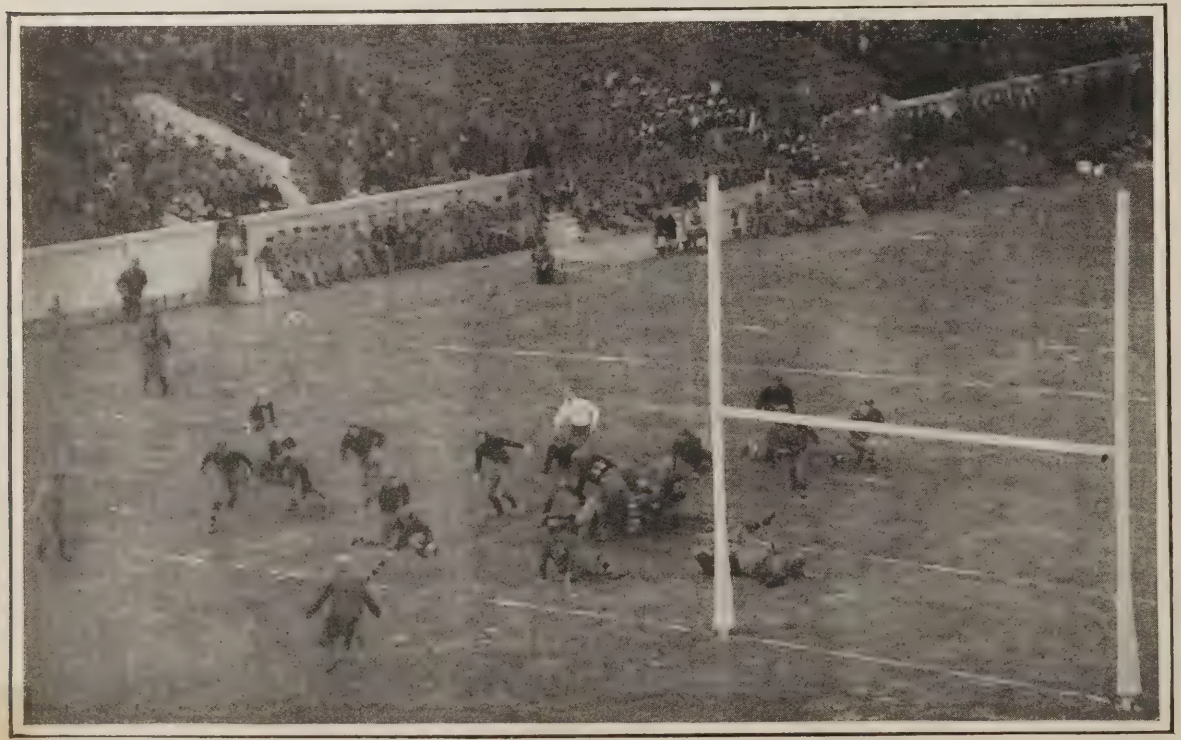


(C) Keystone

Halfback Oberlander, of Dartmouth

Chicago; Molinet of Cornell; Wood and Gilmore of the Army; Kruez of Pennsylvania; McBride and Simmons of Syracuse; Wilson of the cadet eleven; and Darling of Boston College. I am mentioning here only those I have seen in action or about whom I have had the most trustworthy reports.

It is impossible for one pair of eyes to see all the good football in the country. It is unfortunate, too, that a single observer will sometimes strike a good eleven on one of its bad days. Cottle, Scott, and others of the Yale squad were more impressive when they tackled Princeton than when they played against other elevens. But the Notre Dame and Dartmouth teams were a delight to the eyes. This was true of Dartmouth, even



Wide World Photos

Koppisch, of Columbia, scoring touchdown in the tie game (14-14) between Columbia and the Army

when the Green backs were fumbling at New Haven.

There were several distinct novelties in the play. The one that impressed me most was put on by Illinois in the Chicago encounter. This was a completed forward pass *passed back* for a sweeping run to "Red" Grange. It took nerve and perfect co-ordination to make this play. Most elevens would prefer to take the ground gained by the completed pass. Again Yale sprung an interesting play, if an old-timer, dating back, I think, to the early days at Pennsylvania State, in which Joss, a tackle, took the pass over the line for a touchdown against Princeton. The Tiger defense failed to cover Joss, thinking that the tackle was not eligible. A little quick shifting, however, had brought him to the end of the line, where he had every right to the ball.

It was interesting to find teams in the West making the best use of the power plays after one had been led to believe that the Western coaches preferred to keep the game open at all times. It was Stagg who put on the power at Chicago, for he had a rugged line and heavy, fast, fighting backs. When they find power out there they use it, but, after all, the stress all over the country is on the open game. The "long gainers" have carried the day.

The modern game requires no more courage than the old-time affair, but it does take considerably more daring. It requires, too, more quick thinking. The strain nowadays is mental rather than physical. And the players show it.

Trapped

By Elsie Singmaster

A Tale of the Southern Mountains

I

In a moist and beautiful dell in a pocket of South Mountain two strangely assorted persons faced each other. The afternoon sun pierced the delicate but already luxuriant foliage with shafts of light which spread into golden pools on the sward, moist and springy to the foot like an English lawn, and pierced the brown depths of an abundant spring bubbling from the rocks. Round about there was a tall growth of poplar, hemlock, and white pine. A few of the mighty trees, hoary with age, reclined upon their fellows like cross-pieces set diagonally to strengthen a wall. They still lived, and their low and leafy crowns helped to make the dell secluded.

The pocket lay high in the hills, and except for a scattering group of cabins to the east there were no houses within the radius of a mile. Far beyond the cabins and far down on the plain lay Gettysburg; to the south and only a few miles away was Maryland; to the northwest across a higher ridge was Chambersburg. In the thickly wooded hills the site of more or less important events was lost or fast disappearing. To the north Indians had surrounded eleven settlers in a cabin and had scalped all but one. Mounds of earth marked the location of the huts of charcoal-burners whose interesting industry was forgotten. The beauty of this very spring had once had more than local fame, but of the hotel built for the accommodation of visitors nothing remained but heaps of large stones.

Shafts of light touched the faces of the strange pair. One was a boy, Russell Barnitz, possibly twelve years old, who stood with his hands in his ragged pockets. His thin face and legs were tanned, but through the rents in his shirt his shoulders showed white as marble. He had dark-brown hair which had evidently been shorn by the hand of an amateur. Two beautiful features caught and held the glance of every one who saw him—his wide brown eyes and his red-lipped mouth. A second glance discovered the curving line of the lips to be a little too plainly marked and their color a little too bright.

The other occupant of the dell was a woman sitting astride a tall brown horse. Her blue dress was not the habit of a horsewoman, but the uniform of those professional nurses who go from door to door in the slums or poor quarters of cities. Behind her, strapped to her saddle, was a case designed to hold medicines and other articles of a doctor's or nurse's trade. Her business was the same as that of the city nurse, but her route was different; she did not travel in trolley cars or automobiles upon paved streets, but rode on horseback down the dim aisles of the forest, seeking little cabins whither death often outstripped her. She had a large, broad face upon which there was an expression of benevolence.

She looked at the boy intently, her gaze studying his thin frame with the nurse's interest in a body for which she had cared. Hearing that he had pneumonia, she had forced her way into the Barnitz cabin against the point of Barnitz's gun, and she had visited him daily for a month. His beauty and his pathetic and cruel situation had bred in her an intense longing to possess him for herself. She was the only human being who loved him, and, though he was shyer than a squirrel, she believed herself to be the only human being whom he loved.

She tried to catch his bright gaze and she looked with alarm at his red lips, and at last forced herself to ask a question, familiar enough to be asked easily.

"How's the cough, Russell?"

Russell dug his bare toe into the soft bank of the spring. He looked down, then up, then out into the sun-flecked woods—anywhere but into the eyes which sought his. He was not only shy, he was frightened, as though Miss Graves might observe something he did not wish her to see. He could do nothing wrong here. The foliage was too damp to be set afire, and nothing valuable remained in the grass-grown ruins of the hotel. Miss Graves repeated her question.

"How about it, Russell; is the cough worse?"

"No, ma'am."

In prompt refutation his little body was shaken from head to foot. Miss Graves grew pale.

"But it is, Russell. Now listen to me. You can never get well at home, with nine other people in the cabin. You can't stand it another winter. You come and live with me and I'll make a well boy of you; then you can go to school."

She restrained her tongue from a flood of argument as she restrained her body from springing down and her arms from an embrace.

Russell dug his toe still deeper into the sand.

"Pappy won't let me."

"If you'll come, your Pappy won't take you away. You be here in an hour, and you can ride back of me. Will you?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

But Russell did know. When he was with Miss Graves, he loved her and believed her, but when she had gone he believed what Barnitz said, that she meant to trap him, to take him to Chambersburg and shut him up in a factory and make him work for her. It was

likely that when he was not at work she would chain him in a cellar.

"You oughtn't to be in your bare feet!" Miss Graves protested, terror in her voice. "I killed a copperhead not a dozen yards from here yesterday."

"I'm not afraid," said Russell.

Miss Graves remembered the sick child to whom she had been called. She had already lingered too long.

"Come with me and try it for a month. I solemnly promise you shall come back if you want to."

"I'll see."

"Will you promise?"

"I'll see."

Miss Graves turned her horse toward the wood road.

"You'll have books and toys and you'll be well. No more coughing and weakness. Please be here when I come back!"

"I'll see," said Russell again.

Stepping to the opening, he watched her ride away. When she had disappeared a light died out of his face and, coughing heavily, he sat on a stone. When the paroxysm was over, he pushed aside a leafy branch and, stooping, lifted from the ground a little cage made of withes and a few bits of wire. Within was a strange-looking bird, black and rusty brown with a white band across its breast. It eyed him with an almost human terror, and the beating of its heart shook the frail cage and even the thin hand and arm which held it. He seemed to be considering some course of action. If it was to let the bird fly, he decided against it and hid the cage in the low shrubbery where he found it. But again he stooped and picked it up. Whatever his impulse was, it seemed to frighten him. He put his hand on the cunningly devised latch of the little door, but again changed his mind and, hiding the cage, walked out of the dell, taking the opposite direction from that which Miss Graves had taken. He was hungry, and he would go home.

Behind him the forest seemed to come alive. Sun-flecked leaves began to twinkle, myriads of insects to hum, and the brook to murmur happily. There was another sound expressing mysteriously misery and sorrow, a sort of harsh chuckle which came from the cage hidden away.

II

HAVING approached his home with caution, Russell walked across the clearing. The house was built of logs and the chinks were closed with plaster. One tree had been left in the clearing, a magnificent white pine, into which there ascended a column of pale, gray-blue smoke which lay with lovely effect among the branches. The roof shingles had been replaced by corrugated tin—otherwise the cabin was picturesque. There was a scattered garden—a few stalks of corn here, a few rows of beans there, and in what had once been a flower-bed a few tomato plants. On the small porch several persons moved slightly as though roused from torpidity by Russell's approach. There were three half-grown girls—one on a chair, one on a bench, one on the steps, two with infants in their arms. Several sleeping dogs lifted their heads alertly, but laid them down when they recognized a familiar step. Somewhere about were a half-dozen other children, most of them younger than Russell.

Seeing the column of smoke, Russell hesitated—he had hoped that Barnitz was away. There was no reason why Barnitz should stay at home; his wife tilled the garden and did the cooking, and there was little other work. He had much business away from home, though it was not business which was advertised. When there was a vague and distant shot out of hunting season, it was his gun which had brought down a pheasant, a squirrel, or a deer. When all the trees in a little orchard, creeping up into the woodland, were girdled in a night, it was his sharp knife which had protested against the advance of civilization. When a column of smoke winding from a heap of carefully placed leaves drew the fire-wardens as the hoarse sound of a city siren draws volunteers, he was departing from the neighborhood in long strides. When any mountaineer had more apple jack or corn whisky than he needed, it was Barnitz who arranged the sale with some thirsty resident of the plain. He was seldom entirely sober, and, drunk or sober, he abused his family.

As Russell drew near, his sisters regarded him with interest. All had pale-brown hair and blue eyes, and the shade of their slightly tanned skins—tanned while they sat idly in the sun—made their eyes bluer. Mrs. Barnitz came to the door, and her eyes were blue also. Her slatternly dress was unfastened, her hair uncombed, and her cavernous mouth, open constantly as she licked her dry lips with a circular sweep of her tongue, revealed gums which held but three teeth. She was, however, a scholar; she could read, and this accomplishment was not the possession of any of her family.

The nervous licking of her lips became more rapid as Russell approached. She was afraid of him, and afraid for him, and afraid for herself because of him. It was unjust of Barnitz to hold her to strict account, since he allowed himself latitude in all directions, and it was inconsiderate constantly to punish Russell for the existence for which he was not responsible. Of a fatalistic turn, she saw a solution of the situation—Russell had, it was clear, the "taking off," and he would probably not live many months. He had spent the night out of doors, and so had Barnitz, who had arrived home in a bad humor and for whom she was now preparing dinner.

Approaching the step, Russell remembered the pleasant face and the smooth, clean, cool hands of the nurse. He looked at the lounging figures, and involuntarily he put up his hand and drew his collarless shirt together.

"Pappy home?" he asked.

The girls smiled; there was in them all a strong, cruel humor. His mother, who would have helped him, was too startled to utter a warning.

"No," said two girls together. "Pappy ain't home."

If they had not thus deceived him into a brief inattention, he might have escaped, but in the moment's delay Barnitz came round the house. The smaller children had fled, but his older daughters were not afraid, knowing too much about him to submit to abuse. He was a shambling yet powerful man with a tremendous reach of arm, and while Russell turned to flee he seized him and lifted him from the ground.

"I'll learn ye to stay out! It's the lady nurse that bids ye defy. I'll learn ye!"

He shook the small body, holding it by the shoulders until it seemed as though every bone must loosen at the joint. When he set him down, the boy slipped from his hands and lay on the ground, his lips pale and a red stain on cheek and chin.

Barnitz prodded him with his foot till he rose.

"Clear out!" he shouted. "You can't stay here." Vile epithets hurled directly at Russell and indirectly at his mother hung in the still air, a foul emanation.

Russell crept slowly away. He would go into the woods and lie down, and after a while his mother would send some one with food. He must have food, and after that oblivion. In half an hour one of the girls found him, in her hand a plate on which the beans and pork had steamed themselves cold.

"There," she said in a matter-of-fact way. "He's sleepin'. You can come home."

Russell made no answer. The girl produced from her pocket a little bottle.

"Mammy said you should drink this."

His mother had mixed the corn-whisky with water, but it still burned a

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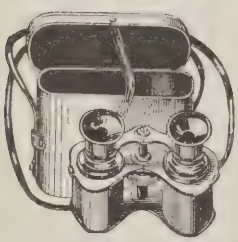
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throat raw with coughing. It heartened and strengthened him, and, forgetting his desire for sleep, he rose a new man. All the softness had gone out of his face and he walked steadily except when he stopped to cough. A drunkard eaten with desire for liquor would show the same set countenance. He walked on through the lovely woods in which spears of light were slowly sinking to horizontal and made his way back to the beautiful quiet glade. He was not in search of drink, but of a more dreadful and soul-deadening form of dissipation.

As he entered the glade silence fell upon it. The sound of his approach, light as it was, quieted the insects and stilled the brooklet. Before he stepped on the grassy sward the imprisoned bird ceased its moaning. Bird and insect and insensate thing seemed to regard him as he regarded Barnitz. His face was deathly white, not alone from physical exhaustion, but with the dreadfulness of his purpose. He moved slowly, as though motion were painful, but steadily, driven by an irresistible force, a deplorable instinct of adolescent youth, strengthened by example and appearing somehow the revenge for his own wretchedness and suffering.

Stooping, he lifted the cage and the whippoorwill regarded him with its woeful stare. Taking a string from his pocket, he tied it to the bird's leg and launched it out. Chuckling with a wild exultation, it spread its wings. But at the edge of the glade he cruelly checked its ecstatic flight and pulled it back to his hand and launched it out and pulled it back again and again. The frantic motions of its tortured frame filled him with delight which was partly anguish and which somehow relieved him. Once he shouted, but the sound of his weak voice frightened him.

Returning the exhausted bird to its prison, he stepped on the ruins of the old foundation in order to place the cage on the low branch of a tree. Feeling the bark of the oak beneath its feet, the bird stretched itself out flat and closed its eyes. Russell was looking at it curiously, wondering with an uneasy pang whether it would die, when suddenly the ill-poised

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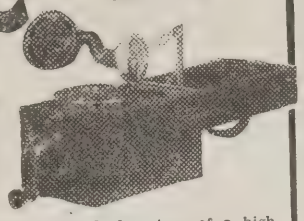
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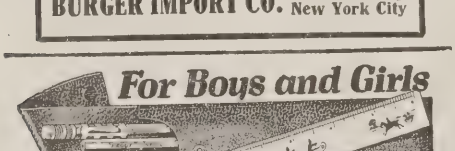
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THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

stone beneath his feet turned and he lost his balance. He tried to leap away, but the pile slid and he with it, and he had suddenly the oblivion for which he longed.

III

THE glade was growing dim when he opened his eyes, and it was a long time before he could remember where he was and why he was here. He understood at last that he was lying on the ground, that the rocks had fallen upon him, and that he must move them away or slide out from under them. But he could not stir; they pinned down all one side of his body from shoulder to foot. He could not even send a muscular impulse into arm or leg, nor had he any feeling in them.

The shock of terror rendered him again insensible, and when he recovered the glade was almost dark. His face was pressed into the grass, and he could see nothing higher than a foot. He felt no pain as yet, and did not understand that he would feel pain. When he heard some one approach, he would shout for help. Miss Graves had passed long ago, but a few industrious mountain men were working at a sawmill on the other side of the Chambersburg pike, and they would presently be going home, since this was Saturday evening. The daughter of the nearest neighbor had a lover whom she met in the woods; he or she would pass near enough to be hailed. He lay listening intently.

Then, suddenly, as if springing into a breach opened for another, pain sprang upon him. The anguish of three broken bones and the ache in every strained muscle closed his throat, then opened it in a shriek. He screamed again and again; then, biting his lips, compelled himself to be quiet. He must save his strength for the moment that he heard the sound of a footstep or a creaking buggy. The glade became perfectly dark; it was already perfectly quiet. He heard, he was certain, a human being walking on the road, and, inhaling all the air which his cramped lungs would contain, he tried to send it out in a loud shout.

But an amazing thing happened, so amazing that he did not realize at first that it was serious and perhaps fatal. He could not hear his own great cry. It was not, in the first place, as loud as he expected it to be. In the second place—and it was this which dumfounded him—the caged bird above his head began to shout also, as if in derision, "Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!" The raucous scream continued for several minutes; then there was silence. The sound of voices was unmistakable—the neighbors were passing. Again Russell filled his lungs and again he shouted, but again the bird uttered rapidly its vociferous wail. It did not stop, but went on and on, twenty times, fifty, a hundred, a hundred and fifty, without pause—it seemed to have within its throat a mechanism wound to go forever. It was useless to contend against it. When at last it ceased, there was no sound of footsteps or voices. The girl and her lover were now his only hope, and he began to coax the whippoorwill.

"If you sing, they won't hear me and they won't come. Then you'll die, bird. *You'll die!*" This he managed to scream, terror giving him strength. "I'll get them to let you out before they help me. Only don't sing, bird, I tell you!"

It was like addressing the empty air—was there a bird above his head? Or did it scorn to reply?

He heard, or thought he heard, after a while other footsteps; this was surely Leila and her lover! And he called, "Oh, help! Help!" But he could not hear himself; a company of soldiers might have passed before the bird grew quiet.

He remembered that to-morrow was Sunday, and that in the morning the men would not go to work. He began to utter his repentance and shame.

"I oughtn't to 'a' done it, bird! I oughtn't to 'a' done it! But if you'll stop we can both get free. I'll think of you first of all; before they take the rocks off'n me, I'll think of you."

Presently he fell into a sleep which was almost unconsciousness, and when he woke the moon shone upon him and the grass was wet beneath his cheek. Barnitz was drunk, he would not be abroad; there was no hope even of him.

In the pale light of dawn he opened his eyes again. He was positive now that he heard the sound of hoofs, not of one horse alone but of a hundred, and he believed in his semi-delirium that Miss Graves was coming with an army to rescue him. No, it would not be Miss Graves; she had gone home yesterday.

But some one was coming, riding slowly along, and he managed to lift his head an inch and to fill his lungs once more. He had not expelled the first breath, he had uttered no sound, no even the delirious moan which was all he could have produced, when again the bird began to scream its hateful chant. It seemed to be delirious also; it beat its wing to keep time with its cry. Before it ceased complete unconsciousness dulled

Russell's ears; unless help arrived he would never again hear either the whip-poorwill or any other sound.

IV

RUSSELL woke at last on Wednesday. He lay on his back, and when he opened his eyes he saw a pale-yellow ceiling. He moaned, and a nurse came and sat down beside him. After a long while he opened his eyes for the second time and recognized the ceiling as strange. Its shape was different from the one ceiling he knew; it was smooth and it was not stained by smoke. Where was he?

His first impulse was to spring up. But he was bound down by rocks—he remembered it now—and no one would come to help him. His moan brought the face of the nurse closer to his. She was a stranger, but she was a human being, and his eye fastened itself upon her. If only she were like Miss Graves and would help him, and not like Barnitz, who would be glad to see him die! He felt her hand on his, and he tried to moisten his dry lips and speak, but he failed. She bent forward and pressed a cold wet tube to his mouth, and he slowly drew a delicious and reviving trickle into his throat, better than the burning liquor.

"You're in the hospital in Chambersburg," she said, distinctly. "You hurt yourself, and we're going to make you well."

"The rocks," he whispered, trying to look at his body. "They press on me."

"Those are splints and bandages, not rocks. They hold you firmly, they'll help you to get well. You must be very brave. Will you?"

"I will," he promised. "But"—

"But what?"

He frowned, a deep uneasiness defining itself slowly. Anguish of mind brought beads of sweat to his forehead. He knew now what it was to be trapped and bound! The nurse believed it was the inevitable pain which, once begun, would surge through him for days.

"I'm going to give you some delicious broth," she said. "Then I'm going to put some medicine in your arm to make you sleep."

He tried to say, "The bird, oh, set the bird free!" but the nurse held the tube to his lips. When he had finished, he tried to cry out, "There's a bird, you must set it free!" but the nurse kept on talking.

"When you wake Miss Graves will be here."

He succeeded at last in shaping the words, "There is a bird," but the nurse only smiled.

"Not a bird, dear—Miss Graves. Un-

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less you mean that Miss Graves is a—is a"—

His eyes closed, the faint color faded from his face, and, after watching him for a few moments, the nurse went away.

V

WHEN Russell woke again, it was night and there was a dim light in the room. A long time passed before he understood where he was; then he learned new facts. The room was large, much larger than any he had ever seen, and there were other beds, in each of which lay a man. The one nearest him, smiling kindly, said, "He's awake, Miss."

From the outer shadow appeared a blue figure, which sat beside him. He felt a strong, firm hand; he knew that clasp, it helped all trouble. He heard a voice say cheerfully that everything was all right, that he would have a little pain by and by, but that he would get well; and he grasped the warm hand as if to lift himself from a sea of remorse and grief.

"There was a bird," he said. "A whippoorwill."

"Yes," said Miss Graves. "If it had not been for the whippoorwill I wouldn't have found you. The baby was so ill I stayed all night, and I was coming home. The whippoorwill seemed to say, 'Come and help, come and help!' "

Russell was afraid to ask the question trembling on his lips, but his broken heart seemed to speak for him.

"Did you let it go?"

"Yes, I let it go. You couldn't take care of it now, could you?"

"No." Hot tears ran down his cheeks.

"So I let it go. It flew into the woods; home, perhaps, to its mate. Aren't you glad?"

Happiness, pain, longing, came upon him as though they were birds together. Miss Graves knew the sign of pain, and she knelt and slipped her arm under his brown head.

"Steady, now," she said. "Steady. It won't last forever."

But he could not yet heed the stern presence; he had one more question to ask.

"Will I ever have to go back?"

"No," said Miss Graves, happily. "No, you will never have to go back."

The Book Table

Our Drama Heritage

Reviews by MONTROSE J. MOSES

SOME of the recent books on the drama give us ample opportunity to contemplate the past, the present, and the future in the theater. We have reached that stage in the revolt against old-time methods of acting and playwriting where we can revalue what we have had and get some kind of perspective. That is a hopeful sign, when tradition has been so generously and willingly thrown overboard. Our young men of the theater have suddenly become old. William Butler Yeats is taking the attitude—in the new Macmillan edition of his works—of placing himself in time; Gordon Craig, noting how far the revolt in stage direction has gone, finds, in his foreword to the new edition of his "On the Art of the Theater,"[1] that he is no longer the last word on that subject; Walter Eaton, sitting in a grandfather's chair up in the Berkshires, puts on his specs and begins to read old-time theatrical biography, finding it quaint and with certain social significance; Clayton Hamilton, standing on the platform at Columbia—with a stenographer in front, taking down everything he says—tells the younger generation that he has been going to the theater for thirty-five years, and deplores the flapper laugh of the younger set, who think Pinero doesn't know one-half of what he should know about sex and morality; Francis Wilson, the veteran of players, shows a young heart in retrospect and gives advice to the newcomer about his profession. So wags the world—the old order changes, giving place to new.

How far it changes is clearly measured in Eaton's "The Actor's Heritage."[2] His chapter on "Legs in Grandpa's Day" sounds sedate when one recalls what these same legs are in the days of Ziegfeld and the numberless Follies and Revues. His contemplation of the theater and the frontier brings to light many vivid adventures of old-time managers, but I believe that the frontier, which they once conquered amid the forest primeval, needs once more to be opened up. The commercial manager has allowed it to become the jungle again. This narrative of Eaton's is delightfully naïve, refreshing, and it is made very vivid by as splendid an array of pictures as I have ever seen in a theater book.

Frank Vernon's "The Twentieth-Century Theatre"[3] and Clayton Hamilton's "Conversations on Contemporary Drama"[4] give the impression somehow that, as far as our immediate theater is concerned—the theater of the Capeks' "R U R"—we are in the twenty-first century. The way they both handle Pinero and Jones, Barrie and Galsworthy, Shaw and others—Vernon trenchantly and Hamilton professorially—gives one the feeling that they are speaking of phenomena that are no more. But Hamilton—grown more of a drama Tory than ever—holds his old loves up with the attitude of wanting to shame the new worker who can't construct (so it seems to him) with anything of the surety of Pinero or sentimentalize with half the felicity of Barrie. Both these writers are pre-eminently healthy, but they are conservative to a degree. They take as a foregone conclusion that the theater they are writing about is permanent; that nothing can upset it; that experiment in stagecraft, with its use of the undigested terms "expressionism," "presentational," is somewhat of a theater aberration. Both Vernon and Hamilton act toward modernity as Rip acted when, on his return to the village, he heard his folk speak of "Federal" and "Democrat." Morgan's "Tendencies of Modern English Drama"[5] does not attempt to estimate these same dramatists, treated by Vernon and Hamilton as of the living theater; he dissects them more philosophically, as writers whose symptoms are well fixed, as men shaping tendencies and passing on to the younger generation legacies they cannot do without. This book, in comparison with Mario Borso's "The English Stage of Today," published in 1908, is a contemplative thesis rather than a running commentary. It has not so much the first-hand touch of the theater as the student touch of the library. But it is suggestive and worth while.

None of these men lose their tempers in discussing the drama they liked

[1] On the Art of the Theatre. By Gordon Craig. (New Edition.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $3.

[2] The Actor's Heritage: Scenes from the Theatre of Yesterday and the Day Before. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $4.

[3] The Twentieth-Century Theatre. By Frank Vernon. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

[4] Conversations on Contemporary Drama. By Clayton Hamilton. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

[5] Tendencies of Modern English Drama. By A. E. Morgan. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

"when they were young." Change does not seem to irritate them, as it does St. John Ervine, who in his "The Organized Theatre"[6] seems suddenly to have waked up to a condition in the theater—the need of organization—which Matthew Arnold realized so far back as 1879. Ervine's point of view is totally insular. He makes suggestions that are original to him but not so to us in America. His vigor is all on the conservative side. As an Irishman he is more English than ever. This book had much better have remained a series of lectures. We recommend to his notice the excellent second series of "Carolina Folk-Plays,"[7] fostered by Professor Frederick H. Koch, the founder of such method as that which produced them: the communal method, whereby group consciousness is concentrated on the construction of plays from material near at hand. From Professor Koch's Introduction, which is illuminating and full of fascination, he will readily grasp the way in which organization is being handled in the State of North Carolina. Folk consciousness has ever been awake among dramatists in England, Ireland, and Wales; but it looks as if folk consciousness in Carolina and Dakota—first awakened by Koch himself — were to be a great factor in giving impetus to theater organization in those two States of the Union. If there, why not elsewhere with work not distinctly folk plays? Professor Koch might use as his motto: "Oh, Broadway, where is your sting?"

This irritation on the part of Mr. Ervine has no invigorating irony about it; it is not pungent or illuminating. It is inclined to be deadly dull. Take from George Jean Nathan's "Materia Critica"[8] the author's satyr pose, and there is some sound wisdom—always entertainingly expressed—in his random paragraphs which he throws off lightly, flauntingly. There are many of these paragraphs not worth the saving; there are some, however, which lengthen into very suggestive essays on art and artists, dramatists, actors and the theater in general. Take as an example his consideration of Walter Hampden. Throughout the book one detects him interested in the critic's job. He has written one excellent book on dramatic criticism; his new volume keeps up, at certain moments, his clear insight into the critic's province—a criterion of critics he does not always follow. But Nathan is not dull; it's only every now and then

[6] The Organized Theatre. (A Plea in Civics.) By St. John Ervine. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

[7] Carolina Folk-Plays. With Explanatory Matter by Frederick H. Koch. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

[8] Materia Critica. By George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50 net.

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that one feels like clipping his tongue, or, rather, washing it of the bad taste the theater gives him.

There is no hesitation about his telling you who's who and what's what. And he doesn't want to tell you with that serviceable intention which marks Burns Mantle's "The Best Plays of 1923–1924."[9] This is a standard yearbook, of inestimable service for the writer on the theater, and a sort of dramatic digest for those who wish to know exactly what the plays are talking about. Mr. Mantle is not aiming for unusual announcements; he is the heralder of public taste as reflected in reaction in the box-office and in the press. Very few will disagree with his choice of "The Show-Off," "Hell-Bent fer Heaven," "The Swan," "Outward Bound," "The Goose Hangs High," "Beggar on Horseback," "The Changelings," "Sun-Up," "Chicken Feed," and "Tarnish." All of these have been published in full. Mr. Mantle condenses them here. In addition you are given the casts and plots of everything in the past dramatic season.

The publishing of plays goes on with unabated regularity. The theater of any worth is the theater in type. You go to see Shaw's "Saint Joan,"[10] and you chafe until it is issued. That is partly because you want to read more closely the argumentative long speeches; it is also because you want to know how brilliantly he overflows in his preface. And you perhaps reach the conclusion, just as I have, with the book in my hand, that there are brilliancies and bare places in both. Shaw just can't reach the height of Joan as a dramatist any more than he can as a historian. One is never cheated out of his enjoyment; Shaw gives the reader plenty of Shaw. He knows what we expect, and we know what to expect. Just listen to his valuation of Mark Twain's Joan: ". . . skirted to the ground, and with as many petticoats as Noah's wife in a toy ark, . . . an attempt to combine Bayard with Esther Summerson from 'Bleak House' into an unimpeachable American school-teacher in armor."

Six of Galsworthy's plays[11] have been herded together with an adequate introduction by Professor Baker, of Harvard, for the use of schools. The collection is a very apt illustration I need for my statement that we are self-consciously dating ourselves. We can now study Galsworthy, so the intent seems to be, in a "fixed" manner; his type of social conscience will not allow him to depart from the method employed in such pieces as "Justice," "Strife," "The Silver Box," and "The Pigeon." If we never get more representative plays than these —"The Forest" is of the same stuff—it is merely because Galsworthy is at heart a novelist, just as I have always contended that Barrie is. So that I have had a certain grudge against the theater stealing Barrie away from fiction, where, I think, such a theme as he developed sketchily in "Mary Rose"[12] would have been more adequately treated. Yet the theater cannot do without either Barrie or Galsworthy. And just as all social sentiment in the theater has never appealed to us as much as Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" and "What Every Woman Knows," so we could ill spare

[9] The Best Plays of 1923–1924. By Burns Mantle. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.50.

[10] Saint Joan. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's, New York. $2.25.

[11] Representative Plays by John Galsworthy. With an Introduction by George P. Baker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.60. The Forest. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.

[12] Mary Rose. By J. M. Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.

"Justice" and "The Pigeon." Galsworthy is an artist in both his media. One has only to read plays written by others in which social problems are uppermost in mind to see how adequate is the method of Galsworthy. The first giveaway, on the part of Francis Neilson, that he is not fundamentally a dramatist is his lack of ear for stage dialogue. Note this from one of his characters in "The Desire for Change:" "The net result as far as I see is this: that initiative has been destroyed in the beneficiaries, and the benefactor has become nothing but a philanthropic slave to their whims." Imagine an actor saying it, an audience getting it! In the three plays by Mr. Neilson [13] there is sort of a near semblance to drama—satire without sparkle. There is no indication that these plays have been produced. Are they raw material for the stage? One seems to hear on every page the author's social conscience champing at the bit of stage technique which has not mastered him nor been mastered by him.

That is not the trouble with Percival Wilde; he and stage technique are in love with each other. If only the weight of his content was as unerring as his handling! He says in an unnecessary preface to "The Inn of Discontent, and Other Fantastic Plays" [14] that "the character is superior to the play." His volume consists almost wholly of generalized character, and his plots are moved with a one, two, three precision that makes them easy to act. But these plays are decorative; they do not bite into life, they do not sparkle with brilliant dialogue. They are clever sleights of hand—a hand that is excellently sure of what effect it wants to gain. One merely questions the permanence of the effect. Mr. Wilde has become just a little too ruminative of what Little Theatres are able to do. But I believe he is capable of something bigger, if he'll only do it.

Space does not permit of extended notice of Wiener's "The Contemporary Drama of Russia," [15] a most "compendible" packet of information about a subject on which not much in English is to be had. Nor can I give sufficient hint of the flavor of Francis Wilson's humor [16] through a long life of making other people merry as well as himself. There is much between covers this season to enable the most isolated devotee of dramatic art to keep in touch with the theater.

---

[13] A Mixed Foursome—The Impossible Philanthropist—The Desire for Change. Three Plays by Francis Neilson. B. W. Huebsch. New York. $1.50 each.

[14] The Inn of Discontent. By Percival Wilde. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50 net.

[15] The Contemporary Drama of Russia. By Leo Wiener. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50 net.

[16] Francis Wilson's Life of Himself. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

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The New Books

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BISHOP OUT OF RESIDENCE (A). By Victor L. Whitechurch. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

Quietly humorous situations arise when an English bishop in search of rest takes a country curate's place, concealing his high ecclesiastical rank. Trouble and suspicion come upon him, and he gets more experience than rest. A pleasing companion piece, this, to Mr. Whitechurch's "The Canon in Residence."

OIL. By Walter Gilkyson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Returning from the Great War, reluctant to face the petty routine of a law office, Hugh Warwick is vaguely reaching toward some new occupation in which he can feel himself still in touch with great affairs and serving high ideals. Instead, he is swept into the drama and excitement of oil, and the battle-ground of the oil fields becomes also the scene of an inward struggle in which he is torn between the opposite needs of his own nature and the demands of two women—Cecil, gentle and fine, and Imogen, the passionate and ambitious daughter of an oil magnate, who strives as ruthlessly as her father to seize whatever she desires. An interesting group of people, strongly drawn, and an especially interesting background depicted with ability, knowledge, and imagination.

PRICELESS PEARL (THE). By Alice Duer Miller. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.75.

An amusing and lively tale of a nice girl who loses job after job because she is so good-looking that the partners and clerks would fall in love with her. That she was industrious and well-behaved mattered not; she was "a disturbing influence." So by a little artifice she becomes a governess in place of a less beautiful but more learned girl, and romantic complications follow.

PASSIONATE QUEST (THE). By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

As an attempt to leave his beaten track of clever crime and detective tales Mr. Oppenheim's new story is a failure. His hard, puritanical uncle (who ends as a fairy godfather bestowing gifts) and the three wards who break away—one an avaricious would-be master of finance, one an emotional and weakish poet, the third just a nice girl—are, with due respect, just bunk; the girl alone is real at times.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

JOURNAL OF FIRST VOYAGE TO AMERICA. By Christopher Columbus. Albert and Charles Boni, New York. $3.50.

This reprint of Samuel Kettell's translation of the abstract made by Bartolome de las Casas from the diary kept by Columbus on his momentous first voyage is most welcome. It is a quaint document, full of psychological as well as historic interest, fraught with unconscious humor and rendered pathetic by the anxiety for gold recorded on almost every one of its pages. One rather regrets, however, that neither the publishers nor Mr. Van Wyck Brooks in his charming Introduction have seen fit to state clearly the character of the republished work, but have left the uninformed reader free to think it the original journal of the great discoverer.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

LAND OF JOURNEY'S ENDING (THE). By Mary Austin. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Westward from El Paso to the Colorado, and northward to Santa Fé, the San Juan, and the Grand Canyon, is a land of mystery and of charm, which is described in this book. Once you roam over its colorful desert amid cactus, ocotillo, and yucca, you must often return to satisfy the longing of your soul. What marvelous canyons are here to explore and high-flung mesas with far-reaching views! In this land of romance and legend long ago lived the little brown men of the cliffs. Here the thrill of discovery awaits you far from the noise of the city; here is rest for the soul amid mountains whose summits seem near to the stars.

SCIENCE

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE YOSEMITE. By Joseph Grinnell and Tracy Irwin Storer. The University of California Press, Berkeley. $7.50.

This is an example of those scientific works of which the State publication "Birds of New York" was a type. That is, it is the comprehensive and careful work of two zoölogists, who have also planned to make an attractive and beautiful book. It is for library use rather than popular reading, as it is a heavy volume of more than six hundred pages. The exquisite colored plates from paintings by Allan Brooks, the half-tones from photographs, and other features add to its interest and value. An admirable work.

WAR BOOKS

WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA. By Lowell Thomas. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Mr. Thomas has waited long enough after the events described in this volume to make sure of a dispassionate judgment and a balanced perspective; on the other hand, he has not waited so long that he has lost the sounds, the smells, the human touches of the Arabian-British campaign against the Turks. Therefore Lowell Thomas has produced a book which has the rare distinction of being

both valuable as history and delightful as entertainment. As a matter of fact, these two qualities merge constantly. One of the chief merits of the book is the usefulness it will have for future diplomats and empire builders through the revelation of the psychology of Arabs which Mr. Thomas gives his readers. The Bedouin mind is turned inside out for us as we follow the romantic career of the young Englishman who with no assets but his knowledge of nomad nature directed the whole Arabian war of independence and helped mightily thereby toward bringing about the ultimate triumph of the Allies in the World War.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

FAMOUS SCULPTORS OF AMERICA. By J. Walker McSpadden. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

Though the author says frankly that this is not a work of art criticism, there is a good deal of criticism of the most interesting kind in it—that of the artists themselves as to their art. The chapters are intimate, informal, biographical, and nearly always based on personal interviews with the sculptors. They tell the life histories and something of the chief accomplishments of such men as Saint-Gaudens, MacMonnies, Ward, French, Bartlett, Borglum, Barnard, and such women as Vonnoh, Hyatt, and Scudder. There are many half-tone pictures, some of which do justice to their subjects and all of which enhance the interest of a book that will entertain and enlighten the casual reader as to the sculptors who have made our parks and museums more agreeable to the eye than they were a generation ago.

Notes on New Books

LITTLE ROQUE AND OTHER STORIES. By Guy de Maupassant. Translated by Ernest Boyd. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

The first volume in a collected edition of the novels and stories of de Maupassant. Adequately translated.

MEMORIES. By the Viscount Long. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $7.50.

The author, better known as Walter Long, served forty years in Parliament, and was for more than thirty years in the Cabinet. He held among other posts, that of Colonial Secretary and of First Lord of the Admiralty.

SOME MAGAZINES AND MAGAZINE MAKERS. By John E. Drewry. The Stratford Company, Boston. $2.

Laudatory descriptions of the principal American magazines and periodicals, with sketches of writers and editors. The author holds a distinguished position as a Professor of Journalism and Director of Publicity in the University of Georgia, and when we read in his section on The Outlook that "The Book Table is the department conducted by Brander Matthews" we feel that the mistake is not his, but ours.

LIFE SYMBOLS AS RELATED TO SEX SYMBOLISM. By Elizabeth E. Goldsmith. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

An elaborately illustrated and well-indexed book upon a subject which requires both learning and frank treatment. The author has popularized and a little cheapened it, and has combined the results of some genuine research with various theories and ideas for which there is no foundation except her own opinion. Its scholarship is open to question.

THE WAY OUT. By Edward A. Filene. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

A forecast of coming changes in American business.

THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT. Preface by John Farrar. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Essays about American writers—living ones—reprinted from the "Bookman." By various writers—humorous, satirical, fresh, or clever. Pencil caricatures by William Gropper. The text is also mostly caricature.

BANDELLO: TRAGICAL TALES. The Complete Novels Translated by Geoffrey Fenton (1567). (Broadway Translations.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

The novels of Matteo Bandello in their most celebrated and picturesque translation.

WHITE AND BLACK IN EAST AFRICA. By Hermann Norden. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $5.

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CRIMINOLOGY. By Edwin H. Sutherland. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. (Lippincott Sociological Series.)

A modern and comprehensive text-book on criminology.

THE ART OF HELPING PEOPLE OUT OF TROUBLE. By Karl De Schweinitz. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

By an officer of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity. A practical book upon a difficult subject; its title explains its purpose.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF MODERN BRITISH VERSE. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

A good small anthology of British poets "since Henley"—that is, of the past thirty years—including many who are living and still young. A pleasant book for a gift.

SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN POETRY. By Alfred Noyes. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.

Essays upon English and American poets. The author punctures a few of the balloons which have been inflated by the recent "rebels" among poets and critics of poetry.

CELEBRITIES OF OUR TIME. By Herman Bernstein. Joseph Lawren, New York. $3.

Interviews with and letters from many famous men: Tolstoy, Shaw, Pope Benedict, Trotsky, Einstein, Wilson, Roosevelt, and others.

SLAPSTICK AND DUMBBELL. By Hiler Harzberg and Arthur Moss. Joseph Lawren, New York. $2.50.

An essay on clowns, with odd and appropriate illustrations.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. By Ben Hecht. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

Nearly 400 pages in this novel; the word "sex" or an analogue on nearly every page, and the whole book pretty tedious. Only hard labor can accomplish this result.

IN THE LAND OF THE LAUGHING BUDDHA. By Upton Close. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The author, whose real name is Josef Washington Hall, has spent eight years in China, and describes his travels there, and especially the political upheavals of recent years, in a lively and entertaining manner.

THE WINDOWS OF WESTMINSTER. By A Gentleman with a Duster, Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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Charts, Indexes, and Curves

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

BUSINESS and financial statistics, arrayed in curves, charts, graphs, indexes, and tabulations of one kind and another, are everywhere published for our education. It is hard to pick up a newspaper or magazine that does not offer something in this line. As a writer recently said:

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whether the general level of production in basic industries is at an average amount, or five, or ten, or any definite percentage above or below the average. Not only was forecasting the future based on 'hunches,' but it was often difficult for the average man to gauge current conditions correctly. Statistics which will indicate current conditions with a considerable degree of accuracy are now available to any one who is willing to study them."

Notwithstanding these facts, the very profusion of charts and indexes, to say nothing of the complexity of some of them, confuses the average person and at times leads him to exclaim: "What's the use? I can't understand them, and they contradict each other!" And when charts have to do with the course of security prices, interest rates, and, above all, with the stock market, confusion is still further confounded.

Probably every one who studies business charts is more interested in trying to see what the future will bring forth than in the record they present of the past. The theory is, of course, that the past indicates the trend or tendency. But does it?

In the following paragraphs an attempt is made to answer this question.

Let it be said, in the first place, that there are several tested indexes which show whether general business or trade is active or depressed. One of these is freight-car loadings, which are published weekly and report the loadings of revenue freight, the classes of commodity that are moving, and the districts of the country where these movements occur.

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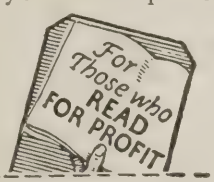
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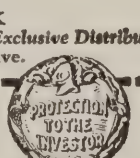
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their bank accounts by debits or charges. Similarly, what is known as the "rate of turnover of bank deposits" is widely accepted as an accurate reflection of business conditions—that is to say, of current business activity.

The wholesale and retail price curves are, of course, fundamental. They record facts which none can overlook. Money rates, the number of commercial failures, net sales of department stores, manufacturing activity, employment conditions in leading industries, and a score of other sets of data are easily available.

The difficulty is not in securing information, but in knowing what is the relative value of each piece of information. It is impossible to add up, say, five factors, as, for example, bank debits, wholesale prices, freight-car loadings, pig-iron production, and money rates, divide by five, and obtain an average that means anything whatever. Each factor is important, but just how important in attempting to grasp the entire situation? That is the question; this is the puzzle.

In studying curves and indexes the average person is likely to go very far astray unless he possesses some fundamental facts as to industry in general and industries in particular. For example, we have long known that something was the matter with the coal industry—but we did not know what. Lately, after careful scientific researches, we know that one trouble, so far as the labor situation is concerned, is that the industry is not "stabilized"—that is, there is not steady work for the miners. This is the key to the demand for retaining war wages.

More broadly speaking, we do not yet fully realize that as a nation we are equipped to produce more than we can consume; hence we are bound to suffer from depressions due to overproduction. A study made by the Cleveland Trust Company of cotton, coal, paper, iron, steel, lumber, wool, meat, silk, cement and automobiles revealed the fact that at the highest rate of production in 192[illegible] the average *excess* output was 31 per cent above normal consuming requirements. "Reduced to terms of a year this means, according to the above investigation, that *our industries in about nine months can produce all that we can consume in twelve.*"

Another fundamental consideration should be mentioned in this connection. I refer to the interrelation of industries. The phonograph business, for example, has been hurt by the spectacular rise of radio. Textile mills are vitally affected by capricious changes in fashions. The packers tell us that the failure of the public to purchase cheap cuts of meat means higher prices for all cuts. And so on.

You can examine almost any business and discover with amazement its dependency on the other businesses or their dependence on it. For illustration, the Cambridge Associates have gathered information to show what automobile buying means to other industries. They worked out the percentage of the 1923 output of eight industries whose products are used in the automobile. The results are striking: ten per cent of the National output of copper, tin, iron, and steel goes into automobiles; twelve per cent of the lead and fourteen per cent of the hardwood are likewise destined for automobiles. Over half the plate glass produced last year, nearly seventy per cent of the leather, and eighty per cent of the rubber were similarly employed.

Little imagination is needed to visualize the importance of these facts. An investment in plate glass at a period of declining production and sale of motor cars would obviously be less sound than an investment in something which did not depend on a single industry to so large an extent; though of course if the motor car business went "flat" plate glass might sooner or later find other outlets.

These somewhat scattering observations may now be summed up in the light of their relation to investing. In the first place, the very profusion and complexity of the information available in curves and indexes is such that no one who is not fairly expert in their study should attempt to draw more than a temporary conclusion from them. In the second place, while we know vastly more about trends and underlying conditions than ever before in the past, our knowledge is still in the elementary state. We do know facts; but we do not yet know how to correlate them so as to form a complete picture. In the third place, and lastly, nobody knows with anything like a moderate degree of certainty whether the stock market responds to this or to that particular stimulus, or whether an upward swing is still going up or is about to turn and go down. Many can successfully guess—sometimes—which is quite another story.

There is no reason why, after we know more than we do, it will not be possible to forecast business with at least as fair a degree of certainty as we can forecast the weather. There will always, however, be the unexpected and the apparently inexplicable event which will upset our best calculations. The thing for the investor to do is to learn all he can from charts, graphs, and indexes, and then, when he comes to invest, forget this knowledge and invest with an eye not to possible speculative profit, but with an eye to safety of capital and steadiness of income.

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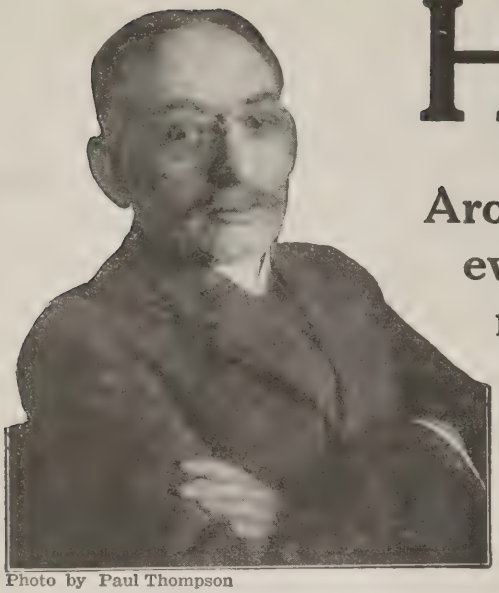


Photo by Paul Thompson

He kept his head!

Around him swirled the wildest whirlpool of events mankind had ever witnessed, yet he retained his sense of proportion and his sense of humor, painting the picture as he saw it

WALTER H. PAGE was a man of simple tastes. He delighted in his duties as editor of THE WORLD'S WORK, but Destiny swept him from his quiet editorial chair in Garden City up, up, and into the greatest diplomatic post in the gift of any nation: American Ambassador to Great Britain. Long an observer of current affairs, he was now called upon to act as one of the chief participants—to play a leading rôle in the most stirring drama of events ever enacted.

The erstwhile editor found himself situated as no diplomat had ever been in all the history of the world; the pivotal figure in the greatest confiict of the ages—Ambassador of the United States to the chief allied war capital, and at the same time acting ambassador for Germany, Austria, and Turkey. To him were left decisions which affected all future history; and his letters—marvels of descriptive writing and of persuasion—helped more than any other single influence to bring the United States into the World War.

As a newspaper man in the old days, as editor successively of The Forum, Atlantic Monthly, and of The World's Work, he was always happiest when writing. All through his Ambassadorship, he seemed to be writing, eternally writing at that favorite desk of his. While he had formerly written for many to read, he now wrote only for the select few—a half dozen leaders who ruled the fate of the world. But whether his letter went to king, president, or premier, or to one of his own sons, Page was always himself. His contagious humor, his brilliant knack of turning a phrase as no other man could, his adroit use of anecdotes to drive home a point, his amazing trick of photographing moral or mental situations in words, his almost conversational style, stamp these letters as the masterpieces of a genius.

Two Characteristic Excerpts

At the outbreak of the war, Ambassador Page wrote a most vivid and dramatic letter to the President. The following is an extract: "I shall never forget Sir Edward Grey's telling me of the ultimatum—while he wept; nor the poor German Ambassador who has lost in his high game—almost a demented man; nor the King as he declaimed at me for half an hour and threw up his hands and said: 'My God, Mr. Page, what else could we do?' Nor the Austrian Ambassador's wringing his hands and weeping and crying out, 'My dear Colleague, my dear Colleague.'"

* * * * * *

When Page entered upon his duties as Ambassador before the war, he wrote to the President: "I am moved once in a while to write you privately, not about any specific piece of public business, but only, if I can, to transmit something of the atmosphere of the work here. And since this is meant as much for your amusement as for any information it may carry, don't read it 'in office hours.'"

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By Burton J. Hendrick

(Special new 4-volume edition)

with THE WORLD'S WORK

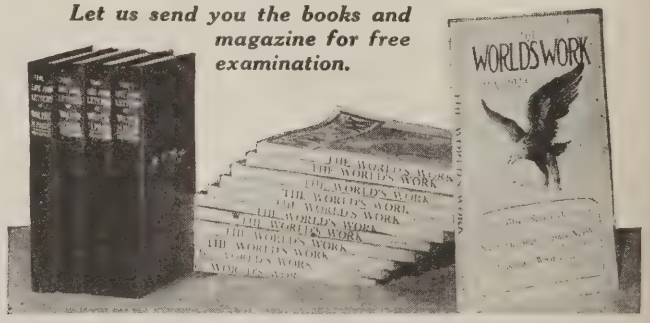
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Come now to Phoenix—escape the cold weather for a while. Come and play in the dry, sun-warmed, invigorating air of Southern Arizona.

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A small private party
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Send for itinerary
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Five Weeks in Egypt and Palestine
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WONDERFUL SPRING CRUISE
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Are you planning for a tour to Europe next summer or interested in a winter cruise? Would you appreciate the advice of experienced traveler, representing impartially all companies? *Write*
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Winter in Italy and Sicily. Spring: Switzerland, France, British Isles. Lady experienced in European travel will chaperon three young ladies of refinement. Tour of five months, Feb. 1st. References required. For terms address G. W. M., 2,853, Outlook.

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EUROPE [Organizers Wanted] **1925**
Small parties. Low rates. Select service.
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Earn Your European Tour All or part by assisting in organizing party. (Summer 1925, eight countries, $745.) Bulletin H explains.
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Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5–6 in cities and popular resorts, $4–5 in the country

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Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
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Through Pullmans to the Heart of the Old South!
Take this delightful ride direct to this luxurious old Southern estate. Large hotel, modern equipment throughout, 18-hole golf course, magnificent riding horses, hunting, perfect motoring, glorious scenery. In delightful village set in the midst of azaleas and roses.
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The foothills of the Berkshires. A restful place for tired people. Good food and a comfortable home. 2 hours from New York. Booklet A.
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HOLLENDEN *Hotel*
Most Convenient Location
Highest Class Service
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Eastern school teacher in California will board refined couple for $25 per week. New bungalow in orange grove with beautiful mountain view. Nice room adjoining bath, twin beds. Excellent food and care. Mrs. R. P. DICKSON, Porterville, Cal.

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SUITLENGTHS CUT TO ORDER AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICE
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Made in our orchard from crisp, finely flavored apples with clear, sparkling cider. Send dollar for two quart crocks, charges collect. RIDGEWOOD FRUIT GROWERS, Winchester, Va.

Personal Stationery 100 four-page sheets and 100 social size envelopes, both heavy linen paper, printed with your name and address on both in rich blue, postpaid $1. Sample if desired. E. C. Harmon & Co., Brocton, N. Y.

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Trial quarter box, oranges or grapefruit $2, tangerines $2.50, all by prepaid express
Complete season price list on request.
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WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, printed in dark blue on good bond paper, $1. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

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15 beautiful hand-colored Xmas cards. No two alike. 15 envelopes to match. Send $1 for all. Regular $2 value. Money returned if not satisfied. Scholl Studios, 7 South 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

UNIQUE ten cent Christmas cards. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

A beautiful collection of fifteen Christmas greeting cards in holly box sent on approval. Distinctive designs. Select sentiments. Distinctive high grade cards and envelopes. Retail value $1.50. We ask only that you agree to send the price, $1, in ten days if satisfactory, or return at our expense if not wanted. Elizabeth Huntford Studio, 9 South Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

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By the Way

THE twentieth anniversary of the opening of the subway system of New York City was celebrated by a banquet at the Hotel Commodore attended by 600 people. Entrance to the banquet room, the guests found, could be obtained only by depositing a nickel in one of the subway turnstiles. During the evening, however, much to the surprise of the guests, their coins were returned inside souvenir bill-cases with this notation: "The New York subways always have returned to every customer more than full value for every nickel received."

A paragraph in this department a few weeks ago called attention to the scarcity of young men of the name of Leavenworth and to the fact that a scholarship for youths of that name was offered by Hamilton College, of New York. A subscriber sends us a clipping from a Grand Rapids (Michigan) newspaper saying that the paragraph in The Outlook was noticed by a Mr. B. C. Leavenworth of that city and as a result a member of his family is to enter Hamilton as a student.

The scholarship, it seems, was founded by Elias W. Leavenworth, a resident of Syracuse, New York, and for many years a United States Congressman. He had no children himself and feared that the name Leavenworth might die out, hence his interest in helping young men of the name to establish themselves by means of a liberal education.

One of Mark Twain's jokes as retold in his recently published Autobiography dates back to President Cleveland's time. Twain called at the White House on a cold winter day. He asked Mrs. Cleveland to sign her name on his personal card, just below the words "He did not," which he had written above his own name. Mrs. Cleveland hesitated, but finally wrote her name on condition that the joke be immediately explained. Then the humorist produced a memorandum from his wife, reading, *"Don't wear your arctics in the White House."* Mark was absent-minded, and his prudent spouse had sent him the memorandum in a way that insured his seeing it just before he made his visit. Mrs. Cleveland laughed hilariously, and the signed card was posted at once to Mrs. Clemens.

From the Woburn (Mass.) "Daily Times," as quoted by a subscriber:

> The party dispersed at a late hour, after congratulating Mr. and Mrs. B——, and wishing the couple success in their martial career.

One of the roadside markets that have become a feature of many highways hit on a novel plan of advertising, according to the "Rural New Yorker." A donkey stood in front of the stand. On his back was a big sign:

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE LIKE ME,
BUY YOUR GOODS HERE!

The humor of the idea, it is said, brought many passers-by to the advertiser's counter.

Sporting men and sporting papers have a language of their own. Looking over the advertising columns of the New York "Morning Telegraph" (the only ten-cent daily in New York, we believe—sports, you know, spend their money freely), we see announcements of firms that call themselves in bold lettering "Strictly One Horse." Again, "A Bonded One Horse Daily Service." The idea seems to be that these dealers give their customers a tip on the day's favorite in a horse race. If you accept their judgment, you are supposed to stand a better chance of winning a bet than if you rely on inexpert judgment like your own. But why not put your money in a savings bank? It pays better in the long run, other experts tell us, who are not "One-Horse" prophets.

A subscriber sends us the following old French riddle to arouse the interest and test the powers of beginners in the study of French:

Je suis le capitaine de vingt-six soldats, et sans moi Paris serait pris.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CULTURED, educated, experienced and refined young woman desires position as governess of widower's children. Thoroughly capable of managing house and servants. Excellent references. 5,619, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED librarian wishes temporary position. South preferred. 5,606, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED woman wishes position as housekeeper in school. 5,610, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN would give reasonable service to lady alone or elderly couple in exchange for home and nominal salary. Refinement essential. References exchanged. 5,611, Outlook.

HOTEL woman wishes position in Southern hotel. Has fine clientele. 5,609, Outlook.

LADY of education and culture desires position as companion to lady or motherless girl. Prefer southern Florida. Best of references. 5,612, Outlook.

LADY of refinement and culture will train and care for motherless children and direct home. References exchanged. 5,615, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper, chaperon, or governess. Experienced, traveled. Very exceptional references. Speaks four languages. 5,605, Outlook.

REFINED young French-Belgian woman, highly educated and graduate nurse, wishes position for winter months as companion to lady or finishing governess to young girl. Preference, family going to the South or California. Best references. 5,613, Outlook.

RETIRED professional woman wishes to find a congenial spirit to travel leisurely in Europe. Sailing in January. 5,617, Outlook.

RESPONSIBLE position desired by capable woman experienced in institutional work for boys. Housemother, supervisor, matron, sewing room. Any position of trust. 5,618, Outlook.

SOMEWHERE, some one is looking for the right woman to take charge of their home, or to travel. Cheerful, capable. 5,608, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper in country to widower with young children. 319 Rutger St., Utica, N. Y.

YOUNG lady wishes position to read several hours daily to elderly person or to student. New York only. Address 5,599, Outlook.

YOUNG man, well educated, good typist, desires position as companion or secretary to traveling gentleman. 5,596, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Boarders. Private family. Tidewater. "Newstead," Nuttall, Va.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

MODERN country home for boys. Careful training. Tutored at home or attend public school. References. Mrs. Earl Cahail, Anacortes, Wash.

SCHOLARSHIPS in boys' prep. school available to athletes and musicians. Box 926, Stamford, Conn.

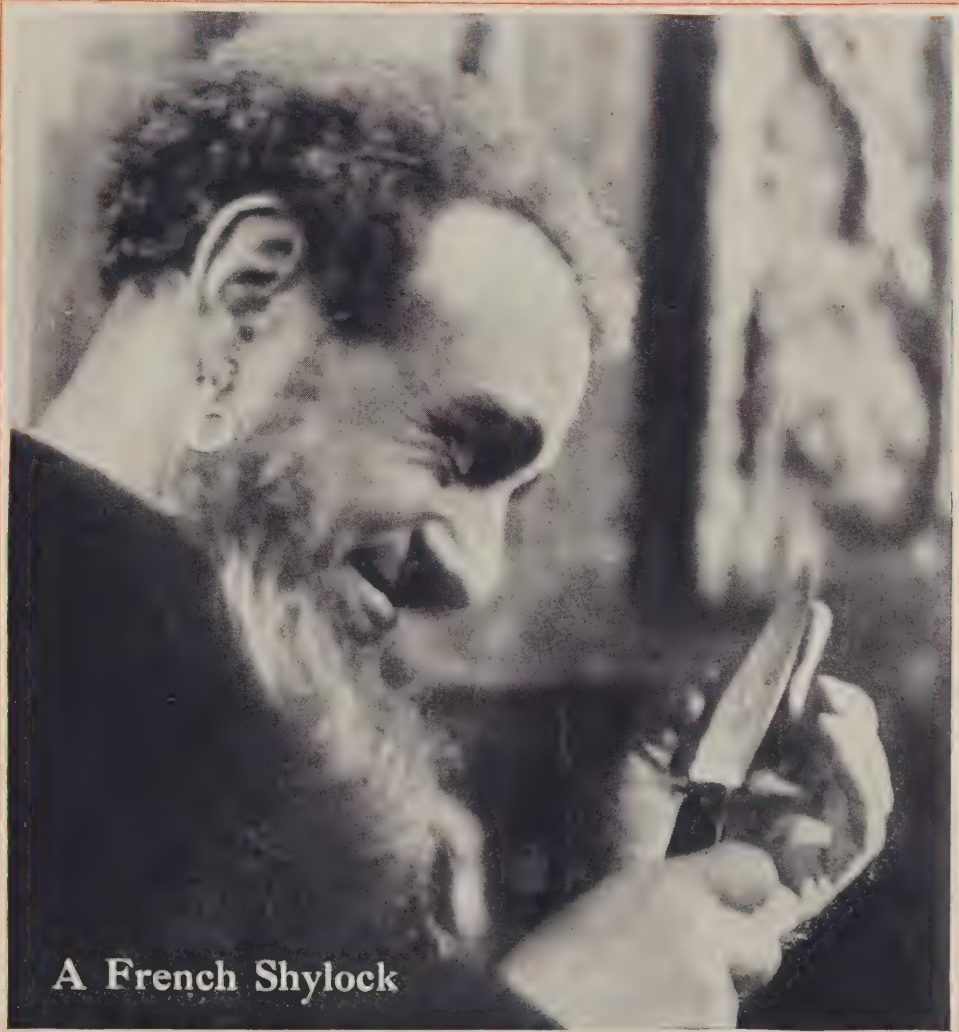
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The Outlook

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

DECEMBER 3, 1924



A French Shylock

VOL. 138. NO. 14 15 CENTS A COPY

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Majestic for location—overlooking Central Park —near theater and shopping districts.

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Chamberlin Inside Door Bottoms enable you to admit fresh air to any part of the house, while sealing all other parts against drafts.

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Try this at the attic and basement as well. There will be a draft at each. It goes on all night from bedrooms, constantly from the basement, while warm air escapes to the unused attic. That is why bath and breakfast rooms are almost always cold in the morning.

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We gladly furnish free estimates covering the cost of installing weather strips or inside door bottoms or both in your home. When installed they are guaranteed for the life of the building. Simply mail the coupon.

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Address.....

City and State.....

Eng. Dept. D-12

Contributors' Gallery

GEORGE MARVIN will be remembered by Outlook readers for his vivid articles on outdoor sports and his special correspondence from Japan. The next article which we expect to publish from Mr. Marvin's pen deals with fox hunting in the Old Dominion State.

ELEANOR BALDWIN acts as confidential secretary to Dr. Rowley, of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Boston, during the daytime, teaches English to foreign boys at night, and still has time to write a remarkable number of poems. While this is Miss Baldwin's first appearance in The Outlook, she has published many poems in the Boston "Transcript," the "Atlantic Monthly," "Life," and "Scribner's Magazine."

RALPH E. HENDERSON was born in Burma, India, and has an intimate knowledge of the country, of the customs, folk-lore, and daily life of some of the jungle tribes. For the past three years he has been looking after the mission schools in the very deep jungles of the Kengtung State.

DIXON MERRITT, author, editor, and newspaper writer, is Washington correspondent for The Outlook and a member of its editorial staff.

THE second of Mr. Kenneth I. Brown's religious articles appears in this issue.

HENRY BESTON'S pet hobby is submarines. He is the author of many magazine articles, a book on fairy tales, and one of the best descriptive accounts of personal experience in the war which has been published.

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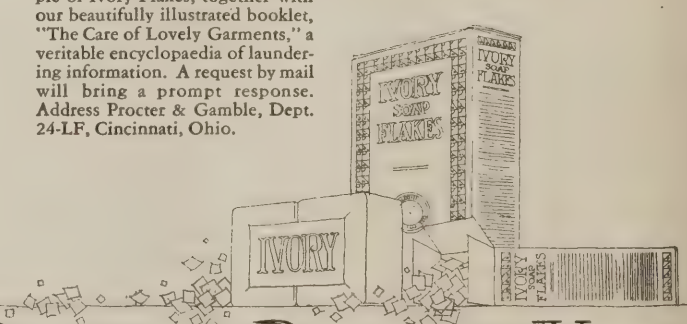
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The Outlook

Volume 138 December 3, 1924 Number 14

Mrs. Harding Dies

TRAGEDY in the lives of those who have stood in high places has a peculiar power to make men and women understand the common heritage of humanity. Of this the death of Mrs. Warren Harding, widow of a President of the United States who was once a small-town printer, is dramatic evidence. In her life she knew the struggle of poverty, the reward of ambition, the austerity of courage, and the depths of personal disaster.

No one will know how great a part of the career of Warren Gamaliel Harding was her career. Yet it seems certain that she shared largely in building the structure of his life, that his fight was her fight, and his triumphs hers.

Upon his death she went from the White House back to the city where his career began, no longer the First Lady of the Land, but a woman who had lost a beloved companion. To her in solitude must have been borne poignant tidings of the unhappy aftermath of President Harding's career. The attacks upon her husband and some of his associates must have been doubly hard to bear, for there was nothing she could do toward the vindication or the defense of the memory of the man whose name she shared. To this personal grief was added for full measure the loss of close friends whom she and her husband trusted, in one case at least to their own hurt. She will be remembered as a gallant spirit whose failures were those of the life from which she sprang, whose virtues were those of the Nation in whose service her husband died.



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The late Mrs. Warren G. Harding

Georgia and the Soviets

EVIDENCE is leaking through the boundaries of the Soviet realm that, in spite of the fact that the Bolsheviki have been in control for seven years now, all is not well within. News of the threat of famine this winter has been mingled with news of anti-Soviet uprising in Georgia and the spread of revolution to other Soviet republics of Transcaucasia.

Well-informed anti-Bolshevist Georgian leaders watching, and to a certain degree directing, from European capitals the uprising in their native country have sent out reports which, however discounted, make clear the nature of the disturbance.

Early in 1921 the national Government of Georgia was overthrown by the Red Army, and was succeeded by the so-called autonomous local Soviet Government, really dependent on Moscow. Georgia, however, is a mountainous and wild country for the most part, and its remote districts have never ceased to be free of Soviet rule. Even in the more accessible districts there were local revolts in 1921, 1922, and 1923.

This year the revolt assumed wide proportions. Squads of mutineers took possession of cities and villages along the railway cutting the country from west to east, expelling the Soviet authorities, and disarming some weak Red detachments here and there. The rebels were supported by Russian and Georgian work-

men and peasants. Early in September they were in control of most of Georgia, except the cities of Tiflis and Batum.

To suppress this the Soviets massed troops in Transcaucasia, and within a month the Soviets resumed control. How extensive this rebellion was and how bloody the suppression of it, it is not possible to state accurately. It is evident, however, that there was much cruelty shown in the reprisals. Incomplete lists of victims have appeared in the Soviet papers, "Pravda" and "Izvestia." It is not merely on the anti-Bolshevist reports that we may depend for the conclusion that people were executed by the hundreds.

A Revolt Against Oppression

Even those who as partisans of the Bolshevist Government minimize this uprising in Georgia do not deny that the uprising took place. Some of them attribute it to the intriguing of British and French interests that want to get control of ore and petroleum. Others attribute the instigation of the uprising to the Bolsheviki themselves as a method of manufacturing an excuse to get rid of more of their opponents. Of course reports of fairly normal conditions in Tiflis and Batum have no bearing upon the uprising in the mountainous region.

It is evident that various classes and groups of the Georgian population—remnants of the old aristocracy, intellectuals, Socialists, peasants, and workmen alike—have contributed quotas to the uprising and have joined in the discontent with the Soviet régime. The people there had become tired of famine, misery, and political persecutions. There is every reason to believe that there is similar discontent elsewhere in Russia, for famine, misery, and political persecution are not confined to Georgia. The Bolsheviki, however, have better control over Moscow or Kiev than over the wild Caucasus.

Suppression is not more likely to bring content under Soviet rule than it was under the rule of the Czar. With 60,000 to 100,000 Red troops massed in Georgia (for these are the figures which Soviet papers have given concerning troops sent to that country from the provinces bordering on Poland and Rumania) and with the rebel detachment still in being in the fastnesses of the impregnable mountains, tragic conditions in Georgia serve as an illustration of the nature of control which the Bolsheviki exercise throughout Russia.

Bread for a Lean Year

After an autumn of uncertainty, it begins to seem likely that the bread eaters of Europe will get a whole loaf. Russia's supply remains in doubt, for the good reason that few persons even in Russia can tell how much grain a cautious peasantry is hoarding away from the eyes of the Soviet crop collectors. As for the rest of Europe, the prospect of sufficient rations till next harvest allays a cause for world-wide anxiety.

This anxiety had its source, not so much in the possibility that Englishmen, Germans, or Frenchmen would actually go foodless as in the risk that a shortage might impair the European economic recovery at the critical moment when it had at last got under way. War experience showed that well-stocked nations could continue to eat for a surprisingly long time in the face of food shortage, but that they did so at the cost of their cattle, of certain of their industries, and so to no small extent of their future welfare. The process tends to unbalance budgets and to play havoc with the cost of living, wages, and production.

The latest reckonings of the world's bread grain supplies seem to promise that Europe's bread loaf will be made without upsetting the economic housekeeping of the Continent as a whole. They indicate that Europe will indeed require two or three hundred million bushels more than the average importations of the past few years. She has a deficiency of some 170,000,000 bushels of wheat, home raised, as compared with last year, and a further deficiency nearly as great of rye. It happens very opportunely, therefore, that the United States raised this year 182,000,000 bushels of wheat above its 1923 crop—a surplus for which no one foresaw last spring any likelihood of an urgent demand. This surplus takes the place of the Canadian wheat that failed to ripen, and with some little managing it will eke out Europe's needs, and leave a bare sufficiency for the other parts of the world that import the grain.

As European bidding has made wheat dear, Europe will have to pay some $500,000,000 more than usual for its imported supply. That extra charge will bear down hard on its foreign import trade of other sorts. But by a second happy chance, the settlement of the question of reparations under the Dawes Plan has opened the way to American credit, and several European nations have already borrowed or are in a position to borrow a large part of their needs for temporary adverse balances.

Some portions of Europe, it is true, feel the wheat pinch more acutely than others. Germany not only has less wheat than usual, but is hit by the rye-crop failure, since rye is the country's standard breadstuff. Poland, a poor country and mainly agricultural, can ill afford the loss of a year's export surplus of wheat and rye. If Russia should again have to meet a deficiency of grain in some of its provinces, the outer world

A

stands for Annapolis, and Annapolis stands for the cornerstone of our first line of National defense. That is one of the reasons why we asked

George Marvin

to go to Annapolis and write us an article to be the first of a group on American educational institutions and the American spirit.

Our great schools and colleges are the builders and the rebuilders of America. Each has a different contribution to make to the development of our common ideals. The commission given to George Marvin was to find the common denominator of these contributions. He has made a mighty good beginning with his story of athletics at Annapolis in this issue. There will be more to follow.

Nip, and cut, and slish, and slash

(Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Scene 3)

Temple in the New Orleans Times Picayune



"Ah! This is better!"

From Solomon Levy, Alexandria, Louisiana

From the Kansas City Star



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Wanting to lie down already

From M. M. Ferris, Kansas City, Missouri

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune



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The real prosperity pasture lies in another direction

From Miss S. G. Lincoln, Nutley, New Jersey

Pease in the Newark (N. J.) Evening News



To bob, or not to bob!

From L. S. Lee, East Orange, New Jersey

could not easily bring it any extensive succor. Yet outside of Russia, as matters stand, a lean year, which came at a most critical time of world economics, promises to pass with notably few serious sequels from any direction now visible.

Pan's Patrols

A LITTLE while ago in the whole State of Massachusetts there were only 31 patrolmen in the woods to protect the forests, the game, the fish. To-day there are more than 10,000 patrolmen in those same woods, and the number will grow with each passing week. The original 31 are still paid patrolmen. All of the others are unpaid volunteers for the duty —and, to them, the pleasure—of seeing that wild animals and fish and the general attractiveness of the outdoors do not grow less with the years, that the irresponsible person does not destroy heedlessly or the willful violator of the law wantonly.

This is one of the results of "the guardian plan for more hunting and fishing" sponsored by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. The great patrol force is made up mainly of organized sportsmen. Each man of them—and each woman of them, too—agrees not only to uphold the game, fish, and conservation laws of the State and of the Nation, but to do what is within his power to see that others do not violate them.

If each of the forty-eight States had its force of ten thousand volunteer patrolmen, we might begin to feel that violation of law, natural as well as statutory, is stopped from spreading the abomination of desolation over our woods and upon our streams. Other organizations in all the States might well do what the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has done. In most States there are organizations equipped to take up the work. But if there is no such organization, that need not cause any one to think that the doing of the work is impossible. Individuals have done such things; other individuals can do them.

About three years ago an editorial writer in Birmingham—Garrard Harris by name and an enthusiastic fisherman by nature—made up his mind that the wanton destruction of fish and game in Alabama's streams and woods had to stop. There was no organization to do the work; the only equipment he had for it was his pencil and his love of nature. All the rest followed. The organization was created. Alabama, equally with Massachusetts, has its guardians of the forests, fish, and game.

Here are two examples worthy of emulation. If a few lovers of nature, well distributed over the country, will put in less time deploring and more doing something to stop the destruction, we shall soon lay the ghost of a gameless, fishless, treeless country.

Sharing the Children's Meal

MANY thousands of children are in orphanages and refugee camps in various parts of the Near East. They are for the most part children without a country, and have been rightly called "international wards." Driven from home by war, by barbarous raids, by persecution, they cannot look for support to the countries to which circumstance has carried them. In many cases their parents have been sacrificed in the cause of liberty. Great numbers of them are refugees from Turkey who have found temporary refuge in Greece. Others are in temporary shelters in Macedonia, on the islands of the Ægean, in Syria, Palestine, Egypt, the Caucasus. Of all these young refugees, the large majority would have perished except for outside help.

It is estimated that one hundred thousand children have been saved by the Near East Relief. What has been done and will be done for these children will have a lasting effect on the people who live in that region that has been fought over for many centuries.

Sunday, December 7, is to be observed as a day of remembrance for these boys and girls. A multitude of American families will on that day have a very simple dinner, as simple as one of the meals served in one of these orphanages—a typical meal will consist of pilaf Armenian (or macaroni and cheese, or Syrian meatballs) and stewed apricots with corn syrup (or baked prunes) and brown bread and cocoa—sending the difference between the cost of that meal and the regular meal as a contribution to the Near East Relief, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; and many will send considerably more than that.

This Sunday comes half-way between the feasts of Thanksgiving and Christmas. It is an appropriate time for those who have an abundance to think of those who will die without their aid.

A City Mothers' Bureau

THE name of what seems to be a unique experiment in city administration may have an intent to show that city fathers may well call in the help of city mothers. The City Mothers' Bureau of Los Angeles is a municipal affair in that it is under city control and has police power. It is not, however, supported by taxpayers; a large Advisory Board, representing various social and welfare agencies, clubs, and churches of the city, provides the funds. The Bureau works in harmony with the Police Department and the Juvenile Court.

The object of this agency is to provide for preventive work which shall keep children and young people from crime or vice and remove in advance the danger of their becoming delinquents. It goes a little further than this, for it also acts as a clearing house for domestic troubles and often solves problems that otherwise might lead to divorce or the criminal court.

The moving and leading figure in this movement is Mrs. Aletha Gilbert, who is its founder. She has tact and skill, and also sympathetic appreciation with children, parents, and school-teachers. It is said that Mrs. Gilbert's success has been the result of abstaining from publicity and the attainment of absolute confidence between all parties. This method gives advance knowledge of trouble-breeding conditions. A child will talk freely of its parents, parents will tell of neighbors, and even wives and husbands of each other, and the "mother," emulating a true mother, hears all but reveals no secrets without an understanding so to do. Technicalities that so often prevent and abort absolute justice when a court case is necessary are not allowed to stand in the way of a solution. Moral suasion is the big factor that the City Mothers rely upon, and, according to Mrs. Gilbert, it is the most effective.

Applying for the Bonus

IT may well be that men who served the United States in uniform during the World War will be more mindful of a duty to their country than of a duty to themselves. Adjutant-General Robert C. Davis has reminded them twice re-

cently that they owe a duty to their country in connection with adjusted compensation. That duty is, if they mean eventually to apply for the bonus, that they apply now; and if they mean never to apply, that they promptly notify the Adjutant-General's office of that fact.

If all veterans comply with this request, the tremendous task of computing the amounts due the 4,500,000 persons entitled to claim adjusted compensation can be completed within the first three months of 1925. If veterans do not comply with the request, the task may drag on almost endlessly at heavy cost to the Government. All recruiting offices and other Army stations, together with all Navy, Marine Corps, or Veterans' Bureau agencies, are instructed to assist veterans in making out their papers properly. Some one if not more of these agencies is within reach of practically every veteran. There is small excuse, it appears, for undue delay. Though the Adjutant-General does not suggest it, citizens generally may aid the Government in this regard by reminding veterans of their acquaintance that the business should be attended to promptly.

Of the 4,500,000 veterans entitled to make application, only one in three, or a total of 1,500,000, has so far applied. Of the remaining 3,000,000, it may be that many do not intend to apply, though undoubtedly many of them do. Those who do not intend to apply have probably thought no action on their part was necessary. It should now be clear to them that they are imposing an unnecessary expense upon their Government—and therefore upon themselves—by failure to declare their intention.

Remarkable progress has been made thus far in administering the Adjusted Compensation Act. The fact that the task is so near possible completion, if all veterans do their part, will come to most persons as a pleasant surprise. In large measure, this achievement is due to the selection of Major-General Robert C. Davis as Adjutant-General in charge of the work. General Davis was Adjutant-General of the American Expeditionary Force in France, and began in the field the work that he is now completing in the War Department in Washington. While the war was going on he conceived and created the Central War Records Office of the American Land Forces in France. He began that work with one clerk. Before the Armistice the force had increased to 7,000 clerks. When it became evident that eventually a bonus bill would be passed, General Davis was made Adjutant-General. That was in 1922. He called to his aid officers who during the war had the most intimate and comprehensive knowledge of each group of records. When the Adjusted Compensation Act was finally passed in



Major-General Robert C. Davis, Adjutant-General in charge of the duty of administering the Bonus

the spring of 1924, most of the preliminary work was done, and actual adjustment began without delay.

Bringing Mexico to College

Some day, if the schemes of the present Government to educate the whole Mexican nation succeed, Mexico will have adequate universities of its own. As yet the higher education is one of the products that the country must largely import. We of the United States who search the map for export markets have one next door, and an important one, in this need of our Mexican neighbors.

A group of American citizens has just launched a project to endow twenty or more scholarships for Mexican students in our universities. The scheme is a friendly one as regards Mexico, and likewise friendly toward ourselves. Reckoned in immediate dollar returns, it may not, indeed, bring in enough profit to pay the modest salary of a single professor. But what will result twenty or thirty years from now?

The case of Japan suggests what may happen. In the early seventies Japanese students began to come to American universities in considerable numbers. Largely because of what they learned here Japan has developed into a powerful modern nation and a valuable customer. In the past thirty years we have multiplied our exports to Japan between forty and fifty fold. Japan gets from us nearly one-third of all its yearly imports, and sends us in return considerably more than it receives. Japan half a century or so ago needed the stimulus of American contact. It has gained much of its subsequent advancement through lessons learned in American classrooms. As for us, the results have probably several hundred times repaid every American dollar spent on the tuition of Japanese students in America from the first one to the present moment.

If giving Mexican students the run of our universities can effect anywhere near as great a proportionate economic gain, our benevolence will show eventual profits as high as those of the shrewdest usury. That, of course, is only the economic side of a many-sided proposition. Security for the United States demands that a neighbor country should be educated to appreciate law and order and to attain contentment. It demands that a people geographically close to us, but distinct in origins and sympathies, should form as friendly and intimate an understanding as possible of our ideas. In addition, then, to the very real impulse of good will we have reasons of self-interest—which coincides with the interest of the Mexicans—for wanting their most hopeful students in our colleges.

The time is ripe for bringing them here. The revolution of 1911, led by Francisco Madero, himself a man familiar with American education, fixed upon the present Mexican Government the policy of elevating, and especially of mentally elevating, the people. The Mexican educational effort, now some two years under way, must, if continued, soon bring thousands of students to the stage where they require institutions more advanced than Mexico has itself

yet had opportunity to develop in order to carry them further.

Persian Students May Come Here

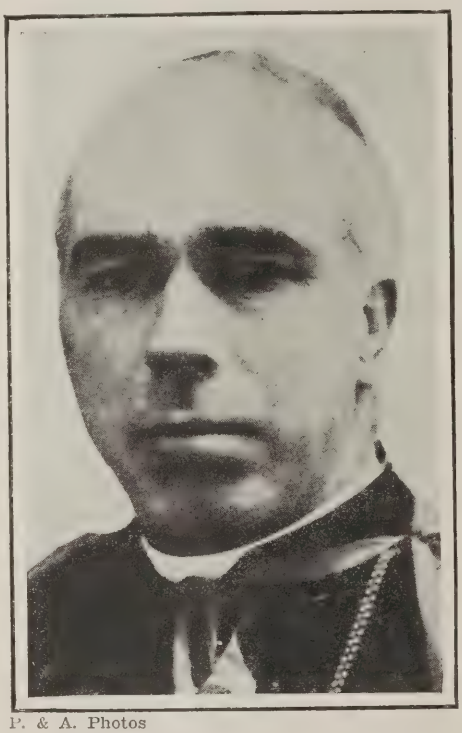
In a manner similar to the use of the Boxer War indemnity fund for the education of Chinese students in the United States, the State Department has suggested to the Government of Persia that the fund which it was to have paid for the expense of bringing back to this country the body of Vice-Consul Imbrie be established as a trust fund for the education of Persian students at institutions of higher learning in the United States. It is believed that the Persian Government will assent to the suggestion of this Government, which has been presented through the American Chargé d'Affaires at Teheran, and that it will result in the promotion of more friendly relations and a better understanding between the peoples of the two countries. The coming to American colleges and universities of Chinese students during the past decade or more has helped to give the people of China, through their leaders trained here, a better conception of the aims and purposes of the United States in its dealings with that country. Similarly, the coming of Persian students to this country cannot fail to be an influence for good in the relationship between the two countries.

A High-Minded Irish Cardinal

Born in a peasant's cabin, Michael Logue attained the princely rank of Cardinal, the highest ecclesiastical office in the Roman Catholic Church save that of the Pope himself. By the friends of order, fairness, and peace in Ireland he will be held in high esteem for his personal influence as well as for his ecclesiastical dignity.

When the two factions in Ireland, three years ago or more, were at the worst point of violence, Cardinal Logue in his Lenten pastoral letter had the courage to denounce as criminal all acts of lawless violence by whomever committed. He declared that "the lying in wait and shooting of policemen or soldiers is not an act of warfare, but plain murder. . . . No reason adduced nor any end, however noble, could justify it." With equal directness he denounced lawless acts committed under the plea of reprisal (having plainly in mind the alleged excesses of the so-called Black and Tans) as wanton oppression and injustice.

Further than this, Cardinal Logue's influence was strong in bringing about the acceptance of the Dominion plan for Southern Ireland. It was because Cardinal Logue and other high ecclesiastics in the Irish hierarchy approved the era of peace and the attempt to secure self-government without independence that



P. & A. Photos

Cardinal Logue, Primate of All Ireland, who died November 19

men like Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins, Sinn Fein leaders and ardent Catholics, signed the London Treaty.

Cardinal Logue was for many years the Primate of All Ireland—that is, Archbishop of Armagh. He was in his eighty-fifth year when he died on November 19, and his activity up to his final illness was remarkable; for instance, he took the lead only last year in an appeal to the British Government to release political Irish prisoners. He visited America some sixteen years ago, and was received by President Roosevelt in Washington.

Cardinal Logue had been a bishop (becoming in turn first coadjutor to the Primate and then Archbishop) fourteen years when Pope Leo XIII bestowed the red hat upon him. Cardinal Logue was the successor of one hundred and thirteen primates (reckoning back, possibly a little mythically, to the days of St. Patrick), and he was the first Irish ecclesiastic to attain the dignity of the Cardinalship.

Armagh, where Cardinal Logue had his official and personal dwelling, is famous historically as having been the chief city of Ireland between the fifth and the tenth centuries. It was sacked over and over again by the Danes in those days, and violence still befell it when, after the Reformation, there were battles between the English and the Irish. It is the see for All Ireland both of the Roman Catholic and of the Anglican Churches. Each has its own Cathedral; and, oddly enough, it is the Anglican Church which occupies an ancient church dating from the twelfth century, which is supposed to stand on the site of one erected five centuries before that by St. Patrick himself.

Fiddle-De-Dee

While a large modern orchestra behaved as much as possible like a locomotive, an audience in Carnegie Hall, New York City, sat in its customary solemnity. If it had been in Paris, the audience would have been shouting with joy. American audiences, however, are accustomed to look upon a symphony orchestra with something like reverence. They seem to believe that anything which is offered at an orchestral concert must be taken seriously. Music, they seem to think, cannot really enjoy itself without being vulgar; and, since there can be no vulgarity at a symphony concert, everything on an orchestral programme must be heard with a straight face.

Even American musical critics seem loth to believe that a composer can have a sense of humor. Or perhaps they cannot bear to think of writing anything about music which would lead American audiences to the brink of disillusion. One critic, having heard this orchestra imitate a locomotive in four separate concerts—though, as he apparently failed to see, in the presence of four different audiences—complained that the performance was approaching the dimensions of a nuisance; but not even he suggested that it was carrying a joke too far.

For this bit of humor on the concert platform Mr. Walter Damrosch, whose own sense of humor is delightfully evident in his recently published autobiog-

raphy, was responsible. He was abroad last summer, and brought back with him an orchestral composition by the French composer Honegger entitled "Pacific 231." Koussevitzky, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has produced it for his Boston audiences.

What theorist can explain the harmonic ventures of such a composer as Honegger? Beethoven, who himself was regarded as a harmonic innovator in his day, would, if he were to return to earth, find it a hard task to understand them. Even Wagner would not recognize his musical offspring, and yet it is within the memory of people now living—though sometimes it seems as if it were generations ago—that the conventional musical joke ran something like this:

"Was that Bridget falling downstairs with an armful of dishes?"
"No. It is only sister Anne playing Wagner."

Now Scriabine, who only a few years ago sounded very noisy, is becoming old-fashioned. Composers think nothing of writing in two or more keys at once. Honegger is one of these to whom nothing discordant seems alien. He is therefore just the one to draw the portrait of a huge transcontinental locomotive in orchestral colors. He has a childlike interest in railway engines. He confesses that he has "always passionately loved" them. In this case he has chosen as his heroine, so we are told, one of the huge locomotives of the Pacific type—"No. 231." First the strings let off the steam, then the laboring double basses with the aid of the rest of the orchestra slowly begin the lumbering rhythm of the starting pistons. Little by little the orchestra accelerates the rhythm, and soon the tonal train is rushing at high speed along the pathway of time. When it finally draws up in the station, the audience has a right to appear bored or indignant or amused, but no right to appear merely serious.

All programme music has an element of humor in it. If it is not intentional on the part of the composer, so much the worse for the composer. Humor is the only justification that programme music has. Such a work as "Pacific 231" involves perhaps too great effort for too slight an effect. The mountain is so big a mountain, and the mouse so small a mouse. Nevertheless, since the composer is willing to take the pains to make such an elaborate bit of humor, why should not an audience enjoy it? Most concert audiences need some period of relaxation during a programme. Why not enjoy it when it comes?

A more successful bit of humor was that of Albert Spalding's in the string quartette which was performed recently by the Flonzaleys. Some of our sophisticated modern musicians have regarded Mr. Spalding as somewhat behind the times in his musical ideas. He really seems to enjoy the beauty of melody and the concourse of sweet sounds. No one denies his melodic gifts as a composer. It was not surprising that the first movement of his string quartette should give pleasure—though it may have been reprehensible for it to do so. The most sophisticated in the audience, however, ought to have been prepared for something when they read in the programme that the second movement was designated "Burlesca." It was a scherzando. Its rhythm proved stimulating, but harmonically it was thoroughly up to date. It was as if Spalding were saying to his audience, "I can master horrendous dissonance as well as the next fellow, and I will prove it to you." And when he had made his demonstration he returned in his two final movements to the world of beauty and concord. Of course the whole quartette is based on harmonic ideas that would not have been approved a generation ago; but Mr. Spalding's courage consists, not in following the fashion in dissonance, but in asserting his right to the enjoyment of something else as well.

Music, however, like every other art, may have its different gradations of humor; and one reason why music as an art has not appealed to as wide a public as it ought—as wide a public, for instance, as the drama—is that it has felt itself too good for the crowd. Musical pharisaism is as unlovely as pharisaism of any other kind. Paul Whiteman may render the art of music a very great service by introducing it in forms that suit the taste of the multitude. He has been giving concerts with his jazz orchestra. With this band of about thirty pieces he has produced effects as sonorous and as colorful as a symphony orchestra. It is true that he smashes conventions by limiting his string band to about sixteen violins and a single double bass; but perhaps he has contributed something to the art of instrumentation when he shows how the effect of a full body of strings can be produced by the employment of saxophones in the inner parts. It was interesting to watch the audience the other night at Carnegie Hall. It was the sort of audience that might have filled a moving-picture theater, and yet most of the first part of Mr. Whiteman's programme consisted of music of most modern harmony and most complicated syncopated rhythm. Of course the fox trot predominated, just as in the eighteenth century the minuet did; and just as, later, the waltz; but Mr. Whiteman kept the simpler dance rhythms for the dessert of his feast. And that audience frankly laughed when they wanted to laugh. It was one of the most honest concert audiences I have ever seen. It laughed because the orchestra laughed. The jazz player can make the trombone and the horn and the clarinet chuckle, cackle, and shout with laughter. Why should he not? Shakespeare was not above clowning. Even in tragedy the buffoon has his place. Incidentally, out of this humor of jazz there may develop new uses for the wind instruments of the orchestra. More than that, out of jazz is coming some new material for the musical art of the future.

Surely if there were any doubt of that, it ought to have been laid to rest in the mind of any musician who heard George Gershwin play his "Rhapsody in Blue." Of course there is nothing absolutely unprecedented in the characteristic harmony of what is known as "blues." The alternation of minor and major in the same musical sentence, so to speak, had been employed by composers before jazz was ever thought of. One of the most tremendous instances of the use of harmonic "blues" is to be found in the opening measures of Brahms's Third Symphony. Nevertheless Mr. Gershwin has taken the characteristic elements of the "blues" and made of them a rhapsody for piano and orchestra that has high musical value. Tastes differ. No one can argue about them. It seemed to me at the time that there was more musical substance in that rhapsody of Gershwin's than in a rhapsody of Liszt's. There was much in that blue rhapsody, which might better perhaps be called a free concerto, that seemed not unworthy to be placed alongside of passages in Schumann and in Brahms. And that audience that came



(C) Underwood

Funeral of the man who was known in Chicago as the ruler of the underworld

to the concert in much the same spirit in which it would go to a performance of vaudeville recognized the stirring beauty in that composition and expressed its approval.

Perhaps by the lowly road of jazz musical art may be coming into its own kingdom.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

"The Funeral Orgies"

"HE always was good to the poor." This has been the tearful last tribute to many a bandit from the Italian hills, and to hundreds of the successors of Robin Hood. The latter is of course now entirely a hero of romance, his robberies forgotten in the light of his good deeds and the glamour of his adventures. In our day many a crooked politician, many a grafter who plundered the people indirectly of tens of thousands, but gave a few thousands of it back directly, has descended into the grave with the mourners sobbing, "He always was good to the poor." So also the sentimentalist murmurs of some scoundrel or other, "Yes, he murdered three or four innocent men, and led a life of black crime—but he always was good to his mother!"

In Chicago there was buried a week ago Dion O'Banion (perfect name for a highwayman!), the so-called "thirty-two-year-old ruler of the underworld." He was said to have been "the director of at least twenty-five murders;" he was a rum-runner, gunman, and—worst of all in the hierarchy of crime—a hijacker, that is, a robber who preys upon bootleggers. Like England's great criminal Charley Peace, he followed a blameless career by day; he was a florist. When three rival gunmen called to shoot him down, he was innocently engaged in trimming chrysanthemums.

His funeral was without the blessing of the Church, although burial in consecrated ground was permitted. But—he always was good to the poor—and so his clients and his lictors, his henchmen, his competitors, and his beneficiaries turned out by thousands. There were a thousand automobiles in line, twenty-five of them carrying "floral tributes." His widow sent a seven-foot heart, made of two thousand red roses. There was a seven-foot "wall of carnations," inscribed "To our pal—from the gang." There were two broken shafts, six feet high, of white carnations and red roses. Everything was in the best possible taste. Bands and orchestras played sweet music. The body of the deceased hijacker lay in a $10,000 silver and bronze coffin. Such lavishness would not be right for a rich man—but, he was always good to the poor. Over the grave was spread a floral blanket (ten men worked all day and all night to fashion it) made of pink roses, lilies of the valley, and orchids; it was tied at the corners with silver ribbons. The underworld is like the Negress who put on black underclothes for her husband's death: When they mourns, they mourns!

So celebrated they the funeral rites of mighty hijacking O'Banion.

The Higher Education of Women

FOR fifty years President L. Clark Seelye, who died on October 12 last, shortly after his eighty-seventh birthday, held under his eye Smith College, the child of his creation. President Eliot, of Harvard, is the only other educator in these times whose years have outspanned those of President Seelye. But Dr. Eliot was not the creator of Harvard College. President Seelye was the creator of Smith College. Chosen President three years before its actual beginning, he prepared the way, fostered with wisdom the small sum of money left for it by Sophia Smith, planned its course of study, and, amid many discouragements, fought with unfailing faith for the fulfillment of his vision of the higher education of women.

Dr. Seelye believed that a woman's intelligence was capable of receiving and profiting by exactly the same training as that given to a man's intelligence. He believed that a woman's college could require for its entrance exactly the same preparation as that required by the highest grade of men's colleges. And he believed that this preparation could be obtained without any preparatory school attached to the college.

In his inaugural address Dr. Seelye said that "education is a broad and thorough acquaintance with the greatest minds of the ages." Those minds were best understood, he believed, through the knowledge of the classics, science, and modern languages taught in colleges for men. Girls proved by examination that they were quite as able as boys to grasp that knowledge. Therefore, he implied, let the schools preparing boys for Harvard and Yale and other men's colleges expect to get girls ready for Smith in exactly the same way and in the same classes. It was from the New England

high schools that most of the early Smith students naturally came. Of course the later effect was to create a new type of preparatory schools for girls and to raise the standard of all girls' schools.

But, while he felt that women could profit by and should have every opportunity for the same college education as men, he went a step farther. He thought that they should have even more opportunity than men for acquaintance with the æsthetic side of the intelligence. As he said in his inaugural, "Too many of the grandest creations of human intellect are embodied in the fine arts to remain unnoticed by an institution which seeks the highest mental culture." He held that the highest products of thought and the highest products of emotion supplemented each other. "No artistic gift should be impoverished from lacking the nutriment of that broad and generous thinking on which alone it can grow to its greatest strength and beauty." The American college man might be hopelessly Philistine as regards æsthetic culture. President Seelye did not propose to have the college woman in the same predicament. Therefore time spent on music and art was counted as credit toward the degree of the regular Smith College student, and until this day is so counted. While special schools of music and art were temporarily established in connection with the College, every student in these special schools had to take some courses of a purely academic nature.

Finally, what did he conceive the fundamental purpose of the college to be? "It is not a school to make musicians, painters, or sculptors any more than it is to make poets, novelists, or astronomers, but a college to obtain that broad and thorough education in mind which is itself the best preparation for any calling." He lived to see a "vocational" course or two in the college—in education, in household chemistry, in landscape gardening. But, on the whole, Smith, like the main body of the other colleges for women and the colleges for men, has remained as he founded it, "a college of liberal arts." And his faith that a girl was better fitted to run a house or an office because she had had a college training of the mind has justified itself. Continuing to live in Northampton after his resignation, he was present like a benediction on all important occasions at the college.

The great financial ability of President Seelye, his practical sagacity and attention to detail, even his religious tenderness, are traits that have sometimes obscured his chief claim to immortality. It is only recently that the educational world, and even the alumnæ whom he called "his joy and his crown," have begun to perceive that in his conception of the potentiality of the average woman's mind and the training of that mind to the enrichment of the average woman's life lay the substance of his genius.

Conferences and Conferences

AMONG current beliefs there are few held more firmly than the presumption in favor of conferences. In particular, it seems to underlie discussions about international affairs. The very word conference seems to connote the solving of all problems. Is there a question of getting Germany to pay reparations? Call a conference. Do some nations consider other nations overarmed? Call a conference. Does the world in general seem to be in need of improvement? Call a conference. For every ill that mankind is heir to it seems often to be assumed that a conference is the only medicine.

This faith in conferences has survived a most discouraging experience. In the first place, the Peace Conference at Paris did not leave the nations exhilarated. Then the succession of conferences with a climax ascending to Genoa resulted in growing friction. Of course the Conference at Lausanne can hardly be cited as an example of the efficacy of conferences in general. The conferences at Geneva —for such, in fact, have been the meetings of the Assembly of the League of Nations—have been variously estimated. The two conferences since the war which are more widely acknowledged as successful in solving serious questions were the Washington Conference of 1921–2 and the London Conference of last summer. Yet even these two conferences have not escaped reproachful criticism as ineffective. Why, after such a record, should any one believe in the effectiveness of a conference as a method of settling international differences?

And yet faith in the conference as an instrument of international justice and good will seems almost as lively as ever. The more difficult the question, the more complicated and perplexing the circumstances surrounding it, the more persistent seems to be the demand for a conference to solve it. No question has vexed statesmen more continually than that of placing limits upon the forces and weapons of land—and air—warfare. It somehow seems to be assumed that the way to settle it is to call a conference of the nations to throw all their claims and demands together, and then to find some means of transforming all these demands and claims into concessions and sacrifices.

To doubt whether this is the best method of reaching international agreements seems to be regarded by many good people as very nearly treason to humanity.

This seems to be the chief foundation for the very widely accepted belief that if one does not have much confidence in the political value of the Assembly and Council of the League of Nations one must of course be committed to the theory that every nation should be a hermit nation. If one questions the usefulness of a general conference on the reduction of armaments one is likely to be called upon to explain how opposition to an armament conference can be reconciled with faith in the brotherhood of man or even with a desire for peace on earth.

All this exaltation of the international conference as a panacea is assumption. It is without basis in fact. It borders on the superstitious.

For certain purposes and under certain circumstances international conferences are valuable. For certain other purposes and under other circumstances they may be worse than useless—they may create rather than allay irritation. The more definite and limited the scope of an international conference and the more circumscribed its membership, the more likely it is, if we can judge by experience, to succeed in its purpose. The two outstanding examples of successful international conference—that at Washington and that at London—were both of them limited alike in object and in membership.

Even when both the object and the membership are limited, success may be doubtful. At present there is in session at Geneva the Opium Conference, which is very definitely limited in its subject-matter. There is practically one outstanding question with which that conference has to deal, and which will per-

sist until it is answered. Shall the nations that control the opium traffic of the world attempt to limit the evils of opium by limiting its production? No international question could assume a simpler form than that. Implicit in that question is this other one: Shall the production of opium be limited to that sufficient for the purposes of medicine and science? That is a simple question. The United States advocates the limitation upon the production of opium to that sufficient for these two purposes. Against this position of the United States are arrayed those forces of production and commerce which would be materially injured by the adoption of the American policy. The issue seems clear. Even in this comparatively simple instance, however, there are complicating questions. Japan and Britain became engaged in a dispute of great tensity over the question of recognizing opium import certificates. It is possible to recognize the value of such a conference as this, and at the same time recognize the dangers that accompany diplomatic exchanges of opinion in the open after this fashion.

Two advantages in international conferences must not be overlooked. One is the benefit which can be derived only from common counsel. It is the benefit that comes from cabinet meetings, whether in the White House at Washington or in the executive offices of a big business. It is the benefit derived from a genuine shop committee on which employer and employee are represented. The other is the benefit that comes from enlisting public interest in the questions under discussion. Whether these benefits will outweigh the dangers in any given case depends upon the nature of the conference and the spirit which actuates the participants. Any plan which would provide for calling on short notice for definite purposes conferences of a limited number of nations, the membership varying according to the requirements of each occasion, would minimize the dangers and utilize the benefits of the conference method.

After all, however, the diplomatic service is a continuing instrument for the adjustment of conflicting national interests. Diplomacy is, or ought to be, the art of adjusting those differences with the least possible friction. The real test of international fraternity is not the emotional energy expended in thinking and talking about good will and justice, but the effectiveness of what is actually, though perhaps quietly, done on behalf of justice in the spirit of good will.

Egypt and England

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt, just after the assassination of Boutros Pasha by a fanatical Egyptian radical, delivered an address before the University of Cairo, which has some nine thousand Moslem students, he boldly commented on the



Keystone

Major-General Sir Lee Stack, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, who was recently assassinated in Cairo

assassination as "an even greater calamity for Egypt than it was a wrong to the individual himself," and added, "The type of man which turns out an assassin is a type possessing all the qualities most alien to good citizenship." Again, when, soon after, Mr. Roosevelt delivered his Guildhall speech in London, in the plainest but most courteous words he told England, "Either you have a right to be in Egypt or you have not. Either it is or it is not your duty to establish and keep order. If you feel that you have not the right to be in Egypt, if you do not wish to establish and keep order there, then by all means get out of Egypt."

Although the political and international conditions of the present Egyptian situation differ from those in 1910, the underlying principles then laid down by Mr. Roosevelt still apply. Great Britain has tried to treat the Egyptian situation gingerly rather than consistently. She never will relinquish her intention to guard the Suez Canal, the main artery of British trade and power in the East, nor will she give over to Egyptian control the Sudan, which England brought into subjection after Gordon's death, which she has helped in its first steps toward civilization, and for which she has made possible a future rich in productive values. But, while Great Britain would under pressure be willing to enforce this resolve by stringent measures, she has in fact "muddled along" in the true British fashion with temporary makeshifts and governmental devices.

When Great Britain laid down the Protectorate she had exercised over Egypt during the Great War and established Egypt as a nominally sovereign country with King Fuad at its head, she left many things unsettled. Among the most important was the control of the Sudan. Nominally, Egyptian forces were joined with British forces to maintain peace, but practically the British were in command. The extreme Nationalists, who have clamored for absolute independence much as the Irish extremists have done, insist that the Sudan shall be turned over entirely to the Egyptian Government. The Egyptian Prime Minister, Zaghloul Pasha, went to England to urge all sorts of concessions in Egypt. He met with no success. Mr. MacDonald, then Premier, was not prepared to say what Great Britain would do. So Zaghloul returned and told his people that what was needed in Egypt for the present was internal reforms—a very true statement, but enraging to the violent radicals who dreamed that British power and influence might be banished from Egypt.

The agitation and the poisonous and murderous fanaticism increased. The assassination of Major-General Sir Lee Oliver Stack, Sirdar—that is, commander-in-chief of the Egyptian as well as of the British army in the Sudan—and Governor-General of the Sudan, grew out of hateful propaganda against any kind of British rule, direct or indirect, in Egypt. This murder was not the act of a single frenzied individual, but was evidently part of an insurrectionary political plot. General Stack was the real ruler of

the Sudan and was carrying on the development and improvement of that enormous district after Kitchener's occupation in 1898. He stood to the insensate Nationalists as a symbol of British domination.

The conditions under which Great Britain established a limited autonomy in Egypt in a measure resembled those imposed by the United States on Cuba when Cuba was allowed to set up its own Government. In both cases the feeling was that the new nation was to be in important respects a ward of the former governing Power; that it should not interfere in foreign matters; that its finances should be kept straight; that it should not do things that would bring about international trouble; that it should preserve peace and order.

The penalties imposed by Great Britain under the ultimatum of Lord Allenby, who acted as British High Commissioner, were severe, but the need of impressing all Moslem countries with England's fixed purpose of preserving its communication with the East and keeping its hold on India made severity necessary. The situation that followed was serious, but has been relieved by the resignation of Zaghloul Pasha and the establishment of a temporary Ministry under Zuwar Pasha, who is described as being reasonably well disposed toward Great Britain. The indemnity of £500,000 and the apology for the assassination were readily agreed upon. But Stanley Baldwin's Government went further than this. It evidently thought that now was the time to take drastic steps in straightening out the relations of England and Egypt. It demanded, therefore, the withdrawal of Egyptian troops and officers from the Sudan, with the plain intimation that if it was not done they would be put out; it rapidly sent warships and troops toward Egypt; it declared that the governing system in Egypt should be changed whenever necessary to protect British and other foreign interests. Opinion differs in England as to whether all this should be made a part of the outcome of the assassination of General Stack. But the London "Times" points out that the crime was one of political importance and with a possibility of disastrous reactions, and that therefore strenuous measures are needed at once to guard the Sudan "against the predatory clutch of Egyptian Nationalism" and to keep Egypt from "slipping steadily down into a morass of anarchy and corruption."

There has been talk of an appeal by Egypt to the League of Nations against the British exactions. Egypt is not a member of the League, but it is said that there is precedent for such an appeal by a non-member nation against a member nation. Probably, as in the Corfu incident, the matter would be settled before the League could tender its advice—it could do nothing else. But if the Protocol lately passed by the League Assembly, but not yet confirmed, were in force now, what would happen? Let us suppose that Egypt appealed for arbitration (as a non-member nation could do), that the League asked England to withhold action and arbitrate, that England refused as contrary to her integrity and honor. Then the League could call on all her other member nations to prevent by force any military acts—such as putting Egyptian troops out of the Sudan. Does any one believe that, in this illustrative case, the Protocol would work?

After the Landslide

Staff Correspondence from Washington

By Dixon Merritt

"HEY, boys, where do we go from here?"

Though in semblance less slang-fraught, that in substance is what Washington is asking itself since election. True, chaos has been avoided and Coolidge has been secured. Order is to be maintained, not merely, but restored in those important places where there has been disorder—not organic, the doctors hope, but certainly functional disorder. But what order is it that is to be restored and maintained? Who is to do the job and how? And what is to be done with those old elements of disorder which, no more orderly than before election, persist? In short, how are we to escape the system, which has troubled us for some years, of three parties in Congress, transient coalitions, semi-permanent but ever-shifting blocs? And how return to the old way, which now seems so excellent because it has been a little while inoperative, of two parties intrenched behind definite principles and firing point blank at each other, undisturbed by enfilading bushwhackers on their flanks?

Though Congressional leaders express it not so bluntly, the caldron simmers down to this—what is to be done with La Follette and those other recalcitrants who, whether they voted for La Follette or not, flee the party reservations at will? The question concerns both old parties, and very likely it concerns the Democrats more vitally than it does the Republicans. With the Republicans the concrete question is this: Shall the La Folletteites and other recalcitrants be recognized as members in good standing of the Republican Party council? With the Democrats the question is: Shall the Democratic Party keep itself to itself, sternly refusing coalitions for specific purposes with Republican recalcitrants? No doubt about it, both old parties would like to snub the radicals. Little doubt about it, both old parties will hold the radicals in contempt, though both may give them a sort of cold and reluctant recognition. There are dangers to both parties in openly snubbing La Follette or any other radical, and that remains true even if it be accepted as a fact that the decisive defeat of the La Follette-Wheeler ticket destroyed the possibility of a permanent third party.

There are immediate questions of expediency involving public welfare, laws that must be passed, and parts of laws that must be unpassed during the forthcoming session of the old Congress and during the incumbency of the Congress just elected. The radicals, though conceivably they may never figure as a party in another election, have a large possible importance to both old parties in this regard.

Throw Them Out! Well, Perhaps

THE Republican disposition to read the radicals out of the party is unmistakable. But there are at least three reasons why they will not be read out immediately. The most practical of these is that the Republican organization is not sure that it can count a clear

majority without them. Another is that a recalcitrant, after a trouncing, may become docile. The third, held by a smaller number but as a deeper conviction, is that a political party is not justified in practicing close communion, that the man who comes to the table is to examine himself and so eat.

The recalcitrants, La Follette and all, are invited into the Senate caucus of Republicans to select a leader in the place of Senator Lodge. That caucus is held as this issue of The Outlook goes to press, and the selection will be made with La Follette, Brookhart, and the others voting.

Whether recalcitrant radicals will be invited into other Republican caucuses is still to be determined. So also is the more important question whether or not, even if permitted to sit in caucus, they will be accorded the rights of brethren in good standing on the floor and in committee assignments. Both views are expressed by leading Republicans. There are those who will be dissatisfied if La Follette and his like are given anything other than minority consideration when the Senate committees are made up. The same thing is true in the House. Representative Longworth, most notably, has made vigorous declaration that those who are not Republicans in fact must not be permitted to reap benefits by wearing the name. The belief is expressed in one camp that by this declaration Longworth defeated himself for the Speakership. On the other side, it is said that Longworth spoke like a true and fearless Republican and that he will reap his reward.

Fence Jumpers Waiting for a Fence

On the Democratic side there is equal difference of opinion with—as seems to be usually the case in the Democratic household—more important consequences awaiting the decision. Those who may be called organization Democrats are decidedly disgusted with the radicals and with themselves in large measure for having associated with the radicals.

As a matter of party expediency, the Democrats during the last session of Congress made common cause with the radicals on many things. Not only did the party receive no benefit from the coalition, but, it is asserted, was greatly injured by it. This is said to be true, not merely because La Follette and Wheeler drew more votes from the Democratic than from the Republican ranks, but because the radical associations of the Democratic Party drove many formerly stanch adherents to the Republican Party. These things may or may not be true, but the belief that they are true has brought old-line Democratic leaders to a determination that the Democratic Party must henceforth play a lone hand according to the established rules of Hoyle.

But the trouble here is that the Democrats do not know how many of them may be left to play such a game. The Republicans can count, with fair assurance of accuracy, the nominal members of their group who will disregard party lines. They are the ones who during the last session opposed the Administration and frequently made common cause with the Democrats. No such definite counting can be done by the Democrats. Democrats plus Insurgents constituted the minority. There was no incentive, indeed no occasion, for Democrats to stray beyond the confines of the reservation. And nobody knows how many of them would so stray if the occasion and the incentive offered. In short, nobody knows how many radicals there are on the Democratic side. Only Wheeler is definitely tagged, but there are certainly others who will jump the fence if a fence is ever built up.

In the determination of old-line Democrats to build a fence and in the jumping proclivity of individual Democrats may lie the possibility of the third party's gaining enough strength to insure a measure of permanency sufficient, at least, to carry it into another election.

The old-line Democratic attitude toward the radicals reminds one of a line from Robert Louis Stevenson in which a "lowbrow" character defined the attitude of an aristocrat when he wants to be exclusive—"Don't know you, do I?—damn you, did God make you?" Certain Democratic aristocrats, having been drunk and indulged in political libations with common radicals, now assume that attitude.

But how many Democrats will go over to the radicals? Will Walsh, of Montana, for instance? He, who was Permanent Chairman of the recent Democratic National Convention, and Senator Patton Harrison, of Mississippi, who was Temporary Chairman of the same Convention, are probably furnishing just now an illustration of how the Democrats may divide.

Senator Harrison, who hobnobbed with the radicals in securing the provision in the Tax Law for publicity of income tax returns, has now renounced his sin and declared that he will do all in his power to secure repeal of the provision. (We give him his baptismal name of Patton, therefore, believing that it better befits his reasserted aristocracy than the diminutive "Pat" to which he has usually answered.)

Senator Walsh, on the other hand, has declared that publication of tax returns is right, and that he will press for an amendment containing even more drastic publicity provisions.

This hardly sounds the declaration of a man who will go along with the old-line Democrats in the movement to purge the party of radical associations and restore it to its old-time position of influential austerity.

There are possibilities of all kinds of upsets. The radical wind may have ceased to blow, but the lashed waves still roll inshore. The forthcoming session of Congress will be as full of surprises, perhaps, as any that has preceded it.

Legislative Chores

Of concrete proposals for legislation at the short session there is dearth. Doubtless the old bill mill will grind its usual quantity of grist. The usual number of Senators and Representatives will strive to distinguish themselves by giving their names to some piece of legislation, needed or not. Some necessary new legislation must be introduced. A mass of left-overs, loose ends of appropriation legislation, and the like that were tangled into an almost hopeless snarl last June will be attended to. But nobody talks of important new legislation except such as may be necessary to the routine needs of the Government.

Possibly an effort will be made to amend the Tax Law. It is certain that President Coolidge has not changed his position on that point and that one of the policies of his Administration will be to secure for the country the kind of tax legislation which he advocated during the last session. But the approaching short session is not a session of a new Congress. Except for the few who have died, the same men who occupied Senate and House seats through the turbulent days of last spring will occupy them throughout the forthcoming session. The new Congress, in which the Republicans may reasonably count upon a clear majority over all, will not convene for a year unless called in special session. Asking amendments of any consequence from the same Congress which passed the Tax Law would probably result only in new turmoil, such as would be aroused by the Walsh proposal for a more searching publicity provision. Any worthwhile revision of tax laws need hardly be expected until the new Congress meets. Whether or not the President will call an extra session probably depends upon how insistent the country is upon a better Tax Law, and the general desire for economy may bring willingness to wait a while.

The Republicans will elect a new leader of the Senate, possibly Senator

Warren, of Wyoming. When the Senate meets, he will have completed thirty-four years of service as a member of that body. He is the senior member in point of service. The filling of this position is made necessary by the death of Senator Lodge.

The contests over President Pro Tem. of the Senate and Speaker of the House will not be decided, perhaps, until the new Congress meets, though rivalry for these positions will exert an influence over what is done at the short session, including the admission of irregulars to regular standing.

Four Italians and Their American Counterparts

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

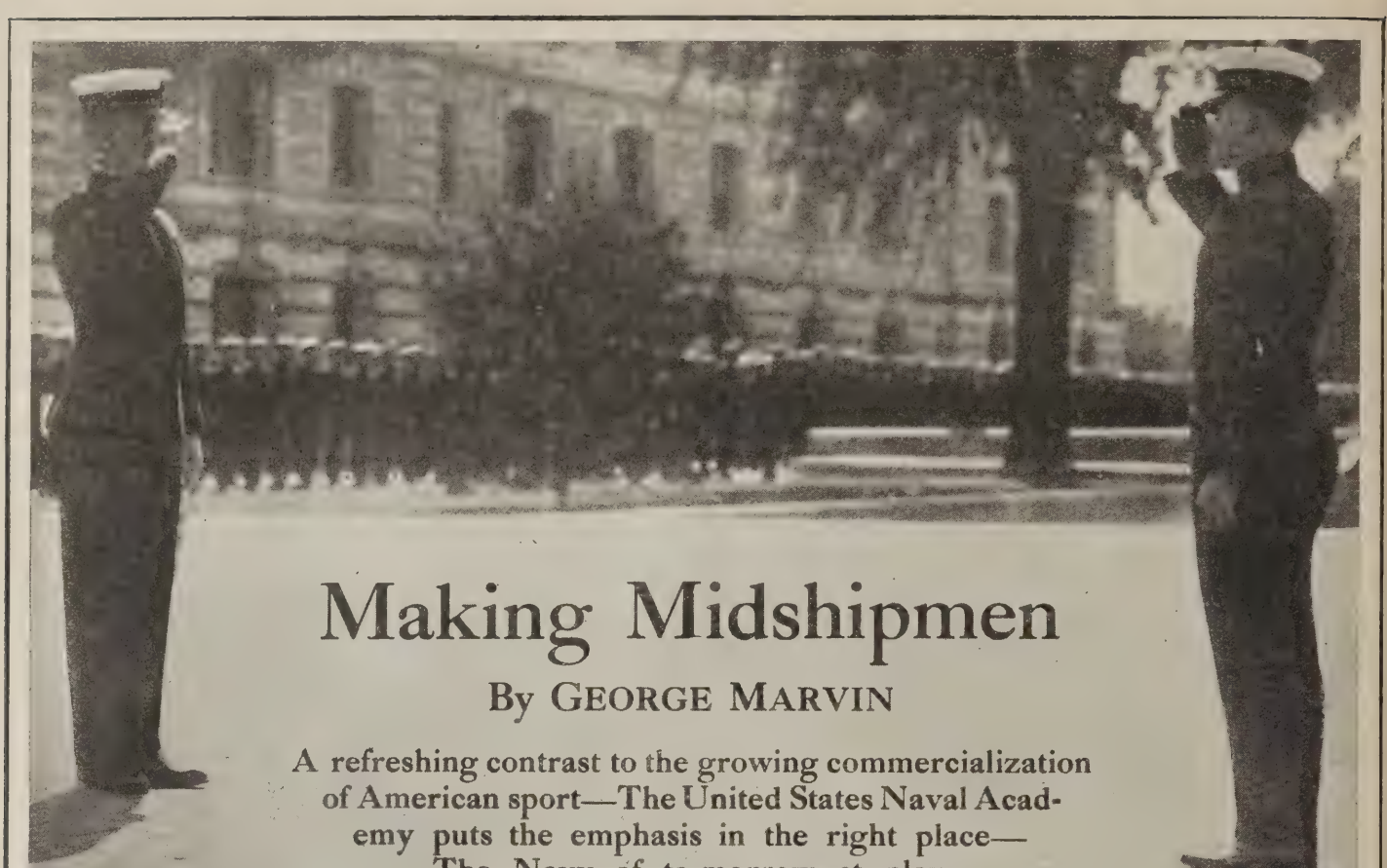
THE four great pillars of Italian unity—Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel—find their counterparts in Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Coolidge.

A century ago Italy was divided into many self-governing, mutually jealous provinces and kingdoms. Giuseppe (Joseph) Mazzini, a young Genoese, became convinced that "the true aim of patriots should be the unity of all Italy." He was the first Italian statesman to declare that "some day Italy must exist as one free nation." To realize this ideal the great thinker and prophet dedicated his life. A half-century before, George Washington had delivered our country from a foreign yoke, only to discover that it was still a composite of thirteen mutually jealous, practically self-governing States. He then dedicated himself to their union; he was one of the inspirers of our Federal Constitution, and he became the first President of the *United* States. In their similar endeavors, Mazzini and Washington had to endure misunderstandings, malice, slander. But both men remained steadfast to the end. Both succeeded. Both made their names immortal.

If Mazzini and Washington can be called the fathers of their respective countries, it may be said with equal truth that Cavour and Lincoln were their saviors. In 1848, that great revolutionary year, Count Camillo Cavour, of the old Piedmont aristocracy, threw off the traditions of his caste and in newspaper articles and addresses demanded that the whole Italian people should be free and united as never before, their freedom to be secured by constitutional grants. Constitutions were granted, but years passed before all Italy was free and united. Cavour had long been Prime Minister of Piedmont when in our Central West a voice proclaimed that America should not exist half slave and half free—the voice of Abraham Lincoln. That cry carried him to the Presidency. He did not hesitate, any more than did Cavour, to appeal to the arbitrament of war, for both men hated tyranny and would use force whenever necessary to put it down. In Italy there was tyranny a-plenty, but Cavour's special abhorrence was Russia; if he despised her monarchical absolutism then, what would he say to the infinitely greater revolutionary despotism now? Another similarity between the two men was that neither truckled to the shadow, popularity, but cared only for the substance, power. Still another similarity was that neither man was a victim of that fatuous belief in a kind Providence, always righting state affairs, muddle them as men may—no, the mills of the gods grind grimly for those muddlers. In the nineteenth century Cavour and Lincoln, of keen insight, of simple, dignified bearing, of boundless tact, of generous boldness, were the greatest statesmen in Europe and America. To them was justly vouchsafed the triumph that after their deaths the progress of their respective governments was to be guided by their vanished hands. Within ten years of Cavour's death Italy, acting out his policy, was entirely united, and in that period America, carrying forward Lincoln's policy, recovered from the Civil War and the North and South came together in a new union.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, a seaman, born at Nice, led, like Theodore Roosevelt later, a life of daring. This was evident, whether Garibaldi appeared as Deputy in Parliament, or whether he led a thousand men across the sea from Quarto, near Genoa, to Marsala in Sicily, or whether he entered Palermo and Naples at the head of other thousands. The noblest of the Italian youth flocked to his standard, as later the noblest of American youth flocked to Roosevelt's. Quick, energetic, brilliant in movement, even changing tactics, if necessary, in their love of high adventure, these leaders never lost sight of their objective. Nor did they query so much whether they might be exceeding the bounds of the strictly allowable as whether their activity was by law distinctly prohibited. Finally, no leaders in either country ever made men thrill with such electricity of emotion as did these knights-errant, one of whom, Theodore Roosevelt, was to show himself a peculiarly able and astute Executive.

A characteristic both of King Victor Emmanuel II and of our present President, Calvin Coolidge, was and is to treat all parties with equity; a habit equally remarkable for shrewdness and common sense—"common sense," that Coolidge phrase. Another characteristic was and is that of justice; Victor Emmanuel was proud of the title given him, *"Re Galantuomo"*—"The Honest King" (it really means more, namely: "valiant for the truth")—and Mr. Coolidge may well pride himself on the title, "The Just President." Furthermore, the Italian King's policy has also been our President's, that is: "never to provoke revolution, but to develop the institutions of liberty and nationality." Finally, the administrations of these two rulers were and are marked by better financial and economic conditions: in Italy this was brought about by the remission of oppressive taxes and the imposition of a more even tax distribution; in our country the saving to taxpayers during the Coolidge régime can be measured by billions of dollars. In Italy then as in America now there was apathy among many who would not take the trouble to register themselves or to vote; then as now there was a feverish desire on the part of upstarts, demagogues, and extremists to pull down the people in power by right of ancient tradition, and then as now there was such blocking by legislators as would have resulted in bringing governments to a standstill. Fortunately, then there was a real man at the head, Victor Emmanuel, just as now there is a real man at the head, Calvin Coolidge. Such men, fearing nothing from the accusations of political weathercocks and unintimidated by demagogic extremists, welcome any electoral or legislative struggle. They know that through it an honest, able, and courageous executive ultimately gains more than he loses.



Making Midshipmen

By GEORGE MARVIN

A refreshing contrast to the growing commercialization of American sport—The United States Naval Academy puts the emphasis in the right place—The Navy of to-morrow at play

NOCTURNE: a long, long field that so nearly meets salt water at sea-level that field and the tidal estuary of Severn River seem one great gray expanse reaching out into the evening mystery of Chesapeake Bay. Where the channel of the river meets the bay a lighthouse stands up and winks a red eye confidentially to those on shore, signals apparently ignored on the full tide by the shadowy sails of fishing boats going calmly about their business in great waters. Out of the blackness of its slip the antique ferry, a galaxy of lights bound for the Eastern Shore of Maryland, is pulled jerkily across the stage by mighty unseen supers, marking by its course that place in the perspective where the water really does begin and where the five-yard white chalk marks, converging towards the unseen horizon, really must come to an end.

This and more for background. On the foreground twenty huge projectors throw an eerie light like that which creeps over the land in a solar eclipse or comes as the overture to a cyclone, an unreal radiance made up of the aftermath of day and twenty times one thousand watts of electric current. And in and out of the chiaroscuro thus created, as far down the field as you can see, dart and step, converge and separate, a myriad of agile human figures.

And this is football practice at Annapolis on the eve of the annual Army game, which brings the season to an end. Close at hand stand three Rembrandt portraits which are recognizable, from previous contact in the sober light of day, as Admiral Wilson, Superintendent of the Naval Academy; Commander "Brick" McCandless, Director of Athletics; and Paul Dashiel, who used to referee Harvard-Yale games in the nineteenth century, when we were in college, and has helped to produce sound midshipmen for so long a period of years that, as the law books say, "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The Macabre beauty of the nocturne is obvious to any one that hath eyes to see. Its meaning, which entirely escapes the eye, is translated by the Rembrandt gentlemen emerging from the crisp November night in the becoming overcoats and caps adopted by the Navy since the war. Immediately at hand here "secret practice" is going on. All over the country, before their crucial games, the college teams conduct their practice in secret, for of such, so the coaches believe, are the tactical and strategic chances of victory made. From the murk of secrecy the "Varsity" comes out on Saturdays to play its games, disappearing thereafter from the loyal ken of undergraduates. But here at Annapolis the secrecy seems to be a kind of gentlemen's understanding. No gates, no fences or walls, no low visibility. The Varsity field is separated from the "Scrub" only by one of the long white chalk marks which disappear into Chesapeake Bay, precisely like other white boundaries separating successive playing areas far down the animated nocturnal expanse of Farragut Field. A while ago a polite individual in a warrant officer's uniform with a shining shield of authority in his coat lapel has approached you and saluted, saying, "Pardon me, sir, are you Mr. So-and-So?" On receiving an affirmative reply, he moves off with a smile and another salute to identify one of several passing motor cars which has stopped on the edge of the grass. That is the only, intangible precaution. Are you, or are you not, of the family? A healthy and simple "secrecy" quite in tune with the whole spirit of sport and athletics at the Academy.

Six hundred midshipmen are playing football to-night. There is the idea in a nutshell—Commander McCandless's idea, Admiral Wilson's idea, the 1924 idea of the Naval Academy. Sport, recreational games, and physical training for the entire regiment of midshipmen, two thousand strong. Not a few hand-picked midshipmen for victory. The profession of the Navy is necessarily a

very active profession physically. The governing idea at the Naval Academy, the animating principle that runs through the day and the four years of the course, is the making of competent naval officers. That is the object of sport at Annapolis, not beating West Point, though the entire Academy and the entire Navy of alumni would rather beat the Army than all their other competitors put together.

Consistently with this central idea the authorities at Annapolis have deliberately handicapped the "Navy" in its annual contests with the "Army" in the interests of sound sportsmanship. By a ruling adopted two years ago, no first-year man may now represent the Naval Academy in any form of competitive athletics. As the age limit for entrance at Annapolis is twenty—two years younger than at West Point—this rule, which puts the Navy on a par rating with Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, and other leading universities with regard to the eligibility of migratory athletes, makes it almost impossible for men who have represented colleges in competitive games during three or four years to qualify after graduation for four more years of athletic glory at the Naval Academy.

"What's this place for, anyhow?" roars Commander McCandless, who personifies graphically the sturdy, robust, and normal ideas of sport for sport's and the Navy's sake, which he strenuously advocates. "To provide amusement for the public? No. We don't want to commercialize our sport here. We haven't a single ticket to sell to the public. Our games are primarily for the regiment of midshipmen who play them, and secondarily for their families, graduates of the Academy, and those members of the Federal Government who are concerned with the service. Here's a National institution founded and run for the purpose of making sound midshipmen, sound naval officers—yes, and I'd say, sound citizens. We are glad to make our original contribution to the athletic wealth and good sense of the Nation. We are not interested in making a rehash of the products of other institutions for the sake primarily of winning victories and making Roman holidays."

No admission is charged for any of the sports held at the Naval Academy. The spectators, to the extent of the moderate seating capacity, are the Navy's guests. But Commander McCandless's statement is misleading in one respect. Admission is charged by the management of the big fields at the Polo Grounds, at the University of Pennsylvania, or now, this year, at the new and top-heavy stadium at Baltimore, for the annual football game between West Point and Annapolis, the proceeds of which go to help pay for the maintenance of athletics at both National Academies. Out of this fund and contributions to the Navy Athletic Association Annapolis pays the traveling expenses of all visiting teams, boards and lodges and entertains them freely and hospitably during their stay, and provides all necessary athletic equipment. A certain amount of commercialism is inevitably connected with the conduct of sport on a large scale. It is American to make a business out of recreation. But Annapolis has reduced the commercial element in competitive athletics to a minimum.

On the other hand, the really important element has been raised to something approaching nearly a maximum in a remarkably efficient system of physical training, games, and sports devoted to the single purpose of building competent officers for the United States Navy. The annual output of our American colleges and universities releases by graduation into civil life a very large proportion of young men who are in varying degrees physically unfit for their jobs. The diploma of the Naval Academy spells fitness. An ensign's uniform is the brand of qualification given to a midshipman who has passed through four years of physical requirements and satisfied rigid tests all the way. That uniform necessarily implies that its wearer is certified fit to command others and to command himself in the course of routine duty or in emergencies on board ship or ashore. This means much more than the civilian requirement for a good citizen. In appreciating how much it means we shall be able to rationalize the system of physical instruction and construction now in force at the Academy and to catch a glimpse, however necessarily superficial, of its thoroughness and of its beauty.

Most of us in civil life can go about our respective jobs as we individually please and get away with them. You can broke or bank authoritatively with a cigar in your mouth or slouch about the amassing of marginal millions on the "Street." Readers can't detect the shabby appearance of the author in his written word, and the tonsorial carelessness of a musician rather helps than hurts his music. In the Navy you have got to stand up and look like a man. More than that, in the somewhat elemental, but fundamental, respects that active service requires you must not only



The Colors



One of the class crews—"jet black on the shimmering reflection of the rising moon or arc lights ashore, a beautiful tableau of speed and rhythmic unison"

look like a man, you must repeatedly demonstrate in the course of daily business that you *are* one.

The relationship of a naval officer to his subordinates on active service demands that he impress them with authority. It is not enough that he possess the requisite qualities of leadership; he must put these qualities "across" not only by commands but very frequently by example. His is an alert, a vigorous, a fighting job. The abstract authority vested in him will prove in practice a pale thing unless he can substantiate it visibly by posture and in action. The first duty an ensign usually is called upon to perform independently after his sea assignment is taking command of swimming parties of enlisted men ashore or leading a division in setting-up exercises. During the first ten years of their sea careers all officers in the United States Navy are thrown daily into close association with their men, and they find that these men are intensely interested in all forms of competitive athletics. It is for the good of the service that this interest be kept alive and made as effective as possible. A large part of a naval officer's efficiency, therefore, involves the ability to lead, direct, and instruct his men in their sports.

Quite aside from this continuing relationship, and equally as important, are the recurring occasions and emergencies in a naval officer's life which call for the physical fitness which comes only after years of training. Coming aboard his ship from a "motor-sailer" on a dark night with a sea running, if an officer cannot jump for a careening gangway more than average well he is out of luck and in the water. The sea-fronts of many foreign ports are rough places. While waiting for his launch alone he is likely to be attacked; some of his own men, when blind drunk, will not recognize the gold braid of rank. The ensign, lieutenant, or commander must know how to protect himself from fair and foul attack. He must know how most effectively to use his fists, his cane, a sword, or an automatic, and at the same time deal with knives or guns or brass knuckles in the murderous hands of others. He must be fit and eager to lead landing parties under arms when there is serious trouble ashore and be capable of the acrobatic command of a cavorting, bucking destroyer in a heavy sea. And all of this in peace time, let alone the supreme tests of war.

Accordingly, life at the Naval Academy moves and has its being on the basis of a continuing physical requirement. Rhythmically it moves. If you are on hand at the end of any one of the daily recitation periods, you will see two drummers take their stations at the old Tecumseh figurehead half-way across the campus and, after a preliminary roll, start up a lively tattoo. By squads or platoons, by groups or sections, each under a leader, the midshipmen swing along the brick and concrete walks in step to the drums. Always in the prescribed uniform to suit season and weather, the going to and fro of these silent groups, far and near, fills the immediate landscape with a pleasant sense of vigor and healthful grace. The whole place is pervaded with the emphatic cadence of their passing. Later in the day two big bands of military music replace the drums for infantry drill by battalions. Lacking the rigidity and precision which have made the infantry maneuver at West Point for years the most perfect in the world, the regiment of midshipmen moves with almost equal perfection in alignment, but with a far easier, less formal, posture and gait. White leggings and glinting bayonets emphasize the cadence of the big bands and contribute to the genuine thrill which any normal lay spectator must feel in beholding such perfection of united movement and realizing, however dimly, the individual excellences of which it is fashioned.

While the one thousand young men who compose the dark navy-blue battalions are marching and counter-marching on the edge of the sea, the other two battalions, also a thousand strong, are going down to the sea in various kinds of ships. Long gray sub-chasers slip their moorings and stand out with foaming bows into the Bay. Each one of them in engine-room, deck force, charthouse, and bridge is manned by midshipmen under instruction. At the same time the Severn is patched by the white sails of the fleet of half-raters, each manned by a midshipman crew, which lie all day in a long line tied to the seawall, numbered in big black figures from one to twenty-five, until their personnel, running out from Bancroft Hall by platoons, sifts and disintegrates into small groups which eagerly jump aboard them. Then follows a flutter like gulls after an outgoing steamer, as ropes are cast loose, mainsails and jibs are set, and the whole argosy, following instructions as to course, beats bravely out to windward while the officer in charge on his impertinent launch whisks among them barking the megaphoned commands of his seamanship coaching. Other groups of sailors in white canvas clothes at the "double" come running down to davits where the twelve-oared cutters are slung up under cover. One by one the boats are swung overboard with a souse, crews jump on to the thwarts, oars are shipped, and on the white wakes left by the sub-chasers another fleet, with another agile launch to coach it, goes rowing more steadfastly out to sea.

All of this animation ashore and on the water comes under the head of "drill" and takes place daily from quarter-past three until half-past four. Hence the projectors. No midshipman gets a chance to play until after his work and his drill are done. By the time he has changed his clothes—and he changes them the way harness used to drop on a fire-engine horse—from drill requirements to the no less uniform requirements for recreation, the clock has moved ahead to 4:45, and in the football months darkness drops on Maryland at five. The Naval Academy saves all the daylight it can from the darkness of

6:30 A.M. to the twilight of 4:30 P.M. Then it plays by projectors.

The six hundred restless figures whom we have seen fantastically separating themselves from black shadows into the lurid glow of burning cities and back again are all organized and part of the system. Starting with "Squad A," the Varsity, conducting its wide-open, gentlemanly secret practice at one end of Farragut Field, the playing gridirons are allotted in order thereafter to "Squad B," the Scrub or Second Team and its substitutes, then to the "Plebe" (first-year, corresponding to freshmen in the colleges), First and Second Squads, and then to the four class teams. After them, merged into mob violence far down the long perspective, come the teams of the eight companies which make up the regiment. And that's not all the football. Over on Worden Field, at the other end of the campus, about two hundred more running figures with bare knees and rolled-over stockings, their games dramatically lit up by other projectors, are playing football more literally with their feet in "soccer" matches, a game which has only in the last two years become popular at Annapolis. And—a consideration which has apparently ceased to have any importance at many of our American seats of learning—"a good time is being had by all."

But this impressive nocturnal activity is only football and accounts for considerably less than half of the regiment of two thousand makings of competent naval officers. What are the others doing? Walk down by the bank of the Severn. No projectors here. But out on the indigo water you will see long dark objects moving swiftly, the racing shells of the Varsity, the Plebe, and the class crews. Now and then you will get one of them, jet black on the shimmering



E. B. Taylor, Captain of the Varsity Football Team

The future admirals take their sport as recreation—not business—at Annapolis

reflection of the rising moon or arc lights ashore, a beautiful tableau of speed and rhythmic unison. On your way back to Carvel Hall, the picturesque Annapolis hotel, you will hear a patter of sneaker-shod feet on the macadam, and the cross-country squad slips by bare-legged and bare-armed in the frosty night. The tennis courts are alive with sailors in white "middy" blouses and baggy white canvas trousers, blue-bound white caps on every head—uniform *de rigueur* for all general recreation not necessitating especial upholstery—playing, as a rule, very mediocre but healthy, projector-lit tennis. In the gymnasium you will find the basket-ball squads unlimbering, while the few midshipmen who have been reported "deplorably weak" on their last periodical examinations are taking corrective exercises on the prescribed apparatus. These are the only individuals who do not seem honestly to be enjoying themselves. In the shimmering green, Rhone River, water of the swimming pool, the largest inclosed pool in the United States if not in the world, some human dolphins are diving and maintaining themselves with superb ease in their native element. Every one of the two thousand midshipmen has *got* to be a *good* swimmer, and all but two of them actually are. By the time you have seen the rifle squads marching back from the ranges, and the lacrosse players shelving their paraphernalia, the hand-ball courts, the wrestling and boxing rooms, you are in a state of mind transcending that of the small boy at the three-ring circus. In all of these sports there are class and company competitions, in addition to the frequent contests with outside teams. On Thursday or on Sunday afternoons, when most of the competitive events take place, it is humanly impossible to witness more than half of them.

"Stay over, if you can," said Commander McCandless; "we have eight football games to-morrow afternoon."

Sports at the Naval Academy fit into their appropriate place in the whole plan of instruction adopted by the authorities to round out the education of a naval officer. As a group they are to be distinguished from drill and from physical training, both of which departments also involve a large amount of exercise. Mere-



A football game on Farragut Field—The sport at Annapolis comes right down to the sea (Chesapeake Bay). The field looks almost like part of the Bay, and people are going down to the sea in ships and having their business in great waters right alongside

ly to give a rough idea of the programme of physical training and tests would involve a separate article of this length. The work carried on in both departments is part of the regularly prescribed course of training. On the other hand, the games are optional. At least, regular participation in them is optional, although sufficient knowledge of them to qualify for intelligent oversight or even coaching of enlisted men is required. The spirit of sound sportsmanship at the Academy is therefore the more impressive when the records show that out of the total enrollment of two thousand necessarily healthy young men all but three or four hundred are regularly and voluntarily engaged every day in some form of recreational sport. As for the remaining four hundred, they may be accounted for in various ways. The evening period devoted to sports is also the only interval in the day which may be devoted to other occupations outside of the prescribed curriculum. The editorial boards of the Academy publications must do their amateur work in that period of two hours; the candidates for the "Masqueraders" meet and rehearse at that time, and the organization of the regiment demands that a quota of the midshipmen remain on watch in the various battalion or other offices which are always kept open or on extra duty while their comrades are at play. With the margin of discrepancy thus accounted for, it is doubtful if, with the possible exception of West Point, any other institution in the United States devoted to liberal education or the professions can show anything like such a high average in sport for sport's sake.

Resignation

By Eleanor Baldwin

I shall not tear the years apart
That life puts forth upon the tree,
Nor probe each fragrant bud to see
The wonder of its folded heart.

But I shall sit the green days through,
While one within that petaled room
Weaves, with unseen and silent loom,
Flower scent and leaf and silver dew.

I shall no longer interpose
With heat of will or pride of power;
I shall wait softly for that hour
When life will blossom with a rose.

The Real Master of Spain

By Henry Beston

The author of this article has just returned from a land where manners are still an art, though bayonets seem to rule

THE summer "palace" of Alfonso the Thirteenth at San Sebastian is badly in need of another coat of red paint, and looks like one of those verandaed mansions of the late eighties which linger on these days as second-rate country clubs. I have seen the King speed through its gate in a high-powered English motor car, a lean, pale, boyish man, smiling the automatic smile of a popular actor bored with his umpteenth encore, but I did not see the ruler of Spain. In Madrid, this summer, I watched the stout, serious, intelligent, and slightly pompous Marquis of something or other who used to be General Primo de Rivera before his recent ennoblement address a group of callers, yet again I missed the real master of the land. For the real power in Spain today is not the King, nor even the handful of army officers who are temporarily at the head of affairs. The real master of Spain is your conscript soldier of the national army of Spain—your Juan, your Enrique, your Jésu Maria—a short, chunkily built youth, wearing the Spanish infantry cap of black patent leather, a navy blue tunic, olive drab breeches, olive drab puttees, and black boots.

During my residence in Spain I came to know quite intimately an army officer of high rank who had been stationed in Barcelona at the time of the revolt. It will be recalled that General de Rivera was then in command of the troops in the Barcelona area, and that the "revolution," the *coup d'état*, or more simply the military mutiny, began in his regiments. I once asked my friend rather frankly about his share in the events.

"My task," said he, "was to explain our plan to the troops at the Fort of St. James, and ask them if they would stand by us. It was somewhat of a ticklish job, for had the soldiers turned a deaf ear, we would have all been tried for treason, and probably shot. But our misgivings were baseless. The garrison assented as one man. And once the troops were with us, the rest was easy enough."

So frequently has the new administration of Spanish affairs been coupled with the name of General de Rivera that the world mistakenly associates the "revolution" with a mere handful of officers. The truth of the matter is that this same "revolution" was really the work of the whole national army, for without the allegiance of the troops throughout Spain there would have been civil war.

An important point which I never find mentioned in discussions of Spanish affairs is that military mutinies and military governments are nothing new in Spain. The Spanish are more accustomed to them than any other European people; military governments are part of their history. In 1820 a military mutiny under General Rafael Riego drove Ferdinand VII from his throne, but Riego was unable to hold things together, and the resulting disorder

brought about a French intervention in 1823. In 1841 a military rising under the famous General Espartero brought about a change of government and the exile of the Queen, but in 1843 Espartero was himself expelled by a countermutiny. The troublous years of 1868-74 found the Kingdom under the virtual control of the national army, led by Generals Francisco Serrano and Juan Prim.

There is even a modern precedent for General de Rivera's overthrow of the civil government. On January 3, 1874, General Pavia, Military Governor of Madrid, turned a corrupt parliament—"the Cortes"—into the street, and harried home the rhetoricians, adventurers, and plain rascals who made up its unlovely membership.

It is my belief that the Spanish have submitted to these military administrations because the Spanish race is essentially military and masculine—*varonil,* as the Spanish say. "Spain is the western frontier of Europe, and frontier peoples have always been military," said Don Euselio Zuloaga to me one day in the course of a conversation.

The soldier of Spain rules to-day because he is armed. He is the man with the final argument. He it was who made possible the military régime, and before it shall pass the soldier will have to be persuaded to share in its overthrow. The dispossessed politicians, "the old gang," may protest as much as they please, the liberal intellectuals may hire a thousand halls, but Juan, Enrique, and Jésu Maria stand outside under the street light, with their brown peasant hands at the stocks of guns.

As Once in Belgium

RECENT news tells of a meeting of protest interrupted in Madrid and of disturbances at the frontier of the Peninsula. It is difficult to tell just what has happened, for the censorship is strict, but the state of mind which underlies the protest is no mystery.

To begin with, the Government headed by General de Rivera is not a true government at all, but a military *administration.* The kind of "government" that exists in present-day Spain is the same kind of "government" which existed in Belgium when that country was administered by officials of the German army. I do not mean by this remark to give an impression of harshness and ruthlessness, for life in Spain under the de Rivera régime has been easy enough. I doubt if the casual observer would notice any change whatsoever. Army rule, however, is army rule; in social and political life it means obedience and discipline—hateful words in an age of democracies grown slovenly and corrupt; it means censorship, it means martial law; it means a swift and unsentimental justice.

Early last spring, for instance, a rascally official of the postal service conspired with certain civilians to rob a mail train. Their plot succeeded, and the two clerks of the mail car were found cruelly murdered at their posts. Within a short time the military administration had captured the criminals, tried them in a *military court,* and settled the thing with the aid of a firing platoon. The city of Barcelona, which has enjoyed a murder rate of an almost American brilliance, has become one of the most peaceable cities in the world.

Under the Sign of the Eyelid

NOW our human nature, as the sages have so bitterly complained, is exceeding wayward, and does not submit gracefully to masters, no matter how competent and well-meaning they may be. After a man has had a daily newspaper for three hundred and sixty-five days and has seen printed on it in large letters "Censored by the military censorship" exactly three hundred and sixty-five times, he is apt to become rather weary of censorship, and curious as to its right to exercise its office. This attitude is complicated by the fact that the Spanish people are extraordinarily tolerant. I am aware that this impression is not sustained by Spanish history; nevertheless it is true. A Spaniard who has wanted to declaim against the monarchy and rant about a republic has been always perfectly free to mount his soapbox. When such a man finishes speaking, the Spaniards, who are serious folk, make a casual gesture meaning "As you please, as you please," and pull down the lower eyelid of the left eye with their left forefinger—which universal national sign means, "You can't take me in, my dear fellow."

No, there are no parades of the inquisition, no solemn ritualistic pot-roasts, no "strong-arm" squads, no department of justice touts. Under the military administration, however, all this is a different story. Men have had to learn to hold their tongues and have care as to what they wrote.

Now when the army mind begins to impress itself on a nation's way of living and of thinking and ideas begin to take cover, the resulting discontent will invariably first show itself in a certain world—the world of the intellectuals. This is exactly what has happened in Spain. In the ancient, rabbit-warren dens of Spanish newspaper editors, in the corners of reading-rooms in modest clubs, in little cafés, and even in university cloisters. I heard continuous criticism this summer of the "intellectual arrogance" of the military administration. The censorship had destroyed the old tolerance—the Military Government was not looking forward to the inevitable day when the representative order must be restored—those opposed to the military policy had a way of being arbitrarily held in prison—harmless articles had been torn out of magazines.

Curiously enough, I found little sympathy with Miguel de Unamuno, the famous scholar and publicist whose protest forced him into exile. The reason for this lack of sympathy was a typically Spanish one—Unamuno's embittered, almost maniacal denunciations had overstepped the limits of courtesy and good taste. In "backward" Spain manners are still an art and a chivalric code which none may override.

It is to be noted that the protest was social and intellectual rather than political. The vanished Government had scarce a mourner, and there were few, few tears shed over the affront to democracy. The modern criticism of the democratic dogma has found many a champion among the intellectuals of Spain. Once in a while, of course, one did find an intellectual bewailing the fate of republican institutions in the best liberal style of 1848. A Spanish tirade *à la Hugo.* But such figures were few and far between.

The Intellectuals and Jésu Maria

DURING the last few days a protest against the military administration has been issued by a distinguished Spaniard and printed all over the United States. It is significant that this protest was not made by some liberal statesman, but an author—Blasco Ibañez. He mentions in it my friend and sometime host, Don José Ortega y Gasset, the distinguished Spanish scholar widely known for his study of the Kantian philosophy and its relation to modern life. To imagine Don José leading a revolt is to imagine William James leaving Cambridge to lead troops against McKinley.

The military administration has got on the nerves of the Spanish world that reads and takes an interest in affairs, and this discontent is the true Spanish background of the present disturbance. A squabble with "Anarchists" in industrial Catalonia, the uncertainty of the Moroccan campaign—these are minor and specialist elements. What really matters at present, of course, is the influence of "the intellectuals" on the soldiers Juan, Enrique, and Jésu Maria.

For the moment, I doubt if these good lads (and I have talked to dozens of them) know that "the intellectuals" exist!

Prize-Winning Sculptures at the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York City



Photograph by Peter A. Juley & Son

Persephone, by Gaetano Cecere
Awarded the Helen Foster Barnett Prize



Photograph, copyright 1924, by Malvina Hoffman

Mask: Anna Pavlowa, by Malvina Hoffman
Awarded the Elizabeth Watrous Medal

Evidences of a Religious Renaissance

By Kenneth Irving Brown

The story of athletes who tried to help, of ministers whose second thoughts were better than their first, and of a college president whose first thought was better than his second

LET it be admitted with candor that there is no great amount of rigorous religious thinking being done to-day, either by old or young. That was the condition which I met everywhere. There is very little antagonism shown to religion, outside of a certain radical labor group, and a few of the intelligentsia who, of course, recognize clearly that they have far outgrown the need for "the spiritual anæsthetic" which their fathers called religion; but there is to-day a great deal of indifference. I emphasize this to forestall the criticism that my observations can apply only to a limited number; admittedly that is true. There has been up to the present no spiritual revival among the young people *en masse;* they have not "got religion" in any of the senses in which our fathers used that term. And yet there are within that group which we have called Experimentalist, certain modes of thinking, certain standards of action, certain articulate desires, which are legitimate causes for optimism. Here are three practical reasons, taken from the lives of our young people, why faith in them and in the future is a reasonable demand.

The Religion of Sportsmen

I WROTE in an earlier article that the great demand being made by young people of religion is that it be useful. This insistence that religion be the concern of Monday as well as of Sunday has far-flung consequences. It removes at once the burden of proof from doctrine and rests it on conduct. It shatters the ancient barrier between the sacred and the secular. It refuses to recognize any honest profession or labor as higher than any other. While horrified oldsters imagine that it means a profanation of Sunday, in reality it should mean a consecration of the other six days.

Our fathers in their college days had their "Gospel teams" which went out to save the souls in neighboring townships. The deputation work to-day, which most of our colleges and many of our churches foster, is an outgrowth of the earlier order, but the need has been reinterpreted and the approach to the need enlarged in terms of a seven-day religion.

Although the work at Harvard is scarcely more than a year old, and on a scale far less extensive than that of Princeton or the University of New Hampshire, where a large and well-organized work is being conducted, may I use it as an example, for the reason that, although small, it is entirely a student product? In fact, it was a sophomore who first recognized the opportunity, and of his own initiative filled it. Although on the 'Varsity football squad and a track man, he had time to manage in admirable executive fashion five week-end deputation groups. Under his direction a group of students has carried on a deputation work which has won deserved praise from the pastors and Y. M. C. A. leaders with whom they have co-operated.

The plan of the work is something like this. A group of four or five students upon invitation plan to spend their week-end in a small town, with a programme which has been previously agreed upon. Usually Saturday afternoon is given to a track-meet or series of field events for the boys of the town; for the men on these deputations are capable athletes. Of the committee of 1923-4 one man was a member of the 'Varsity fencing team, and two other members of the 'Varsity football squad. Following this event, a supper is served, and the college men, who supervised the afternoon sports, give brief talks—talks on fair play, the spirit of the game, and the making of character. Sometimes an entertainment is offered during the evening which the entire town can enjoy; sometimes the evening is spent in friendly informality with the boys. On Sunday the deputation leaders conduct the church service, assuming full charge. The type of talk most commonly heard is autobiographical: "What Christianity means to me," or "What can I do for the Church?" The young men are not orators except in sincerity, which is the heart of oratory. Often they take charge of the Sunday school classes, and occasionally hold a Sunday afternoon meeting for parents and boys. In the evening, if the religious leaders of the town desire it, there is a union service of the Protestant churches led by the deputation members, or an assignment of the men to separate services in the various churches.

I can indicate the nature of this work in no better way than by quoting from a letter written and sent by the sophomore leader to each member of the group which went to Leominster, Massachusetts, for the week-end of February 10:

"The purpose of the deputation is two-fold: first, to lead the young people, especially boys with whom the team comes into contact, to higher standards of Christian living; and, second, to point out to the older people the importance of the youth in the community and in the world—that is, to emphasize the value of early and careful training.

"The method which the team uses to accomplish this end is not evangelistic. We do not go out to preach. It is through personal example and enthusiasm that we hope to leave a message with those whom we visit. To do this, we must understand how we ourselves stand in connection with the ideals of a Christian life. Forgetting metaphysical conceptions of God and of prayer, and the like, we should spend a few hours in quiet thought framing for ourselves some definite ideal of life—practical, every-day life. . . . To enable us to show other young people the necessity of reaching their own conclusions about a way of life and to show the older people the importance of encouraging the youth to this decision, I would like to point out that I have found from personal experience that serious prayer, however considered, is a valuable source of strength. I feel that we should remember the purpose of this trip in daily prayer."

A New Phase of Town and Gown

LIKE *religion,* the term *idealism* is shabby and frayed with maltreatment, but the idea is still powerful. Young people to-day are afraid of the word because of the shams which have masqueraded in its name, and yet there is no distrust of idealism. The response to a genuinely idealistic appeal is assured. Witness your Student Friendship Drives which have swept the colleges. Witness the position of the Louisville Convention on the matter of the League of Nations.

There is in one of our large Southern universities a young man, B. S. let us call him, of rare initiative and charm, who instituted a college movement during his freshman year and gained for it

student support. The college at which B. S. is a student has no chapel service, either voluntary or compulsory; it prides itself on its "open-mindedness," and boasts of its "religious neutrality," may I call it? There is on the college ground a small building formerly used as a chapel, I believe, and B. S., with the imagination of youth, dared to believe that under the control of a student committee religious services might be held there, of such a nature as to interest some of the students for whom the local churches lacked attraction. His request to the college authorities for its use was granted, and straightway he and his friends set themselves to the task of providing speakers who would have a message for the men. There was no treasury out of which compensation might be offered to the visiting clergymen, and even traveling expenses could be given only with difficulty. When a trip to two large near-by cities was deemed advisable, B. S. set out to interview those men who might be induced to speak. But the academic season was well advanced, and many of the popular preachers were unable, in their willingness, to accept dates. Any one who knows the travail of securing speakers will appreciate B. S.'s position, but he persevered, and when he returned he had secured a promise from a bishop, and two tentative acceptances from other well-known speakers.

The quarrel of gown and town is, I suspect, perennial. Long had the churches criticised the college, and long had the college retaliated with its bluntest of weapons—silence. But B. S. saw his opportunity. With two of his friends he went before the Ministerial Association of that college city. He explained to them the plan for holding religious services on the campus, pointing out that there would be no conflict between the time of the meetings and the church services. Then he asked for their co-operation, as the campus church should need it. The Ministerial Association debated the proposition of aiding the students in their enterprise of promoting religion on the campus, and voted to refuse the co-operation they asked. When the oldsters refuse the youngsters support in any religious endeavor, comment is certain; church members criticised their pastors, and the college journal dealt editorially in none too gentle a fashion with the action. Under the pressure, perhaps under the saner judgment of reflection, the Ministerial Association at its next meeting rescinded its previous vote and agreed to co-operate in any way desired.

But the troubles of B. S. and his committee were not at an end. The bishop who was to speak first was prevented by sickness, and in the emergency B. S. secured the student pastor of his own denomination to fill the gap. The service was held in a chapel crowded by students. The next two weeks saw the withdrawal of the speakers who had agreed tentatively, and again B. S. was driven to call upon those town pastors who were available. Again the students showed their approval. It was after this third meeting that I visited the University and heard from B. S.'s lips the story of his discouragements. And in the heat of the moment he showed me a letter of which without violation of confidence I may speak. It was from a personal representative of the President of the University, who had been asked to oversee the endeavor, stating that the college had long had an enviable reputation as nonsectarian and that although the speakers whom B. S. had vainly endeavored to secure represented the several Protestant denominations, in point of fact those men who had spoken were Episcopalians. B. S. was an Episcopalian. The conclusion was clear to any thinking college authority. B. S. was using the chapel to proselyte for the Episcopalian faith. Therefore, wrote the authority, unless effort was made to remedy this situation at once, in the future the college would see fit to withdraw the use of the chapel.

Our National Problems and Applied Religion

AMERICA has no Youth Movement comparable to the movements of Germany and the countries of Asia, but there is visible in the present attitude of American young people toward the problems of war and peace, race prejudices, and our industrial and economic situation, the beginning of such a movement. The change in the National pulse was first felt at Indianapolis when the usual programme for that kind of convention, the appeal of foreign missions, prayer, personal salvation, etc., was discarded and instead the delegates knuckled down to these knotty problems which have become so inextricably a part of our individual and National existence. The Louisville Convention devoted its sessions in the main to these same subjects, especially the problem of war and peace. And the summer conferences at Geneva and Silver Bay have offered similar programmes.

There have sprung up spontaneously in our schools and colleges during the last ten years literally hundreds of groups of students with the professed purpose of practicing this every-day religion. The Student Fellowship for Life Service is not a new society, but since its reorganization at the annual convention last December it has entered upon a new order of activity and period of usefulness. Although a large number of these groups still remain independent, many have been welded together in the commitment of the Fellowship:

> I recognize the domination of pagan principles and motives in present-day business relationships, especially as shown in the flagrant disregard for human values in industry, the widespread denial of brotherhood between the white and colored races, and the devastation of the greatest values in life by war.
>
> I am confronted with the need for men and women with the spirit of Christ who will, at whatever cost, strive to make the principles of love and service effective in all these relationships throughout the world.
>
> I cannot do less than give my life to this task, and I solemnly covenant with God that I will earnestly seek until I find where I can be most effectively used by him.
>
> It is my purpose, with God's help, to stand for the supremacy of human values above all other values in life; to make the principles of love and service, as exemplified in the life, the teaching, and the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, the dominating motive of my life, with the full realization that this commitment may involve me in personal sacrifice, social ostracism, and financial hardship.

First of all, the students of the Fellowship and of the conventions are thinking. Second, they are trying to be very honest with themselves. Third, they will make whatever conclusions they reach a part of their lives.

It was not my privilege to be at the Indianapolis Convention, but I attended a three-day conference for the students of Greater New York at Drew Forest, Madison, New Jersey—an echo of Indianapolis. The topic for discussion was, Is our Present Acquisitive Economic Order Compatible with Christianity? The first day and a half were spent in what, to me, a not altogether sympathetic observer, seemed like unthoughtful and hopelessly Utopian analysis of the ills of our present economic society, and its evil consequences—a picture of almost unrelieved gloom; and I asked myself what was the use of it all. The evening of the second day, an evening of intense but to me unsatisfactory examination of the acquisitive instinct in human nature and the possible remedies for our acquisitive society, had left me weary and cold. At the end of the discussion the chairman, Professor Harrison Elliott, proposed this question, singularly apropos in its setting: Why should I concern myself with this economic issue? With the swiftness of a tropic dawn the spirit of the meeting was changed. Several were speaking

at once and others were clamoring to be heard. "Because I intend to go as a foreign missionary, and cannot conscientiously go unless I have some economic remedy." "I am tired of the farce of calling myself a Christian and sanctioning in my heart what I believe to be an unchristian society." "I cannot go on talking love and being a part of an economic system of hate."

These are the typical answers, and others who had not spoken would have, had there been time. What did Christianity mean to those college students? It meant the art of living—nothing less, and that phrase of Dan Chaucer, worthy of eternal engraving, came to mind:

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard, so sharp the conquering.

The Odéon Visits America

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

A great French actor brings to America a new brand of Shakespeare and an old French tradition

THE appearance of the Odéon Theatre Company in New York brings us very close to the richest traditions of the French drama. Its long life, since it first received letters patent from Louis XVI in 1779, constitutes a brilliant page, not alone in France's theatrical history, but in its national history as well.

The first great success the Odéon had was Beaumarchais's "Le Mariage de Figaro;" and it was soon after this that the theater fell into the hands of the Revolutionists and became the Théâtre de l'Égalite, while Beaumarchais helped finance France's aid to the struggling American colonies across the ocean. Thus we see the Odéon hand in hand with revolution at its very beginning.

If one were to ask Firmin Gémier, the present director of the Odéon, what was the official title for his playhouse, he would say that this artistic child of France had two names: one is Le Théâtre National de Odéon; the other is Le Second Théâtre Français. Questioned further, he would undoubtedly answer that, subventioned as it is by the French Government, in the minds of the lawmakers it is a bridge between the Conservatoire, which is a national school of dramatic art, and the Comédie Française. Many times have rumors reached us in America that the Comédie was about to break its tradition and come to us with its prestige; but that tradition has not been broken, and it sits tight. That the Odéon is here is symbolic of the invigorating purpose and effect of that organization not to be so classically traditional either in its policy or its interpretation as to be regarded in the light of a mere museum. More or less, the Théâtre Français is the dramatic museum of France.

Very happily, Gémier has stated the difference between the Odéon and the Théâtre Français. The position of his playhouse in the minds of the French people is that of an advance guard; dramatic literature here finds its newness



De Mirjian Studios
M. Firmin Gémier, Director of the Odéon

tested and refined. At the Théâtre Français dramatic literature receives its consecration. It is young France that gains a hearing at the Odéon; young France among the actors and actresses who come to it from the Conservatoire, and gain their surety and win their first recognition. Talma, Lemaître, Coquelin, Monet-Sully, Bernhardt, Guitry, Hading, and Réjane have stepped from the stage of the Odéon; such names are the high flowering of its work. Without being educational, in the sense we Americans speak of an educational theater, nevertheless the Odéon has had as its chief desire the formation and maintenance of public taste, and as its chief aim in production the measure of a live French culture.

Under the direction of Firmin Gémier since 1922, the Odéon has had added to it an experimental aspect which places it among the most progressive of the French playhouses. He is a man actuated by a most invigorating constructive sense. Since the days when the ban was first lifted from the classics —for many decades the Théâtre Français reserved to itself alone the right to produce the classics—there has been a certain reticence among the numerous directors of the Odéon about changing the traditional manner of interpreting their classics. But Gémier—in the current of theater progress—has revivified the stage of the Odéon by progressive methods of production. His past experience, both as an actor and as a producer, has been significantly livened by his constant association with Antoine. And the name of Antoine spells in a sense Revolution.

It was Antoine who took the spirit of modernism with him when he became director of the Odéon. Gémier, now that he fills the same post, extends the boundaries of this free outlook. His is the interesting type of the revolutionary mind that has at the same time a thorough understanding of the past. It is this perspective, it seems to me, which actuates his strong desire that the people, and not a coterie, should sense through him the very heart and spirit of the drama of the past. He has, as manager, offered to the people of France drama of the Greeks, of Shakespeare's day, of the Middle Ages. If one senses correctly his policy, since he became director of the Odéon he is actuated profoundly by the social sense. He feels that the Odéon has a mission to perform, broader than merely the boundaries of Paris. If the university students of Paris have the privilege of seeing a national theater in repertory, so have the students of university centers outside. This social duty in Gémier has taken other directions; he believes that the theater's mission is to keep alive for people of differing localities and traditions the spiritual significance of their background; the folk-lore of their natures must be kept alive. So on the stage of the Odéon, for special matinées—through the power of declamation—the



Photograph by Gilbert René, Paris

The Théâtre de l'Odéon, situated near the Luxembourg Garden in Paris—built in 1782, rebuilt in 1808 and 1819. The monument at the left is to Emile Augier, the dramatic poet

storehouses of ballad and song have had their appointed mission. It is as though the English race, proud of their ballad tradition, should—between the acts of a play or at special matinées—open up to the people at large the richness of Percy's "Reliques," supremely read.

This visit of the Odéon, therefore, represents another vital touch of New York's theater-going population with the invigorating art of Europe. Adherents of Reinhardt are jealous of the claim that Gémier's innovations in production are original with him. They assert that the French director learned much from Reinhardt's Circus Theatre, learned a great deal from such productions as "Sumûrun," and such efforts as have been made in Germany toward the obliteration of the proscenium arch and footlights or for the extension of the stage into the audience. In extenuation of his own position, Gémier has himself spoken: "I have introduced certain innovations," he says, "which have been praised by some and condemned by others. Time alone will judge. In the meanwhile I am being copied, which is proof enough that I am not being discounted. I have been accused of copying Reinhardt. I can readily show that he is my imitator, for before him—in 1903, to be exact—at Lausanne, I introduced in the *Festival Vaudois* those ideas which one now accepts as German." In other words, Gémier claims that he abolished the footlights and brought his stage into the audience before he ever heard of Reinhardt.

I am not trying thus to raise a discussion. Gémier is hardly the type of man to make a stir about priority. The theater means too much to him for such trivial pother.

In 1921 James K. Hackett received an invitation from the French Ministry of Fine Arts to come to the Odéon to play Shakespeare's "Macbeth." Thus was started a kind of "exchange" spirit, which has in university circles been so successfully handled in exchange professorships. Gémier has further evinced interest in America; he began his search for a typical American contribution to the Odéon repertory, which finally resulted in the selection of Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones." The late President Harding recognized that this reaching out for the American artist was more than a mere compliment. The presence of Firmin Gémier in this country is the final consummation of diplomatic courtesies, handled by Secretary of State Hughes. The French actor paid his respects to the President, Mr. Coolidge, laid his tribute on the grave of the Unknown Soldier, and the Odéon Theatre, passing through the bars of immigration which were let down for the occasion, became art and diplomacy along the Great White Way.

Mayhap Gémier wondered while he was down in Washington why he had so much to do with the Department of State, and questioned whether our Minister of Fine Arts was not on his vacation. But it has been our policy to handle our art matters in a department which takes care of Indian Reservations! There are many similar thoughts which may have been uppermost in Gémier's mind while he waited for his company to join him in New York. The American theater has no official life; the Government shakes hands with noteworthy artist visitors, but has no budget for securing the welfare of such visitors. The Odéon comes to New York, therefore, through the generous bestowal of funds by Mr. Otto Kahn and through the business management of Mr. Lee Shubert. We have no official house in which to welcome them; we have no adequate equipment which accumulates through repertory to aid them. Officially the theater has no recognition in the life of the American Nation. The visit of the Odéon should therefore give us a healthy shame. Washington's dramatic art center is Keith's or Poli's!

The visit of the Odéon is limited to six weeks, three of which have been spent in New York. In that time six plays have been given. The repertory was ill advised in the beginning. However deficient we are in the "official" character of our theater, we are progressive in our understanding of the best in Europe. Where in the past our audiences have been pampered to death by over-burdensome decoration, we have been well tutored in the newest methods of the theater: our artists have seen to that. And so the first impression of the Odéon is that, if they are representative of the manner in which France mounts plays, then carelessness, crudeness, and inadequacy mark the French external scene. But somehow, though one blamed Gémier for such inadequacy in his two plays, "L'Homme qui Assassina" and "Le Procureur Hallers," when the evening of Lenormand's "L'Homme et ses Fantômes" arrived, one began to warm to Gémier's effective way of handling sixteen scenes and the vigorous freshness

of his approach. For this drama is fragmentary, yet held together by a firm stage direction. Pampered as we Americans are by the extravagance of production, the scenic background for both Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" and Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" seemed poor and old-fashioned.

The repertory of Gémier's first week was frankly disappointing; we were given melodrama of a period long since discarded in our theater, except in by-places and in the movies. But in the Hallers drama we were able to contrast Gémier's method with Mansfield's in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Richard Mansfield never cared to play the Stevenson character, because, as he often said, he was forced to resort to the vulgar use of a green spotlight to note the change of his nature. Hallers is a reputable magistrate who at times, through a psychic change in nature, becomes a thief and consorts with thieves. The change from one person to another is done by Gémier as a psychological difference, and his alteration in physical stability and facial expression shows—as was later exemplified in his Shakespeare and Molière rôles—his refreshing excellence in visualizing states of mind and his expertness in facial control and make-up. Once more I was reminded of Mansfield when Gémier during the Lenormand play expressed the changes in soul as the character Man progresses through varying downward experiences to his death. Mansfield as Ibsen's Peer Gynt showed an external difference; he never aged psychologically, as Gémier did.

The Director of the Odéon during 1916 established in Paris a Shakespeare Society; it was at that time he presented "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Taming of the Shrew." Both of these he brings with him to America. The latter play is to be his final offering. One must separate Gémier's conception of Shylock from his handling of the play which, so the programme states, was adapted by M. Lucien Népoty. The rôle is in conception essentially like Irving's and Mansfield's—brutal, unsympathetic—and at times bordering on the edge of farcical. But it was invigorating mentally. Its limitation in the minds of an American audience witnessing a French version was largely due to the stupendous shamelessness with which the adapter departed from Shakespeare, and failed to give us the Jew that Shakespeare drew. This version goes Booth and Irving one better. At various times the English and American actor ended the play with Shylock's exit in the trial scene, but M. Népoty (peace be to his artistic conscience!) during the final scene of the rings in Portia's garden brings Shylock on stage, garbed as a Capuchin monk, and has him hammer Jessica over the head with the deed which gives to her much of his goods and chattels. As another instance of daring, we turn to the one moment when Shylock does actually demand our sympathy—the discovery by him that Jessica has gone. This French Shylock is beset by a host of revelers and is beaten up much in the fashion that a band of schoolboys would annihilate a loan shark. The American audience rocked with mirth at the strangeness of it all.

In the Odéon's repertory, however, there was to be noticed an ease of interplay, a fluency of speech, a grace of manner, which betokens the most healthful effects of repertory. If the Portia was wholly inadequate, the same actress's Derimene in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was classically effective. One notes with relish the distinction of such an actor as M. André Varennes, who



Photograph by Gilbert René, Paris

The Masquerade, Act II, "The Merchant of Venice." as presented by M. Gémier

passed with ease from a Turkish potentate in "L'Homme qui Assassina" to Antonio in "The Merchant." One likewise makes note of the exquisite knowledge back of the comedy of M. Pasquali, whose Master of Philosophy in the Molière play was a triumph of comic freshness and skillful use of farce.

We single these out because they represent Gémier's best that he has brought us from his acting group. We in America have isolated acting which is quite as good. But it is lacking in the opportunity afforded by the policy of the Odéon.

As for Gémier, he is fundamentally a comedian. We can imagine that as Jourdain in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," he would, by the freedom of his interpretation, set many a classicist on edge. Its broad color suggests the best of farce, but beneath it is the invigorating understanding of character which brings it higher into the realm of the truly comic. It is not given us Americans to see much of Molière. This was refreshing fun.

We are glad of the opportunity to see Paris's Second Playhouse. It leaves us not wholly discouraged as to what we have to offer of like character if only we had the center in which to offer it. There is nothing about the Odéon company as profoundly invigorating or as challenging as Stanislavsky and the Moscow players. But somehow in the presence of an institution that has a history behind it there is at least a respect for any group that has during so long upheld an art and served the people. We have as yet no playhouse that we may so regard. And I doubt if we ever will until it is generally conceded by us that a theater is as necessary to a community as a railroad station. Think what a National theater could be made out of the Grand Central Station in New York or the Union Station in Washington!

Mail at the Last Post Office

By Ralph E. Henderson

WE do not call it "the morning mail," nor "the daily mail," nor "the domestic mail," nor "the foreign mail." To us it is, inclusively and delightsomely, *the mail;* and it does its best to arrive regularly on Tuesday mornings.

For us the mail is the world toward which our hopeful little road struggles (leading away so steadfastly across the rice fields from the jungle-grown moat, but allowing itself to be twisted into the most bewildered and discouraged wanderings by the very first range of hills), the distant energetic world at which our tall blue peaks seem trying to catch glimpses over one another's shoulders. On mail morning we look with preoccupation at the little tiled houses and the thatched huts, the townsfolk in silks and the hill folk in indigo rags. For one hour in the week we are citizens of a world removed by centuries of years and of leagues from this drowsy town of the Burma borderland, "the world forgetting and by the world forgot."

Last Friday afternoon, when I was laying before Babu Abdul Rashid, our esteemed Bengalee postmaster, the necessity of giving me solid round silver rupees in exchange for certain locally useless currency notes delivered to me by the Government treasury, he remarked, as he thumbed the greasy pages of the Indian Posts and Telegraphs Guide 1923, that the mail mules had been delayed a day at the swollen Salween River—so the Babu at the Salween had just reported over the wire. That made me lose most of what he read for my enlightenment from section so-and-so, though I did comprehend from the reading that "the postmaster cannot be called upon to exchange currency notes." Not that my lapse mattered greatly, indeed, because Babu Abdul Rashid, having shown with undeniable conclusiveness that he could under no conditions be required or expected to cash currency notes for any person whatsoever, changed the position of his glasses and the tone of his voice and proceeded to inform me that he was not actually *forbidden* to cash currency notes, and that he would probably be able to accommodate me on the days when there was plenty of silver in the safe; in fact, that he could oblige me for the small amount I desired almost any day—the present day and the present moment, if I wished. This, of course, was not a surprising conclusion; Babu Abdul Rashid is a very Dempsey among his straw men. So I thanked him and listened for something over a few minutes while he recounted how the Sawbwa sometimes sent over as much as twenty thousand rupees of state funds in currency notes to be cashed in silver, and how he, Babu Abdul Rashid, had once found it necessary to pay a messenger two annas for carrying the rupees to the Sawbwa's palace, and this from his own pocket, as it was an unofficial favor which he could not show for an item among his regular post office expenditures. Of course I recognized the enormity of this, and before I left I promised most solemnly that it should not happen in my case.

On Tuesday morning I found the suspense decidedly disturbing. Would the mail arrive as usual that morning, or would that day lost at the Salween prove a handicap not to be overcome? We of the last post office are continually tormented with just such profound riddles. So at 10 A.M. I rode down to the post office.

Sao Kawng Tai's handsome chestnut "Waler" was already there, methodically destroying the bamboo fence, which white ants have long since reduced to infirmity, with attempts to eat more than the top from a green stalk of corn in a neighboring garden. Sao Kawng Tai's Waler is the biggest horse in the State, and this is right and proper, for Sao Kawng Tai is first prince of the royal house—the local Prince of Wales, so to speak. Within a year or two, when his father the Sawbwa retires in his favor, he will accede to a glass-studded throne and a salary of two thousand rupees a month (and if the salary be not augmented from extraneous and taxatious sources the people will have cause to rejoice in a millennium); also to a very large palace rather in need of whitewash and gold paint, and to differences of opinion with the resident British Political Officer.

One walks in at the door marked with white-and-blue enamel lettering "No Admission," and is given a chair by the post office assistant. The rebuking sign, of course, is intended only for those who cannot read it. "Good-morning," called Sao Kawng Tai, who was doing up a package in a corner, and "Good-morrning," said Babu Abdul Rashid, putting rather more "r" into it than would a Scot.

Babu Abdul Rashid was in his chair of office, and before him stood a bright-eyed Indian merchant. This merchant had been discoursing volubly till I entered, and Babu Abdul Rashid had evidently been trying to put the gist of his remarks into a twelve-word English telegram. No wonder the good Babu looked

harassed, I thought; so I asked for his opinion as to the arrival of the mail that morning. He showed his appreciation for the interruption by laying down his pen and removing his spectacles. But as to the mail, perhaps it would come and perhaps it would not. He could not say, and he did not have an opinion. Babu Abdul Rashid is careful not to have opinions on subjects not mentioned in the Indian Posts and Telegraphs Guide. On such subjects as are dealt with in that excellent volume his opinions, even offhand and unconsidered, differ only in pronunciation from what you or I might read from the proper page. But he is always happy to conjecture upon what subject you will, so long as it is clearly understood that he favors no particular conjecture. He conjectures now, fingering his spectacles and conjuring up an array of possibilities which is a credit to his imagination. He speaks of landslides, malaria, tigers, mud, *surra*, bridges, opium smoking; and the merchant listens with charmed attentiveness, understanding never a syllable. He goes on to mention earthquakes, and is evidently casting about in his mind for an even wilder fling of fancy, when the merchant, mistaking the pause for a full stop, flings a pent-up torrent of Hindustani into the hiatus, and Babu Abdul Rashid puts on his spectacles, picks up the pen with a sigh, and resignedly considers the telegraph form before him.

Sao Kawng Tai cuts the strings of the package with his needle-pointed dagger, and returns the dagger to its ivory-and-gold sheath in his belt. The package contains one of the town's famous lacquer-and-gold bowls, he tells me, and he is sending it to some American friends in Chicago whom he met on the steamer between Liverpool and Bombay. Sao Kawng Tai has recently returned from a year's study in England, and his English is accordingly excellent. He does not affect English clothing except in those comforts, shoes and a "sola topee." His flowered silk pantaloons and silk jacket harmonize with the courteous affability of a Keun prince. Our talk is of American duty charges, and alfalfa, and focal-plane camera shutters, and the three-yearly festival of boiling and eating potato devils, which is just now being celebrated within the palace grounds. The purpose of this last, he tells me with a smile, is to lay so fearful an example and warning before those actual devils of—we may not say flesh and blood, but at least far sterner stuff than potato, that they will flee the palace precincts for a space of three years.

The mail arrived—verily and indeed, it did. The file of ten tough and disreputable mules, chaperoned by ten no less tough and disreputable muleteers, made its way through the sagging gate even while Sao Kawng Tai spoke of potato devils.

The letter sack is soon gaping on the floor, and Babu Abdul Rashid begins the ceremony (it is no less) of distributing the mail. Each letter must be held in his own hands, and the full name and address which it bears read off in his own clear, unhurried voice. The post office assistant, who also reads English, may have no part in the rites, except only that he may receive each letter after the Babu's reading and place it on its proper pile. Some might consider this exactitude a trifle superfluous; it is true that there are only four white households in the State to which mail can go. But would we exchange our postmaster for a more efficient one? Indeed, there is that which is rarer than efficiency in him! I have it on the authority of the Commandant himself that upon the occasion of his terrier sniffing at our postmaster's legs the devout Babu breathed aloud in a sorrowing murmur that he must now bathe ceremonially seven times, and that even with such purification he was debarred from prayer that night. Is efficiency to be compared with such piety, such discernment of the propriety and fitness of things? Of course, then, we recognize the slow reading as a decorous ceremony, not to be criticised from any low pedestal of utilitarianism. After all, *the mail* must not be flung about as if it came every day.

After a season it is duly given to us.

And now, with your permission, it is our privilege to learn of your doings—you of the world beyond the high blue hills and the wide blue seas.

Let Nothing Worry You

By George Witten

Bosworthy Brown believed in playing safe, and Frank Boyer put his trust in Bosworthy

"ALWAYS keep within the law," said Bosworthy Brown, while his podgy, diamond-covered hand toyed with a massive gold chain slung across his ample waist. "Atlanta is pleasant enough at certain seasons, but as an all-year resort it doesn't appeal to me."

The younger man smiled with the recklessness of youth. "But this is a cinch! We can put it over in a few weeks! Make a clean-up, and quit the game!"

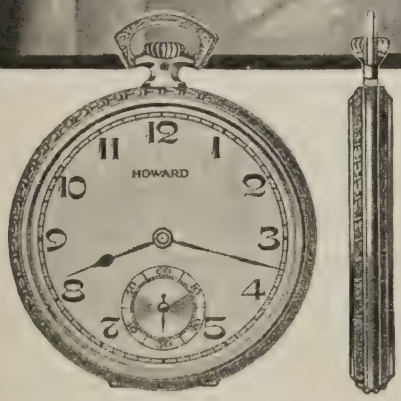
"Nope"—Bosworthy shook his great head—"we'll stick to royalties; they're the greatest sucker bait on earth, and the law can't touch you."

He dismissed the subject by turning his attention to the affairs of the Bosworthy Royalty Company, which he had organized after the lawful failure of the Brown Royalty Corporation, which had left the investors in Brown Royalty shares with a return of three cents on the dollar and Bosworthy Brown with $300,000 in the bank.

Ralph Cummings was a Texas rancher who had acquired a small farm, from which he had by hard work supported his wife and four children. Suddenly mineralogists had come into the country and discovered oil on his land. The Imperial Oil Corporation had purchased his mineral rights, agreeing to give him a royalty of one-eighth of the gross profits of the oil taken from his land, and had clinched the bargain with a first payment of $500.

Cummings had dreamed dreams of wealth. Around him he had seen his neighbors rise to positions of affluence from their oil royalties. But three years had passed, and the Imperial Oil Corporation had not yet started to drill on his land. His first payment of $500 had long since gone. He had not felt it wise to go to the trouble and expense of putting in a crop, because the crop would have been ruined when the Oil Corporation commenced to drill their wells. Gradually he had sold off his cattle and





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"Smith—a little token of esteem— a Howard watch—from the firm"

EVERY year we find more and more business houses giving Howard Watches to their employees. In fact, the Howard has become a standard gift for such recognition of service.

And this is not strange. For the Howard is a superb watch. You cannot find the man who wouldn't thoroughly appreciate receiving such a present and who wouldn't prize it higher than almost any other gift. This year thousands of Smiths will receive Howard Watches at Christmas time and every last man of them will be tickled to death too.

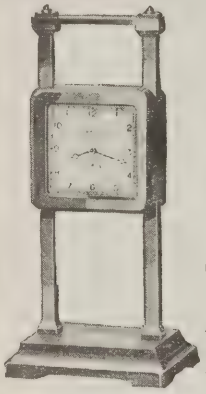
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The HOWARD WATCH

The Outlook's Christmas Gift Guide

Department stores have grown by leaps and bounds because people have found it a convenience to do their shopping, Christmas and otherwise, under a single roof. That is why we are grouping together a suggestive list of advertisements of objects useful to those whose duty and pleasure it is to trim Christmas trees and fill the cavities in yawning stockings.



The ANSONIA GRAVITY CLOCK

Bronze, $13.50
With Silver Dial

Gold Plate, $20.00
With Silver Dial

Radium Numerals and Hands, extra $1.50

HEIGHT 10″ WIDTH 4½″

GIVE him a Gravity Clock for Christmas. It is essentially a man's clock, the kind he would like either at home or in his office.

Never has to be wound up. Runs for 36 hours before reaching bottom of frame, when its position is a reminder to again push it up to the top.

Made of heavy metal, handsomely finished in Bronze or Gold Plate, with Silver Dial.

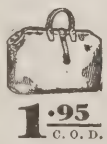
The Gravity Clock is a most suitable gift for corporations and large firms to give to their preferred clients.

Prices west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada are a bit higher. (Patents pending.)

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If he has none in stock, we will mail post paid on receipt of the price.

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Allen's Boston Bead Store, 8 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

horses, and hoped from day to day to see the oil men commence operations.

Bosworthy Brown had been watching Cummings with interest, and knew that the time was ripe for him to step in and buy a share in his royalties. Bosworthy was very anxious to be able to state in his literature that his Royalty Company held royalty interests in the Imperial holdings, for Imperial stock had a strong position in the market, and had always paid good dividends.

It made no difference to Bosworthy that when he approached Cummings with an offer of ready money the careful Cummings would sell only a hundredth part of his royalty interest. For ownership of this hundredth part in a one-eighth interest gave Bosworthy a legitimate right to use the name of Imperial in his literature, and that name would help him to unload a large block of his stock. For it would be neither necessary nor compulsory by law that he tell how small his holdings were.

As soon as the deal with Cummings had been effected Bosworthy revised the literature with which he constantly flooded the mails. He had another truthful statement to make to his beloved public, so he told them in large type that the Bosworthy Royalty Company had acquired royalty interests in the Imperial holdings.

Among those who received Bosworthy's revised literature, and experienced a real thrill over the news of the acquired interests in Imperial holdings, was Frank Boyer, a machinist, who at the age of forty-two was in the last stages of consumption. Boyer had always been a hard-working and thrifty man, and had risen to the position of foreman of a great machine-manufacturing plant, and had held his post to the satisfaction of his employers for several years. Then tuberculosis got the better of him, and he had to give up work.

Boyer had no illusions regarding his

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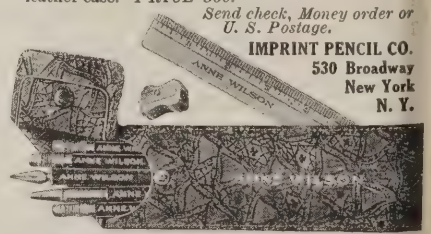
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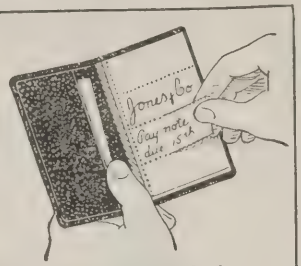
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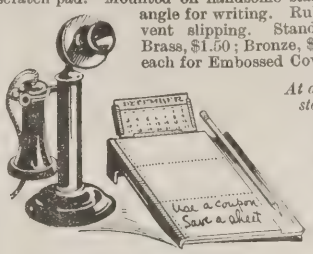
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	No.	Each	No.	Each	No.	Each
Pearl Grain Leather	344	$1.00	234	$1.00	464	$1.50
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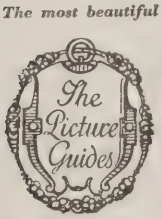
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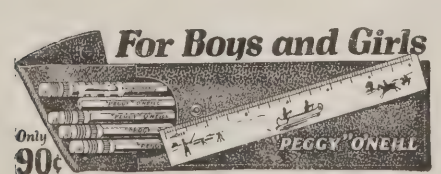
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Send Money Order—2c Stamps—or Check
CHAS. E. RITTER & CO., Dept. BB, 101 W. 42d St., New York

condition, and knew that he would soon have to take the count. But he was unafraid and untroubled; for he had made provision for his wife and two children. He owned his house, had a few thousand dollars laid by, and carried a substantial insurance policy. Now he spent his last days in studying stocks. He was searching for a safe place in which to invest his savings. Some months previous he had put $500 into Bosworthy Royalty shares, which guaranteed two per cent monthly dividend. With unfailing regularity the monthly check for ten dollars arrived, and Boyer came to believe that he had found what he wanted. Then a letter came from Bosworthy telling of the acquirement of Imperial interests.

Sitting propped up with pillows—he had been unable to leave his bed for several weeks—Boyer wrote to Bosworthy, told him of his condition, and asked him to send some one from his office to see him, that he wanted to make a large investment.

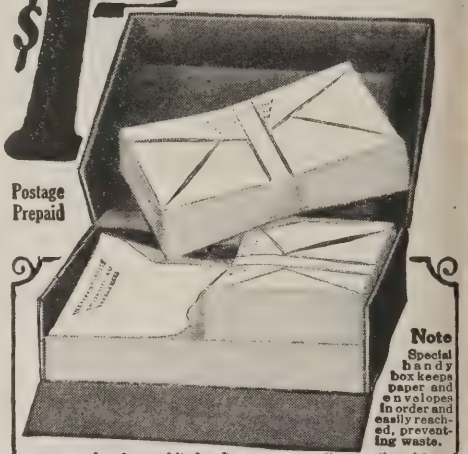
Bosworthy received this letter with genuine satisfaction. He had handled such cases before, and had become an expert as a sympathetic diplomat. He might have sent one of his younger assistants, but this was a case that would try a man's metal, and there was danger of the best interests of the Bosworthy Royalty Company being seriously affected by an undue amount of sentiment on the part of an inexperienced salesman. No, this was decidedly a case for the president himself.

Boyer felt greatly relieved when he had made his decision to put his money into Bosworthy stock, and when he received a letter telling him that Bosworthy Brown, the president of this great enterprise, was coming to see him in person he experienced a flutter of excitement that brought unwonted color to his cheeks, and greatly alarmed his wife.

"You must fix me up to meet Mr. Brown," he told her. "I'm going to try and get him to give me an option on $5,000 worth of Bosworthy stock, and then you can take it up when you get my insurance money."

Mrs. Boyer winced at this statement. She had tried to make herself believe that her husband's ailment was nothing more than a passing illness, but now she realized that his end was near, and the calm fortitude with which he faced it and planned for her future increased her love for him. She had no other thoughts now except to meet his every wish and make his last days as happy as possible. So when the great Bosworthy Brown arrived he found the sick man propped up

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Postage Prepaid

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THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

in an invalid chair in a scrupulously clean and tidy room.

Bosworthy's manner with the dying man would have done credit to a family doctor of long experience. He was kind and gracious, yet dignified and business-like, listening patiently while Boyer told him of his wishes.

"Yes, Mr. Boyer, that can be easily arranged," he said. "You wish now to invest $7,000 in Bosworthy Royalty shares, and at the same time take an option on another $5,000 worth to be paid for by your wife after she has collected your insurance money."

"That's right," said Boyer, eagerly.

"Very good, sir. The option on the $5,000 worth we can make nominal, say $100. We will accept your Liberty Bonds and other securities at their market value in payment for $7,000 worth of stock. This will give your wife a holding of $12,500 worth of Bosworthy Royalty shares, which, at two per cent a month, will insure her a comfortable income."

Boyer's eyes shone happily as he thanked Bosworthy for coming to see him.

"Ah, it is a real satisfaction to be able to render so small a service," said the great man. "You must let nothing worry you from now on—resting assured that you have made ample provision for your wife and children." He shook the sick man's hand, and Boyer leaned back among his pillows, smiling contentedly.

A few weeks later Frank Boyer passed on, and among his last thoughts was an earnest thankfulness for the existence of Bosworthy Brown, whose masterful brain had conceived and organized the Bosworthy Royalty Company.

For nearly a year Mrs. Boyer and her two children lived comfortably on their income of $250 a month. Whenever she spoke of her husband to friends, which she did often, she never failed to sing the praises of Bosworthy Brown and his Royalty Company. This brought about a strong demand for Bosworthy shares in her locality, and soon all the authorized stock of the company had been sold. Then came the crash, and Bosworthy Royalty Company went into bankruptcy. Like the Brown Royalty Corporation, the Bosworthy Royalty Company failed in a proper and legitimate manner.

All of Bosworthy Brown's actions had been within the law. The promoter issued a statement to the press inviting the closest investigation of the defunct company's affairs. Then with the half million dollars he had acquired in this last enterprise he proceeded to organize and develop another royalty company.

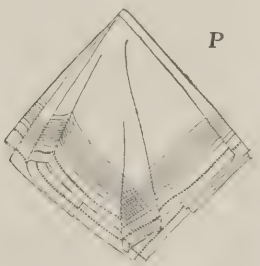
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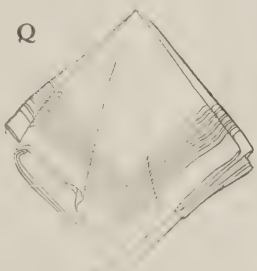


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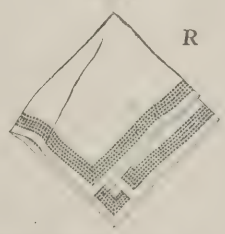
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The Book Table

H. G. Wells: The Atlantic Edition

A Review by Edmund Lester Pearson

THE publication of the complete works of Mr. H. G. Wells suggests an inquiry as to which of these twenty-eight volumes are most apt to be read, say, in fifty years. First, it should be noted that the edition is a model of beautiful and simple bookmaking, typographically and otherwise. Each volume has a new preface by Mr. Wells, who has also made some changes in the text. As most of the volumes contain more than one short novel or article, there are something like sixty titles in this set.

Mr. Wells has written novels which were best sellers, a history which is a best seller, books upon Socialism and international politics, and almost everything except poetry. He has been widely read and greatly admired, and he has also been attacked and ridiculed; in other words, he is a conspicuous and interesting figure. Disregarding his books on sociology, politics, and history (although his "Outline of History" seems one likely to have a long life), his imaginative works divide pretty easily into two classes: the so-called scientific romances, most of them early works; and the later novels, mainly about modern life in England. Ten years ago, when admiration for the sociological novel was at its height, it was almost heretical to suggest that books like "Marriage," "Ann Veronica," and "The New Machiavelli" were not immensely important—certainly works for the serious consideration of adult readers, as compared with those "trifling" essays in the manner of Jules Verne, like "The Time Machine," "The Island of Doctor Moreau," or "The First Men in the Moon." It seems to me, however, that readers have discovered by now that there are a number of authors who can write in the vein of Mr. Wells's "Marriage," but none at all who can approach the imaginative feats of his early stories. These books are in a class with "The War of the Worlds," and the extraordinarily interesting stories contained in the volume called "The Country of the Blind," and used to be compared with Jules Verne's works, but, as a matter of fact, they are immensely superior to Verne. The Frenchman, who delighted us all in our youth, could conceive any number of wonderful inventions, anticipate the achievements of science, and fill large volumes with the curious adventures of rather laughably wooden characters; but he never wrote anything, so far as I can remember, to touch a masterpiece like that chapter in Mr. Wells's first book, "The Time Machine," in which the traveler into the future stands on the lonely sea beach and views that dreadful and melancholy spectacle of the dying planet. He never achieved such a feat of horror as some of the chapters in "The Island of Doctor Moreau," and he certainly never wrote such a combination of a rattling good story of adventure, together with genuine humor, as that novel which is called "The War in the Air." This day of Mr. Wells's writing is apparently over. He has tried in some degree to return to it in "Men Like Gods" and in "The Dream." But he is now almost entirely the preacher, with little of the story-teller.

One conspicuous exception should be made in discussing his later and more "serious" novels, and that is "Tono-Bungay." Here is a novel of modern life in which Wells the crusader and propagandist does not get the better of Wells the novelist. It is strange indeed that no American writer ever saw his opportunity to make such a good story and fine satire against preposterous business and advertising methods, as did Mr. Wells in this tale of a ridiculous patent medicine which gives the title to the book.

[1] The Works of H. G. Wells. The Atlantic Edition. Limited to 620 sets for Great Britain and Ireland, and 1,050 sets for America. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 28 volumes. $8.50 per volume.

The New Books

FICTION

FOURTEENTH KEY (THE). By Carolyn Wells. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Clever Miss Carolyn Wells, with her tongue in her cheek as usual, has again turned out a tale of mystery and crime. It must amuse her vastly to put the parts together and set the machine whirring; still more to observe the response of the docile public, as readily interested in its squeaky mechanism as children in a Punch and Judy show. She has contrived many such puzzles; this is just another one.

ILIANA. By Konrad Bercovici. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

Although these Stories of a Wandering Race are the work of an American story writer, they are so dramatic, passionate, richly colored, and exotic that it is at times difficult to realize they are not translations from a foreign tongue. Among the eleven admirable tales every one will have his own favorite. "Happiness" is perhaps the most poetically perfect; "Jancu Gian" perhaps the most boldly and brilliantly dramatic—but only perhaps; no sooner is such a statement ventured than the claims of their companion stories rise to remembrance, and one begins to doubt. The group includes two striking dog stories, "The Master" and "Rutka," but neither can be recommended to members of the S. P. C. A. or too tender devotees of the Dove of Peace. Indeed, the book is not one for cringingly sensitive souls or the over-civilized; the reader who would enjoy to the full must be willing to forget temporarily his ordered and comfortable world and digress for a little into one of splendid savagery.

JANUARY. By Katherine Pleydell Bouverie. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

It is a little difficult to believe in Jan, though one would rather like to. She is quite modern and very young, but no more resembles a flapper than your great-grandmother in her youth. Her story is told with ease and grace, and the other characters involved are clearly drawn. Unless perhaps a slight excess of sweetness, there is nothing that would lead the reader to suppose this the author's first novel. It is a pleasing and a promising one.

MODERN GREEK STORIES. Translated by Demetra Vaka and Aristides Phoutrides. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.90.

The nine stories in this collection, representing as many contemporary Greek authors, all of whom are quite unknown here, may vary in literary value and attraction, but all deserve to be read both for their own sake and for the light they shed on the spiritual life of a nation which we are apt alternately to idolize for the sake of glories long buried and deride for the sake of faults that are only human. The foreword is enough to explain why such faults could hardly fail to exist, and the wonder lies in what has been done already for their elimination. These stories also serve excellently to

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The literary tid-bit of the season—the book all America and all Europe will devour this year. King George, it is reported, has read his copy three times, and this is not to be wondered at considering its piquant and racy revelations. "The most entertaining volume of intimate memoirs the reviewer has read for many a season."—*New York Herald Tribune.* Eight printings have already been necessary to satisfy the demand here and abroad. 346 *Pages. Large octavo.* $4.50

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illustrate the difference between the European and the American type of this literary form. They are so much looser in construction and plot than ours, and so much closer to what might be called the eternal aspects of human life.

TALK. By Emanie N. Sachs. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

This is a study of the power of blind mass prejudice to warp and wither individual happiness. The one success in the life of Delia Morehouse is the bookstore she conducts when a destitute orphan's plight moves public opinion in a small Kentucky town to forget the unwritten law that no gentlewoman shall engage in trade. Then Delia marries and discovers to her dismay that marriage has ended the exemption she has enjoyed. Even the most loyal of her friends and the most radical of Merville's philosophers contend that it is unthinkable that a woman with a husband should have a career of her own. Her store is shunned and she is cartooned. Hurt to the quick, she knuckles under.

But housekeeping is not her forte. A succession of tragedies with washing-machines, steam cookers, and trick churns, and the commoner difficulties with servants, coupled with the failing fortunes of her attractive but impractical husband, wear her down to a dowdy, hopeless woman, who looks fifteen years older than she is. At this low ebb in Delia's life her husband strikes oil. But wealth comes too late to save Delia. She cannot share in the romantic sprees of her husband and her flapper daughter Janice, outwardly "broad" and "radical," but essentially sweet under her hard brilliance. Janice well represents the new age which would find it entirely commendable for Delia to reopen the bookstore. But Delia is done. She is as unable to play the rôle pleasing to the nineteen-twenties, of petting parties and hip flasks, as she was inadequate in the part of model housekeeper assigned to her by the Grundys of the nineties.

Among modern novelists with a flair for irony Mrs. Sachs is now unmasked as a Big Bertha. And seldom is a first novel so well balanced and at the same time so deft. Offhand it is difficult to recall a better picture of small-town life in America—particularly male life. So, at least, the book strikes a male writer of reviews.

STELLA NASH. By "Ganpat." Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

In trying to combine an emotionally elaborated love story with a story of hidden treasure this novel, if it does not quite fall between two stools, at least sags pretty deeply. The scene is India, and the treasure-hunt is exciting; but the

high-souled lovers are a platitudinous pair of bores.

CAPTAIN SHAPELY: A COMEDY OF LONDON TOWN AND THE OXFORD ROAD IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE. By Harold Brighouse. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

A good title, a captivating subject, a pretty picture on the book jacket, and within a tale of the Ods-bodikins school of fiction. 'Tis but passing good, stap my vitals!

BIOGRAPHY

ERASMUS: By J. Huizinga. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

The first volume of the "Great Hollanders Series," edited by Edward W. Bok; translated from the Dutch by F. Hopman, of Leyden. Here and there the translation obviously halts. The author (Professor of History in the University of Leyden) has produced a scholarly, interesting, and on the whole just, piece of work, worthy of its subject, the chief ornament of Dutch letters. This writer inclines to think that Professor Huizinga is not sympathetic enough towards Erasmus's character. On the other hand, the observations on Erasmus's defects of genius, though they hit hard, are just. Yet all defects should be forgotten in gratitude for "The Praise of Folly" (*Moriæ Enconium*), one of the most amusing books ever written.

YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE. By Clinton W. Gilbert. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The author is one, presumably the chief, of the authors of "The Mirrors of Washington."

The book consists of studies of the personalities of the six Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates, followed by slight but sometimes illuminating sketches of certain members of the Coolidge and Davis "circles," the Republican and Democratic National Chairmen, and others.

The best of the studies, in this writer's opinion, is that of Mr. Coolidge. It is witty, penetrating, and convincing; a brilliant example of effect achieved by the method of contrast. Mr. Gilbert quotes with approval some one's description of the young Coolidge: "Like the singed cat, he is better than he looks." He exhausts the witty possibilities of the "singed cat" resemblance (internal, more than external, so to speak), thereby arousing wonder and admiration for those extraordinary qualities of character which have brought Mr. Coolidge through, despite disabilities so tragic (so singe-ular, one might say). This essay has enough value in itself to "swing" the book.

Mr. Gilbert bestows on John W. Davis every sort of praise except that going to his suitability for President. He says that Mr. Davis "stood for nothing in

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particular" in the opinion of the Democratic National Convention, "and had the added advantage of doing so in a most distinguished way." Whether or no Mr. Gilbert so intended, his essay gives the impression that he shares the opinion of the Convention. It is not a convincing study. If written with malicious intent, it is a masterpiece; if not, it is a most unhappy performance.

The portraits of the other candidates are interesting, though not equal to the best in "The Mirrors of Washington" nor to the Coolidge portrait. Except for the Davis essay, the book may be recommended as on the whole enlightening and useful. It is eminently readable.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

WITH STEFANSSON IN THE ARCTIC. By Harold Noice. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

In 1915 the explorer Stefansson had been given up by the world as lost in the Arctic. An expedition was sent out in an endeavor to find and rescue him, and chance gave a twenty-year-old lad the rare opportunity to join it. Stefansson was found, and luck brought the lad a berth with the new expedition which Stefansson organized. He remained with the noted explorer during two years.

This story is a full account of his experiences as a full-fledged Arctic explorer. With Stefansson he explored some of the islands of that immense group which lies north of Canada and west of Greenland. Stefansson abhorred adventures. An adventure was a sign of weakness or of omission to provide against contingencies. Nevertheless the author appears to have had his share of adventure. The whole account is well written, shows a sense of humor, and incidentally is full of information.

Noice, like his leader, found the "Arctic wastes" interesting in summer. At 77° north latitude "wild flowers, like tiny sweet peas, blue and pink and purple, bloom along the brook close by. . . . White and yellow butterflies pursue them. Beetles and ants tumble in and out of the crevices. Because the sun shines all of the twenty-four hours, the sod is spattered with flowers, although the highest temperature registered was eight degrees above freezing."

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

FALL OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC (THE). By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New Edition. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

It seems strange now that Mr. Van Loon was not "discovered" when, in 1912, he issued this first of his historical volumes. So much of what has made his later works popular is already present, making the story of the downfall of the Dutch Republic far more interesting to read than most works of fiction. The

theme, of course, must have interfered with a fuller appreciation of the book, for in those pre-war days we had not yet discovered that a small and far-off corner of the globe might have any claim on our attention beyond that of curiosity. Now, however, we may be ready to realize the lesson which even a great nation like our own may read out of the sad and sordid story so well told by Mr. Van Loon.

FOREIGN POLICIES OF SOVIET RUSSIA (THE). By Alfred L. P. Dennis. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

During and after the war Professor Dennis has had unusual facilities for studying the international aspects of the Soviet régime in Russia, and he has used them excellently. His book is primarily a source and reference book, and as such it must be held invaluable to any disinterested student of to-day's Russia. But it is also a vivid and illuminating history of events in Russia since 1917, as viewed from without. Whether the Soviet prove a mere episode in the slow evolution of modern Russia or an enduring political form, the record of its struggles, victories, defeats, and intrigues during the last six years constitutes one of the most dramatic chapters in the history of the world, and one that inevitably invites to comparisons with the French Revolution. In his treatment of this chapter Professor Dennis has shown a rare gift both for the lucid co-ordination of great bodies of data and for unbiased presentation of facts and opinions with which he may or may not be in sympathy. Taking it all in all, the picture he gives us of the Soviet attitude toward the remainder of the habited globe must be proclaimed scrupulously fair-minded and, for that reason, irresistibly convincing. He says: "The progress of Russia is not dependent on recognition either *de facto* or *de jure;* it is dependent on the justice of the courts, on security for life and property, on honesty, and on trade. None of these can be provided by treaty nor guaranteed by diplomacy. They depend on Russia herself." This implied approval of our own policy toward the present régime in Russia may be supplemented by another quotation from his final chapter: "There are Bolsheviki who are mere political adventurers, others are fanatics, and still others are criminals; but of the sincere desire of the majority of the Bolsheviki to better Russia there can be no question."

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ROMANCE OF FORGOTTEN TOWNS (THE). By John T. Faris. Harper & Brothers, New York. $6.

Here we have notices of over forty "forgotten" (most of them abandoned) towns of the United States; an average

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EDUCATIONAL

CHILD (THE): HIS NATURE AND HIS NEEDS. A Contribution of The Children's Foundation. Edited by Professor M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin. The Children's Foundation, Valparaiso, Indiana.

Professor O'Shea has the happy faculty of being able to gather together valuable and practical data concerning almost any subject having to do with the education and care of children. In this book he has collected and edited interesting and useful papers, written by a number of experts, covering a wide range of subjects important to teachers and to parents—subjects ranging from the social development of children and the care of various metal levels to matters affecting health and habits. This should be a useful book to all students of the many problems of childhood. It might be remarked, however, that when nutrition is taken up the theory is still supported that the average type of physical build is the normal and desirable, and that slender children are almost invariably suffering from malnutrition or other ill. The Outlook has strongly supported the theory that one's type of build is most likely to be hereditary, and that many are normally and hereditarily slender. If so, then you cannot say a child is "underweight" if that child is healthy. The one way to discover malnutrition or ill health is by means of a medical examination, for which a pair of scales is no substitute.

WAR BOOKS

ROMANCE OF THE LAST CRUSADE (THE). By Major Vivian Gilbert. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Major Gilbert briefly outlines his war experience: first as a raw subaltern at training camp in England, then in the French trenches, later in Macedonia, and, finally, with Allenby in Palestine—the "last crusade." He gives us a real feel of the Palestine campaign, that most brilliant operation of the war, more steeped in romance than any other military episode of modern times. The book is racy, humorous, and vivid, nor lacks touches of true poignancy.

MISCELLANEOUS

GYPSY FIRES IN AMERICA. By Irving Brown. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

Gypsies have inspired much good prose—like the books of Borrow—and some fine romantic poetry, like the song of the "Raggle Taggle Gypsies" and Kipling's "Gypsy Trail." They are an endless theme for romantic imaginings, and they are fine to observe—in books like this one. Upon actual contact their wild beauty and charm fade away, for most of us. Mr. Brown can still find it; he talks with them, has traveled with them, and visited them. Our advice is to read Mr. Brown's book and keep your illusions; avoid personal investigation.

INVESTMENT, A NEW PROFESSION. By Henry S. Sturgis. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Sturgis sets forth the proper functions of the investment bankers and the broker, and furnishes very valuable hints to him who would invest. It seems that the machinery of investment in this country sadly lacks efficient organization, wherefore the investor is apt to be stupidly or dishonestly served. Mr. Sturgis addresses himself to the problem of devising the organization required. Fortunately, the British can teach us a good deal on this head. A valuable book.

Notes on New Books

NAJU OF THE NILE. By H. E. Barus. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

The life story of the son of an African king, and his adventures with wild beasts and with his own enemies. Admirably illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

WANDERING THROUGH ANCIENT ROMAN CHURCHES. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $7.50.

Historical and architectural studies of a recognized expert. A beautifully illustrated book on heavily calendered paper, resulting in a volume too heavy to be read except by strong men like Sandow.

POEMS. By Ralph Hodgson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Reprint, in charming form, of a little book first published in 1917. The work of a fine and original poet, author of such verses (they are included here) as "Time, You Old Gypsy Man," "Eve," "Stupidity Street," and "The Bull."

THE SPIRIT OF THE REVOLUTION. By John C. Fitzpatrick. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

Highly interesting essays upon such subjects as the history of the Declaration of Independence as a document; Washington's expenses at Valley Forge; bands in the Continental Army, etc. By the assistant chief of the Manuscript Division Library of Congress.

THE FUGGER NEWS-LETTERS. Edited by Victor von Klarwill. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Letters written by correspondents of the great European bankers, the Fuggers, from 1568 to 1605. Such events as the battle of Lepanto, the execution of Marie Stuart, St. Bartholomew, the burning of witches, plagues, wars, and miracles are described by contemporary reporters. A curious and readable book.

ROMANCE AND JANE WESTON. By Richard Pryce. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Remembering the charm of "Christopher" and that delightful boy "David Penstephen," one turns with keen expectation to Mr. Pryce's new novel. It is smoothly and entertainingly written; but it has two faults of judgment hard to forgive: (1) it is impossible to believe that the se

gible Elementary Jane should have had her romantic eye asearch eight years for a man she had seen only once casually and whose name she didn't know—when she did see him again she got kissed and engaged in about ten minutes; (2) if one accepts Jane as pleasing even if incredible, one revolts against the nauseating, sex-bitten Betty, who has no right among decent fiction people.

THE ENCHANTED HILL. By Peter B. Kyne. Illustrated. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. $2.

The author never fails to provide a girl, a mystery, and a villain. What tale of New Mexico needs more? It is not his best story, but it will sell prodigiously; Zane Grey must look to his laurels.

THE TEMPLETON CASE. By Victor L. Whitechurch. Edward J. Clode, Inc., New York.

Here the country detective works his way through a maze of conflicting clues and captures the murderer without calling in Scotland Yard—contrary to Sherlock Holmes's prejudice and those of most story writers. The plot is distinctly original and is well handled.

LA ROUX. By Johnston Abbott. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

A strange tale of Canada in its early days, with a French lady of high family seeking to restore to a man of honor the money of which her father has robbed him. He is close to her, leading the life of an inferior, and unjustly accused of cowardice and of his own murder, but he conceals his identity as long as he can. Needless to say, love plays its part in the drama.

LITTLE NOVELS OF NOWADAYS. By Philip Gibbs. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Philip Gibbs has seen much and has felt much; the things he knows he tells with vividness and with a trained reporter's accuracy in substance. These stories of "after the war" utilize facts as the structure of pictures of cruelty and suffering in Russia, Turkey, and elsewhere.

The Innocent Who Suffer With the Guilty

To the Readers of The Outlook.

Dear friends—I have before called to you through these pages to listen to the plea for help for the most needy and to be pitied of little children at the Christmas season.

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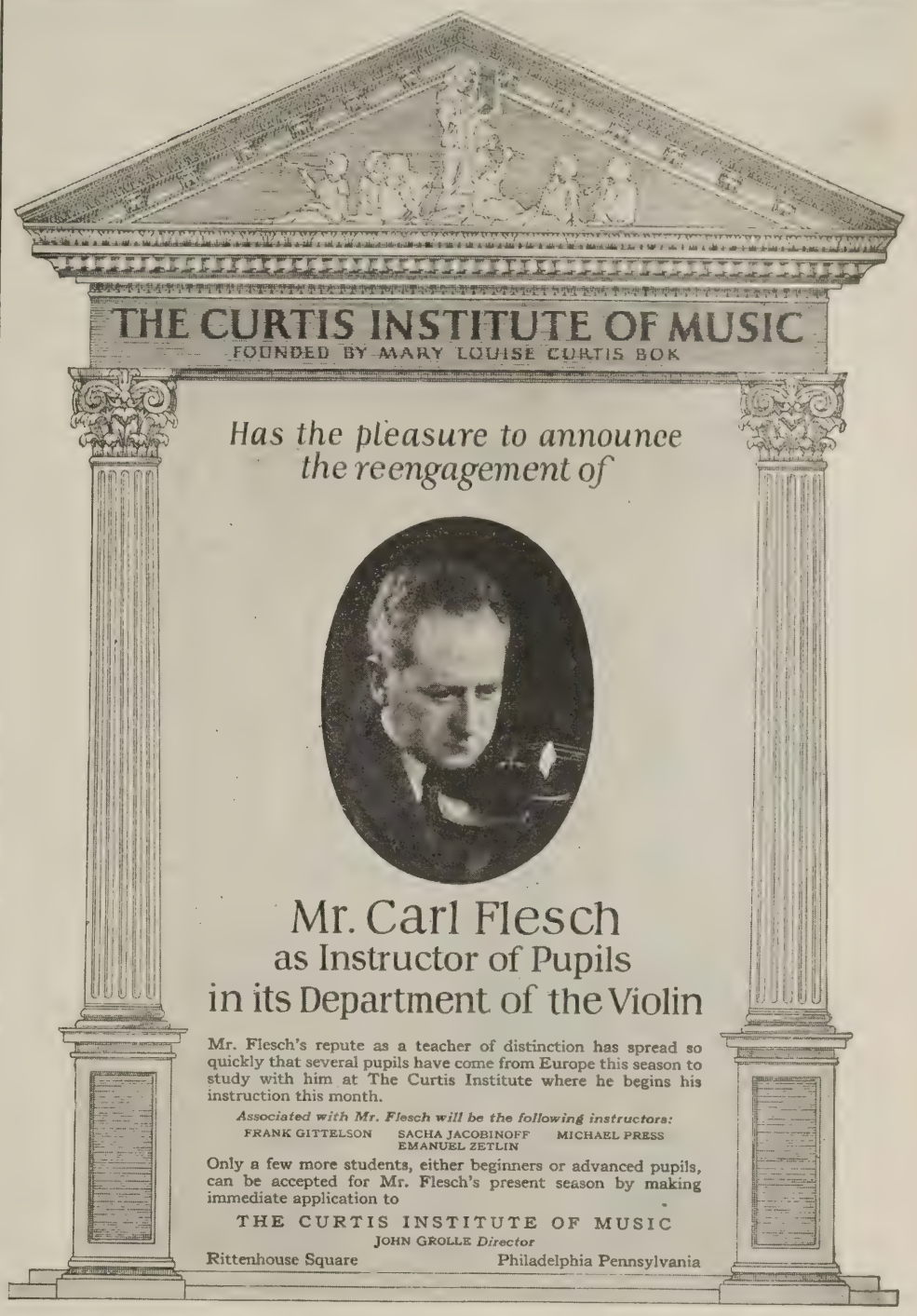
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By the Way

GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL, of the U. S. Army Air Service, tells about tiger-hunting in India in the "National Geographic Magazine." He pays a tribute to the elephant as a necessary helper in the sport. "At the signal of its mahout," he says, "an elephant will catch projecting limbs with its trunk and remove them, or push trees a foot thick out of the way. . . . It eats for about twenty-three out of twenty-four hours and one or more men are employed solely for the purpose of keeping it in food. Piles of grass and boughs of trees besides grain and baked pancakes, comprise the dietary."

General Mitchell, during the hunting trip mentioned above, made a remarkable shot. He killed a tiger with a single bullet which entered the eye, leaving the skin unmarred when it was removed from the carcass. This was a feat unexampled in the experience of the natives, though their ruler is one of the greatest hunters of India and has killed upwards of 250 tigers.

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

Casey—"I see by the papers that one o' thim fillum actors was kilt by his wife after livin' together f'r tin year."

Hogan—"'Tis nothin'. I've lived with me old woman f'r forty year, and she ain't been able to kill me yit."

The Benton Harbor (Michigan) "News-Palladium" prints an item under the arresting heading KIST-HUG. But the paragraph proves to be merely an announcement of the marriage of Albert Kist and Elizabeth Hug. Congratulations!

In "After Ninety Years" the Rev. Edwin Wilbur Rice tells of his first experience as a missionary, seventy years ago. In a neighborhood of rough people his predecessor had had short shrift and had been sent about his business by a hard-fisted settler. Young Rice was warned not to approach this man. Instead, he made his way to his home. He spied the farmer at work in a cornfield. He began conversation about the crops, picked up a hoe and, as he talked, joined the man in his work; with this aid the job was soon completed and the farmer invited the young man to his house, remarking, "You haven't told me your name or business." The student said he was looking for children. The farmer laughed and asked, "What do you want

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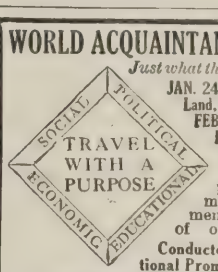
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THE Interstate Teachers' Agency, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La., needs teachers for the mid-winter term, for summer work, and for positions open September, 1925. No registration fee.

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WANTED—Young lady willing to learn in ethical dental office. Experience not necessary. 5,628, Outlook.

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HOTEL woman wishes position in Southern hotel. Has fine clientele. 5,609, Outlook.

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UNDERGRADUATE nurse, college education with French, can tutor, be secretary, and drive a car. Capable of responsible position. Best references. 5,621, Outlook.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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of children?" The plan of a Union school was briefly stated. "Come in," said the farmer, "and have dinner and we will talk it over." The final result was that a Sunday school was started with the hater of missionaries as treasurer! So much for tactful treatment of an adversary.

From the "Philatelic Gossip" of Holton, Kansas:

Country folks frequently come in to Holton and "drop in" the Gossip Printery, mistaking it for a local newspaper office.

Recently a farmer walked in, in a manner most hesitant, and, sidling up to "Cap's" desk, asked:

"How much be it, mister, for a funeral notice in your paper?"

"Cap" looked the agriculturist squarely in the eyes, never batting an optic, and replied:

"One dollar and a quarter an inch."

"Goshalmitey," exploded the bucolic visitor, "I reckon I jest cain't pay it; the ole man wuz six feet two inches tall. No, I reckon as how 'paw' will hav'ter do without no notice."

Under the heading "Strike One!" the "Journal" of the American Medical Association reprints this from the Indianapolis "News:"

"It's a poor alienist that won't work both ways."

The President of the Union Pacific Railroad, Carl R. Gray, in a recent address said: "The railroad business produces self-made men. Nearly one-half of the officers of the United States railroads entered the business before their eighteenth year. Practically all of the executives started at the bottom. The field is still open for the right kind of men. Fascination and adventure are there; opportunity is there—opportunity for advancement and for service to one's fellow-men."

A subscriber sends us the following "old friend" of pre-prohibition days to puzzle our readers:

A —— sat wrapped in his —— gray,
Watching the moonbeams' —— play,
On a keg that low in the bushes lay,
And thus did gayly sing:
"Oh, thou —— the great and thou
—— the strong;
The —— of great battles to thee may
belong—"
(Each leaf with a —— took up the
song)—
"John Barleycorn, my King!"

Fill the blanks with a word of six letters.

Answer to French riddle in last week's issue: The letter A.

0 cop.1

The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

DECEMBER 10, 1924



The Nishni-Novgorod Fair

VOL. 138. NO.15 15 CENTS A COPY



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Strawberry Jell-O

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THE JELL-O COMPANY Inc. LE ROY~NEW YORK



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Contributors' Gallery



ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE has done movie and dramatic reviews for several newspapers and magazines. During the war he was in charge of a Secret Service investigating bureau in one of the important Eastern sections. After the war he formed a private detective agency and handled the investigations of many of New York's important jewel robberies. He is now an ordained clergyman in the Episcopal Church, and is one of the editors of the "Churchman," a National weekly of that communion.

R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS, though new to the pages of The Outlook, is a regular contributor to the New York "Times" magazine section and has had several articles published in the "Bookman."

STANLEY HIGH, newspaper correspondent, has just returned from Russia, where he has been traveling for the "Christian Science Monitor" of Boston. Mr. High is the author of "China's Place in the Sun" and "The Revolt of Youth."

UPTON CLOSE, whose real name is Josef W. Hall, is author of "In the Land of the Laughing Buddha," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and a lecturer on Pacific Asia at the University of Washington. He has spent several years in China and is a former member of the staff of General Wu Pei-fu.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES



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The Pratt Teachers Agency
70 Fifth Avenue, New York
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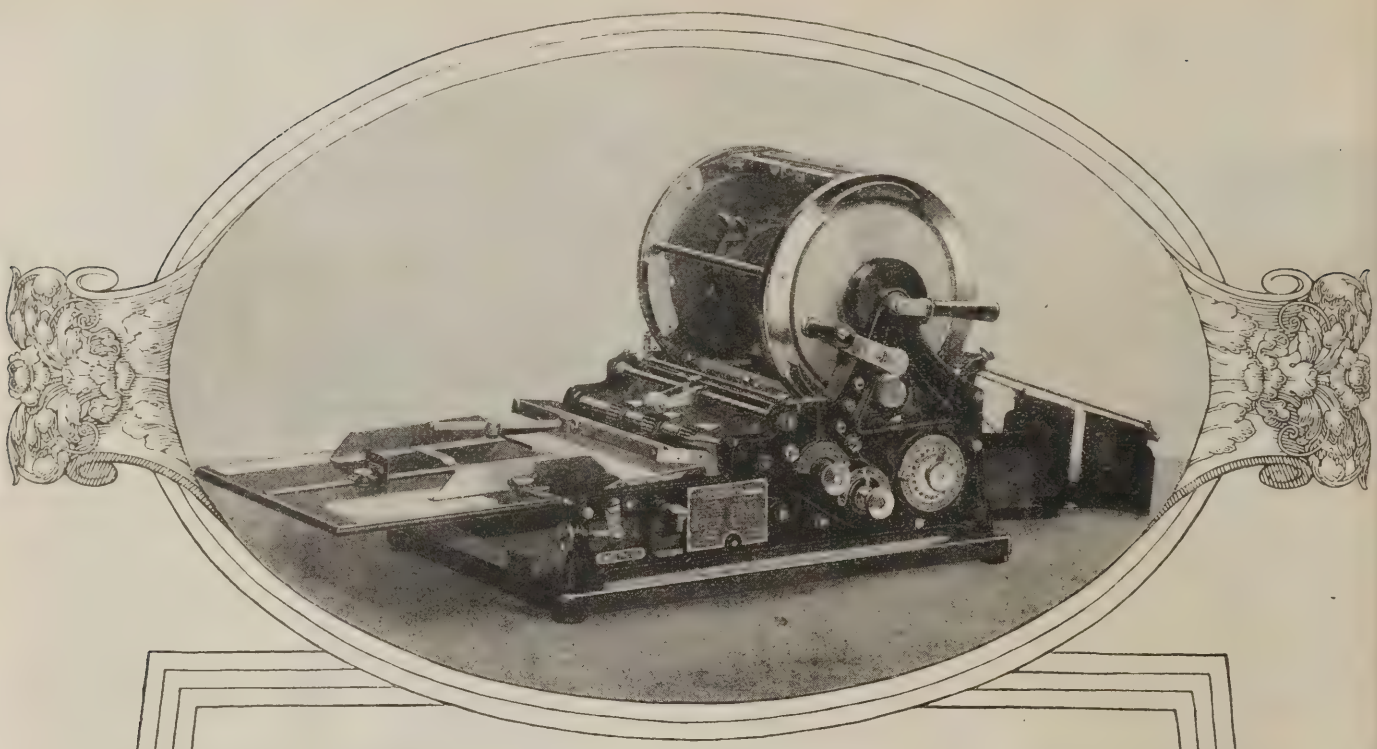
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A. B. DICK COMPANY

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

The Outlook

Volume 138 December 10, 1924 Number 15



(C) Keystone

Field Marshal Lord Allenby (right), British High Commissioner in Egypt

All Quiet Along the Nile

FROM the cities at the delta of the Nile, Alexandria and Cairo, up the great river through Assuan, and on southward to Khartum and the vast watershed of the sources of the Nile beyond, Egypt was reported on December 1 to be at peace.

A bloody but not extensive mutiny of Sudanese soldiers under Egyptian officers—and, it is said, instigated by those officers—was quickly overcome, and it was not followed by larger revolts, as had been feared. A small detachment of native mutineers attacked a hospital, took possession of it, and defended it against the attack of loyal forces until many of the mutineers had been killed, when the rest surrendered or fled.

On the first of the month London despatches stated as from authoritative sources that Lord Allenby, the British High Commissioner in Egypt, had received full acceptance from the new



International

King Fuad of Egypt



(C) Keystone

Ziwar Pasha, Premier of Egypt



Wide World Photos

Zaghloul Pasha, late Premier of Egypt

Egyptian Government of the terms laid down after the Sirdar, General Sir Lee Stack, had been assassinated. The terms not previously accepted are certainly sweeping, but it is evident that the only way permanent quiet and security are to be had in Egypt for some time must be through British control in those points where danger lies. The experiment of allowing to exist an Egyptian Government which secretly sympathized with the wild and violent aims of the so-called Nationalists proved terribly injurious. It reminds Americans of the disastrous effect on the Philippines of the equally futile policy of letting untrained, ambitious, and unscrupulous native politicians have control, as happened under the lamentable Governorship of Francis B. Harrison—an episode which has just been described with startling vividness by Miss Katherine Mayo in the New York "Evening Post."

It is said that the result of the removal of restraint has been to make Egypt a veritable land of promise for all manner of intriguers and sedition mongers. In recent years they have been literally pouring into Cairo from the ends of the earth. Jews, Turks, Russians, renegade Greeks, renegade Italians, German adventurers, advocates of Pan-Islamism, Bolshevism and any and every other kind of extremists have all gathered together in the great city on the banks of the Nile.

The terms to which it is understood that the Government headed by Ziwar Pasha has acceded (apart from money penalties and apologies for the slaughter of General Stack) include the suppression of political demonstrations, acceptance of the plan of irrigating an immensely increased district in the Sudan, the withdrawal from the Sudan of Egyptian officers and troops, the guaranty of protection of foreign interests in Egypt, the admission of foreign (that is, British) financial and judicial officers, and every possible protection to the Suez Canal.

It is easy to attack these conditions as inconsistent with Egypt's nominal position as an independent state; but they are the practical measures which are necessary if peace and security are to exist in our time. It must not be forgotten that not merely British interests but world interests are concerned in the Suez Canal, the use and control of the Nile, and the protection of non-Egyptians in Egyptian territory.

The reconstituted Egyptian Cabinet, its leader, Ziwar Pasha, and in all probability King Fuad, the not very energetic nominal sovereign of Egypt, seem to be well disposed toward the acceptance of such a degree of British control as has just been outlined.

The proposal to bring before the League of Nations a protest of the Egyptian Parliament has fallen through because, as stated by Sir Eric Drummond, the Secretary-General of the League, it is provided in the rules and law of the League as to petitions that they must be presented by a member government through regular channels, while the Egyptian protest was merely a circular telegram sent to various persons and bodies as well as to the League.

This War, at Least, Was Justified

GREAT BRITAIN went to war recently. The hostilities lasted only a week, yet such was the deadliness of modern means and organization that twenty million of the enemy are reckoned to have fallen. Fallen is perhaps not exactly the word, however, for this active little conflict was waged with the British rat.

As the rat has won through the ages a reputation for extraordinary skill in holding his own against human enemies, it seems unlikely that a mere week of rat hunting, even though carried on by the united British nation, could have destroyed so much as half of the rat population of the island. Quite probably before the hunt commenced Britain contained as many rats as human beings. One naturally wonders whether a like proportion holds in the United States. A hundred and ten million rats, a rat to every person, would constitute a drain on our wealth sufficiently great to consider with some seriousness.

It was an evil day for the rat when the statisticians hit his trail. They disclosed the aggregate of the damage that he could do. The British Ministry of Agriculture reckoned that rat depredations in Great Britain alone reached in 1923 the total of £15,000,000. From this reckoning it would appear that each rat at large costs his human neighbors somewhere between $1.25 and $1.50 per annum. Five hundred rats, at that rate, consume enough wealth in one year to supply the average support of on American. A hundred and ten millio of the busy rodents would require, t support them in the manner to whic they were accustomed, just about a much as the city of Omaha, or St. Paul or Providence.

The fire underwriters complained bit terly this summer at the total of th National fire loss for 1923. If Britis figures afford any indication as to ou rat losses, these must attain about one quarter of our loss by fires. It ma seem difficult to believe that the coun try could sustain such a loss withou noticing it, but it must be remembere that the aggregate is made up of smal items; when a rat eats a handful o corn, or ruins a dress, the incident doe not get into the papers. No one i ruined. No insurance company has t pay up. Nobody gives the inciden much attention. Yet the total piles up

We may not be as severely rat ridde as England, it is true. Steel and con crete construction tend to keep the pes down in the cities at least. On the othe hand, the greater proportion of farms i this country affords the rat certain ad vantages over life in Britain. The ver fact that food is more abundant here an less closely husbanded assures him riche fare and greater immunity. What Eng land has learned about rats furnishe reason for us to find out something defi nite about the cost of these undesire inhabitants in our own country. Th study might well include their activitie as conveyers of infection; a liability no counted in the British estimates.

A Cause Célèbre

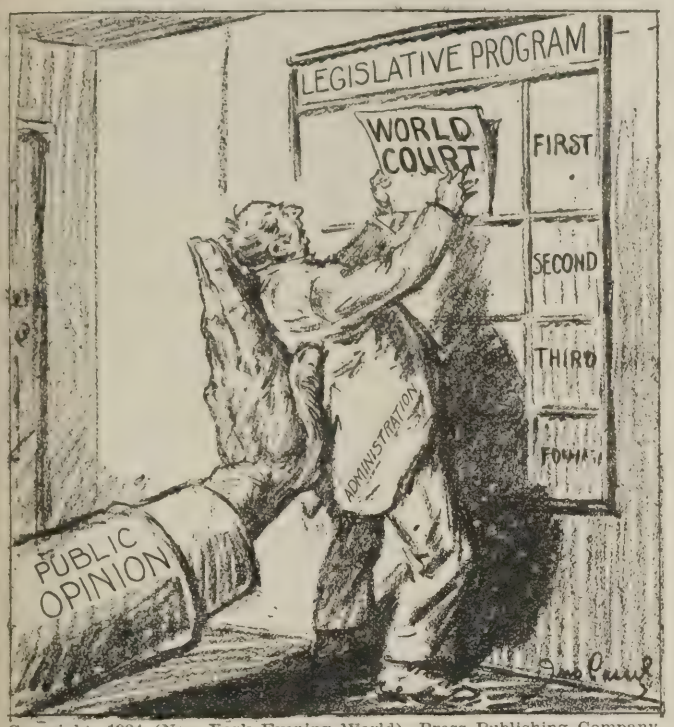
A CIVIL suit for repayment by a ban of a sum of money deposited an checked out would seem to be a dul affair. But the case of Robinson vs. th Midland Bank has for weeks kept Eng land, India, and America supplied wit thrills, mysteries, and villains enough t supply material for half a dozen "shillin shockers."

A dastardly blackmail scheme, a va riation on what American crooks call th badger game, was plotted and executed against "Mr. A."—at least, so it was tes tified by one of the alleged conspirator on the stand. Every one knows that "Mr A." is a prince, heir to an Indian throne almost every one knows his name; bu the Court ruled that the name must no

How goes the world, sir, now?

(Macbeth, Act 2, Scene 4)

Cassel in the New York Evening World

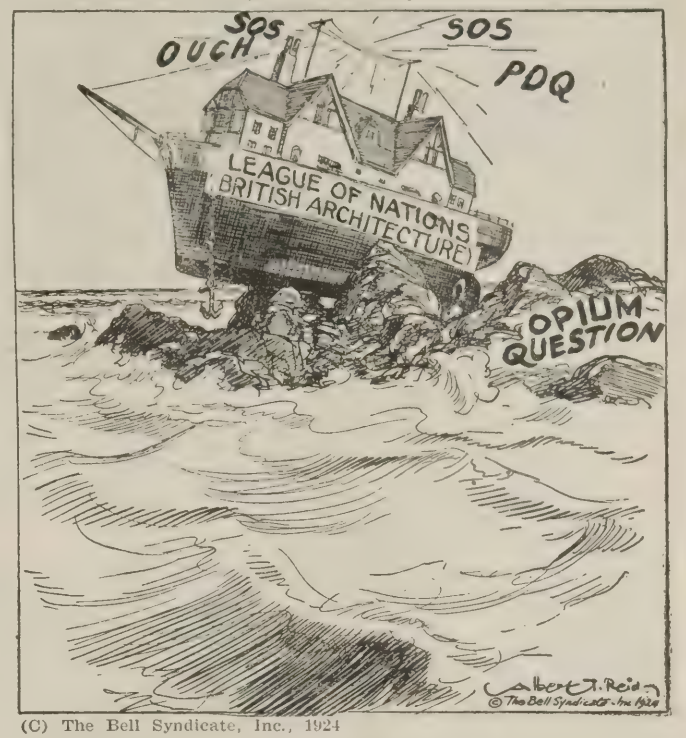


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Pressure

From Mary Munrock, New York City

Reid for the Bell Syndicate



(C) The Bell Syndicate, Inc., 1924

On the rocks again

Darling in the Philadelphia North American



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Priming it ought to start something

From Bob F. Fulton, Sunnyburn, Pennsylvania

Dorman H. Smith in the Oswego (N. Y.) Daily Times



It smells good, anyhow

From Eliza Stone, Oswego, New York

be used, not because of "Mr. A.'s" high rank, but because of grave "reasons of state." There is a fine dash of melodrama for the start. That "Mr. A.'s" traitorous aide-de-camp who, it was testified, was in league with the blackmailers, was also left unnamed is another incentive to scandal and mystery.

Another strange thing to American readers is the fact that the polished villain who personated the supposedly wronged husband came to England on the admitted payment of a large sum of money to testify in this civil suit and narrated his version of the criminal conspiracy in the utmost detail. Only after the jury had rendered its decision as to facts were criminal warrants issued for this witness and the aide-de-camp.

One result of the issue of warrants was the publication for the first time in London newspapers of the names of "Mr. A.," his English aide-de-camp, and the great Indian native ruler whose susceptibilities have kept these names out of court. The blackmailed prince is the Rajah Hurrie Singh. He is the heir and nephew of Sir Pratab Singh, Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir and other Indian territory the peace and quiet of which are essential to India's protection from invasion on the north. The aide-de-camp is Captain Charles W. A. Arthur, who has offered himself in Paris for extradition to London.

Still another almost inexplicable thing is that the jury (which, as is the rule in such civil cases, merely answered questions as to specific facts put to them in writing by the judge, who later gave the Court's decision in favor of the Midland Bank), while it declared that there was a conspiracy to get money from "Mr. A." through fear and against his will, yet also declared that neither the wife nor the husband was party to the conspiracy, although the husband was suing the Midland Bank for £125,000 of the hush money, said to have been wrongfully paid out to others.

English judges are extremely frank in laying down the law during the progress of a case—ours are perhaps over-afraid of not being neutral; here Judge Darling made no bones of saying, in effect, that if the blackmail story were true, the money belonged to "Mr. A.," and he didn't care who put it in or took it out of the bank any more than if it had been a stolen watch.

These are only a few of the high lights of a case which teemed with legal questions and implications of scandal and criminality. It would seem impossible to keep it out of the criminal courts; but if empires are to rock if names are named, perhaps the prince described by opposing counsel as "a poor, green, shivering, abject wretch" may save from jail the scoundrels who held at one time his checks for £300,000. Meanwhile the story has movie producers and "thriller" makers beaten to a standstill.



Keystone

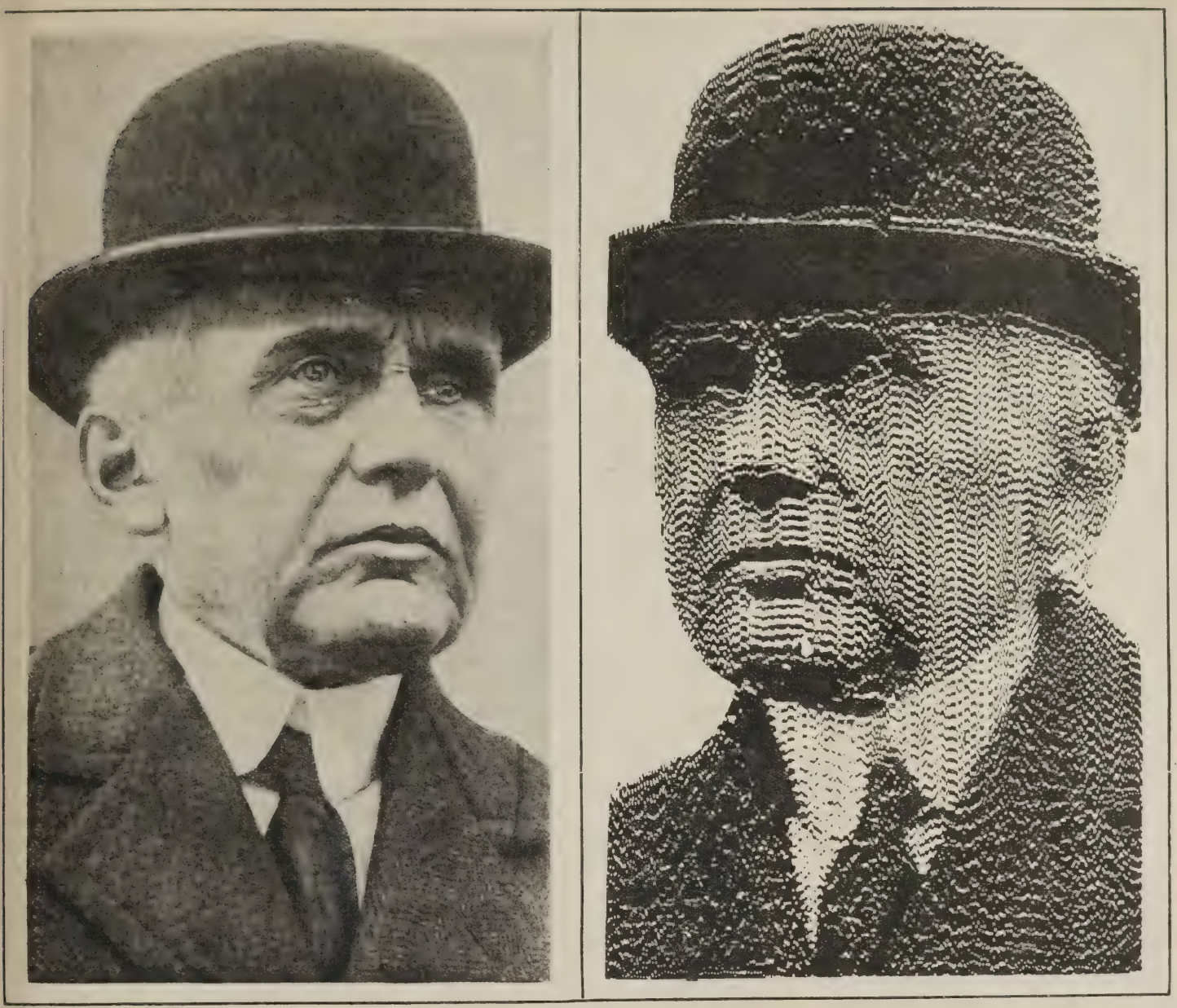
A sailing ship without sails—Herr Anton Flettner's new invention, as seen in port at Hamburg, Germany

The New Rotor Ship—Is it Significant?

Out of post-war Germany, grasping at every visible economic straw, comes the new Flettner rotor ship, described by some as bordering on an effort towards perpetual motion, by others received even as the possible beginning of a new era in shipping comparable to that introduced by steam.

The rotor ship, invented by the same Herr Anton Flettner who perfected the very practical Flettner rudder, is simply a hull on whose decks are mounted a pair of tall cylinders, resembling the farmer's silo. These cylinders are hollow, the shell being of thin, smooth sheet metal, and they weigh only one-fifth as much as the sails and rigging they replace. They are so mounted that they may be rotated by means of a small gasoline engine in such a manner as to take advantage of a peculiar phenomenon known by physicists as the "Magnus effect."

Long ago the physicist Magnus discovered that a cylinder rotated in this manner in a current of air always attempted to move bodily off at right angles to the direction of the current. It was already known that the power necessary to rotate the cylinder was



P. & A. Photos

Radio picture (right) of U. S. Ambassador Kellogg, sent from England, and a recent photograph (left) of the Ambassador

somewhat less than that which was thereby gained from the wind, but Herr Flettner claims to have demonstrated that twenty horse-power rotating the cylinder will sometimes recover one thousand horse-power from the wind.

How the Rotor Propels the Ship

IMAGINE such a ship, the rotors being revolved by a small gasoline engine at about one revolution per second (this varies) and the wind blowing across the ship. On the after side of the cylinder the wind will be opposed by the cylinder's revolution and will bank up, as it were, becoming more dense than normal. On the forward side the motion of the smooth cylinder will impart additional velocity to the wind. Here the tendency will be to rarefy the atmosphere.

Now a logical person might object that what you gain on one side you will lose on the other. Experimental tests, it is asserted, show that this is not the case. The accelerated side of the cylinder effects a far greater recovery of power from the wind than the loss of power on the opposing side. This, in short, is the Magnus effect, and the theory is that it results in the cylinder being "sucked" forward as a whole, and, since the ship is attached to its base, it too is drawn forward.

The economic advantages claimed consist in a greatly reduced crew, the operation of tacking being easily performed by a single man instead of a large crew. So far, apparently, only low speeds have been attained, but on this score it would be unwise to be critical at present. The ship must tack back and forth as does a sailboat, and has the added drawback that it cannot sail before the wind like the ordinary sailing ship.

After all, in principle, the Flettner rotor is only another kind of sail, it being easily demonstrable that the effective pull of a sail is caused by suction from its leeward side as well as by pressure on its windward side. Herr Flettner claims that in this respect, area for area, his rotor is inherently some fifteen times as effective as a sail.

Transatlantic Radio

FOR a time during the last week in November the inaudible air above the Atlantic was filled with sound and the invisible air with pictures.

For several nights most of the radio broadcasting stations in America "stood by" while Americans with receiving instruments attempted to pick up speech

and music from broadcasting stations in Great Britain and the Continent of Europe. The periodical "Radio Broadcast," whose editor, Mr. Arthur Lynch, arranged the experiment, informs us that transatlantic stations were heard in all sections of the country. Evidence has been received, we are told, in the form of reports of actual programmes known to have been transmitted.

How many of the invisible audience heard these transatlantic programmes, and how much of them they heard, will never be fully known; for not all who listened and heard will report. Even many of those who did hear, or who thought they heard, cannot give evidence that will satisfy the unbiased judge. Nevertheless enough is known to prove that under favorable conditions certain stations using the normal wave length can be heard by instruments in common use across the intervening three thousand miles of water.

Two results were firmly established. In the first place, it was proved that the interest in radio broadcasting is not only very extensive, but also very intense. When people telephone their findings from Chicago to New York at two o'clock in the morning, it seems that they are interested. The other result established was the necessity for eliminating certain kinds of receiving instruments. As those familiar with the radio well know, certain instruments, especially when ignorantly manipulated, are not only radio receivers but radio transmitters. They cause squeaks and groans in near-by receiving instruments. Instruments of this sort are bad neighbors. They ought to be reformed. In many cases the owner of such a machine does not know that he is raising a din in his neighbor's house. Listeners-in ought to know whether they are doing their neighbors an injury, and ought, if they are, to stop the injury of their own volition.

How far American broadcasting stations were heard overseas has not yet been ascertained.

Speech and Pictures in the Air

MEANTIME it has become known that measures are under way for establishing telephonic communications between Great Britain and the United States. For the past eighteen months the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Radio Corporation of America have been carrying on experiments for transmitting speech across the Atlantic. Now a committee appointed by the British Post Office has recommended that a powerful radio telephone plant be established at the Radio Station at Rugby, England. It is expected that when this is done it will be possible to connect telephone subscribers in the United States to telephone subscribers in London. Under specially favorable atmospheric conditions, the voice of a subscriber in one country would be transmitted along a wire to a radio station, then leap the Atlantic through the air, and, being caught on a wire in the other country, would be transmitted to the subscriber who is listening. Winter and summer, day and night, make great differences in the transmissibility of sound by radio; sometimes ten thousand times as much power is needed as at other times. Two-way transatlantic talking, however, is experimentally, at least, possible.

What, to the layman at least, appears more difficult to conceive than even the transmission of sound by radio is the transmission of visible pictures. Yet that has been accomplished. American papers have printed reproductions of photographs sent by radio from London. A few months ago pictures were successfully transmitted by wire. Photographs taken at the Cleveland Convention of the Republican Party last June were reproduced within an hour in New York. The process of transmitting pictures by radio is somewhat different. At present the effect is crude; but time will undoubtedly bring perfection.

It seems as if the human eye would soon be able to see and the human ear soon be able to hear anything anywhere.

Chicago's Claim to Lake Water

BY act of the Illinois Legislature of 1889, Chicago was authorized to solve its sewerage problem by turning its waste into the Chicago River, a connecting channel to be constructed for the purpose, and thence into the Des Plaines and Illinois Rivers, and ultimately into the Mississippi. Over $100,000,000 has been spent upon the project to date. For dilution purposes Chicago claims the right to take from Lake Michigan 10,000 cubic feet of water a second, and has been diverting nearly that amount for some years. The State law requires it to do so. However, the War Department permit limits the diversion to 4,167 cubic feet a second. In a brief on the case submitted to the United States Supreme Court Attorney-General Stone holds that the Illinois law is invalid, and that if Chicago is to continue to take 10,000 feet of water from Lake Michigan it must look to Congress for relief.

The original project never would have been authorized by the Illinois Legislature as a sewerage project pure and simple. The sanitary canal was intended as the most expensive link in a waterway connecting Lake Michigan with the Gulf of Mexico, along the route of the now abandoned but once highly useful Illinois and Michigan Canal. Diversion of lake water for the old canal was allowed without question. Chicago insists that it should have the larger volume needed for the present channel. It holds that its right to the 10,000 feet diversion was recognized by the International Waterways Commission that reported in 1908, and by the treaty of 1910 relating to boundary waters. The War Department permit limiting the flow to 4,167 feet a second, it is claimed, was never intended as a limit of the amount of water Chicago might take from Lake Michigan, but was based on the fact that a larger diversion at that time would have been an undue interference with navigation because of the current created in the river. Since then Chicago has spent about $12,000,000, with the knowledge and permission of the War Department, in widening and deepening the Chicago River, for no other purpose than to enable it to divert more water without injury to navigation in the river. Chicago claims that its enemies who are stirring up opposition are the water-power interests at Niagara and the backers of the St. Lawrence waterway project that desire a water route to the east but are hostile to the Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway. Chicago says both waterways are deserving of equal encouragement. As to the opposition of other lake cities, on the ground that the Chicago diversion lowers lake levels, to the injury of shipping, Chicago contends that this opposition is based on theoretical grounds; that other conditions affect levels more than the diversion to the south. However, Chicago offers to bear the cost of regulating works in the St. Clair River and elsewhere for restoring any levels which it may have been responsible for lowering.

It was seriously claimed, after the opening of the sanitary canal, that the condition of the Des Plaines and Illinois

Rivers was improved by the volume of water turned into those streams from Lake Michigan, even though it carried sewage. Admittedly, the rivers to-day are badly befouled because they carry too much sewage. The volume of water taken is enough to care for a population of about three million. The population served is in excess of that number, and in addition there are trade wastes from the stockyards and other plants that are equivalent to the sewage of a population of two million. Chicago does not intend to depend entirely upon dilution as the solution of its sewerage problem. It has a programme for the construction of sewage treatment plants to cost $120,000,000 in the next twenty years. It wants to turn the effluent into the channel. To deprive it of the right to use the 10,000 cubic feet of water a second it had counted upon, Chicago claims, would be to destroy its investment in the sanitary canal, which was entered upon in large part as a waterway project, and would put it to an expense for treatment plants several times in excess of the expenditure of $120,000,000 planned for the next twenty years.

Illinois' Claim to Clean Water

WHATEVER the solution to Chicago's drainage problem may be, it certainly appears that the rights of the dwellers along the banks of the Illinois for some three hundred miles have been grossly infringed. The Izaak Walton League of America, through its excellent journal "Outdoor America," has been waging a valiant battle to expose and remedy the conditions confronting the dwellers in this valley.

In its December issue "Outdoor America" publishes an article by the Chief of the Illinois State Natural History Survey in which the progress of this pernicious pollution is carefully analyzed. The Chief of this Survey, Mr. S. A. Forbes, states that all clean-water plants and animals have been driven from the upper Illinois, and in their place are to be found only those growths normal to septic conditions. In the worst seasons the original life of the river bottom has been exterminated as far as Peoria Lake.

In the same journal Mr. J. P. Kerr. President of the Association of Drainage and Levee Districts of Illinois, declares:

> The Illinois is now an open, vile-smelling, death-dealing sewer. It once was a charming stream in the hot summer months for the ever-present boy who enjoyed his daily swim, but now if any boy is so foolish as to take the risk he is sure to come out of his swim with a vile slime covering his entire body, or if he goes in at Havana, two hundred miles from Chicago, he will in a few days have infectious pimples on his body, or if at Ottawa he may expose a cut or any skin abrasion he will come out infected with a poison that will kill him in spite of any medical aid; but Chicago cries out in despair that her young people must have clean bathing beaches and there must not be any possible infection for them. On hot sultry summer nights when Chicagoans may sleep in comfort with the cool lake breezes blowing into their rooms, the unfortunate down-river people must close their windows and doors to keep out the foul sewage smells rising from the river, and sleep as best they can. Chicago boasts of itself as being a cool summer resort for all peoples, but the people down the river who have built charming summer cottages which were once the source of so much joy and delight are now abandoning these cottages as being unfit places for white people to live in. Beautiful homes built in former years on beautiful river-banks are now being sold for whatever money they will bring, no longer being fit places for human habitation.

Some time in the dim future, when the United States becomes a truly civilized country, its citizens will look back upon the day when we permitted such pollution of our waterways as a period belonging to the sanitary dark ages. Nowadays if a man dumps his garbage over the fence into his neighbor's yard he is reported at once to the Health Department and prosecution ensues. If he dumps it into a stream which runs through his neighbor's yard, the chances are a thousand to one that he will escape scot free. What is the difference in fact or principle?

Two Composers

OF two eminent composers who have recently died, the one whose death has almost been ignored in this country will have a larger place in the history of music than the one whose death has caused the wider comment. This is easily explained. Puccini, about whom Mr. Meltzer writes entertainingly in this issue, was the composer of the most popular operas that have been written since Verdi's. Fauré, though he composed in operatic form, was primarily not a maker of operas, but a maker of music.

There is a great deal of difference. The opera is a mongrel form of art. Its appeal does not depend upon the excellence of its various constituents. It can attain great vogue though it consist of inferior music, poor drama, and wretched verse. It can fail in spite of the excellence of its music, of its dramatic construction, and of its poetic text. It succeeds if it provides adequately for two forms of display--social display on the one side and vocal display on the other. The composer who succeeds in providing a good medium for this twofold display succeeds. Of course the best operatic composers write excellent music. Some of the greatest music written was composed for the opera or music drama. Nevertheless the composer of opera is engaged in something besides the creation of a work of fine art. He is the producer of an elaborate form of entertainment. The composer of absolute music, on the other hand, is like the cathedral builder. His greatness consists not in his power to entertain but in his power to re-create life. His aim is beauty, completeness, perfection.

Puccini was essentially a maker of operas. He thought in terms of opera. His music is the tonal medium for operatic effects.

Fauré, on the other hand, was essentially the lover and creator of beauty in tone. One might almost say of his opera "Pénélope" that its faults as an opera provide Fauré his opportunity as a composer. Few men in the history of music have had such a native gift of beautiful melody. Indeed, one cannot separate the beauty of his melody from its harmonic environment. As Vincent d'Indy has said of this: "Fauré's musical invention assumes a special character which may be called 'melodic-harmonic,' for the melody seems so closely united to its subtle harmony as to be inseparable from it." Edward Burlingame Hill, who quotes this statement of d'Indy's in his book on "Modern French Music" (Houghton Mifflin Company), says that "the essence of Fauré's gift as a song composer lies in the ingratiating originality of his melodic ideas, the masterly adjustment of his harmonic support to the mood of the poem, and the felicitous background supplied by the pianoforte accompaniment." With all these gifts Fauré employed himself, not only in creating works of great beauty, but also in developing the art of music. His influence will have lasting effect. No one who knows such works of his as hi

songs "Les Roses d'Ispahan" and "Les Berceaux" or his wonderfully beautiful chorus with small orchestra called simply "Pavane" can believe his music will ever die. As Professor Hill says, "Since the death of Saint-Saëns, none but the most crabbed critic would deny to Fauré the highest position among French composers."

Yale Defeats Harvard—Score 1 Professor to 0

ONE of the outstanding achievements of Harvard in recent years has been the recognition of the fact that the technique of the drama is as proper a subject for university study as the technique of the novel or any other form of literature. Harvard has given this recognition to the drama through the initiative and the accomplishments of Professor George Pierce Baker, whose "47 Workshop" has been the mecca for graduate students in the drama from all over the country. Apparently, however, though Harvard has recognized the drama, it has failed to recognize that the teaching of the drama requires certain material resources which are as important to future dramatists as typewriters are to would-be novelists.

Familiarity with the physical limitations and the physical problems of stagecraft are necessary to dramatists, as hundreds of literary dramas prepared by authors distinguished in other fields have proved.

This fact the governing body of Harvard has failed to realize: it has permitted Professor Baker to teach his pupils to swim, but it has failed to provide the water necessary for dramatic natation.

Now in New Haven there is another University, founded long since by a group of Harvard graduates, which has recently turned an ever-increasing attention to the development of the fine arts. Time was when Yale (we might as well let the cat out of the bag) was more famous for its football players than for its poets and playwrights. Now, as sorrowing Harvard men of the present generation can testify, Yale seems determined to have both. A Yale alumnus, Mr. Edward S. Harkness, has given to his University $1,000,000 for a Department of Dramatic Art in the Yale School of Fine Arts. To head the new school it has invited Professor Baker to transfer himself from the Harvard Yard to the Yale Campus, and he is going, is, in fact, gone.

Harvard undergraduates have frequently shown that they had minds of their own when it came to a question of disagreement with their governing authorities. This is the way the Harvard "Crimson" celebrates the announcement of the departure of Professor Baker:

> For three decades he has fought for decent quarters and equipment for his work, and not once has his cry been heeded by the authorities. It is at the feet of the latter Harvard should lay the blame for his loss.
>
> The President and Board of Overseers, with their shameful neglect, are accountable for to-day's announcement. The facts of the present case demand action to prevent their recurrence in the future. Not in years has there been such a justified need for an outburst of indignation from every Harvard man against the powers that be in the university as there is to-day.
>
> To Professor Baker the "Crimson" extends its most sincere hope that in his new position his plans, so long frustrated in Cambridge, may reach a speedy and successful fulfillment. To Yale the "Crimson," with envy, extends its congratulations, not only for securing a man of such talents as Professor Baker, but also for possessing governing authorities broad-minded enough to look at the drama in its proper light and handsomely to provide for its instruction.

Harvard will doubtless still continue to do business at the old stand, but the incident may make some Harvard graduates wonder whether or not the old stand is a bit too stationary.



Keystone

Professor George Pierce Baker, of Harvard, who has resigned to become head of the new Department of Dramatic Art at Yale

Excommunicated

IF it surprised nobody else, the Republican Senatorial Conference surprised itself by reading out of the party, promptly and in plain terms, Senators La Follette, Brookhart, Frazier, and Ladd. Though invited to that conference, these Senators are not to be invited to Republican conferences hereafter, and, according to the resolution, which was introduced by Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, are not to be named "to fill any Republican vacancies in Senate committees." Bulldozed and buffeted through two sessions, the Republican Senate organization did not believe it could do a thing like that; but when it found that the thing was done, with practically no votes recorded against it, the conference was as pleased as a baby with newly discovered toes.

Of course, like the baby's discovery, the expulsion of the recalcitrants was inevitable.

Whether it was wise is another question. Senator Curtis, whose selection as the Republican leader in the Senate followed Senator Warren's declination of the honor, thinks that the expulsion was unwise. So apparently do other Senators, including Senator Cummins and Senator Borah. Neither Borah nor Norris nor Howell will hesitate to associate with the outcasts when it suits their purpose to do so. While the four Senators have been definitely thrown out of the stockade, there are three or four other Republicans who will scamper in and out as they please.

There are also Democratic Senators who will not be averse to making common cause with the excommunicated. Even if the Democrats as a whole return, as Senator Bayard, of Delaware, would have them return, to their ancient faith, there will be enough to form with the expelled and the restless Republicans a kind of third party.

It has been said that the expulsion of La Follette and his three disciples from the party is no more justified than the expulsion of the participants in the Roosevelt Progressive movement of 1912 would have been. Senator Cummins, for example, is said to have remarked that if a similar procedure had been followed in 1912 he would have been among those proscribed. But there is no analogy between the two cases. The 1912 revolt was a revolt of the majority against false leadership in the party. Both the primaries before the Presidential election



P. & A. Photos

Wives of some of the raiding farmers of the Owens Valley disturbances, preparing food for their husbands near the control gates

and the ballots in the election itself proved that Mr. Roosevelt was the majority leader, and the expulsion of the Progressives then would have been party suicide. The La Follette followers, on the other hand, were not undertaking to reorganize the Republican Party, but to establish an entirely new one. They might have some claim as Republicans if they were seeking to reform the party from within. They were not trying to renovate something old, but were trying to establish something new. They were not mutineers, but pioneers or deserters, as you will. If the organization does not want them, it is because they made it clear they did not want the organization.

Senator Wheeler has no more claim upon the Democratic Party than these four Senators have upon the Republican.

For Prohibition that Prohibits

PROHIBITION must be made more prohibitive. It would be hard to find a man anywhere in the United States, even in the Prohibition Unit itself, who would deny that. But when consideration is given to means of accomplishing the thing, there are differences of opinion endless—among enforcement officials, among judicial officers who must pass upon violations, in Congress, everywhere. At least two fairly well crystallized opinions will come before Congress, probably early in the session, and variants of both may perhaps be proposed as consideration of the problem proceeds.

One proposal is that the duty of prohibition enforcement be taken away from the Treasury Department and placed in the Department of Justice. This proposal came from a conference of Federal Judges recently held in Washington. Participating in it were judges of United States district courts, of United States Circuit Courts of Appeals, of the Supreme Court of the United States. Familiar with the difficulties of prohibition enforcement as they appear in the court-room, recognizing the Department of Justice as the Government agency best fitted to deal with criminal problems, these judges sat as a jury upon prohibition enforcement and decided that the duty should be imposed upon the legal department of the Government, the Department of Justice.

This idea has not yet assumed the form of a bill before Congress, but probably will do so when the other proposal, already in the form of a bill and already passed by the House, comes up for consideration in the Senate. This is the so-called Crampton Bill, providing for complete reorganization of prohibition enforcement machinery. If the Crampton Bill becomes law, the Prohibition Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, Treasury Department, will be abolished. A Bureau of Prohibition, Treasury Department, will be created. Provision will be made that a Commissioner of Prohibition be appointed by the President in place of a subordinate official who, under the present system, is not appointed by the President nor even by the Secretary of the Treasury, but by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Most important of all, the 1,650 enforcement agents would cease to be political employees and become—those of them who could qualify—Civil Service appointees. Prohibition enforcement would be thus as completely as possible divorced from politics.

There is another possible plan which is certainly worthy of consideration. It is that the merits of the Crampton Bill be combined with the advantages of a transfer of prohibition enforcement and administration to the Department of Justice. This might be done by making a Bureau of Prohibition in that Department instead of placing it in the Treasury Department, as proposed in the Crampton Bill. The Department of Justice is not, as some objectors say, a judicial body; it is the prosecuting attorney and general counsel in a large way for the United States; it studies legal questions and gives advice to the Government, and it also investigates crime and prosecutes the criminals. For these functions it is obviously better fitted to act in prohibition enforcement than the Treasury Department or any bureau or unit of the Treasury Department, while if made an independent bureau it could perfectly well exercise administrative functions as do other Federal bureaus.

The Siege of Los Angeles

CONFLICT between city and country, a conflict which breaks out every now and then in spite of the identity of interests between the two, appeared in dramatic form when ranchers of Owens Valley in California seized the aqueduct that conveyed water from the valley and shut off the water from the city of Los Angeles. These men did not divert the water to their own uses, but opened the gates and let the water waste.

To the dweller in the country the city often seems like a parasite. It reaches out and occupies the farms. It sometimes sends its dwellers out to rob the orchards and trample the grain and litter the highways. But its depredations seem most obvious when it takes the water from the hills and valleys and, conveying it perhaps many scores of miles, converts it to its own use.

So it must have seemed to these ranchers who have been suffering from



Wide World Photos

The opening of the new Bear Mountain Bridge across the Hudson River, for the time being at least the longest suspension span in the world

a period of drought or semi-drought. Like other farmers, they had known the experience of hard times, and they attributed their trouble to the city. A board of engineers appointed on behalf of the city has been making an investigation concerning water resources, and the Board of Public Service Commissioners had visited Owens Valley to confer with the ranchers and the business men of the region. It was while the negotiations were still in progress that the ranchers raised the gates and diverted the water.

It was not only a lawless but a dangerous act. It brought risk to the lives and the welfare of many people. The fact that sixty thousand dollars' worth of water was wasted was a minor aspect of the affair.

Fortunately and wisely, the city chose not to meet violence with violence. Although the ranchers ignored a court order commanding them to cease their interference, there was no recourse to the sheriff or the militia. The city refused to parley with what it considered to be a mob. When the ranchers learned that the city would neither drive them out nor parley with them, they voluntarily closed the gates.

Nothing, we believe, can condone such an act; but nothing can prevent this performance making clear the dependence of the city upon the country and the need for a *modus vivendi* between city and country people. Neither can very well manage to live prosperously, or in these days to live at all, without the other.

The Bear Mountain Bridge

If the Hudson River were in Europe, Americans would be crossing the ocean to visit it. The scenery of the Hudson is equal to anything in the English or Scottish lake districts. It is comparable to that of the Rhine. The opening of the bridge across the Hudson just below West Point, therefore, is an event of more than local or even sectional concern. It makes accessible to the people of the whole country scenery which is in fact a National possession.

The broad Hudson, which is, strictly speaking, not a river but a sunken valley or long arm of the sea, is crossed by bridges at Albany and Poughkeepsie—at the latter place by a railway bridge—and at New York by tunnels, but elsewhere only by ferries. Now this great waterway, which divides not only New England from the West but a part of New York from the rest of the State, can be traversed at any time, day or night, summer or winter, by vehicles and pedestrians.

The new bridge, open to traffic on Thanksgiving Day, is in the heart of the Highlands. Architecturally it has no beauty apart from the honesty of its design. On the west Bear Mountain Park and the great Palisades Inter-State Park, the one included in the other, comprise together a monument to public-spirited citizens, particularly Mrs. E. H. Harriman and the late George W. Perkins. To the north and south stretches the great highway which eventually, after passing through picturesque West Point, winds about the face of Storm King. On the east side a new road built as an approach to the bridge affords views of the river as imposing as those from the west bank.

The building of the bridge from the time of the letting of the first contract occupied scarcely more than twenty months.

Soldiers, and Sailors Too

The culminating drama of the football season is undoubtedly the game between Annapolis and West Point, a game in which the naval and the military forces of the United States find a fit symbol for their rivalry in the service of their common country. In Philippine jungles, on gunboats in Chinese rivers, in scattered army posts, and aboard battleships in foreign stations there is a burning interest in this National and annual event.

Something of the athletic background of the young men and future admirals from Annapolis can be learned from

George Marvin's article which appeared in last week's issue of The Outlook. We hope before long to follow this article with a companion description of the undergraduate world of West Point from the same pen.

There is honor enough for all in any contest between Annapolis and West Point, but this year the honors of victory fell upon the shoulders of the future warriors from West Point. Although the cadets were unable to drive across the goal line for a touchdown, nevertheless the game was theirs as a result of four goals from the field—all delivered by the toe of one Garbisch, a West Point halfback and captain of the team. The record has been beaten in the past, but the achievement was not one to be sneezed at.



International

The Army-Navy game—Wood, Army's halfback, breaking through the Navy line

A Message of Common Sense

IF any revelation of Calvin Coolidge was needed, it has been supplied by the Message which he delivered for the first time since the people expressed their confidence in him. No other President could have delivered it.

It lacks the ponderous phrases characteristic of Cleveland's Messages, the captivating turns of expression which Wilson used, the smashing or sharp sentences to be found in the Messages of Roosevelt. And yet it has a quality of its own—a great literary virtue—which makes it recognizable as the work of Calvin Coolidge himself. It is intelligible. It conveys the ideas of the President so that the plain man can understand them. It brings home to the citizen who reads it a sense of the essential function of government.

Not Mere Frugality, but Good Management

ECONOMY is the dominant note of the Message. Recognizing the richness of the country not only in material resources but in intellectual vigor and moral power, the President nevertheless believes that the first function of the Government is to reduce the burden of government upon the people and therefore to release their energies for production and for other normal activities.

Mr. Coolidge's philosophy of government rests fundamentally upon his belief that the Government should be kept subordinate to the people. He states it as it applies to taxation in the following words:

> The fallacy of the claim that the costs of government are borne by the rich and those who make a direct contribution to the National Treasury cannot be too often exposed. No system has been devised, I do not think any system could be devised, under which any person living in this country could escape being affected by the cost of our government. It has a direct effect both upon the rate and purchasing power of wages. It is felt in the price of those prime necessities of existence, food, clothing, fuel, and shelter. It would appear to be elementary that the more the Government expends, the more it must require every producer to contribute out of his production to the Public Treasury, and the less he will have for his own benefit. The continuing costs of public administration can be met in only one way—by the work of the people. The higher they become, the more the people must work for the Government. The less they are, the more the people can work for themselves.

It may fairly be said, then, that Calvin Coolidge is writing in this Message a new declaration of independence. What he is preaching is a practical application of an old but certainly not outworn American doctrine—that the Government is an instrument for the people to use to particular ends and should be kept strictly to its business. Later in the Message, when speaking of the French spoliation claims, President Coolidge says, categorically, emphatically, epigrammatically, "The United States ought to pay its debts," and early in his Message he says: "Of course necessary costs must be met, proper functions of the Government performed, and constant investments for capital account and reproductive effort must be carried on by our various departments." This is not a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy. Calvin Coolidge is not asking Uncle Sam to act the miser. "But," he insists, "the people must know that the Government is placing upon them no unnecessary burden."

He is under no illusions as to what this means. It means reduced Governmental expenditure. "Anybody can reduce taxes," he points out, "but it is not so easy to stand in the gap and resist the passage of increasing appropriation bills which would make tax reduction impossible."

The President testifies to the beneficial effects of the Tax Bill passed at the last session. Yet he serves due notice that the present law is wrong in many particulars. The publicity provision ought, he believes, to be repealed. Prosperity, he holds, is dependent upon leaving business free from excess-profits taxation and according it "a system of surtaxes at rates which have for their object not the punishment of success or the discouragement of business, but the

production of the greatest amount of revenue from large incomes."

The Practice of Economy

From this point on the President hammers into compact form suggestion after suggestion for practical methods in maintaining economy in expenditure and in securing the general welfare.

Those who think that there is a political highway out of the farmers' difficulties will be disappointed in the President's discussion of agriculture. And yet it is clear that he recognizes that the Government has duties here, particularly concerning foreign competition, National finances, our monetary system, credit, and methods of distribution.

For specific measures to carry out such duties he expects recommendations from the Agricultural Conference. He hopes that this Conference will report "in time for action at this session."

In one particular he is specific. In connection with Muscle Shoals, in his opinion, the chief problem to consider is "the support of agriculture."

The President would have Congress—

Amplify the powers of the Inter-State Commerce Commission for consolidating railway systems;

Transfer the operation of the Government fleet to the Emergency Fleet Corporation, leaving to the Shipping Board solely the determination of certain major policies;

Place first, second, and third class postmasters and the prohibition enforcement field force under Civil Service regulation;

Reorganize the Government departments;

Humanize the administration of the Immigration Law, though retaining the general restrictive features;

Extend the National laws regulating Congressional elections;

Empower the Supreme Court to reform legal procedure;

Enact the recommendations of the Fact Finding Commission on Reclamation;

Enact certain measures for Federal waterways.

On international affairs the President restates his position, which is already familiar to the country. He is against competition in building and maintaining armaments. In this he continues the policy to which practical effect was given by the Armament Conference at Washington. He emphasizes the duty of the Government to maintain the naval ratio established by that Conference. He reiterates his desire for American membership in the World Court, repeats his hope for another conference in due time for further limiting armament, opposes the cancellation of foreign debts, sympathizes with efforts to outlaw aggressive war, and asks support for the effort to codify international law.

The same principle which he believes is fundamental in the relation of a free people to their own government he regards as indispensable for a free people in their relation to other nations. Co-operation with others, help for others, is compatible with the spirit and practice of independence.

Leadership

Those who think that leadership consists in stirring up the emotions will see little leadership in this Message. Those who think of leadership as the enunciation of some new or strange doctrine will find in this Message leadership wholly lacking. But those who believe that leadership often consists in helping people to understand how to go along accustomed and familiar paths in good order and without loss of energy or temper will see in this Message evidence of leadership of a high degree.

Dr. Moffatt's Version

News may be defined as information about something recent or unexpected that is of general interest. The newspaper editor's function is largely to determine whether an event is recent enough or unexpected enough or of general enough interest to warrant mention. It is not often that the publication of a book is treated by the press as a part of the regular news of the day. There is one book, however, that belongs to all mankind—the Bible. It is therefore not surprising that the newspaper editors have treated the publication of the new English translation of the Bible as an event of current interest.

For eight years Dr. Moffatt, of Glasgow, worked at the task of putting the Bible into modern English. The New Testament in his translation was published two years ago. His version of the Old Testament has been published now by the George H. Doran Company. As Professor of Church History in the United Free Church College of Glasgow, he has long been known as an eminent theologian. His one aim apparently has been to make the Bible more generally understood. He has done this partly by substituting current for antique phraseology, and partly by simply changing the form of words without substituting what is essentially clearer for what is obscure. Putting a familiar idea into new language is one way of making the familiar idea seem fresh. When, for instance, he calls the City of David Davidsburg, he startles the reader into giving the passage in which that word appears new attention. There is no essential advantage in changing

> Then said David, Will the men of Keilah deliver me and my men into the hand of Saul?

into

> Then said David, "Will the burghers of Keilah hand over me and my men to Saul?"

The word "burghers" suggests comfortable Dutchmen. That is hardly a true picture of any ancient people of the East. Nevertheless there is something gained in freshening a passage like that.

It is more than a freshening of the Bible that Dr. Moffatt attains. He makes these ancient documents seem human by making them seem more nearly contemporary. One method he uses is to put into rhyme the bits of ancient verse that are embedded here and there in parts of the Biblical narrative. For example, in the story of Samson, where the King James Version gives Samson's riddle as

> Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.

Dr. Moffatt sets it off in verse form as follows:

"From the eater came something to eat,
from the strong came something sweet."

Dr. Moffatt in this case has substituted rhyme for poetry; and it is not the only instance in which he has sacrificed the rhythm of the King James Version. Indeed, what one misses in this version is the sense of the beauty of language which was very keen in those who turned the literature of the Hebrews into an English classic. At times the change amounts almost to a vulgarization. When, for instance, Joshua fell to the earth upon his face before the ark of the Lord, after the Israelites had broken faith, in the King James Version it is written:

> And the Lord said unto Joshua, Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face?

Dr. Moffatt transforms this into the

language of a policeman, not to say a truck driver:

> "Get up," said the Eternal to Joshua, "why are you lying on your face there?"

Sometimes the change seems almost without any purpose except that of sacrificing the rhythm. In one of the most affecting scenes in all literature Dr. Moffatt makes David, in lamenting for the death of his handsome, unprincipled, and wayward son, say:

> O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! O that I had died instead of you, Absalom, my son, my son!

Has anything—even clearness—been gained by the substitution of that for those English words that seem almost to have come straight from the heart of the broken father:

> O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

No version is likely ever to take the place of that translation which has become a monument of English prose. Dr. Moffatt could have had no thought that his version would ever do so. His purpose will have been achieved if it leads people to re-read the Bible, if it helps them to realize that the Bible that English people read is, after all, a translation, and that therefore literalism is a mockery, and if it brings them back to the familiar version with a new understanding of its meaning and a new sense of its literary beauty.

Giacomo Puccini As I Knew Him

By Charles Henry Meltzer

I FIND it hard to realize that Puccini has passed on. It seems only yester-eve that I was seated near him, at a table in the foyer of the Metropolitan, drinking to his "Madama Butterfly" and listening to a now dead and buried German member of the Metropolitan administration congratulating its composer, in a French speech which, as I recall the facts, I had invented for him.

Puccini had been so close to us that he seemed part of Broadway. Even now, setting aside such celebrities as Mr. Kern and Mr. Berlin, musically speaking he is the most popular composer in this country.

Broadway, to be sure, has more than an inkling nowadays of Verdi and Massenet. To some—a few—on the White Way, Wagner is not, as long ago, unknown. But next to jazz (which is soon, they say, to come into its kingdom in the most famous of the world's opera houses) extracts from "La Bohème" and "Butterfly" and "Manon Lescaut" and "La Fanciulla del West" are the pet titbits of enlightened Broadwayites.

We could have better spared a greater man. I write this seriously; deeply regretting one whose flow of melody I loved, whose piquant harmonies have charmed me often, and whose progressions have reminded me at times of composers whom I swear by. Among them, Debussy.

Once, when I was visiting him at his Italian country house, Puccini pointed to a score of "Pelléas" upon his piano and drew my attention to the analogies between certain passages in that masterpiece and others in one of his own operas.

"I am never without 'Pelléas,'" said he, "but I have not imitated Debussy. What a pity," he went on, "that Debussy had not the gift of melody!"

I ventured the remark that Debussy had repressed much of his tendency to indulge in song. But Puccini smiled. "If one has melodic inventiveness," said he, "one is not likely to repress it. One must express it."

He was then engaged on the second act of "La Fanciulla," his expression of "The Girl of the Golden West," the least successful of his mature achievements. To oblige me he sat down and played the mellifluous music which he had composed for the episode in which the miners take up a collection for a stranded exile. And then he told me a few things about his operas.

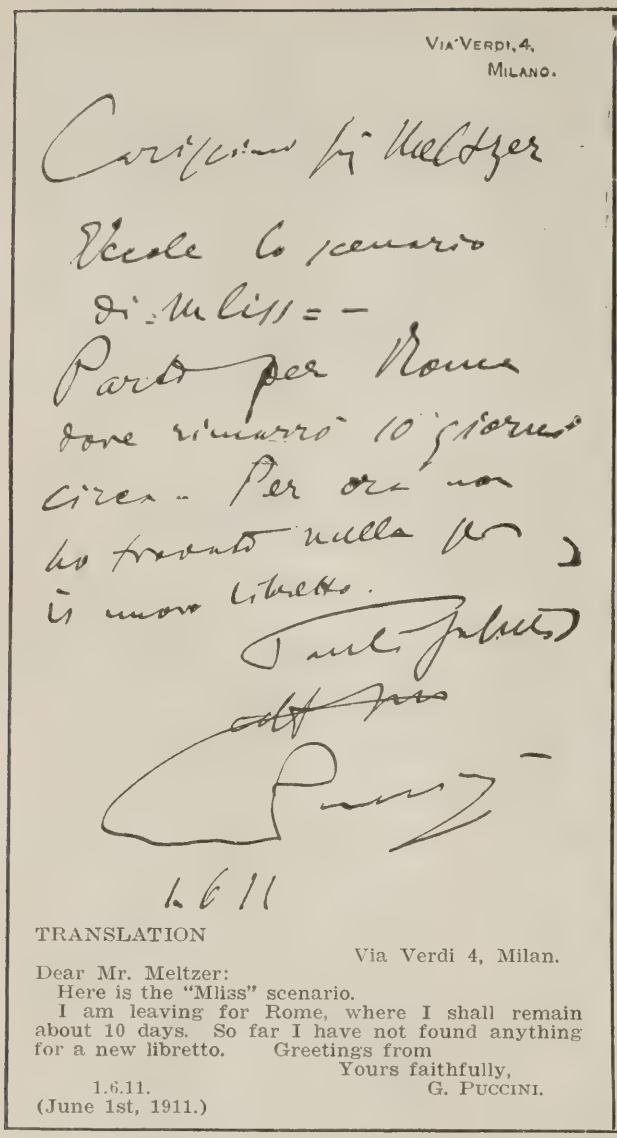
"I never," he declared, "attempt much in the way of local color. In 'Butterfly,' for instance, only two melodies are Oriental. I try chiefly in my music to be human."

And he was human to a fault, though humanity to him was rarely cerebral, and more rarely spiritual. He had the Italian outlook upon life and feeling. To him a man or woman was, before everything, a sensuous being; capable at the highest of hot passion, and incapable of the nobler kinds of tragedy. His music was the outpouring of a spontaneous nature. Not without charm—it had charm and to spare, in its own way. And that, perhaps, was why it was so popular, as the music of d'Indy and Strauss and Verdi, at his finest, in "Falstaff" and "Otello," may never be popular.

Simple and straightforward in his art, by contrast with the modernists who have followed in the footsteps of Debussy, without surpassing him, Puccini put grace, fluency, and sweetness into his music. Much that seemed strange to us when we first heard it, after a long spell in turn of Gounod, Verdi, and Wagner, was due (though he did not acknowledge it, unless to his intimates) to the influence of the Russians, to the example of Catalani (whom he had helped, they say, to ostracize in Milan), and to the scales of the old Church composers. Of his few operas (he wrote only eleven, including three one-act works which were performed about four years ago at the Metropolitan and a "Turandot" which is announced at the Scala), the one which may live longest is "La Bohème," a delightful setting of Henri Murger's "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème," well known to most of us. Puccini's comparative sterility was due less to his want of creative power (though he composed slowly and, unspurred by necessity, as his fancy prompted) than to the difficulty which he found in discovering good—or at least suitable—libretti. One day as I talked with him in Paris, after he had been idle full four years for want of a good theme, he deplored the rarity of Italian librettists. The last on whom he had counted, Luigi Illica, had gone to pieces; and he had ceased to have confidence in American subjects. The rebukes administered to him after he had wrestled with "La Fanciulla" ("The Girl of the Golden West") had discouraged him. But for that I might have induced him (as I was asked to do at the time) to write music for an adaptation of Bret Harte's "M'liss."

For a month or two he set his mind on Ouida's story of "Two Little Wooden Shoes." Wisely, he turned from that to more promising themes and gave us, notably, a comic master work in his "Gianni Schicchi," which, had it been made intelligible to this public by the use of English words, would no doubt have prospered.

As for the man, he was, above all, a country gentleman. He spent much of his time, of course, like other Italian composers, between Rome and Milan. His real home for many years was an ugly but commodious country house at



VIA VERDI, 4,
MILANO.

Caro Sig. Meltzer

Ecco lo scenario
di "Mliss" —
Parto per Roma
dove rimarrò 10 giorni
circa. Per ora non
ho trovato nulla di
il mio libretto.

Tutti saluti
affmo

G. Puccini

1.6.11

TRANSLATION

Via Verdi 4, Milan.

Dear Mr. Meltzer:

Here is the "Mliss" scenario.

I am leaving for Rome, where I shall remain about 10 days. So far I have not found anything for a new libretto. Greetings from

Yours faithfully,
G. PUCCINI.

1.6.11.
(June 1st, 1911.)



(C) Mishkin

Giacomo Puccini

Torre del Lago, near Viareggio. There he had leased or bought a lake, backed in the distance by the lofty Apennines. And there he loved, when he was not composing, to go duck and quail shooting. Close to his house, which was plainly furnished, I remember a small orchard full of the most luscious plums. Wild woods, well stocked with game, including boars, stretched round about, and through the sunlit air, ten miles away, the Pisan Tower and the Cathedral just beyond were clearly seen. Adjoining his study, a bare room with brown-yellowish walls, was a small armory of fowling-pieces of which he was very proud. Here Giacomo Puccini lived at ease, safe in the assurance of the large royalties which flowed into him from his publishers, and declined to hurry work he had in hand. I have often wondered whether his fame as a musician spelled more to him, or less, than his comfort and rusticity.

His legacy to art we can judge already. Besides the one-act opera entitled "Le Villi" (composed under the influence and at the advice of his master, Ponchielli) we owe to him, in the order named, a failure, "Edgardo," not performed here; "Manon Lescaut" (which some regard as his best work); "La Bohème;" "Tosca;" "Madama Butterfly;" and "La Fanciulla del West;" besides a trilogy, unrelated as to the themes, but produced at the same time, including "Gianni Schicchi" and his promised "Turandot." How long they will remain in the repertory of the more important opera houses, who knows? I am not infallible, yet I venture the prediction that fifty years from now none of his operas, with the exception of "La Bohème" and maybe "Manon Lescaut," will be sung outside of Italy. Puccini himself would have been the last to rank any of them with the best works of Verdi or even Donizetti. Yet to his contemporaries, and especially to Americans, they have joy and cheer. I can hardly conceive of a more agreeable *apéritif* in music than a selection from "La Bohème," or a more soothing aftermath to a good dinner than the long love duo in the first act of "Butterfly."

In passing, I may mention one effort which he destroyed. It was based on the tragedy of Marie Antoinette, and he burned it because, as he confessed to me with characteristic frankness, "it did not begin to be interesting till near the end." He would speak with lightness of his early works, "Le Villi" and "Edgardo," and tell you that he dated the commencement of his career from the production of his "Manon Lescaut."

To quote from his own lips, Puccini was, first and foremost, a dramatic composer. Inspiration seldom came to him till he had seen, or imagined vividly, some drama or dramatic situation. Hence while in America he spent many nights in the Broadway theaters, hunting for subjects as diligently as at Torre del Lago he went duck-hunting.

In Giacomo Puccini we mourn a composer to whom countless thousands owe much pleasure of a kind, and a plain-sailing soul, free from the conceits which too often make musicians unsupportable to the non-musical, and always human. His feet were firmly planted on the earth, his eyes were bent, not on the stars above, but on the world around him—the world which he knew best and could interpret, tunefully and with eloquence, if not greatly.

America's Concern in the Chinese Brawl

By Upton Close

Is the alliance of Japan, Russia, and China to be the fruit of China's internecine strife? If it is, what will Uncle Sam do about it?

WITH the moral and probably the financial support of Karakhan, Soviet Russia's Envoy to the Far East, two notable Chinese Christians, a statesman and a soldier, have carried out a coup which puts a period to the Chinese Republican experiment, and which places them in control of Peking's military and international affairs. The statesman is C. T. Wang, American university graduate, former General Secretary of the Chinese Y. M. C. A., member of Sun Yat-sen's first Republican Cabinet, pioneer of China's spinning industry at Shanghai, outstanding Chinese diplomat at Paris and Versailles, Special Commissioner who received the Shantung Railway and Tsingtao back from Japan, negotiator of a rejected treaty with Russia. The soldier, more often mentioned in the news despatches, is Feng Yu-hsiang, China's Christian general, who rose to prominence under Wu Pei-fu, only to throw him over in this crisis.

Chinese Christians—protégés of the American Y. M. C. A. and Methodist Church—working under the encouragement of an Armenian who is the representative of Communist autocracy, might be thought paradoxical enough. But there are more paradoxes to follow. From the days of the Japanese invasion of Shantung, C. T. Wang has been the outstanding protagonist in diplomacy for China's rights under Japanese assault. Chang Tso-lin, ex-bandit King of Manchuria, has been known for his acquiescence in Japanese penetration—at times he has been regarded as a Japanese agent. Wang's Christian associate Feng fought the most bitterly of all Wu Pei-fu's commanders against the Manchurian Chang two years ago, and it was his division that crushed Chang's flank and sent him fleeing back beyond the Great Wall. And yet to-day it is Wang and Feng who have made possible Chang's re-entry into Chinese affairs by treacherously taking Wu Pei-fu in the rear as Wu was holding the passes at the Great Wall.

Where Wang is Cock o' the Walk

TO-DAY Wang sits in the grand Foreign Office in Peking, having absorbed the powers of President and Cabinet. He is having his day of gloating over his rivals in China's diplomatic clique: W. W. Yen and Wellington Koo, whom his supporter General Feng has thrust aside with force. Yet Wang is too widely experienced a man to be actuated alone by motives of jealousy. His quarrel with his rival diplomats has been their subserviency in foreign affairs to England and America. He has seized this opportunity to attempt a gigantic—an amazing scheme. And China's Cromwell, who handles the military side, holds Peking and watches Chang Tso-lin's Japanese-equipped Manchurian and White Russian regiments march past Peking toward the Yangtze Valley, where Wu Pei-fu's lieutenants make a last stand for the régime of democratic experiment, and its attendant disruption and corruption.

The Russian Model Preferred

C. T. Wang, one of the originators of the democratic experiment in 1911, still a young man, is thoroughly convinced of the unadaptability of party government to China. He has followed Sun Yat-sen in his belief that Soviet Russia supplies the suggestion for a more workable type of democracy, founded on the ancient Chinese self-governing units of guild and village commune, with a dictatorship or autocracy in charge of national affairs. In international relations he believes that it is time for China to cut loose from the hegemony of the Peking diplomatic corps, and particularly of the British and American Legations. And yet no one better understands or is more friendly to Americans and Britons.

How are Wang and Feng going to utilize the Japanese-influenced Manchurian despot whom they have let into China? Thus far the only factor for union since their coup has been a mutual cause against Wu Pei-fu. If Wu fights to the bitter end, he may compel his Peking and Manchurian opponents to hang together long enough to effect an understanding on fundamental questions. Wu is not the type that takes ship for Japan at the first reverse. His stubbornness in defeat may cause him to be of this peculiar service to his enemies.

What does a compromise between the Christian soldier and statesman and the Manchurian ex-bandit King imply? Internationally it implies a division of political influence in China between Russia and Japan. Japan and Russia must either quarrel over this or come to an understanding. To such an understanding China would be third party. And the predicted tripartite alliance of Pacific Asia would be born. It would inevitably be anti-American in spirit. Such a development would be an event of the first magnitude in America's history.

Sooner or later it must come, and it will come out of developments in China, whether of the present crisis or not. We are only at the climax of the present drama, and further sudden reversals of situation may take place, *à la Chinois*, in its *dénouement*. However it turns, Japan and Russia, or Japan alone, will benefit. America will correspondingly lose.

The open door will swing. International equilibrium on the Pacific will be upset. The former is more an American fetish than a fundamental matter for American trade. If America's trade with Japan proper and Manchuria be taken as an index, China under Japanese control will do as much business with us as China free. American capital would have to share dividends. But it would also share risk. And it has shown that it leans to safety rather than boldness.

Something We Cannot Afford to See

IT is the second factor—equilibrium of power on the Pacific—that matters. Three years ago the American Government summoned a conference of nine Powers in Washington, its chief motive being to make the Pacific safe from military competition and insure the equilibrium of the Pacific Powers. Which, to speak directly, meant to make China safe from Japan. Theoretically the American doesn't give a hang what becomes of China. But in the last resort he cannot endure to see the Chinese storehouse of man power and materials open to the use of a third party. In the Washington Conference Japan submitted gracefully, and signed mutually self-abnegative agreements drafted particularly with her in mind, committing herself to "refrain from" taking advantage of conditions in China in order to seek special rights or privileges which would abridge the rights of subjects or citizens of friendly states, and from countenancing action inimical to the security of such states.

Americans settled back with their usual gratified sigh: "Well, that's that. Now we can think of something else."

The Nine Power Treaty made at Washington is as toothless as a new-born babe—as unenforceable as a marriage

vow. Whether or not it settles the problem of the Pacific depends entirely upon Japan's good will and interpretative conscience.

Under the circumstances, the preservation of Japan's good will might have been thought of some value. Instead, it was sacrificed to American pride, prejudice, and politics in the roughly effective handling of the immigration question last summer. Can Japan, ruled out of the brotherhood of the West, endangered by Russian *rapprochement* with China, threatened with utter isolation, be blamed for holding her apron to catch whatever plum the ex-bandit King of Manchuria throws her way? If a friendly régime in China virtually nullifies the Nine Power Treaties in Japan's favor, or in favor of an allied Japan and Russia, will America protest? And if she does, will Japan, bowing courteously as ever, laugh quietly in the big sleeves of her kimono?

Is England Going Red?

The British Labor Party's Future

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

RED is the color of Communism. Now Communism has increasingly captured the Labor-Socialist Party. At the recent election that party augmented its strength by over a million votes. Is England, then, going red?

What is the Labor Party?

THE British Labor Party is primarily a party of humanity. It was founded, first, as an amply justified protest against slum existence. Second, it was founded as a means of bringing a greater impulse to the solution of problems affecting humanity in general and labor in particular—such problems as those of unemployment, housing, food, old-age pensions, sanitation, schools.

The atmosphere of these problems has charged the atmosphere of the Labor political meetings. When I have gone to Conservative or Liberal meetings, I have always been impressed by the healthy, hearty, sturdy English stock represented there; by the brawn, fiber, finish, of the generally good-looking auditors; by their evident instinct for ordered liberty, if also by their rather complacent satisfaction in national progress—so long as it prudently refrains from infringing on too many cherished traditions.

But the Labor meetings got me right away from the big bow-wows. Those Labor meetings were, it is true, for the most part very British, but here and there I observed a foreign-looking face. Again, while Conservative and Liberal audiences might not have been entirely "out of the top drawer" either socially or financially, it seemed a little more certain that the Labor audiences were not. On the other hand, they were generally very keen mentally and, what was more patent, with a lack of that complacency I had noted with the others, indeed with an active horror over many existing evils—as, for example, the small chance the poor man has as against the rich man, the tenant as against the landlord, the employee as against the employer, even though that chance be far better than it was. This sentiment was reflected in pleas from the platform:

"Vote for Elmer; he knows our conditions."

"Don't vote for Hogg; he never saw the inside of a workingman's hut."

"Vote for Smith. He's a doctor; the doctors are with us. They know what suffering means."

"Don't vote for Jones. He is a lawyer; they're mostly against us."

"Vote for *me*. I don't drop my 'h's,' you see, but I'm proud to belong to the masses, just the same."

"Don't vote for my opponent. He belongs to the 'classes' and considers himself—ah! quite superior to us."

If you were conscious of the beginnings of class hatred from this last utterance, you were also conscious of the deep desire of the leaders and the led to make conditions more nearly what they should be—to give, first, new and greater opportunities to labor; then, better homes and more of them; better food and more of it; larger pension provisions to the old, the sick, the disabled, the bereaved, the workless; and, finally, more chances to little children as well as to grown-ups. This brotherliness and this longing to do something for "the other fellow" have been so evident as almost to take on an atmosphere of really religious consecration.

Labor Versus Socialism

A PURELY Labor Party no longer exists in England. The Socialists have exploited the old trade-union vote. The Labor Party is now bound up with the Socialist Party, and bound up so hard and fast by the zeal of the latter that "Socialist," not "Labor," is now the emphasized word.

Socialist fervor has been aided by a superb party organization which has worked incessantly as against the more spasmodic efforts of Conservatives and Liberals. The result of such work is seen in the fact that the Labor-Socialists have risen in number from five members in Parliament twenty-five years ago to the present year, when they reached 193 members. True, owing to a disproportionately representative system, they have now had to see this number fall to 150, while at the same time they have been winning victory in defeat, for they have increased their popular strength by adding some hundreds of thousands of voters to their cause.

Thus, just because anti-Socialists attained a crushing Parliamentary majority, they are not at all entitled to suppose their battle won. With the increase of Socialist votes to nearly a third of the country's total, that battle is occupying more territory than ever.

Hence, as they think of their future, the English Socialists are justified in anticipating a time when, under proportional representation, they will have an absolute majority for their party in the House of Commons. Then, and only then, may they enter upon a truly Socialist legislative programme. In speaking of this, Ramsay MacDonald, their leader, recently announced that when he began this programme he would pursue it prudently and wisely, by degrees and by persuasion.

"Not so," declared the Wild Men from Glasgow (largely, however, of Irish extraction), the Communists. "We will attain our end at one jump. If this means revolution, so be it."

They would frame a Budget and impose taxation to yield them millions of votes, influenced by miners and railwaymen, simply by providing for the nationalization of mines and transportation *to be controlled by the workers!* They would also nationalize the banks and apply a capital levy! If necessary, they would seize power by force and hold it by force!

So, Stanley Baldwin, now fortunately again Prime Minister, was well within

the mark when he recently observed that, grave though Mr. MacDonald's difficulties had been, with the Labor Party in minority, they were nothing to what his difficulties might be had he a majority. For what would a Labor Premier do against so many and such clamorous Communistic extremists?

Socialism Versus Communism

In its turn Socialism has become bound up with Communism. To use Lord Salisbury's phrase, the Communist tail is not bigger than the Socialist dog, but it has shown more energy and determination.

Academically, of course, Socialism and Communism, you may say, aim at the same end—equality—no matter the difference between the lazy man and the thrifty, between a man of skill and one of no skill. But the Socialist and the Communist *means* towards their common end are as wide apart as are the poles.

Mr. MacDonald, really at base, I like to suppose, a Constitutionalist, has no notion, I am sure, of exchanging British civilization for Bolshevist anarchy. He has repeatedly declared that "Communism, as we know it, has nothing in common with us." On October 7, under his strenuous influence, the Labor Conference finally passed a resolution "that no member of the Communist Party be eligible for membership in the Labor Party." Yet to the majority vote of 1,804,000 for this resolution there was the large humiliating and menacing minority vote of no less than 1,540,000.

Even though real Laborites, like Mr. Thomas and Mr. Snowden, denounced Communism during the campaign, I noted no action by the Labor Party to dissociate itself from Communists standing as Labor candidates, nor any action by it to repudiate Communist support for Labor candidates. Possibly this was not an exhibition of Communist control; it certainly was of Communist influence and pressure.

Communist Control

Fortunately for British prestige, actual Communist control in the late administration was not far-reaching enough to make the Prime Minister, who was also Foreign Minister, bend in face of the unreasonable, not to say preposterous, demands of Zaghloul Pasha, the Egyptian leader; or to prevent the Premier's behest to his party to provide the navy with needed cruisers, even though the Liberals committed the old narrow error of voting against them (in this the Conservatives gladly plumped with the Laborites); or to interfere with Mr. MacDonald as he skillfully and efficiently presided over the recent London Conference, which carried the Dawes Plan into effect, to the benefit of the Allies and of Germany alike—indeed, to the benefit of the whole world.

On the other hand, Communist control showed itself in some glaring cases.

Under it the prosecution for sedition in the Campbell case was withdrawn; there might have been fear of disclosures by the Communist editor Campbell of certain now unpleasant "historical facts." This discomfiture was gleefully noted by Zinoviev, that drastic Bolshevik; he expressed the hope, as reported, that the MacDonald administration might be continued in office, because it had proved itself "the finest cinematographic display for us on the international political screen; . . . the Premier is not his own master, for his followers forced him to release Campbell."

Communist control was equally revealed from first to last in Mr. MacDonald's relations with the Bolshevist Government—in his recognition of that Government, in his signature to a treaty providing for a guaranty loan, and in his final lack of straightforwardness concerning the latest Zinoviev lucubration.

The Future

As one of Labor's own organs now acknowledges, Communist control has been the chief cause of the decline in the number of Labor-Socialist members of Parliament. Hence, under existing conditions of representation, the Labor-Socialist Party, as its best leaders realize, must dissociate itself from that control. Is England to continue to see men like Haldane, Chelmsford, Thomson, Thomas, Snowden, Walsh, and Webb controlled by Communists? The spectacle is too monstrous. Such a coalition must fall and break of its own weight.

This granted, the query arises whether the separation, by deed as in word, of the Labor-Socialists from Communists may not eventually be followed by the break-up of the Labor-Socialist Party itself. The English Radical, who is neither an old-fashioned Whig nor a new-fashioned Socialist, has never had a political party voice. He should have it. No matter how great the growth of Socialist poison in the old Labor Party, instead of the present hodgepodge, why should not these Radicals (called "moderates" in the Labor Party) swing clear and form a really Radical Party, ultimately perhaps to unite with the Liberal Party's left wing, whose emphasis has always been rather on such favorite Labor issues as employment, housing, rents, and living costs, issues appealing far more to the rank and file at the political meetings, as I have seen them here, than do oratorical flights anent the Suez Canal, or Singapore, or the Empire's prestige or grandiose plans for its future. Signs already show the way the wind may blow one day. There have been, for example, very independent criticisms from such men as Mr. Thomas and Mr. Snowden, sometimes flatly contradicting their Premier's policy and indicating that two at least of his Ministers do not propose to follow him far into the Socialist dream-world. Indeed, to the acid tones of one of these Ministers the gentler MacDonald might have rejoined in the old cockney saw, "It ain't so much the things 'e says, as the narsty way 'e says 'em!"

This separation would leave the simon-pure Socialists to flock by themselves, with their schemes of mine and railway and bank nationalization, combating the individualism and commercial stability of the older parties, to which would be added the new Radical group, or, if you like, the new Labor Party. That the Socialist group in itself would be pretty strong is indicated by the striking Socialist success in the municipal elections, which took place some days after the general election. Despite this, the Socialists are now trimming their sails, as per Sidney Webb's statement that "Socialism in England must be consistent with the four rules of arithmetic, with the Ten Commandments, and with the Union Jack. There must be no confiscation." This will be news to many Socialists. I recall no such statement during the campaign.

Finally, so great does Communist appetite grow by what it feeds on, that there would be doubtless—alas!—enough Communists left to form a party of their own. Certainly one might think that from the way "The Red Flag" was sung at Labor-Socialist meetings all over the place during the recent campaign. At a Bristol meeting, for instance, apparently everybody sang it, and then one in the audience shouted: "How about the national anthem?" There was no response.

Yet is good old England going Red? Is state guardianship going to replace self-help? No—not with an anti-Socialist Government in unprecedented parliamentary power and presumably in office for five years. No—not even if the Labor-Socialists polled over a million votes more than last year, for the Conservatives polled two million more. Finally, no—not with the chance that the mass of men represented by the late Government may break into its three component parts: Labor, Socialism, Communism.

London.

English Immigrants Not

From an exhibition of ten paintings from the noted Tennant-



Courtesy of M. Knoedler & Co., 14 E. 57th St., New York City

Elizabeth, Countess of Derby, by George Romney

The Countess of Derby was born (as Lady Betty Hamilton) in 1753; was married in 1774; died in 1797. "Her portrait, in which the figure is particularly well placed in the canvas, . . . suggests the simplicity and grace of the young lady who aroused the enthusiasm of James Boswell"

Under the Quota Law

Glenconner Collection, at the Knoedler Galleries, New York City



Courtesy of M. Knoedler & Co., 14 E. 57th St., New York City

The Frankland Sisters, by John Hoppner

The daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland, a descendant of Oliver Cromwell. The elder sister, on the right, is Amelia or Emily, born 1777, died 1800; the younger, Marianne, born 1778, died in 1795, soon after the painting of the picture. Both died of tuberculosis

Business with the Bolsheviki

By STANLEY HIGH

The Nishni-Novgorod Fair tells the story of the shift in the economic policy of Russia. The Bolsheviki are learning that the breaking of economic laws carries with it automatic punishment

THERE may be little enough business in the Government of Soviet Russia, but there is no lack of Government in business. The Soviets, strictly speaking, are not in business—they are business. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, not to mention almost every one else, are Government employees. One rides on Government trains, eats in a Government diner—good food, too—buys at a Government store, patronizes a Government barber, lives in a Government house, heated with Government fuel and watched over by a Government agent, whose task it is to scrutinize one's housekeeping.

This, it must be said, is not Communism. There were days—idyllic, Communist days shortly after the Revolution—when workers rode free on the trams and the trains, when barter and exchange and such capitalistic creations as the middleman were temporarily done away with. But the Soviets have been since then endeavoring diligently to atone for the economic excesses of that period. One illustration will indicate how business sense has supplanted the practice, if not the theory, of Communism.

I visited during August the famous Russian fair at Nishni-Novgorod in the Volga Valley—perhaps the most famous fair in the world. Before the war and the Revolution the East and the West and the ancient states between sent representatives to Nishni. The products of the world were sold in its booths, and strange people in strange costumes thronged the long, narrow lanes between its shops. In 1910 the value of the goods brought to Nishni amounted to 250,000,000 gold rubles, and the number of visitors, before the war, totaled nearly 500,000 annually. It was a picturesque institution and a significant tribute to the world-wide ties of trade.

During the war, however, there were no traders to come from the East, and few to trade had they come. When the war was followed by the Revolution, Nishni's prospects for revival did not improve. The advent of Communism was looked upon as the death knell of those business dealings that had made Nishni known by traders from the Baltic to the China Seas. Traders and the counters over which they traded were a part of a régime that had ended. In the heyday of the Revolution, therefore, many of the buildings at Nishni were destroyed and their materials used for firewood. The place fell into ruins, as did many such relics of capitalism.

But since those days economic necessity has taken a hand. The new Communism—which isn't Communism at all, but a state Socialistic adaptation of Marx—is seeking to restore Nishni, as it is seeking to restore other temples of capitalistic enterprise. The director of the fair is a Communist, but, more important, he is a successful business man trained in the business of pre-war Russia. He has secured a substantial money appropriation. The buildings have been restored and the floor space considerably increased. New buildings have been erected and a modern lighting system installed. The whole country has been placarded with great posters setting forth the desirability of restoring the fair. This year many more buildings have been rented than last, although out of 286 firms represented 133 are state institutions or co-operatives, 89 are private firms, and 70 Eastern concerns. Incidentally, there is nothing Communistic in the prices that one pays at Nishni.

Despite this return to capitalism—under whatever name you choose to call it—there is not the same freedom for private enterprise in Russia at present that existed up to about a year ago. The greatest modification of Communism came with Lenine's New Economic Policy. The NEP was a matter-of-fact admission, with all sorts of excuses, of course, that Communism would not work. Under the NEP fully eighty per cent of the retail trade of Russia returned to private hands. A new class of capitalistic profiteers arose—the Nep-men. While some 600,000 Communists preached the end of all such enterprise, this rather large group of capitalists grew up overnight and made fortunes out of a situation that Communism could not meet.

With the passing of Lenine, however, reaction set in. The Nep-men, too obviously, were becoming a powerful "new bourgeoisie." Better less business than so much capitalism. So a drive was begun against them. The stabilization of the currency offered an opportunity to increase taxes and to favor Government co-operatives. Surplus supplies were furnished to the co-operatives, which, ac-



Photograph by Captain Paxton Hibben

Along the Volga during the Nishni-Novgorod Fair



Peasants at the Nishni-Novgorod Fair—booths along the Zelensky Ovrag, a deep gully that runs down to the Volga

Photograph by Captain Paxton Hibben

cordingly, undersold private concerns and gradually drove them out of business. The Nep-men during the past eight months have one by one closed up shop and drifted out of the picture. Today practically all of the retail trade of the country is in the hands of the Government or Government co-operatives.

The Soviets, however, have not confined their business ventures to retail trade. They have, for instance, gone into housekeeping. Moscow, I suppose, is the most overcrowded city in Europe—and that is saying a good deal. The removal of the capital from Leningrad and the constant centralization of Russian administrative life in Moscow attracted many thousands of new inhabitants to the city. The foreigner who arrives in the city will find one good hotel—the Savoy. The Savoy, however, is almost always crowded with correspondents, hopeful business men, and diplomatic scouts sent to spy out the land. The Savoy's prices, moreover, are beyond the reach of the average traveler. To find quarters anywhere else is, however, an almost impossible task unless one is fortunate enough to have friends in one of the relief missions.

The houses of Moscow are all owned by the Moscow Soviet. A certain amount of floor space is allotted to each inhabitant. Those who are engaged in the "productive or socially useful" occupations on the basis of which Communistic citizenship is granted are favored with more room in better surroundings, and such individuals cannot be ejected from their homes. Professional people, those who can lay claim to the necessity for a "study," are also granted additional space. The left-overs of the *bourgeois* class are not so fortunate.

The housekeeping business of the Government is administered on a very ingenious and, apparently, a rather successful plan. There are very few small dwellings in Moscow, most of the buildings being apartment-houses, often rather primitive in their conveniences. Each house, inhabited usually by several families, sets up a house committee, which performs the duties which usually fall to the lot of the tenant or the owner. This house committee is elected by those who dwell in the house. It collects the rents, keeps the building in repair, ejects tenants who are unfit, and pays whatever taxes are due.

Theoretically, one finds in these house committees a working of Soviet democracy. But it is democracy, one discovers, that works with reservations. The house committee must, obviously, be dominated by the Communistic influence. Therefore when election time comes around the Communists who occupy the building prepare a slate of acceptable candidates for the committee. From this slate the house management is chosen. There have been some revolts at the slates proposed, but floor space is too scarce in Moscow to lead the average person to risk ejection by seriously opposing the Communist slate.

Despite all this interference by the Government in enterprises that normally are carried on by private concerns, there is an increasing demand in Russia for capitalistic investment. A prominent Soviet economist told me in Moscow that "we might be able, eventually, to restore the state without outside help. But it would be a long and very difficult process. Capital from abroad must be secured to speed up restoration."

When I asked why it was that capitalists seemed unwilling to take the risks involved in doing business with a Government that on economic questions was, to say the least, highly erratic, he said:

"Foreign business men who have sought trade here have come to make a commercial colony of Russia. They have insisted on a fifty per cent or a sixty per cent return on their investment, and we are unwilling to go in for that kind of exploitation. We will give every sort of guaranty to business interests that are out for a reasonable return on their investments, and we are willing to wait for help until business interests of that sort come to Russia."

Then, again, it was pointed out that the Russians are not eager to buy manufactured products—agricultural machinery, railroad equipment, etc.—abroad. They are anxious, however, that the concerns which manufacture these needed articles establish factories in Russia. Thus they are in search of business concerns that will accept certain concessions in forest land in the country and establish a paper mill in Russia. In the same way they are looking for help for their textile industry.

Meanwhile, of course, industrial life is only limping along. There is a woeful shortage of technicians. The technicians who are already in Russia are hampered by Communistic restrictions. Thus in many factories the manager comes from

the old Russia and is not a Communist. He is utilized, however, because there are no Communists trained to do his work. But beside him stands a Communist who checks over his every act to prevent exploitation and evasion of Government regulations.

The textile school in Moscow which I visited is crowded with young Communists who are being prepared in what is one of the finest textile schools in the world to take over the actual management of the cotton industry. Other technical institutions are similarly crowded. When young Communists are trained to take over the management of industry, the economic life of the country will move forward with less difficulty. In the meantime, however, politics is a serious hindrance to economic development. The gradual withdrawal of this political influence from the economic life of the country is almost certain to come as the only condition upon which the financial interests of capitalistic nations will venture into Russia. And there are indications that, despite the reaction following the death of Lenine, the Soviets are ready to make many of the necessary concessions to private trade.

When Cash Talks Virtue

By ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

Some people have thought that virtue won her chief rewards in the romances of Horatio Alger. Now she has conquered a new field, the box-offices of the movies. Mr. Mandeville tells how she did it and credits Will Hays with an assist

IN the early months of 1922 Will H. Hays resigned as Postmaster-General of the United States to become the overlord of the motion-picture industry. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been paid him each year by the leading motion-picture producers with the intention that he

1. Create a better understanding between those interested in the production and distribution branches of the business—between the producer and the exhibitor.

2. Combat censorship legislation.

Mr. Hays himself announced to the public that his purpose was to develop the movies to the highest possible moral and educational standards. He agreed to accept full responsibility for the quality of motion-picture films. Two years ago he gave in behalf of the National Association of Motion Picture Producers a voluntary pledge that its members would strive "to establish and maintain the highest possible moral and artistic standards in motion-picture production."

At the close of his first three-year period, let us inquire into the success or failure of his work.

It is apparent that he has been eminently satisfactory to his employers—the large producers; for they hastened to renew his three-year contract for another three-year period at the same enormous salary, and they did this one year before the expiration of the first agreement.

It has been noticed that the newly appointed movie czar had two separate tasks to accomplish: 1. To effect better business arrangements between producer and exhibitor; 2. To raise the moral quality of the pictures, or at least to prevent censorship legislation.

On the business side of his job Mr. Hays has been a great investment. The producers have received an excellent return on their salary expenditure. Only a few weeks ago it was announced that the arbitration system that he evolved has already saved the industry a cool million and a half. He has increased the number of producing members of his association—The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America—from nine to twenty-two. He has reorganized the industry (the fourth largest business in the United States). He has eliminated most of the jealousies and ruinous competition, cuttings and slashings. He has cut down useless extravagances. He has made many savings at the source by the installation of a joint insurance system and other co-operative measures. He has effected a uniform contract between the producers and the exhibitors, which has been a great boon to the business. He has ironed out many a dispute between star and producer. An example of this was his recent smoothing over of Richard Barthelmess's differences with his employer, the Inspiration Picture Corporation.



(C) Harris & Ewing

Will H. Hays, President Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc.

While it is an easy matter to set down success after the record of his first task, it is not as simple to so label his job of uplifting the moral tone of the movies.

One's first impressions of his work in this field would be that it has been a failure. The movies of to-day, on the whole, do not strike one as being much cleaner than they were three years ago. And the set speech that Mr. Hays delivers to journalistic inquirers—a speech that is the identical one given out in interviews in 1922, and in the entire intervening period, a speech dripping over with high-sounding phrases and carrying before it the unmistakable flag of "bunk"—this speech prejudices one immediately on the question of his sincerity. Then, again, the literature turned out in enormous quantities by his office and by his Committee on Public Relations is so vague that one searches in vain for positive accomplishment.

So my first thought in this survey of the movies was that Mr. Hays has proved a good business investment to his producer bosses and that he has been an effective smoke screen to stave off censorship and to pacify troublesome reformers with highly moral talks on his "divine call to clean up the movies" and his enlisting of their advisory aid in carrying out this "king's business." But to find that he had done anything to uplift the standards of the movies required a thorough survey of the present-day field. The result, I am frank to say, was a great surprise to me.

An investigation of the country-wide situation forces me to the conclusion that

Will Hays has dealt with an extremely difficult problem as effectively as almost any man could have done. He has definite accomplishment to his credit in this matter of safeguarding the morals of the movie-goers.

It would be expected that he would be swayed in decisions of principle by his salary-paying producers; but, in fact, it appears that he has consistently stood out for what he thought right, regardless of its effect on the pocketbooks of his employers. And underneath all his "hokum" talk—a relic, I suppose, of political campaigns—he is sincerely, I believe, trying to raise the standards of the movies.

This, as can readily be understood, is not an easy task. It will take several three-year periods to show a satisfactorily improved industry in this regard.

Many of the exhibitors are ex-carnival and ex-circus men, and it will take years to educate them up to honest and far-sighted business showmanship. They have yet to learn that large box-office receipts for "sexy" films, exploited salaciously, constitute in the end poor showmanship. They depend, in the long run, on the family trade, and this patronage is not attracted by the salacious film. Nor do their deceptive advertising methods mean return trade. Salacious titles and lurid posters, which may attract the coins of the morbidly inquisitive at the box-office, prove a boomerang when the films inside do not fulfill the advertised promises of indecency and filth. And rarely, if ever, do they. The deceived patron is forever after wary of that theater.

Living in New York City, one is likely to come to the untrue conclusion that it is the "sexy" picture that pays. It is a fact that on Broadway some of the most popular pictures have been those with the sex appeal held uppermost, but a study of the country as a whole shows that the money is not in this type of film.

There is a booking guide, issued by the "Motion Picture News," which lists the current features of the leading producers, and for each film gives a percentage rating, based on the actual business that this picture has done throughout the country. It would well pay many present-day exhibitors to consult this list and then take out their pencils to figure wherein their real profits lie.

Any picture that has a rating under seventy-five per cent is considered bad business from the box-office standpoint. Out of fifty-four current releases of the sensational and lurid type, seductively titled, there are only twelve which receive good ratings. It is fair to assume that these twelve have been successful as much through their strong stories and the popularity of their stars as through their sex appeal. The grand average of box-office rating of fifty-five out-and-out sex pictures, inclusive of the high averages of the twelve mentioned, figures only seventy-four and four-tenths per cent. Forty-two out of the fifty-five average only sixty-three and three-tenths per cent.

Here are some of the sensational pictures with their respective success at the box-office. Bear in mind that anything under seventy-five per cent means little, if any, profit to the exhibitor:

FIGURES COMPILED FROM "MOTION PICTURE NEWS" BOOKING GUIDE

Features.	Box-Office Rating Per Cent.
The Breaking Point (Nita Naldi)	60
Changing Husbands (Leatrice Joy)	74
Don't Call it Love (Nita Naldi)	53
Manhandled (Gloria Swanson)	92
Humming Bird (Gloria Swanson)	97
Society Scandal (Gloria Swanson)	82
The Enemy Sex (Betty Compson)	73
Tiger Love (Estelle Taylor)	66
Zaza (Gloria Swanson)	76
Shadows of Paris (Pola Negri)	81
Men (Pola Negri)	81
Montmartre (Pola Negri)	53
The Love Pirate	56
Anna Christie (Blanche Sweet)	68
Black Oxen (Corinne Griffith)	80
Chastity (Katherine MacDonald)	43
Song of Love (Norma Talmadge)	61
Dangerous Maid	50
For Sale (Claire Windsor)	57
Flaming Youth (Colleen Moore)	85
Flirting with Love (Colleen Moore)	91
Perfect Flapper (Colleen Moore)	81
Painted People (Colleen Moore)	75
White Moth (Barbara La Marr)	80
Single Wives (Corinne Griffith)	75
Scarlet Lily (Kath. MacDonald)	42
Those Who Dance	65
Jealous Husbands	64
Why Men Leave Home	81
A Man's Mate	66
Love Letters	50
Six Cylinder Love	50
South Sea Love	51
Desire	67
Slave of Desire (From Balzac's)	53
French Doll (Mae Murray)	62
Fashion Row (Mae Murray)	77
Mlle. Midnight (Mae Murray)	76
The Heart Bandit (Dana and Sills)	71
Pleasure Mad	77
Rejected Women (Alma Rubens)	63
A Wife's Romance (Alma Rubens)	68
The Rendezvous	61
In Search of a Thrill	63
Name the Man	77
Rouged Lips	70
The Near Lady	68
Lilies of the Field (Cor. Griffith)	86
Borrowed Husbands	59
A Love Bandit	64
One Law for the Woman	62
Poisoned Paradise	61
Thy Name is Woman	83
Three Weeks	84
The Marriage Cheat	65

We are just beginning to understand the real money value of a salacious picture. Because "Flaming Youth" was such an enormous success on Broadway, it was immediately concluded that the public wanted forbidden stories that they could not get at the library, but in actual test it has been proved that unless a sex picture has an exceptional dramatic value, which would make any film a success, it is bound to be a losing investment. It may be true that Broadway and its counterpart in the other large cities may want bizarre, wild and forbidden stories, but it does not follow that the American public, spread across the country, wants them. Producers have found that the salacious titles which they expected would be box-office assets have proved to be liabilities.

Such a picture as "The Song of Love," which had as its stars such popular favorites as Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schildkraut, could not weather the storm. It started off with a rating of eighty per cent, but soon dropped to sixty-one per cent, and the exhibitors are quoted as saying, "Stories like this didn't make Norma." "They don't appeal to the masses." "Many of her admirers stayed away." "She looks better with her clothes on." "The people would not come to see Norma in that type of picture."

In contrast with the above picture, notice the enormous financial success of pictures such as "The Sea Hawk," "The Covered Wagon," "The Ten Commandments," and Harold Lloyd's "Girl Shy." Exhibitors all over the country are waking up to these facts. Mr. C. R. Sullivan, exhibitor of Amarilla, Texas, has emphatically stated his position in the matter as follows: "After living in this territory for nearly twenty years and gaining a reputation that I am proud of, I positively refuse to lose that reputation by running some fool picture or pictures with suggestive titles. A motion-picture producer has no more right to produce a clean picture and give it a suggestive title to lure people in than a groceryman would have to sell imitation cherry preserves for absolutely pure cherry preserves. If a groceryman did this, he would be fined under the Pure Food and Drugs Act."

The November issues of the trade paper "Motion Picture News" carry scores of letters each week from exhibitors protesting against sordid pictures and salacious titles. Each one of them is clamoring for "clean stuff." This, of course, is a healthy sign. But many exhibitors, in their ignorance, still hold that they must show the *risqué* picture in order to satisfy their public. Considering the background of the majority of

the operators of our country's fifteen thousand movie palaces, it is to be expected that they would be misled by occasional stag rushes upon their box-offices. A Connecticut theater owner said to me: "The way to pack the house is to bring them on in lingerie."

And in New York City at this writing there is showing a feature picture called (*mirabile dictu*) "Dante's Inferno" which played to empty seats for a week, until the nude advertising was displayed; with the result that they are now "standing them up." But I point out again that this is New York, and not typical. Certainly movie advertising is not to be compared for daring with the lobby advertising of the New York Winter Garden and of "Artists and Models."

Producers, being in the business to make money, are going to produce, and the exhibitors exhibit that class of picture that the public wants. They must be made to see that there is more profit and a more lasting trade to be built up by the avoidance of "sexy" subjects.

Of course the decision in the matter rests with the public. It is their criticism and praise that will guide the exhibitors' selections. This decision is the public's, and not that of Will Hays. But to Mr. Hays credit is due for a real effort to educate the twenty million who attend our movies shows every day, to demand a better film, and the exhibitor to require, in turn, a better product from the producer.

He has worked out a system whereby sixty of the leading National social organizations preview the new films and then pass on to their members recommendations of the worthy ones. Colonel Jason S. Joy heads the Committee on Public Relations, which serves as a channel between the public and the producers. The recommendations for changes in pictures which have come from the public through this contact seem to have been acted upon in every case. It must be admitted that these changes have not always been consistent with historical accuracy, but then in the main the alterations have been for the general good of the movies.

The organization has taken up the boosting of such a worth-while picture as "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" and has redeemed it from a flat Broadway failure to what is now a decidedly popular success on the road.

Hays's organization has suppressed the many indecent foreign films that have been imported. True, there is a business reason behind all this, but, even so, a great service has been done to the American public.

On July 25, 1924, Mr. Hays warned the producers in no uncertain terms that the salacious must be eliminated from pictures and from the picture industry. He impressed upon his employers the folly of rushing to the prurient novels and lurid dramas for film subjects. Of course he has not yet corrected this entire situation, but he has definitely checked it.

Notice, for instance, the plays that are to be filmed in the next few months. They are "The Swan," "Grounds for Divorce," "Beggar on Horseback," and "The Goose Hangs High." Surely this is an improvement over the last batch filmed—*i. e.*, "Spring Cleaning" (retitled "The Fast Set"), "The Garden of Weeds," Sudermann's "Lily of the Dust," and "The Czarina" (retitled "Forbidden Paradise").

My investigation has shown me that there is one prominent producer who stands out as an enemy of everything that the Hays movement attempts. It is largely from this producer's connections that the objectionable films are



On the left we have reproduced typical advertising matter for this year's "Famous Forty" pictures. On the right are in both titles and methods of display. Another company follows suit with their "White List." In the

now coming. But here Hays shows the power of his organization. This antagonistic producer is being gradually forced out of the running by the other members of the association. His influence has waned as his antagonism increased, and in a few months his production will be so limited in quantity that its quality will not affect the industry as a whole. There is no question but that what Hays stands for in the movie industry must ultimately prevail.

In the matter of correcting the salacious title Mr. Hays has won a definite victory.

The Famous Players Lasky, the wealthiest and most powerful of the Hays group, came out early this year with their "Famous Forty"—forty pictures, most of them with suggestive titles, which they offered to their enormous trade. It is a matter of record that Hays came down on them with a strong reprimand for this. They changed seventeen of the worst titles to conform with his desire, and at the expense of altering several hundred thousand dollars' worth of advertising matter. I am told that Mr. Zukor, their president, has now become convinced that there is money in following out Hays's ideas about a better grade of film and decent advertising. It is most interesting to compare the second "Famous Forty" pictures just released by this company with the spring "Famous Forty." The tameness of the titles, subjects, and illustrative matter is immediately noticed. No doubt these titles will be soon advertised in the "Saturday Evening Post." Look for yourself at the new standard and at the modesty of the new display methods.

The first "Famous Forty" was marked by such titles as "Manhandled," "Changing Husbands," "Sinners in Heaven," "Miss Bluebeard," and the like. The second "Famous Forty" contains typical titles such as the following: "Bed Rock," "I'll Tell the World," "The Spaniard," "Peter Pan," "The Top of the World," and "Lord Chumley."

This is a move in the right direction, for which Mr. Hays is directly responsible.

The public, as a whole, does not want the suggestive or sex type of picture. When the exhibitors see the light on this matter, a great improvement will be noticeable. If Mr. Hays could carry on an educational campaign along the lines suggested in this article, I feel confident that the exhibitors could be brought round to better pictures simply through the sound business argument.

The public, I find, is yet unready to accept the distinctly educational picture. What the public does want is rather an easy matter to determine. I have visited many of the typical movie palaces in both the cities and the towns, and I find the satisfied customer always remarks on leaving: "Wasn't that a beautiful love story?" It is romance that they want. They want relief from their dull and drab lives. Silks, satins, and midnight bathing parties are most acceptable, especially if it is the poor girl who revels in them, but virtue must in all cases be triumphant. Simple love stories are the present key to box-office success.

It may as well be admitted that the prevailing spirit is money, money. There is no spirit at all to teach or to do good.

There are two fundamental principles to be remembered: First, that the public wants good pictures; and, second, that the producer wants a profit. Inasmuch as profits can be made only by giving the public what they want, there is hope. As a hotel forms its menu around the ascertained desires of its patrons, so will the producers change their brand of film when they learn the truth.

Better pictures will come only when the people want better pictures. The ticket-buyer holds the key to the situation. It is the pocketbook, and not Will Hays, that is going to turn the tide. But Will Hays, to give him full credit, is educating that pocketbook in an effective manner and encouraging requests for a better and cleaner product.



facsimiles of advance advertising of the second "Famous Forty" to be shown next year. Note the drastic change sensuous advertising the Famous-Players-Lasky Company were only following the lead of the whole trade

The Lady Who Threw Her Slipper—and Others

By R. Le Clerc Phillips

A STORY is told of a pretty little French marquise who, vexed and humiliated because she was unable to reply with suitable wit and force to the arguments of the gentleman who was conversing with her, suddenly removed her slipper and threw it in his face, thus achieving a last word of more finality than ever her foolish little tongue could have found. Hers was a day when conversation was rated high as an art, and the desire to shine in it existed universally among all educated and intelligent people and among many who, like our little marquise, were neither. Such a zest for conversation is well-nigh incomprehensible to us moderns, to whom an invitation to talk carries with it a tacit promise of food and drink, cards, and dancing; but in the days I speak of hostesses were able to attract to their houses the most celebrated men of the day, luring them there with nothing beyond the prospect of hearing themselves and others discuss those ideas with which western Europe was then alive. Indeed, not only was little provided in the way of food and drink, but that little was, on occasion, positively bad; and one of the wits who flocked to the house of the tyrannical old Madame du Deffand, the most intelligently amusing woman of her day, once declared that the only difference between her cook and that of Madame de Brinvilliers, the notorious poisoner who suffered the death penalty on the scaffold, was one of mere intention. Yet notwithstanding this relative poverty of material pleasures, no less an authority than Taine, who took the trouble of informing himself on the social conditions prevailing in every period, has asserted that "never in any country or at any time has so perfect a social art rendered life so agreeable" as in this eighteenth-century France.

We no longer converse, we moderns; we have not leisure for social amenities so purely decorative and so little utilitarian as mere conversation; for time is money, as all the world knows, and the art of conversation, like all other arts, requires constant practice and careful nourishment. But even in Dr. Johnson's day there existed that type of man, so painfully familiar to us of the twentieth century, who, after spending a lifetime in acquiring wealth, found that in so doing he had cut himself off from all means of enjoying it when won; and the Doctor, on hearing of such a man and of his regret that he was unable to take part in any intelligent conversation, is recorded as having remarked: "This gentleman has spent in getting four thousand pounds a year the time in which he might have learned to talk, and now he cannot talk." For the Doctor's requisites for good conversation were exacting in the extreme; a man must first have knowledge and materials; he must have a command of words; imagination, too, was most important, "to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in;" and, lastly, he must be possessed of presence of mind and resolution, for the lack of which latter quality he declared that many people proved themselves failures in conversation.

And, failing to produce conversationalists, we moderns have instead produced the anecdote fiend and the relater of movie plots. Of the former De Quincey said: "Of all the bores man in his folly hesitates to hang, and Heaven in its mysterious wisdom suffers to propagate their species, the most insufferable is the teller of 'good stories'—a nuisance that should be put down by cudgeling, by submersions in horse-ponds, or any mode of abatement, as summarily as men would combine to suffocate a vampire or mad dog." Does there exist in the whole wide world the man or woman who really enjoys hearing "good stories"? I do not believe so. The stories themselves are seldom appreciated except by the teller of them, who is cursed by his listeners as a foolish fellow who has not wit enough of his own, but must needs memorize a collection of the said "good stories," culled from the pages of some seventy-five-cent publication issued expressly for fools and advertised by such announcements as: "Would you shine in society? Would you win the approval of your employer? Would you find a short cut to the heart of the girl you love? Would you be the envy of all other men? Would you be another Dr. Johnson, Burke, or Chauncey Depew? Then learn how to talk. Ninety-nine per cent of us cannot talk. Have you ever realized that? Be the hundredth and talk! Our new publication, 'Five Hundred Good Stories for Business and Home,' will tell you how. All you have to do is to commit to memory as many of these stories as you can, and your society will be eagerly sought by men and women, millionaires and salesmen." And as a result of the expenditure of a few cents we imagine ourselves to have become good talkers.

If the anecdote fiend deserves the horse-pond, the more modern nuisance, the relater of movie plots, merits the open sea at a depth of five hundred fathoms, and with a stone round his neck for more complete certainty. Sinners though we may be, why should we have to listen to the output of those whose power of speech is limited to: "Say, I saw the new thing at the Imperial last night. My, but it was exciting! You know the story? No. Well, there's a girl and a young fellow who's crazy on her, but she isn't really sure whether she's crazy on him or not. You see, she doesn't know what his money prospects are. Her father wants her to marry a young fellow who's simply rolling. The other fellow goes away and tells her that he'll be back in six months' time a rich man, and begs her to wait for him. He goes away, but she sorter thinks a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and she begins to go about with the other chap, who gets crazy on her. She's almost on the point of saying yes when she gets a letter from the other man telling her that he's struck oil, so when she sees the other man—which other man? why, the fellow that's rolling—she tells him that she's really crazy, not on him, but the other man. He gets mad and thinks the best thing to do is to make her jealous, so he begins going around with a kinder vamp. Well, although she really wants the other man, she gets annoyed, as she doesn't like to see him spending money on some one else and not on her; she liked his attentions, although it's the other chap she's crazy on. So she decides to go and call on the vamp and tell her that this fellow's her property and she'd better step off. Well, she goes to her apartment, and who should she find there but the other man—which man?—the one she's really crazy on. It turns out—this all happens in the pictures before this—that he's received an anonymous letter saying that she was receiving the attentions of the other man and he comes back and calls on the vamp, who used to be his wife, only she divorced him because he hadn't



The power company load dispatcher can talk reliably over wires carrying 100,000 volts or more.

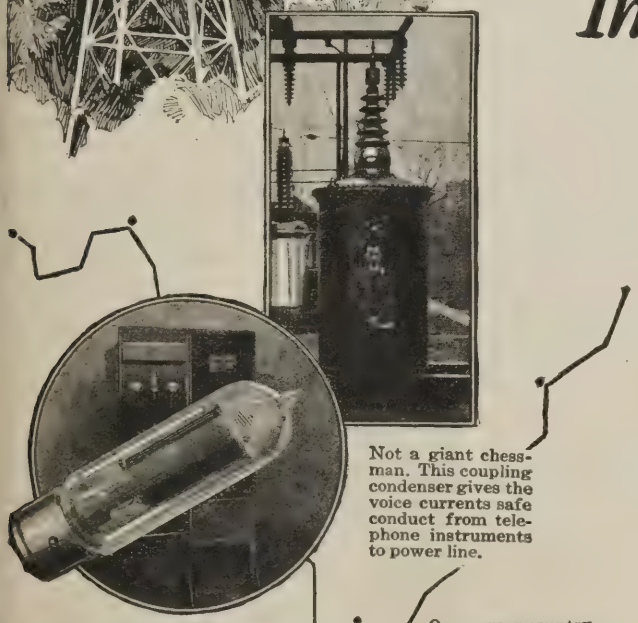
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RIDING astride horse power enough to run an industrial city, came the voice over the wire, "Bad storm put Mill City line out of commission, tie in Springvale circuit."

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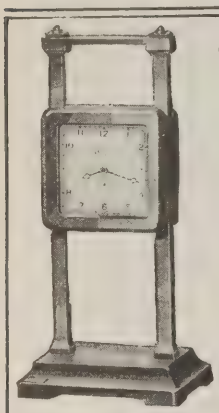
On a cross country power line any station can talk with any other — with Western Electric equipment.

Western Electric

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The Outlook's Christmas Gift Guide

Department stores have grown by leaps and bounds because people have found it a convenience to do their shopping, Christmas and otherwise, under a single roof. That is why we are grouping together a suggestive list of advertisements of objects useful to those whose duty and pleasure it is to trim Christmas trees and fill the cavities in yawning stockings.



The ANSONIA GRAVITY CLOCK

Bronze, $13.50
With Silver Dial

Gold Plate, $20.00
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Radium Numerals and Hands, extra $1.50
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GIVE him a Gravity Clock for Christmas. It is essentially a man's clock, the kind he would like either at home or in his office.

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The Gravity Clock is a most suitable gift for corporations and large firms to give to their preferred clients.

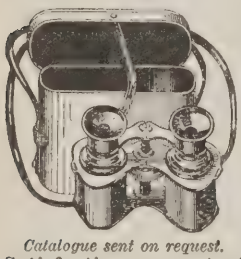
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Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century

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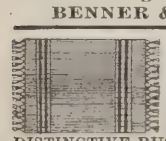
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enough money, and asks her to use her fascination to get the other man out of the clutches of his girl—the one he wants to marry. But when the vamp finds out that her former husband is now a millionaire she decides that she'll keep him for herself and give the other fellow the go-by. So she tries to get the other fellow back—which fellow?—why, you know, the one she wants to remarry now he's rich. So both the vamp and the girl are crazy on the same man! My, but there's a scene between them! They nearly claw each other's eyes out! And then right in the middle of it all the other man comes in—which other man? —why (impatiently), the *other* fellow, of course. And he says to the other man: 'Gee! but I guess neither Dempsey nor Firpo couldn't face this kinder thing for more than three rounds at the most!' "

Is the open sea at five hundred fathoms and with a stone round the neck too drastic a fate for "conversationalists" whose stock in trade resembles the above? Think only of the miseries you have suffered, the agonies you have endured, in being forced to listen to such inflictions, and, after having given the question the fullest and fairest consideration, you will decide that it is not.

Dr. Johnson drew a sharp distinction between talk and conversation. "Sir," he once said in reply to a question asking him whether he had had good conversation at a certain house he had just

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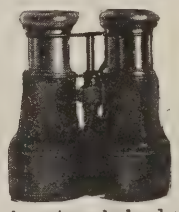
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visited, "we had talk enough, but no conversation; there was nothing discussed." That is to say, he did not rate talk as real conversation unless the topic under attention commanded a certain amount of dissension; in other words, it must be debatable. Facts of course are far less debatable than ideas; for immediately there is any question concerning a fact one has only to produce the evidence of the Britannica or of some newspaper almanac and the matter is settled. Definite, concrete, immovable facts are thus not good vehicles for brilliant conversation; and this is perhaps the reason why the Latins are so much better conversationalists than the Anglo-Saxons—they like ideas and we prefer facts. The eighteenth century was the age of first-rate conversationalists, both in England and in France, because it was the age of ideas; the age of Rousseau's "Social Contract," of Voltaire's fight for tolerance, of the Declaration of the Rights of Man. We like ideas less well to-day and feel ourselves to be on firmer ground when we discuss the facts of the condition of the stock market; the facts of the newest murder, with the horrors in elaborate detail; the facts (and figures) of the bootlegging industry; and the facts of the various matrimonial enterprises of our friends, of the Hollywood ladies and gentlemen, of our favorite actresses, writers, and clergymen. We moderns have, in a word, descended to the conversational level of women who find it difficult, if not altogether impossible, to maintain any subject on an impersonal plane, and who feel themselves constrained to bring it down to the solid earth by interposing such observations as: "My Aunt Miranda ought to know all about education, as she brought up nine children—Tom, Mary, Jim, Arthur, Charles, Lucy, Miranda (called after her), Alice. Is that nine? No, only eight—I left out Fred, the third child."

Autre temps, autres mœurs. The art of conversation may have become extinct among us moderns, but the power of speech still remains to us. The conditions of our life, however, impose on its use an ever-increasing brevity and curtness, traits which we have exalted to the heights as being akin to the "snappiness" which we all admire so much to-day. Who can tell but that a day may come when, just as we have lost the power of conversation, we shall lose the power of speech itself, atrophied by increasing disuse? Our short, "snappy" phrases will resolve themselves into barks and grunts and we shall have returned to that stage in human evolution out of which science tells us we passed millions of years ago in our ascent to what we are.

This is the open season for

Oh, what shall I give them?

DAY by day, hour by hour, the moment approaches when you will have to decide on a Christmas present for Uncle Bill, Cousin Lucy, your pet nephew, and your old college chum who is hunting something or other in the wilds of Patagonia. There's the minister, too, to consider, and little Ethel's "mostest" favorite teacher. To all these good people (and perhaps to some others who are not so good, but who are equally entitled to Christmas cheer) you will want to send a gift expressive of your thought and regard.

How can you do better than to send each and every one a year's subscription to The Outlook—a gift which is a tribute to their intelligent interest in the world we live in and a weekly reminder of your constant thought of them?

With every gift subscription The Outlook will send a four-color Christmas card done by Trembath in his best manner, a card which is a cheery Christmas gift and greeting in itself.

Take out your pencil and do your Christmas shopping here and now before you turn this page.

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Dear Outlook:

Here is my Christmas shopping list. Please prepare for each and every one on it fifty-two weeks of stimulating enjoyment.

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Name .....
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Name .....
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City ..... *State* .....

Name .....
Address .....
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It is my understanding that you will send to every one on the above list a Dickensy Christmas card and The Outlook for one year. You can bill me for the above at your very special Christmas rate which is open only to present subscribers to The Outlook.

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The Book Table

Among the Story-Tellers

By R. D. Townsend

THE main theme of Mary Johnston's "The Slave Ship"[1] is Stevensonian (as in "Markheim" and "The Master of Ballantrae") in that it depicts a moral battle in the grim nature of a Scotchman between the horror and wrong of the slave trade and his own security and freedom from servitude. He was on the wrong side at Culloden in the '45, was sent to Virginia as a plantation serf, had good treatment and bad treatment, and escaped. So far this is "old stuff;" one feels that one has read it before a dozen times. But when David Scott finds that what he has escaped to is a slave ship bound to the African coast, the true interest begins. His captain, a kinsman, is a gentleman and a Christian! His fellow-officers argue speciously that the slaves are worse off in Africa than in Virginia, and that this ship at least is humane. But David Scott sees the horrors of the Middle Passage; he sees the tragedies and deviltries and wild carouses in Africa. His heart is sick and his conscience distraught. What shall he do? What can he do? What does he do? The answer is the crux of the situation and the climax of the story. As straight, forceful narrative, albeit with a little of the visionary, semi-supernatural element to which the writer inclines, "The Slave Ship" is a fine piece of writing—and of feeling, too.

Mr. Masefield's "Sard Harker"[2] is intensely masculine in its appeal. Harker is first mate on an English bark—a quiet, manly, competent sailor man. Strange events thrust him into a long series of struggles for life against rum-runners, kidnappers, brutes, and villains. He keeps his head, never gives up, and pulls through. We hardly think of Harker as a hero—he certainly is not of the Richard Harding Davis type; but when the reader lays the book down Harker remains in mind as a big figure of a man who conquers by persistence and courage. The incidents of the book are well invented; but the plot, with its visions and mysterious messages at the beginning, and at the end its devil worship and the all but completed sacrifice to the devil of Harker and the girl he seeks, is painfully manufactured rather than truly imagined.

[1] The Slave Ship. By Mary Johnston. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

[2] Sard Harker. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

James Stephens's Irish tales and fantasies are always a delight because of their quaint whimsicality, their delicate fancy and their charm of style. Sometimes they grow a little too subtle and mystical as they go on; even in the "Crock of Gold" this is so; but it is not so in "The Demi-Gods," which for sheer pleasure and humor is unapproachable. Mr. Stephens's new story "In the Land of Youth"[3] is clear as a bell, imaginative in conception, a true fairy story for grown-up readers. It begins with startling happenings on an All Hallows' Eve in the ancient days of Ireland, and follows a strange course through the deeds and longings and "wishing true" of men, women, magic-workers, and people of the Land of Faery.

"Human nature is awfully human," Will Rogers or somebody says. In books sometimes it is; other times it isn't. Mr. Anthony's "Golden Village"[4] leaves a pleasant memory just because the people are simple, true, and therefore human. Here is an old grandfather from Hungary. He is in America to find a band of his countrymen who long ago came here to found a village, to carry on an ideal farm life, to be free, happy, and helpful. With his Americanized grandson he searches the country around New York. Many and queer are their adventures. At last they find some of the old man's associates, who honor and welcome him. But as to the "Golden Village"—well, it was neither romantic nor ideal. The poor Hungarians toiled and lived in slums; the rich were bankers, bakers, mill-owners. But they were all pretty cheerful and reasonably comfortable. The old man—irate, willful, and independent—goes back to Hungary and to the land, but tells his grandson to continue to be a good American and marry his Hungarian-American sweetheart.

[3] In the Land of Youth. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

[4] The Golden Village. By Joseph Anthony. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.

Just how much of "The Wind and the Rain"[5] is autobiography and how much is imaginative it is hard to say, but Mr Burke in a full sense has put himself in it—his boyish wonder at the queer sights in Limehouse and Greenwich, his queer Chinese friend, the scenes and smells of the East End, his induction into music reading, and art, his success as the depicter of out-of-the-way London. Those who remember Mr. Burke's remarkable article on Charlie Chaplin in The Outlook know he can write. This book is Burke at his best.

Books of short stories should be bought, not borrowed from library or friend. People who say they "don't care for" collected short stories will find they do care if they will keep at hand a volume like this and read one now and then. To sit down and read such a book through is cloying and tiresome. The present collection[6] is chiefly British in authorship; Edith Wharton's is the only really famous American name. The editors confess a leaning toward thrills and a taste for the supernatural, but humor and character sketching are not lacking.

[5] The Wind and the Rain. By Thomas Burke. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

[6] 23 Stories. By Twenty and Three Authors. Edited by C. A. Dawson Scott and Ernest Rhys. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

The New Books

BIOGRAPHY

COLONIAL WOMEN OF AFFAIRS. By Elisabeth Anthony Dexter. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

Our foremothers in colonial days entertained no suspicion, more than did our forefathers, that the proper and normal sphere for woman could be other than the home; perhaps that is why, when necessity, convenience, or opportunity induced a woman to step outside it, nobody became excited. There was no fear of the example being dangerous, and in a new country there was so much to be done that every efficient hand or head was welcomed to its task. It was after the Revolution, when the laws of the young Republic were codified and tightened that women lost by definite legal restrictions many privileges which they had earlier been allowed to take for granted. It was then, too, with altered social and industrial conditions that the lady of leisure made her appearance—there had been ladies, even great ladies, before, but not of leisure—and the working woman began to lose caste.

Such are the conclusions of Elisabeth Anthony Dexter, expressed in her interesting study, "Colonial Women of Affairs." Mrs. Dexter feels to the full the fascination as well as the importance of her theme, and her work, careful and

painstaking as it is, is never dry; the many quotations, especially those from old newspapers, are as quaint and colorful as they are illuminating. The most full and frequent feminine advertisers were the "she-merchants," who seem to have dealt in a wide range of goods, from "India chints, taffety, Alamode, Strip'd Lutestring, fine Brussels lace, Silver, Paduasoy and other Plain Ribbons" to "Good Madeira, Lisbon, and Teneriffe Wines, Cherry and Whortleberry Brandy, Aniseed, Orange and Clove Cordials, Geneva and Brandy. All by the Barrel or Single Gallon." Others specialized in articles of their own making, ranging from "Black Bags and Roses for gentlemen's hair or wigs" to teakettles and fishing-nets, soap, sieves, and sausages.

Women appear occasionally in such unexpected occupations as those of tanner, miller, blacksmith, dealer in oil, and owner of whaling boats. Women were landed proprietors and administrators of great estates; they were printers, publishers, and authors. There were, of course, numerous schoolmistresses and midwives. And there were innkeepers; so many that Mrs. Dexter inclines to think they outnumbered the men. A glance at her list inclines one to long for the days of old—to think distastefully of our towering million-dollar hotels, and sigh for a glimpse of Mrs. Ann Jones, buxom, tuckered, and curtseying on the threshold of The Plume of Feathers, or to be served sedately and tranquilly in her cozy inn parlor at Bristol by Dame Yetmercy Howland, whose name Hawthorne himself might have invented.

PIERRE LOTI: NOTES OF MY YOUTH. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

Fragments of a diary, edited by the author's son. The date of the diary is 1870–8, beginning at the age of nineteen, and relating early experiences in the French navy.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

GASTON LACHAISE. Sixteen Reproductions in Collotype of the Sculptor's Work. Edited with an Introduction by A. E. Gallatin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $10.

An appreciation, literary and pictorial, of the modernistic work of a sculptor who "found the atmosphere of France uncongenial for creative work, but that of America most sympathetic."

THE NATURE, PRACTICE, AND HISTORY OF ART. By H. Van Buren Magonigle. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

That a busy practitioner of the arts can write a successful treatise upon them is proved by this book. Beginning in its author's plan as a text-book for students, its purpose widened till it has become a history of Western art and a medium for the expression both of the author's philosophy of art and of his personal im-

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pression of many artists. The combination is an effective one, and both student and general reader will find the book instructive, stimulating, and thought-provoking. The numerous pictures are valuable chiefly as they identify notable examples of the art of various periods and for the author's descriptive characterizations of them.

DRAMA

TENDENCIES OF MODERN ENGLISH DRAMA. By A. E. Morgan. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

The literature dealing with contemporary drama, to which Brander Matthews, William Archer, and G. P. Baker have made such notable contributions, receives a worthy addition in Mr. Morgan's "Tendencies of Modern English Drama." The scope of the book is confined to significant plays by British playwrights produced during the last thirty years, no mention being made of the work of American authors, even those whose plays have achieved popular and artistic successes in England. Irish and Scotch influences, on the other hand, are so important that they cannot be ignored; four of the twenty chapters are consecrated to a discussion of Irish dramatists, not to mention three chapters devoted to Shaw. The author's point of view may seem to some students of the theater unduly optimistic. He is so interested in the evolutionary growth of modern drama that degenerative tendencies are passed over without remark.

After a brief but comprehensive dissertation on the theater of the early, middle, and late Victorian periods, when French influences were paramount and the ideal of Robertson and his contemporaries was *la pièce bien faite* of Scribe and Labiche, we are brought to consider the radical departures of Henry Arthur Jones and Pinero. Throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century English drama was fettered by an outworn tradition of conventionality. The stage had lost touch with life. Dramatic art had become a bloodless thing. The awakening came when Ibsen impinged on the European consciousness, and men of the stamp of Jones and Shaw, inspired by the great Norwegian, raised the standard of revolt. To Jones is attributed the credit of initiating the vogue of modern serious drama with his attacks on middle-class Puritanism; and it was Jones, we are reminded, who first returned to the seventeenth and eighteenth century practice of publishing his plays. The didactic but absorbingly interesting prefaces that illuminate Shaw's published plays were anticipated by his older colleague.

Most valuable for their interpretative quality are those chapters which treat of

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Shaw in his triple rôle of dramatic iconoclast, social iconoclast, and philosopher. He is revealed as the moralist, the Puritan prophet of a new order, who transfixes the cant and hypocrisy of religionists and social Pharisees with his satirical rapier. Destructive Shaw certainly is, but only of illusions baneful to the further development of the race; and, if the point required proving, Mr. Morgan has amply demonstrated that the destruction wrought was a necessary preparation for positive work.

While realistic drama was essential to revitalize the moribund nineteenth-century art of the theater, it has had its day. Signs of a new poetic spirit pervading English drama encourage this author to believe the future holds high promise of progress toward the beautiful and the true.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

EUROPE SINCE 1789. By Edward Raymond Turner, Ph.D. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $3.50.

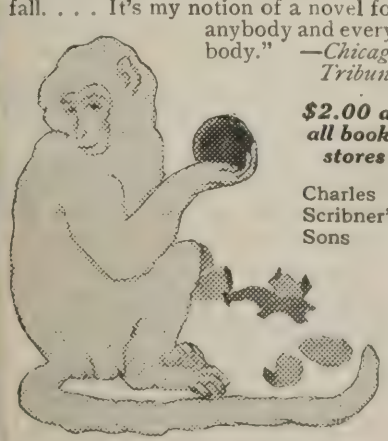
The new, revised edition of Professor Turner's "Europe Since 1789" is very much up to date, including not only the political and social changes wrought so far by the Great War, but also such spiritual developments as the inroads of relativity on the Newtonian theory of gravitation. It is primarily designed for use in high schools and colleges, but the student in a wider sense, the general reader, in other words, would do well to turn to it. If he does, he will find that instructive reading may be quite diverting, for Professor Turner evidently belongs to that growing class of pedagogues who hold that the first principle of teaching is to capture the interest of the pupil. His two concluding chapters, on "European Civilization Since the French Revolution" and "Social and Intellectual Changes," are particularly valuable to any one trying to get at the principal seeds of the sad harvest mankind has been reaping during the last decade. For this purpose they should be compared with the introductory chapter, on "The Old Europe." The former of the two chapters mentioned above gives a remarkably clear and comprehensive history of Western thought during the last century and a half, and does so in a remarkably brief space. As a whole, Professor Turner's work is stamped by scrupulous fairness and a capacity for seeing and lucidly presenting those vaster movements on which the separate inci-

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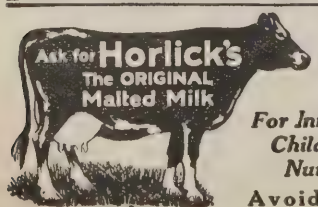
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REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN INDUSTRY: By James Myers. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

As the foreword well puts it, this is a "close-up picture of employee representation or industrial democracy at work, explaining in practical detail the technique necessary for successful operation, and including an analysis of the economic, social, and moral factors which in the writer's observation are exercising a direct bearing upon actual operation of the works councils."

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SCIENCE

HUMAN ORIGINS. By George Grant MacCurdy. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $10.

To those who follow the trend of anthropology this is a most notable work. "Human Origins" is an effort, and a quite successful one, to touch on as much as is known of the roots of the human race. It ranges from the common ancestors of man and the apes, beginning as far back as the early part of Tertiary time, probably many millions of years ago, to the relics of the Iron Age, extant at the time of Christ.

The work covers the fossil primates, the Java ape-man, Heidelberg man, the Piltdown man, the Neanderthal race, which gave way in Europe about thirty thousand years ago to Homo Sapiens in the form of the negroid Aurignacians, the Cro-Magnon men, the Eskamoid Magdalenians, Neolithic man, the Bronze Epoch, the Iron Epoch, and much else.

This book might be said to combine the qualities of an elementary treatise on the subject of paleoanthropology and an advanced research reference book. One who possessed average intelligence and nothing but a strong desire to understand the growing science of man's past could use this book to advantage. Professor MacCurdy's style is so clear that the study of his book will not become a grind.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

THE ETHICS OF SOCRATES. By Miles Menander Dawson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.

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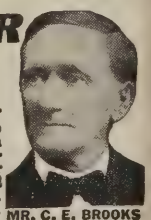
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TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

TALES OF A WESTERN MOUNTAINEER. By C. E. Rusk. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

Living in sight of the volcanic peaks of Washington, Mr. Rusk has felt their invitation to a climber since boyhood. His best-loved peak is Mount Adams, 12,307 feet, and to a detailed record of his ascents he devotes the larger part of the book. He finally led a party that climbed the difficult eastern face of the mountain, having to spend a night out in a storm on the way. On Mount Stuart he was one of an inadequately equipped party that effected a dangerous descent in the dark.

When a lady suddenly collapsed on the summit of Mount Adams and it was necessary to get her down before dark, a "human toboggan" was employed. She was securely strapped to a mountaineer, who then slid rapidly down the steep snow slope on his back for a few thousand feet, arriving without serious damage to either of them.

Notes on New Books

ECONOMICS FOR HELEN. By Hilaire Belloc. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

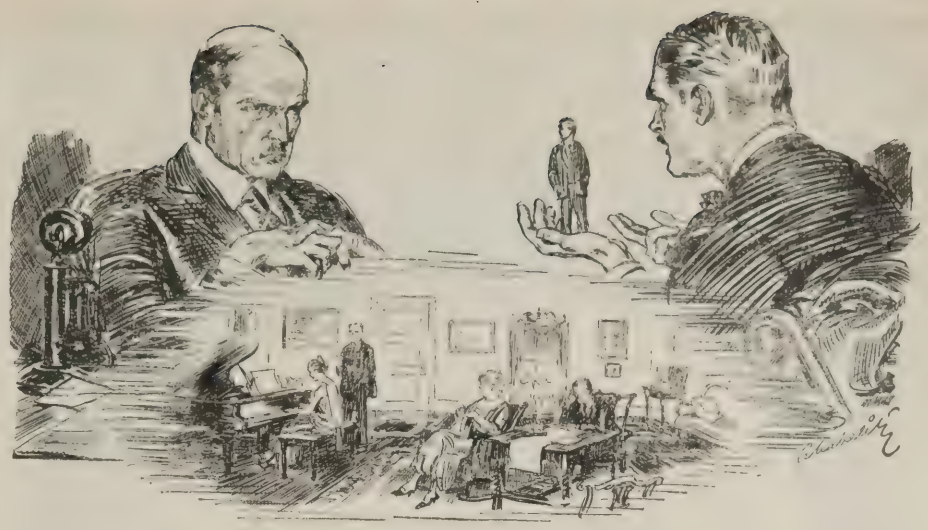
The principles of economics explained as for "Helen"—an imaginary sixteen-year-old reader. A simple, readable, and at times a witty book. The dismal science made as cheerful as possible.

THE LISTENING CHILD. Selected by Lucy W. Thacher. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

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THE RIVER OF LIFE. By John St. Loe Strachey. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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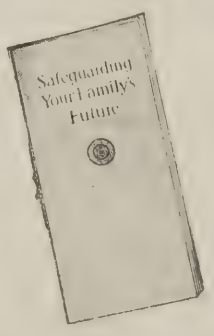
"Now, when you provide for your wife—Who is likely to need *her* help?"

"Why, my daughter Jennie! She married a man of fine mental calibre, but absolutely devoid of business judgment."

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subjects. Writing of "metaphysical limericks," he quotes this by Father Ronald Knox—it is aimed at the philosophy of Bishop Berkeley:

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Must think it excessively odd
That this sycamore tree
Just ceases to be
When there's no one about in the Quad.

WHAT IS TRUTH? By Gabriel Wells. W. Heinemann, Ltd., London. 6s.

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THE LIFE STORY OF AN UGLY DUCKLING. By Marie Dressler. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $3.

Thoroughly amusing autobiography of the actress who used to sing "Heaven Will Protect the Working-Girl." The words of that admirable song are given in this book, and there are many other attractions in it as well. One is the story of the goose who used to swoon from the heat, and her friend the duck.

THE RHYMING DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By J. Walker. Revised and Enlarged by Laurence H. Dawson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

A new edition of the famous "Walker's Rhyming Dictionary" in which "the whole language is arranged according to its terminations."

SIMPLICISSIMUS THE VAGABOND. By Hans Jacob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen. Translated by A. T. S. Goodrick. (Broadway Translations.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

A German comic romance of the seventeenth century.

NAPOLEON: AN OUTLINE. By Brigadier-General Colin R. Ballard. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Systematic but very readable book on the Emperor. Emphasizes the military aspects of Napoleon's career; is frank and refreshingly abrupt in style.

BILL THE MINDER. Written and Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.

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LONDON. By Sidney Dark. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. The Macmillan Company, New York. $7.50.

A good book on London made superlatively good by Mr. Pennell's beautiful pictures. They were made in 1908, but have not been reproduced before.

MESSALINA. By Vivian Crockett. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

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PERSIMMON JIM: THE 'POSSUM. By Joseph Wharton Lippincott. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $1.25.

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AN UNOFFICIAL STATESMAN—ROBERT C. OGDEN. By Philip Whitwell Wilson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $5.

A biography of the man who in Britain says his English biographer, would have been Lord Mayor and Cabinet Minister. Here he was the "leader of the Ogden Movement for the Education of White People in the South."

AN OUTLINE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. Edited by J. S. Van Teslaar. (The Modern Library.) Boni & Liveright, New York. 95c.

Brief selections from the writings of Freud, Brill, Putnam, Jelliffe, Stekel, and others. A convenient book from which one can get in one or two hours' reading some knowledge of the chief theories in this much-discussed subject.

The Mail Bag

To the Memory of Henry Cabot Lodge

I NOTICE in The Outlook for November 19 an article upon my friend Senator Lodge. Will you pardon me if I say that I do not think full justice has been given in that article to Mr. Lodge's memory? Mr. Lodge was one of the most ardent patriots that I have ever known, and, although I occasionally disagreed with his attitude on various subjects, I have never felt that he, to quote the article, "chose regularity at the sacrifice of principles he stood for." In the Blaine campaign he first did all that he could to have Senator Edmunds nominated. That proved to be an impossible goal to achieve, and both he and my brother Colonel Roosevelt decided that it was their duty to vote for the Republican nominee, although not the one whom they had wished to represent the party.

As regards his inability to follow Colonel Roosevelt in 1912, the position he took—and he suffered deeply in taking it—was, he often told me, because he could not agree with Mr. Roosevelt on the question of the recall of judicial decisions, and several other questions of that type.

On the bonus question during the last session of Congress he voted as he did because his conscience obliged him so to do. In a letter written to me on June 25, 1924, he says:

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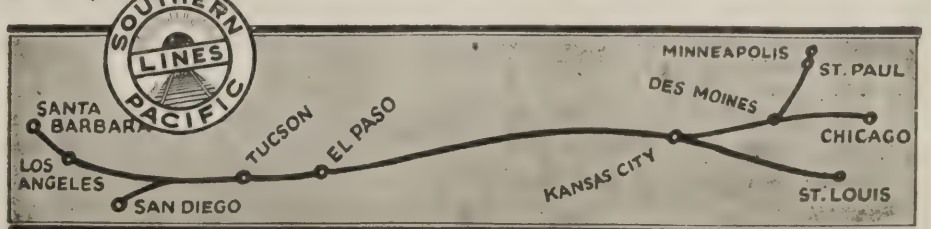
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merits or the character of the question—the bill was a slightly better one than I voted for in 1922—it never occurred to me that there was but one thing that I could do. I certainly could not change my action under any pressure, and if I had done so, as I have already told you, I should have considered that I acted dishonorably, and I should have lost my own self-respect. I do not care one straw whether people agree with me or not on that point. A man's honor and self-respect can be decided by no one but himself. If a thing seems dishonorable to him, it is dishonorable. The President was the presiding officer of the Senate when I made my speech in 1922. He knew my position very well, and never spoke to me about it, and I never referred to it to him. I saw no reason to do so. I may add at this point that nobody could be more considerate than he has been, and he has treated me exactly as if the thing had never occurred. I have the greatest respect for him in every way, and the greatest confidence in him. I shall do everything in my power of course to elect him, and am delighted by his nomination, which was assured long ago.

"Some people have said that my first duty was to do as the President wanted, without consideration of my own convictions. That is advocating a principle which I consider destructive of the Government. The Constitution confers upon the Congress the right to pass a bill over the President's veto, requiring a two-thirds vote to so do. If the attitude of a Senator or a Representative is to be determined by the views of the President, we no longer have a free government, we have simply an autocracy, and on the matter of principle I have no doubt as to what my attitude ought always to be. There is of course nothing whatever in the point which has been made that I was going against my party. The Republican Party did not name the bonus in its platform of 1920, but made a very sweeping declaration in regard to doing everything possible for the soldiers. Thirty-four Republicans out of fifty-one in the Senate voted for the bonus, and seventeen voted against it—that is, the party action in regard to it was two to one. . . . I do not expect to convert you, but I do want you to see that I am right to do as I did."

I shall be grateful if you will print this letter in the next number of The Outlook, for, as I said before, I feel that the article which you have printed does not do full justice to the high integrity of my friend Henry Cabot Lodge.

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Farm Loan Bonds

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

"WHAT are the joint stock land banks and the Federal Land Banks? What is the difference between farm loan bonds, Federal Land Bank bonds, and joint stock land bank bonds? Are they 'Government bonds'? I am very much confused."

This is a composite of several inquiries which have come to this department in recent weeks, and in this article we shall clarify a naturally puzzling situation.

The Federal Farm Loan Act of 1916 created a farm loan system which, because it is new, is not yet well understood. The Federal Farm Loan Bureau or Board, in the Treasury Department, is the head of the system, and has general supervision of its operation. The Board has divided the country into twelve agricultural districts, in each of which a Federal Land Bank is established, its stock being practically all owned by the United States Government. Farm loan asso-

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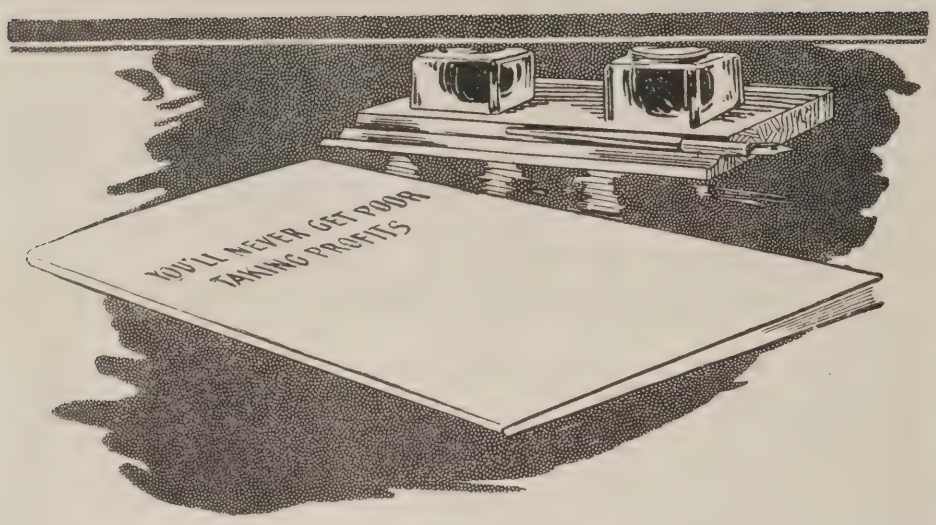
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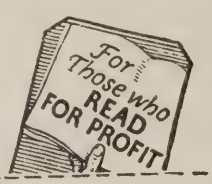
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ciations are local corporations formed by borrowers, who use their stock as collateral for the loans of their members, which loans they procure at the Federal Land Bank of their district. Joint stock land banks are organized in States instead of in districts, and their stockholders are private individuals instead of the United States Government. They are, however, similar to the Federal Land Banks in power and function. Then there are the Federal Intermediate Credit Banks, which are organized similarly to the Federal Land Banks—*i. e.*, one for each district, stock owned by the Government; their function is to deal with banks, agricultural credit corporations, co-operative marketing associations, and the like.

Such is the system in brief. What we are concerned with here chiefly is with the securities of these institutions, not with the system itself and its detailed operation. Yet a word on this point will not be out of place.

A recent bulletin by the First National Corporation of Boston declared:

"There can be little question of the fundamental soundness of the Federal Farm Loan Act in principle. As a matter of experience its essential features have been applied successfully for more than a century in several foreign countries. In the United States the land bank system has now functioned for seven years, including a period of great inflation followed by one of drastic liquidation, and no serious weakness has appeared either in its theory or in its practical operation. The law has been amended from time to time to meet situations arising out of the growth and development of the system, but in its essential aspects no change has been found necessary with the exception that the hand of the Government has been strengthened by giving it the power of appointment of a majority of the directors of Federal Land Banks, instead of allowing this power eventually to pass to the borrowers, according to the original provisions of the act."

Now as to the two classes of bonds—Federal Land Bank bonds and joint stock land bank bonds. Both classes are legally "instrumentalities of the United States," which is mistakenly understood to mean that they are guaranteed by, or are obligations of, the Federal Government. About this phrase there has been considerable discussion. What it means is that the good faith and credit of the United States supports these bonds. Should the bank issuing them fail, the United States is not bound to take them up. The United States is, however, bound to do whatever it can to protect the bondholders. Some future court decision may clarify the term "instrumentalities of the United States."

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mon. To realize what else they have in common and how they differ, let us briefly describe each class.

First, the Federal Land Bank bonds. These are issued by the Federal Land Banks, whose stock, as already stated, is practically all owned by the United States Government. These banks make loans to *bona fide* farmers, the security being a first mortgage on the land, in no case more than fifty per cent of the appraised value of the land and twenty per cent of the value of insured improvements. A typical loan is at 5½ per cent interest, together with 1 per cent amortization, or total payments of 6½ per cent a year, payable semi-annually. It takes, at this rate, thirty-four and a half years to pay off. Under certain conditions, it may be paid sooner.

These loans are granted only for definite and approved purposes, such as to provide for the purchase of land for agricultural purposes; to provide for the purchase of equipment, fertilizers, and live stock necessary for operation; to provide buildings and improvements; to liquidate prior indebtedness of the owner incurred for agricultural purposes.

This is the underlying security of Federal Land Bank bonds, which may be issued against farm mortgages and United States Government securities. One hundred thousand dollars' worth of these mortgages deposited by the Federal Land Bank of a district permits the bank to issue an equal amount of its bonds. As the mortgages are reduced, and consequently become less valuable, additional mortgages or Government bonds must be deposited. Thus the security is kept up at all times.

Federal Land Bank bonds are limited to twenty times the capital and surplus of any bank and bear interest at not to exceed 5 per cent. They run for specified terms, but are subject to redemption at par after five or ten years. They are exempt as to principal and interest from all Federal, State, and local taxation except estate and inheritance taxes, are eligible as security for public funds, and are a legal investment for trust funds under the jurisdiction of the United States, and for savings banks in most States whose laws restrict savings bank investments.

To indicate in dollars and cents how Federal Land Bank bonds are secured, these figures from a statement as of May 31, 1924, are illuminating:

Total bonds outstanding (round numbers), $867,500,000; mortgage loans pledged as security, $871,000,000; United States Government securities also pledged, $36,300,000. In other words, $867,000,000 bonds are secured by collateral worth approximately $907,300,-

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BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

000. As an investment Federal Lan Bank bonds rate high.

Now as to the obligations of the join stock land banks. As already shown these banks are similar to the Federa Farm Loan Banks except that they ar privately owned. They are neverthele subject to the rigid control and super vision of the same law and the sam official board, and their loans are fo essentially the same purpose. It is im portant to realize also that the territor which a joint stock bank serves is its ow State and one other, while the Federa Land Bank operates in a district com prising several States, and hence has th advantage of diversified risk. In th case of the Federal Land Banks, there i a joint liability of one to another, so tha a bank which needs assistance can com mand it. In the case of the joint stoc land banks, each individual bank stand on its own feet. Further, Congress ha twice authorized the Treasury to bu Federal Land Bank bonds, but has neve authorized the purchase of joint stoc bonds.

The joint stock land bank bon should be more carefully investigate before purchase than the Federal Lan Bank bond. If well managed, bot types of bank are safe and sound. The is more chance of loss in the joint stoc bank than in the Federal.

One other type of farm loan securit must be mentioned—to wit, the debe tures of the Federal Intermediate Cred Banks. These are notes secured by least an equal amount of qualified note bills, debentures, or cash deposited wi the Federal Farm Loan registrar of a di trict. Each Federal Intermediate Cred Bank is primarily liable for its own d bentures, and contingently liable for tho of the other eleven members of the sy tem. These debentures may be purchas by the Federal Reserve Banks if havi not more than six months to run. T United States Government has no dire or indirect liability for these debentur

This short summary of the vario securities generally known as "farm lo bonds" necessarily omits much of int est. I have, however, indicated t two principal classes of these bonds, t Federal Land Bank bond and the jo stock land bank bond, together with t debenture of the Intermediate Cre Bank. The debentures are not securit of the same character as the bonds. Th are not necessarily unsound because this fact. To the ordinary investor t choice will always be between the bon and, for some time to come, the Fede Land Bank bonds will be preferable the investor because of the factors ab mentioned.

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LADY desires position as companion or attendant to elderly person, convalescent, or blind. Conscientious care given. Highest testimonials. 5,635, Outlook.

NURSE-companion, visiting, for elderly lady. 5,632, Outlook

PHYSICIAN'S widow desires position as nurse to aged or invalid person, or mother's care given in motherless home. Refined, capable. 5,637, Outlook.

TEACHER for backward child. 5,631, Outlook.

WOMAN of middle age will give services without salary in institution, old people's home or orphan asylum. Highest references required and given. 5,622, Outlook.

YOUNG man, college graduate, wishes position as tutor or companion. Willing to travel. Excellent references. 5,625, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

INVALID or elderly woman will receive excellent care in beautiful home near Hartford, Conn. Ideal surroundings and location. 5,636, Outlook.

SCHOLARSHIPS in boys' prep. school available to athletes and musicians. Box 926, Stamford, Conn.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

By the Way

IN a debate on spelling reform in "The Nineteenth Century and After" one of the contestants, who opposes radical reform, quotes from "A Reeder in Simplifyd Speling" these selections to show the horrors of its proposed orthography:

Gerlz and boiz,
  Kum out too plai,
The moon duz shyn
  Az bryt az dai;
Leev eur sup-er
  And leev eur sleep,
Kum too eur plai-fel-oez
  In the street.

Litl robin red-brest
  Sat upon a tree,
Up went poosi kat,
  And doun went hee;
Doun kaim poosi kat,
  Awai robin ran;
Sez litl robin red-brest,
  "Ka-ch me if eu kan!"

Woman's ability to compete successfully in masculine pursuits had an early example in America in the feat of Mrs. Mary Patten in taking command of a clipper ship, Neptune's Car, in 1856, as described in Captain A. H. Clark's book about those noble monarchs of the sea. Her husband, Captain Patten, fell ill, the first mate was incompetent, and the second mate knew nothing about navigation. In this emergency Mrs. Patten, though only twenty-four years old, assumed command and navigated this heavily sparred clipper of over 1,600 tons for fifty-two days until she safely reached the harbor of San Francisco.

From "Tit-Bits:"

Client—"Didn't you make a mistake in going into law instead of the Army?"

Lawyer—"Why?"

"By the way you charge, there would be little left of the enemy."

Good "fish stories" are found in the London "Fishing Gazette." Here is one from a recent issue: The enthusiastic anglers had been fishing in a storm. "The lightning flashed incessantly, the thunder growled and roared, but we kept at it. The rain finally ceased and we cycled home with our mackintoshes still on. Sam's wife caught the sleeve of his mackintosh to pull it off, and almost half of the garment came away in her hand. It was by now as dry as a bone, and you could take pieces in your hand and crumble it into something resembling cigarette ash. This was our conclusion: Sam was using a steel-centered rod, and the lightning must have run down his rod and been deflected by his coat, thus

entering the water without touching his body. Sam had known nothing whatever about it. His wife saved a meal that night, as Sam had lost his appetite for some reason or another. He did not go fishing much after that."

From the "Bucknell Belle Hop:"

Professor—"What is density?"

Student—"I can't define it, but I can give you an illustration."

"The illustration is good; sit down."

The formal wedding invitation of today is an outgrowth of a much more individual form of invitation, according to a recently published book called "The Customs of Mankind." In the seventeenth century rhymed invitations were often sent, and sometimes appeared in the form of an announcement in the newspapers of the period. Here is an example (condensed) from a Cumberland (England) paper:

INVITATION

Suspend for one day your cares and your labours,
And come to this wedding, kind friends and good neighbours.

Notice is hereby given that the marriage of Isaac Pearson with Frances Atkinson will be solemnized in due form in the parish church at Lamplugh, in Cumberland, on Tuesday next, etc., etc.

. . . . . .

Nota Bene—You'll please observe that the day
Of this grand bridal pomp is the thirtieth of May,
When 'tis hoped that the sun, to enliven the sight,
Like the flambeau of Hymen, will deign to burn bright.

Editors are more or less averse to making corrections, an article in the New York "Sun" says, and it quotes the following as a reason why—a correction that was dashed off in a hurry and then will have to be apologized for by another correction: "Last week in reporting the auto accident near Gilmore City we stated that Donald Kemp died on Monday. We have since learned that this was an error, and that young Kemp had not been even seriously injured. The information came to us direct from the parties most concerned in the accident, and we supposed it was reliable, but have learned to our sorrow that such was not the case."

Answer to riddle in last week's issue: Sutler, ulster, luster, rulest, lurest, result, rustle.

A subscriber sends this puzzle:

If from 6 you take 9, and from 9 you take 10, and then 50 from 40—why, 6 will remain.

Read this Message



WHETHER you manufacture or are financially interested in the production of boots, bricks or shaving soap, you are interested in *net profits* aren't you?

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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

DECEMBER 17, 1924

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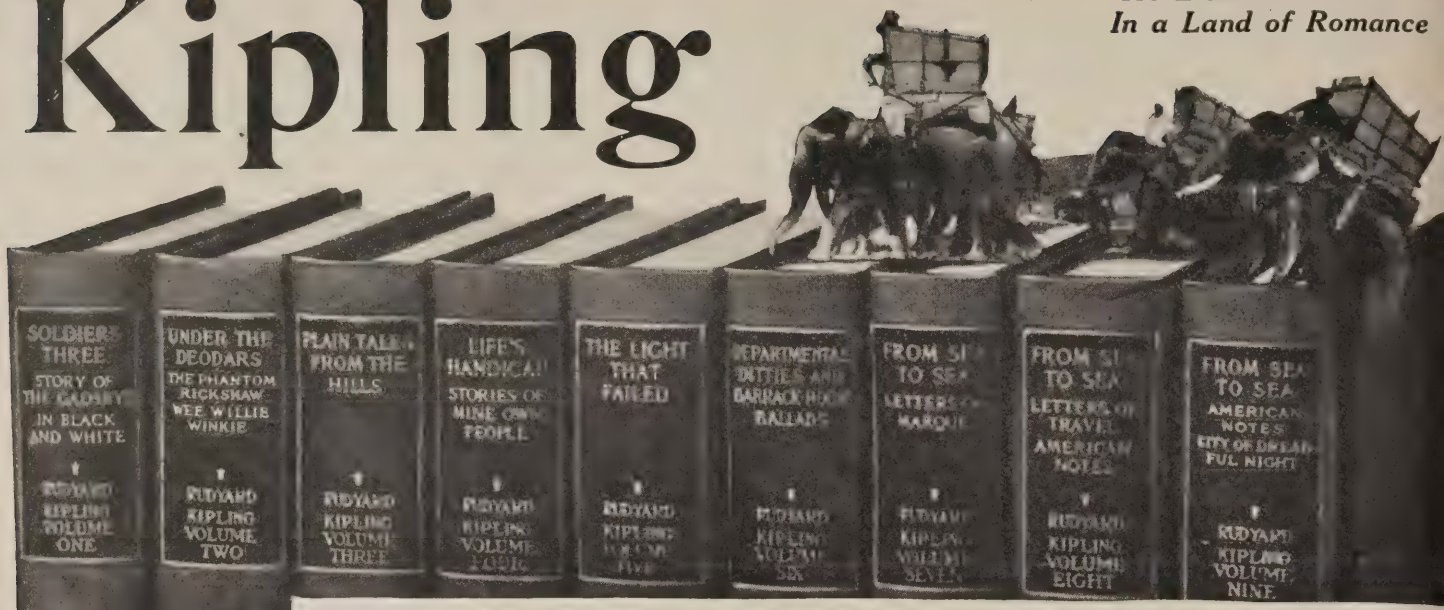


Paging Brer Fox

VOL. 138. NO. 16 15 CENTS A COPY

Kipling

He Lived and Wrote
In a Land of Romance



A Toast to the Queen!

TWELVE stalwart officers arose, drained their glasses, and as was the custom in the regiment, broke each glass in turn. Only one man stood silent. His dark olive cast betrayed him. He was a man of another race.

Out of this tense gathering has come the dramatic story of The Man Who Was. It was also Kipling who gave us the classic tales of The Soldiers Three, the humor of Wee Willie Winkie, and the innumerable other stories of life in the untamed country of India.

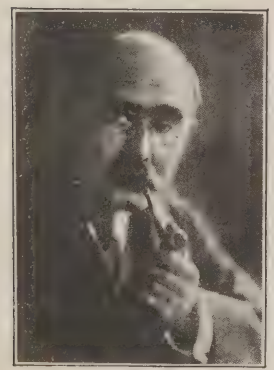
The rare charm and intimate touches of Kipling's writings are famous throughout the world. Who but Kipling could write that pathetic love story, The Light That Failed, or the lilting soldier air of Gunga Din? India is the land of great romances and great tragedies. Kipling is its only interpreter. He alone, of all the great writers, has understood it, felt it, and expressed it. All of its mysteries are woven into his splendid tales.

The crack of a sentry's rifle, the far-off sound of temple bells at evening, strange religious customs, the stirring restlessness of a childlike people, all of the baffling mysteries of the East are in these pages of Kipling. You may enjoy them within the compass of a lamp-lit chair.

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Contributors' Gallery

GEORGE MARVIN, whose home is on an old-fashioned plantation in Keswick, Virginia, sends us a tale of fox-hunting in the Old Dominion State, and celebrates its journey to New York from Virginia in the following bit of verse, written in the true Masefieldian manner:

"He cocked his ears, he upped his brush,
And he went up wind like the April thrush."
By the Georgian road to the Keswick station
I watched him run with real elation
North by the trail of the C. and O.
By furrows red, where row by row
The stacked corn marches harvest home,
Over the river and under the dome
Of the Capitol, then by the Baltimore
Tunnel, where scent was lost in the taint
Of soft coal, making the hounds go faint.
So, with a heart beginning to knock,
On he raced through the burg of Bok
And onward until, in the morning mist,
In The Outlook office he keeps his tryst.

THE article on the present status of Fascism in Italy comes to us from a former correspondent of the "International Interpreter." He is also the author of an article entitled "After the Matteotti Murder," dealing with the problems confronting Mussolini, which was published in The Outlook of August 6.

J. LEWIS BROWN is now the editor of "Golf Illustrated," but he began his career as a cub reporter on the Toronto "World." Early in his newspaper experience he began to write about golf in conjunction with his other work, and this was the beginning of his downfall. He is now one of the most insatiable golf bugs in the country, and tells us that if he didn't have to write for a living he would play golf most of the time.

HERBERT STONE is the editor of "Yachting," and has written some breezy articles for The Outlook on the pleasures and possibilities of cruising. There is no one who can write more authoritatively on this subject than Mr. Stone.

THOMAS C. BLAISDELL, Dean and Professor of English at the Pennsylvania State Normal School, is at present living in Peking, China. He has taught English for many years at various schools and colleges, and is the author of several text-books on English composi-





New Invention Startles Clothing World

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Walton Duplex Company of this city have perfected what Clothing Trade Authorities consider the most remarkable forward step in men's shirts in two hundred years. By an entirely new principle of construction the designers of the Walton Duplex Shirt have doubled the wear and usefulness of their shirts, giving the wearer two shirts for the price of one.

So sensational is the appeal of this remarkable shirt that already hundreds of men are earning from $15.00 to $25.00 per day just showing them to their friends and others. Many students, executives, and clerks are doing this in their spare time, as the Walton Duplex Company attend to delivering and collecting. If interested write Mr. Potter, Brooks Bldg., Chicago.—*Adv.*

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"The Most Popular Man in the World"

sat down with C. K. Taylor and the two of them threshed out together the problem of the movies and young America. Who was with Mr. Taylor? Why, Douglas Fairbanks, of course. And you will find some new stories about this man who stops traffic dead in London, Paris, Madrid, and New York if you read next week's issue of The Outlook.

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The "International Interpreter" was taken over by the Outlook Company on June 11, 1924

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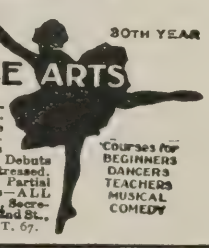
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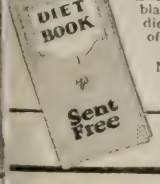
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tion. He is a well-known lecturer on popular and educational subjects.

PHILIP CARR is the founder and director of "The Little Theatre" in Paris, an English theater devoted to the production of one-act plays. He was at one time dramatic critic to the London "Daily News" and Director of the Mermaid Society, and has been for some time on the staff of the Manchester "Guardian."

The Mail Bag

Seeing Is Learning

YOUR recent editorial "To Aid Peaceful Arts" has interested me greatly. Ever since my first visit to the Deutsches Museum I have felt keenly that with such an institution in America we might become actually intelligent in scientific and industrial arts.

No doubt the true scientist is filled with enthusiasm as he views the original instruments of Ohm at Munich. But I doubt if his enthusiasm can equal the real pleasure which the layman who "took" physics years ago feels when at last he can see for himself. And seeing, understand. From the miniature Jungfraujoch railway to the depths of the mine, he sees. He reads the history of the bicycle and automobile; of railways, of ships, of telephone and telegraph from the originals. One week in the Deutsches Museum is worth all his years of required subjects.

Last summer the Deutsches Museum was crowded, and mostly with Germans. (I forget whether the *Ausländer* admission fee was ten, one hundred, or one thousand times that demanded of the German.) The most noticeable visitors were the children. Some came in groups with their teachers. Others were with parents.

I sincerely wish, with you, that our children and the teachers of children might have such an institution as the Munich Museum is to-day.

JEAN FRASER.

Mayville, North Dakota.

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

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The Outlook

Volume 138 December 17, 1924 Number 16

Where Laws Conflict, What?

A NUMBER of income-tax payers were surprised lately to find that they were complainants in legal actions in which they were alleged to have suffered injuries by the publication in newspapers of their income-tax payments to the United States Government. They had no animus in the matter, although in common with hundreds of other Americans whose private affairs have been disclosed to the world at large they might reasonably have such a feeling. They were selected almost at random to test the meaning of the law.

One of these suits was brought against the New York "Herald Tribune." Here, again, the "Herald Tribune" is selected, not because it is supposed to be more lawless than other papers, nor even because it was the first to break the law (if the law was broken), but probably because it was a shining light in the newspaper world, could stand the cost, and was of the Administration's political faith. At least two other papers were brought under indictment besides the "Herald Tribune," namely, the Kansas City "Journal-Post" and the Baltimore "Post." The charge is violation of the Internal Revenue Act in connection with the publication of income-tax assessments. Despite the fact that these suits are amicable and even amiable, they involve important questions relating to the freedom of the press and as to what shall be done when two separate provisions of the law seem to contradict one another. Congress in its wisdom at one time made it an indictable offense to publish income-tax returns: in another act it declared that under certain circumstances all income-tax statements of individuals should be open to "public inspection." If Congress by new enactment can reconcile these two statements, we may have some rule of conduct for next year—this year, in common parlance, the beans have been spilled.

In the cases against the Kansas City "Journal-Post" and the New York "Herald Tribune" the newspapers won the preliminary round with ease and despatch. The cases will be appealed. In the Missouri trial Judge Albert L. Reeves, of the United States District Court, upheld the right of the "Journal-Post" to publish the income-tax payments. Part of his decision went to the root of a great Constitutional principle. The First Amendment forbids any abridgment of the freedom of the press. Judge Reeves declared that if the present revenue law did actually provide (as the Government attorneys in this case asserted) that newspapers must not print tax payments already made public, then the law was a clear violation of the First Amendment. If the Supreme Court



P. & A. Photos

Uncle Sam Says

"If you want Christmas stockings to be filled with something besides headless dolls and gifts that have to be assembled like a picture puzzle—mail early and pack well." The exhibit above was prepared by the New York Post Office to show how Christmas presents should not be sent

supports Judge Reeves's view, there is nothing left of the attempt to penalize newspapers for printing the amounts. Another point made in Judge Reeves's decision was that the prohibition against publication referred only to publication "not provided by law." It might be held, he thought, that the amounts paid as taxes were part of the returns and that the law might be considered to make a special exception in the case of this part of the tax returns, and that thus the two enactments might be made consistent through the theory that it is legal to publish the amounts paid but not the whole of the returns. This part of the decision is a little technical. What the Supreme Court would say about it is a matter of moot opinion.

The Postal Salary Bill

THE bill providing increased pay for practically all employees in the postal service, vetoed by President Coolidge on the last day but one of the session of Congress which ended in June, is on the unfinished business calendar of the session now beginning, and may come to a vote early in the session on the question of whether or not it shall be passed over the President's veto. The Federation of Postal Clerks and others desiring the success of the bill are confident that it will receive the votes of two-thirds of the members of both houses, necessary to enact a vetoed bill into law. There is, apparently, ground for their hope in the fact that the bill originally passed the Senate by a vote of 73 to 3 and the House by a vote of 362 to 6.

There is a strong feeling among the people at large that at least some of the postal employees have harder work and smaller pay than is right. This should be remedied, but it should be done by a right method and in such a way that the final result would be to grant higher pay where it is justly due, but no increases where such increases are not due. It is more than doubtful whether the present bill conforms to this description. As it stands on the calendar it provides for a uniform increase of $300 a year in the salaries of practically all postal employees except postmasters appointed by the President. A flat increase all around is neither just nor desirable.

Behind these objections lies the general principle that Congress should leave the administration of each department, including the adjustment of work and wages, to the head of that department so far as possible. The stockholders and directors of a corporation do not attempt to control the details of the business; they appoint an executive, and he in turn depends upon his heads of departments to spend wisely the money allotted to each for that part of the business. Whenever Congress attempts to say how much, for instance, John Jones, postal delivery man in a small town, should have, and how much James Smith, postal delivery man in a large city, should have, it is almost sure to muddle the matter. Probably that accounts for a good deal that is wrong about the present pay and work of postal employees.

The country will welcome relief and justice for any and all postal employees who are not fairly treated; but time enough should be taken to insure the preparation of a sane, sensible, and discriminating bill.

The President in Chicago

ON his visit to Chicago, which he made immediately after his annual Message was read in Congress, President Coolidge made two speeches. One was delivered at the International Live Stock Exposition, the other before the Chicago Commercial Club.

At the Live Stock Exposition he spoke of the farmers' problem. Henry Ford would remove all live stock from the farm and trust apparently to synthetic milk, synthetic meat, and synthetic manure; Mr. Coolidge, on the other hand, recognizes the development of live stock as a measure of farming prosperity. When he was a boy in Vermont, he said, "a farm was described, not as containing sixty acres or eighty acres or a hundred acres, but as a ten-cow farm, or a twenty-cow farm, or a thirty-cow farm." It was this sense of the relation of live stock to the whole agricultural problem that led the President to make a general survey at the time of the agricultural condition in the United States.

His speech ought to be made available to every farmer in the country. As the President said, the farmer needs most of all to know "the truth about himself and his business." We wish the Government might utilize the Post Office more as a distributing center of information on all subjects, but particularly on agriculture. Every post office in the country ought to be a sort of information center, where farmers and others could learn what information is available, and apply for it.

In the other address, which was the first of the two to be given, the President made clear what many Americans seem not even yet to know, that the Administration is not pursuing a policy of insulation. Frankly saying that he would not sacrifice any part of our prosperity in the vague hope of helping others in worse condition than ourselves, or risk independence or court disaster by "mere unorganized, undirected generosity," in the vain hope of helping those who will not help themselves, he stated explicitly: "We can no more assure permanent and stable peace without co-operation among the nations, than we could assure victory in war without allies among them."

Millions for Higher Education

GIFTS of the rich for public purposes are often the measure of profound popular interest. In the Middle Ages the cathedral stood as the symbol of the highest spiritual concern of the people—the salvation of their souls from the pains of eternal retribution; those people, noble and peasant alike, willingly bore on their backs the building stones for these great churches. It was to these churches, then, that the wealthy gave of their treasures. To-day in America education stands as the symbol of the hope of the people in their future. It is for the building and support of schools and colleges that the people, well-to-do and poor alike, bear most willingly the burden of taxation. It is therefore to the cause of education that the greatest donations of the wealthy seem in our day to be most naturally given.

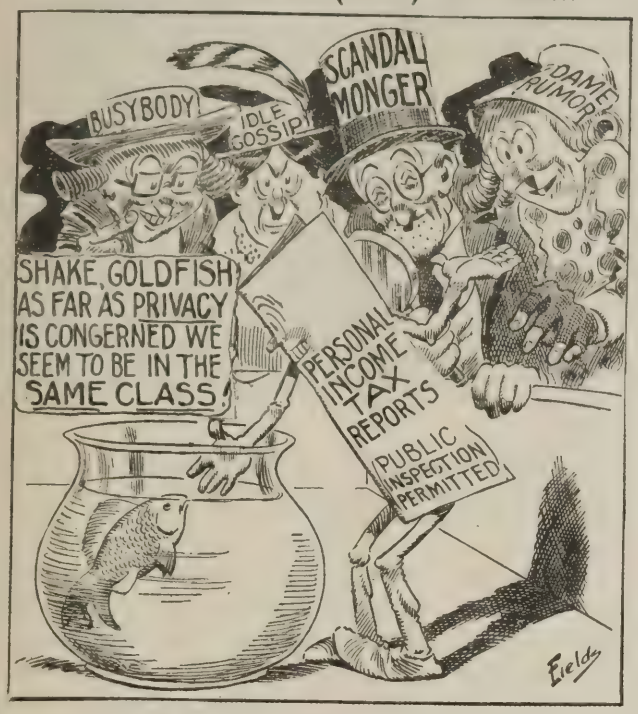
Significant, therefore, of the spirit of our times are the gifts announced last week of Mr. James B. Duke, whose large fortune has been made through the tobacco trade and the development of water power, and of Mr. George Eastman, the head of the Eastman Kodak Company. In all more than $50,000,000—probably considerably more—will be distributed, mainly among educational institutions, as the result of the public spirit of these two men.

Mr. Duke has created a trust fund of about $40,000,000, over half of which is to go ultimately to institutions of higher education. Six millions are for a university in North Carolina to be known by his name. If Trinity College, Durham, in that State, will take his name, it will be the recipient. About two millions are to go to Davidson College in North Carolina, two millions to Furman University, South Carolina, and about a million and a half to Judson C. Smith University, a Negro institution in Charlotte, North Carolina. The rest of the

Desolate and left

(Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, Scene 4)

Fields in the Elmira (N. Y.) Star-Gazette



A good time will be had by all

From Elwood C. Capwell, Jr., Wyalusing, Pennsylvania

Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch



Bulldogs for Britain

From Catherine Hutt, Columbus, Ohio

Pease in the Newark (N. J.) Evening News



This bird can't hatch them

From J. H. MacArt, East Orange, New Jersey

Cargill in the Binghamton Press



Another sun!

From Almena Dean, Nichols, New York



(C) Harris & Ewing

The joint Engineering Board of Canadian and American engineers on the St. Lawrence Waterway Commission in session at Washington. Left to right: General C. H. Mitchell, O. Lefebvre, D. W. McLachlan, Secretary Hoover, Chairman; General Edgar Jadwin, Colonel William Kelley, Colonel G. P. Pillsbury

fund is designed for hospitals, orphanages, and churches.

Mr. Eastman's gift includes $8,500,000 to the University of Rochester, $4,500,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and a million each to Hampton Institute and Tuskegee Institute. In an announcement to the employees of his company Mr. Eastman said that in disposing of the bulk of his stock in the company he had safeguarded the stock that had recently been distributed to them.

The Greatest Need of the Army

GENERAL PERSHING as his last official act before his retirement submitted to the Secretary of War a report on the condition and needs of the Army. This report is far from being a formal official document. It is a strong and clear discussion—one that may and should be read with interest by all citizens. Through it General Pershing has rendered a notable service to his country.

One point upon which emphasis is laid in this report is summarized in the phrase, "The most vital need is increase of the Air Service." During the war naturally there was a patriotic exaggeration of the amount of service done by American planes. The report points out that no American plane was flown in battle until August, 1918, and that only six hundred American planes were sent to the front before the Armistice. This simply indicates that this branch of our military service requires long preparation. The attention of Congress is called hereby to this vital question.

There are other important and interesting things discussed in General Pershing's report. One is the belief that the danger of poison gas in future warfare has been exaggerated. Another is the remark that "the infantry still remains the backbone of the attack, and the rôle of other arms is to help it reach the enemy." The need and value of training camps are shown. The importance of bringing up overseas garrisons to prescribed strength is urged.

General Pershing recognizes a favorable change of sentiment throughout the country toward the acceptance of the doctrines of preparation and an intelligent National defense policy. Such reports as this are an inestimable aid to the continued improvement of popular morale in this matter.

The St. Lawrence Waterway

THE recent meeting in Washington of the Joint Board of Engineers, St. Lawrence Waterways Project, brings definitely nearer the beginning of actual work to make of the St. Lawrence, the Lakes, and the connecting streams a highway to the sea for the United States and Canada alike, from the middle, almost, of the continent.

The main obstacle to agreement of the engineers and of the Governments, as was pointed out by The Outlook some time ago, was the question of withdrawal of water to the American side at Chicago and diversions of water, more largely to the Canadian side, at Niagara. Canada insisted that withdrawal of water to the American side through the canals of the Chicago Sanitary District ought to be studied. The United States replied that if this were to be considered diversions at Niagara should also be studied. Canada's answer was that the water withdrawn at Chicago is never returned to the lakes, but goes down the Mississippi to the Gulf, while water diverted at Niagara performs its function of power generation and is then returned to its natural course and flows down the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic; that the two things, therefore, are not on the same basis and should not be considered together. The agreement reached by the engineers at the Washington meeting is on the basis of the Canadian demand. The withdrawal at Chicago will be studied; the diversion at Niagara will not. The United States, of course, participates in the diversion at Niagara, but to a much smaller extent than does Canada. Diversions to the Canadian side amount to 32,500 second feet; those to the American side only to 20,000 second feet.

The agreement reached by the engineers, three Americans and three Canadians, now goes to the State Departments of the two Governments for approval. When—and if—it is approved, instructions will be issued to the engineers to go ahead with the work.

It is humanly certain that every effort will be made from the American side to

have actual work begun as soon as possible. President Coolidge and Herbert Hoover, Chairman of the United States St. Lawrence Commission, are keenly and actively interested in speeding up the machinery. Nor is there any reason to doubt prompt action on the part of Canada.

The German Elections

With from nine to twelve (according as one counts and classes them) political parties in Germany, the result of the election held on December 7 is necessarily complicated and open to varying interpretation. Our correspondent in Europe, Dr. Elbert F. Baldwin, in correspondence written shortly before the election, gives elsewhere in this number of The Outlook a review of the political situation and of the party divisions.

It may be said that the result, while not a sweeping victory of any kind, is encouraging as regards the prospect of moderation; that it will be helpful to German leaders who approve of the Dawes Plan; and that it is a pronouncement against the extremists of both sides. Thus the representation in the Reichstag of the Communist ultra-radicals has fallen off by fourteen votes, while at the other extreme the representation of the imperialists—and that means chiefly of General Ludendorff's so-called Pan-German Party—has decreased by eighteen.

Chancellor Marx will not find himself in command of a majority through any single party. It is possible, theoretically, to imagine all sorts of combinations in the Reichstag, but some of the combinations thus theoretically possible are practically absurd. It is said with apparent soundness that the four parties known as the Socialists, Centrists, Democrats, and either the German People's Party (Stresemann's group) or the Bavarian People's Party will be able to combine their votes whenever it is necessary to support the integrity of the Republic and probably in the more important questions of policy.

This result may therefore be taken as an indirect indorsement of Chancellor Marx and President Ebert and as a check to the noisy but not dangerously numerous extremists on the left and right of the political line in the Reichstag—in other words, the black or reactionary and the red or Communistic ends of the line.

The strongest single political body in the Reichstag representation will now be the Social-Democratic Party.

The Hoarded Wealth of India

India has presented many curious problems, not the least of which is her perpetual accumulation of the precious metals. At the moment this national trait is emphasized by the fact that, while gold and silver have been flowing in upon us in an embarrassing stream, India is the only country to divert a part of that stream, and also import gold and silver directly from us in considerable quantity. Recently India drew from us $1,760,000, in a single gold shipment, and last year she took 36.7 million fine ounces of silver, double the amount forwarded from the United States during the previous year.

Ordinarily we could afford to pass over these transactions without special comment, but they take on a peculiar interest when it is remembered that in all probability none of the gold and silver we send to India will return. In this respect our case is not only duplicated by other nations, but, go back in time as far as we may, we find that India has always been a world harvester and hoarder of the precious metals. Further, when we consider that India is so poor a country that education can be given only to the few, while a great number exist on the border of starvation, this accumulation of gold and silver would present a strange anomaly were not the products, climate, and popular customs taken into account.

India has always been able to export a surplus of valuable raw materials, and until recently world-famous hand-made textiles. But, owing largely to the hot climate, hitherto her needs from foreign markets have been almost nil. Hence a trade balance in her favor payable in the precious metals. Accumulation of this incoming wealth went on for the reason that, except for the upbuilding of costly palaces, temples, and tombs, development of the country remained in abeyance. The furious hand of repeated conquerors, internal wars, religious prejudices, caste restrictions, have each operated to restrict progress. Indian capital, then, with little encouragement to work freely, presumably took the natural course of seeking hiding-places or being beaten up into personal ornaments as preferred security. Recent accumulation of this idle wealth is shown by figures which report that, while in 1906 the hoarded wealth of India stood at $1,800,000,000, to-day it is computed at $2,500,000,000, an increase of $700,000,000 in seventeen years. Incidentally, it has also been stated that there are 1,263,000 goldsmiths in India working day and night in thus reducing her capital to uselessness.

What is the remedy? Aforetime India's treasure and numbers were periodically reduced by the onslaughts of invaders. But since the peace of Britain has reigned, the hoarded wealth and population have increased at the same time that such beneficial works as railway and irrigation systems were being constructed by British capital. It would seem, then, that until the Indian mind can be induced to aim for a higher standard of living, better housing, clothes, food, and sanitation, more modern agricultural if not industrial methods of reproducing wealth, Indian capital will continue to hoard itself, and possibly become a serious question in the future.

A Century of Independence

Ayacucho, like Waterloo, is a little place, but it has given its name to one of the turning-points of history. It was there, high in the Peruvian Andes, that the last battle against Spanish rule in South America was fought. It was the culmination of fourteen years of struggle in various parts of the southern continent of America against the proud nation which in earlier days had sent forth Pizarro and Cortez and others on their conquests. It marked the virtual termination of Spanish colonization in the Western Hemisphere and the beginning of independence throughout all of South America. It is the centenary of this battle which the republics of Latin America have been celebrating. Beginning on December 9, the anniversary date of the battle, at the scene of the battle itself and continuing for a number of succeeding days in Lima, the capital, and other cities and towns in Peru, the celebration has drawn together representatives of many nations of the world, including Spain herself.

The United States is fittingly represented by the military commander of the American forces in the greatest war for liberty the world has ever known. General Pershing went to Peru with the rank of Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. In the special mission are two members with the rank of Envoy Extraordinary, these being Rear-Admiral John H. Dayton, U. S. N., and Frederick C. Hicks, former member of Congress

from New York. General Pershing has two military aides.

Peru's preparations for the celebration included displays and fêtes of many kinds, historic pageants, military and civic parades, and public demonstrations of rejoicing.

Gene Stratton Porter

MRS. GENE STRATTON PORTER, novelist and naturalist, died on December 7 in Los Angeles from the effect of injuries received in a collision between her automobile and a trolley car.

The author of "Freckles" and "A Girl of the Limberlost" was also the author of "Homing with the Birds" and "Friends in Feathers." The reason why many thousands of readers liked her novels, despite the obvious faults that made literary critics scorn them, was her own deep love of outdoor nature, with which she imbued her fictitious characters. The people in her novels might alternately gush and preach, the plot might be puerile, and the sentiment might be exuberant, but the characters were usually simple and honest and good-natured, and when they took us into the woods we felt through them the author's knowledge and love of outdoor things. The nearer she got her boys and girls to nature, the better was the book; the more she led them into artificial social life, the poorer the book.

There are many who have had more pleasure from Mrs. Porter's "Homing with the Birds" than from any or all of her stories. She was an expert photographer, and didn't mind waiting for days with Indian-like patience to see just what she wanted to picture and tell. This book was exactly described in our review columns as a near-at-hand talk about bird home life by an intimate friend of the birds.

The Lame Duck Congress

SOMETIMES an epithet will succeed when argument fails.

If there has been anything clear to the politically thoughtful, it is that the survival of an old Congress for months after a new Congress has been elected is an anachronism. There was reason in this when the fastest means of transporting both news and people was horseflesh. Once on a time news of the people's balloting had to be conveyed either by courier or stage-coach to the centers where the results were compiled; then the results had to go to the people by the same slow method; then by the same method the electors were supposed to gather together in their several States and deliberate; and then, still by the use of horses, in many cases plowing through snow-drifts and fording streams, the official results of the electors' voting had to



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Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter

be conveyed to the Nation's capital to await the deliberate action of Congress. Of course a new Congress could not be ready there to receive the results. For three-quarters of a century, however, we have been living in an age of railways and telegraph; and yet, so conservative a people are the Americans that we still hold fast to stage-coach methods after entering the age of the airplane and the radio. Reason has been showing the need of a change. Perhaps what reason has failed to accomplish ridicule will. Somebody has called the Congress that survives an election a "lame duck Congress." Perhaps Congress will seek to rid itself of the stigma of this sobriquet, and will undertake to put itself *en rapport* with the twentieth century.

There is now before Congress a proposed Constitutional amendment which, if adopted, would change the date of the assembling of a newly elected Congress from December, thirteen months after election, to the preceding January, about two months after election. By the same amendment the inauguration of the President would be changed from March 4 following election to a few days after the assembling of Congress in January.

If this amendment were in operation, the "lame ducks" that are now letting legislative eggs get cold under them would occupy the nest at Washington only until next January—if indeed they would be asked to sit after election at all. As it is, in the ordinary course of events, the Congress that was elected last month will not assemble for nearly a year. Meantime until next March the Congress that aroused the scorn of the people and was thoroughly rebuked at the polls remains in charge of National legislation.

It is hard to get lame ducks to shoo themselves off their nests.

It would almost seem as if self-respect in members of Congress would lead them to provide for their own retirement after they had received so vigorous an invitation from the people to leave their seats.

That the election has had a salutary effect on Congress even before effecting a change in its personnel is evident at Washington. At present it looks as if Congress were to be less obstreperous than was expected generally and more productive of legislation.

Of course it will be charged with the task of providing the means of carrying on the Government. It will have to pass the regular appropriation bills if it performs even its most elementary duty. There are other measures, however, which it may enact.

It will probably do something about Muscle Shoals. The chance that it will adopt any plan for Government operation, except as a last resort in case no offer for private operation is made and accepted by July 1, is remote. The bill with the best chance of passage is the Underwood Bill, which, though written before the President's Message was, reads as if it had been based upon it. It provides for guaranties that the Muscle Shoals plant shall be used primarily for the manufacture of nitrogen for making fertilizers in times of peace and making explosives if the devil ever breaks loose again and plunges us into war. Men who do not wish the Underwood Bill to pass predict that it will. The public should be on guard against permitting Congress to do what it threatened once to do—allow the lease of Muscle Shoals to extend for a hundred years. Whatever we do, we have no business to tie the hands of future generations in that way.

Congress will probably stretch out its wing and hover the agricultural co-operatives. What the provisions of the bill for the promotion of co-operative marketing will be when passed cannot be

foretold, but some kind of co-operative marketing bill will probably, as even men who do not want it believe, be passed by Congress and approved by the President.

Congress may make some effort to pass a branch banking bill, and possibly a bill to regulate radio.

Whatever Congress does beyond the routine, however, will be done out of shame rather than out of conviction. A "lame duck" Congress is not likely to be very competent, because it is not really representative. The American people are good-natured and put up with inconveniences and impositions which are quite unnecessary. A Congress like the present one is quite needless. The people ought to get rid of "lame duck" Congresses altogether.



(C) Harris & Ewing

After the Republican Senatorial Caucus—Left to right: William M. Butler, new Senator from Massachusetts; Senator James Watson, of Indiana; Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas, elected by the caucus as Senate leader to succeed the late Senator Lodge; Senator J. H. Metcalf, from Rhode Island, succeeding the late Senator Colt; Senator George H. Moses, of New Hampshire

The Washington Sewing Circle

THE city of Washington finds Mr. Coolidge parsimonious. He saved the public money, it seems, and declined to take a private car on his trip to Chicago. It is said at the White House that the President did not oppose a private car until it was discovered that the railroad, in addition to the fee for the car, was about to charge additional fees based on the number of persons occupying the car, and that this number was fixed at about twice the number of those who could actually go in it! Then the President decided to travel as if he were merely Mr. Calvin Coolidge.

He did so. He went and came in comfort and safety, and if he found his stateroom too warm at night (as most of us do), if the porter during the dark hours covered Mr. Coolidge's boots with a mixture of tar and glue (as porters are wont to do), or if there were cinders in the ice-water at breakfast, no complaint has come from the President about it. A number of persons think he should have guarded his dignity and security better; that the President has a difficult job, and that he ought to look out for himself and keep in good condition.

But Mr. Coolidge will, very likely, go on being Mr. Coolidge. He preaches economy—and he practices it. (His critics call it cheese-paring.) He has never led the career of a millionaire, and he finds it not only hard but impossible to begin such a life. Would we not criticise him even more severely if he suddenly began to cut a dash?

Does it matter greatly what Washington thinks of any President? It sees Presidents at close quarters, but often with rather blurred vision. It judges them with the eyes of milliners, caterers, and gossips. The whole country, as a Vice-President, Mr. Marshall, remarked, is too apt to look upon a President as Sir Galahad on inauguration day, and as Benedict Arnold on election day. Washington thought Mr. Roosevelt "brutal" and noisy; Mr. Taft too complacent; and Mr. Wilson too cold and austere. It mocked the Hardings because they said they were "just folks," and the Coolidges for simplicity and economy. Mr. Roosevelt talked too much; Mr. Coolidge doesn't talk enough.

Would it be advisable to let a President keep his individuality? While Mr. Roosevelt was being denounced for his "imperialism" and supposed regal ambitions he was driving about Washington in a very simple carriage, wearing an old overcoat and a slouch hat, and looking much like a comfortable Dutch burgher. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were a handsome and brilliant-looking pair, in a fine limousine; the President fairly radiant in his shiny topper and well-tailored clothes. During the recent campaign it must have struck many observers with amusement that the leader of the so-called party of privilege and plutocracy was a little country lawyer who spent his vacations pitching hay on a farm—not a new occupation taken up for political effect, as his opponents intimated, but a matter of lifelong custom. And the candidate of the party of the "plain people," the follower of Jefferson and Jackson, was accustomed to wear fine clothes and to live among the fashionables of one of America's sportiest sections. What of it—aside from the humor which dwelt in the situation? Nobody seriously thought that either man was posing or insincere. There would have been humbug in it only if Mr. Coolidge had suddenly appeared at Chevy Chase in "plus fours," or if Mr. Davis had bought a pair of overalls and commenced to rake in the meadows sweet with hay.

Would it, perhaps, be sensible to let our Presidents be themselves, and not to fuss too much about their methods of traveling, eating, drinking, and sleeping? Would it be well to guard against the standards by which the city of Washington judges a President? For those are, too often, the standards of the "society reporter," the political gossip, and some-

times the trivial and malicious dealer in scandal.

Other Countries, Other Customs

IN reading in this issue of The Outlook the special articles on Italy and China, Americans should keep in mind the fact that in each case there is a political background quite different from that of their own country.

In China there is nothing that corresponds to our own Federal Government. To millions of Chinese what happens at Peking is a matter of indifference. On the life of the masses in China a change in the occupant of the Presidential palace produces no practical effect. Indeed, the change from a so-called empire to a so-called republic produced no such change in China itself as such a change has always produced in Europe. In one sense what has been going on in China has been a civil war, but to call it such is likely to give a wrong impression to the Occidental mind. In China administration is predominantly local. So far as the people are concerned, government can scarcely be said to extend beyond the province. Peking is nothing more than a symbol, and a device for dealing with the foreigners. If there were no Powers to stave off or hoodwink, Peking would be nothing. Perhaps ten per cent of China's people—the upholders of constitutional government, the leaders in China's intellectual renaissance and the student movement, and the new business men of China—these alone envisage China in national terms.

In the twelve illusory years of Chinese republican government there have been six cycles of revolution. It is only possible, not certain, that this seventh revolution portends more than the redistribution of the balance of power between military satraps. There may be in it some possibilities for China's masses.



P. & A. Photos

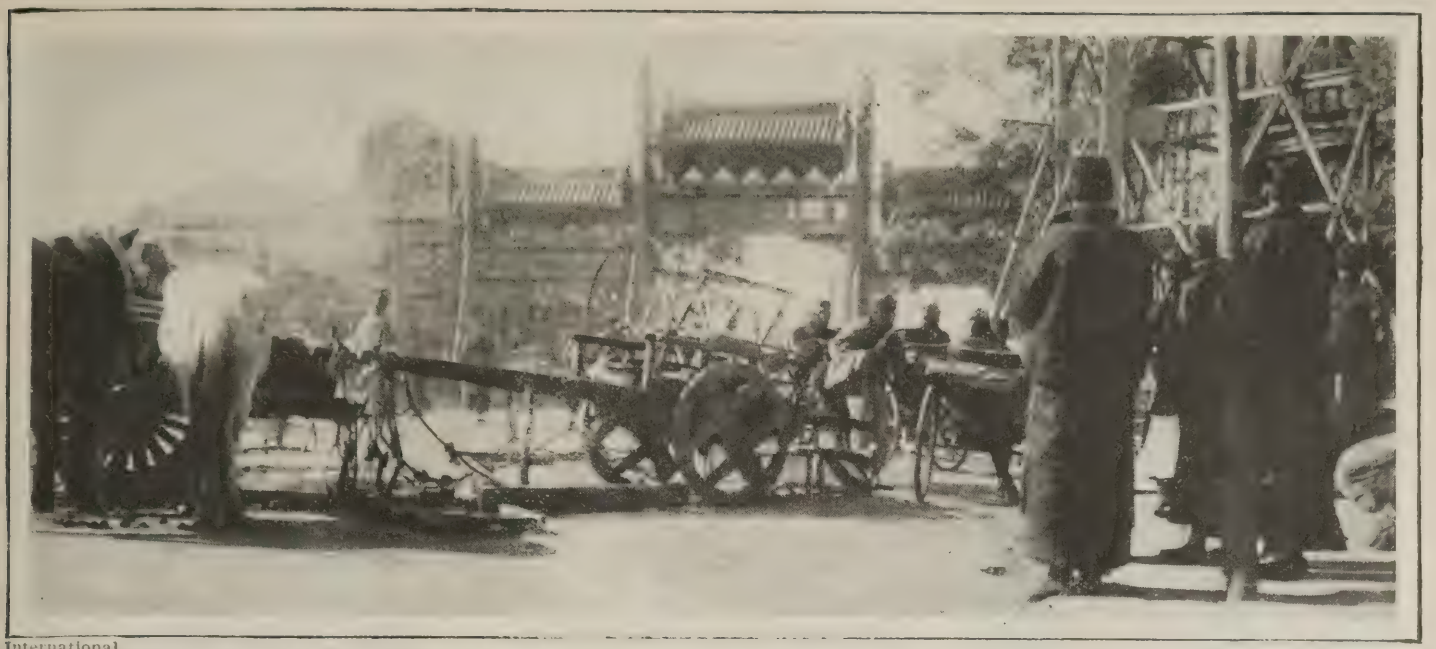
Tuan Chi-jui, China's new President

If it means anything more than other moves in the game played by the supertuchuns, it is largely due to Feng Yu-hsiang, famous "Christian general." Marshal Wu, scholar and gentleman, had defeated Chang Tso-lin, but, according to Chinese political etiquette, failed to follow up his victory. General Feng, apparently disgusted at the consequences, withdrew his forces from Wu's side and seized Peking, with its *opéra bouffe* government carried on under Wu's patronage, and started house-cleaning. Having put Tuan Chi-jui, ex-Premier and leader of the pro-Japanese "Anfu Club," which was ousted from Peking in 1920, into the Presidential Palace as "Chief of Executive Power," Feng has apparently not tried to continue the game in his own interest, but has dropped quietly into the background.

This change may mean nothing directly for the Chinese masses, but it may mean an opportunity for the Powers. What has made it impossible for the Washington Conference treaties to be carried out has been the lack of a real national authority in China. If, as Feng's action seems to indicate, there is now in the Tuan Government the beginning of such an authority, the Powers may be able, if they will, to allay Chinese fears of foreign control and help China to her feet. They will be wise if they do so, for lack of statesmanship will let China drift toward Bolshevist Russia.

What has happened in China, therefore, is of more immediate concern to the rest of the world than it is to China itself.

In Italy what has been happening is equally unlike anything that could happen in America. Italy's unification has been complete, but it has been secured by methods to which Americans are wholly unaccustomed. The rise of Mussolini into power seems to us in this country almost revolutionary; and so it was in a sense; but it was not essentially abnormal in Italy. We could not imagine a Mussolini in power in the United States, but we could not imagine conditions in the United States which made Mussolini necessary for the preservation of real government. If, as our Rome correspondent says, Fascism has lost its hold, it is because it has for the time being, at least, done its work. If it is true as the Italian opponents of Mussolini say, that "Fascists have made public life impossible and physically unsafe," it is equally true that what the Fascists rescued Italy from was a condition in which



International
Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang barricades the President's Palace in Peking to prevent the escape of President Tsao Kun

the economic life of Italy was fast becoming impossible and political life contemptible. Mussolini's proclaimed adherence to the cynical philosophy of Machiavelli would not make him an acceptable political leader in the United States, but it has not prevented him from rendering imperatively needed service to his own country and his own people. There are some who, however violently they may disagree with Mussolini's view of public life, will regard the accession of Giolitti to power as the triumph of political doctrines and practices not one whit higher.

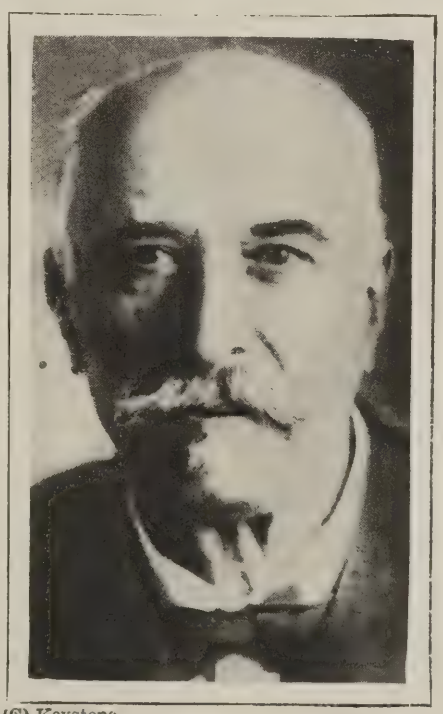
The Ebb of the Fascist Tide

By Our Correspondent in Rome

The wave that swept Mussolini into power draws back from the beach. It carries with it the wreckage of broken promises, graft, arrogance, and organized oppression

WILD stories have recently appeared in the American press, announcing the imminence of an anti-Fascist revolution. The inventor of these romances generated such enthusiasm for his theme that he printed an order, which certainly never emanated from the Italian Admiralty, for the fleet to proceed to the "French frontier" and prepare to repel an invasion of Italian exiles. Ludicrous though this story is, it could never have been printed even by an editor sitting five thousand miles away from Italy had not the air been full of reports of the decline and approaching fall of Fascism; and these reports are entirely accurate.

Fascism has lost its hold on the country and is profoundly unpopular. It cannot last long; and though its fall will be postponed for a few months, and will not be a dramatic affair, nor accompanied by more or less civil war, nor succeeded by a Government of those lusting to revenge the insults and oppression of the last two years, that fall is certain.

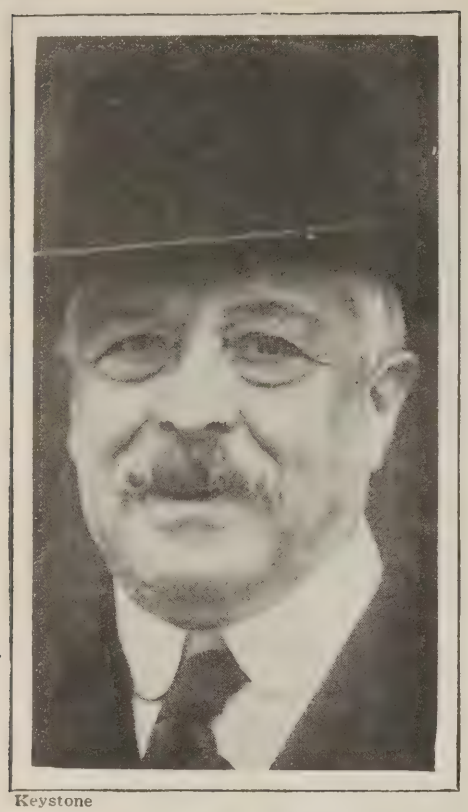


(C) Keystone
Signor Giolitti, who may return to power with the fall of Mussolini

The Spotted Lamb

THE main reason for so absolute a swing over of popular opinion, which has occurred within a period of six months only, is that Fascism, which pretended to be an unspotted lamb, has outraged every moral standard. A régime which promised a purer, saner, and juster Italy stands convicted of self-seeking, graft, arrogance, and organized oppression upon an unprecedented scale. Fascists claim and occupy every lucrative post. Young men who started two years ago with nothing have become enormously rich by inspired speculation. Every sixteen-year-old boy in a black shirt walks the streets stating that Italy, Rome, and the whole world belong to him, and the forms of oppression are so varied that they can be described only by giving examples.

There is, first, the intimidation by violence of political opponents, which takes sometimes the mild form of a beating with sticks, or the breaking up of a procession on Armistice Day by the firing of revolvers; sometimes the extreme form of murder, as in the case of Signor Matteotti, in which the Prime Minister's own entourage and one of his closest personal friends were implicated. Secondly, there is local intimidation, as, for example, at Molinella, where it has for long been impossible for any non-Fascist to obtain employment, and where the local Fascist leader was allowed to terrorize a whole countryside, with a warrant for murder out against him, for over a year. Thirdly, there is the intimi-



Keystone

Ex-Premier Orlando

dation of the press by means of a decree which gives the provincial prefects power to seize and suppress newspapers at their sweet will. And, fourthly, there is the national intimidation, which consists in the appointment of a special commission by the Fascist Party to recommend amendments to the Constitution with the avowed purpose of "conquering the state for Fascism."

These causes sufficiently explain the opposition of all classes from the intellectuals down to the poorest of the poor, and why it is that the only persons who really support Fascism are the officials and the 300,000 Blackshirts whose livelihood and prestige depend upon it; the big industrials, who have the whip hand under a régime wherein strikes are not allowed; and the big financiers, who are having a merry time on a Bourse which is in a wholly unnatural state—a perfect speculator's paradise. And to these causes for which Fascism is justly blamed must be added one for which it is not responsible, but which exercises the most profound effect upon the masses—a rise in the cost of living of fifteen per cent, with no corresponding rise in wages or salaries.

A Plague on Both Houses

THIS massive opposition is as yet imperfectly organized.

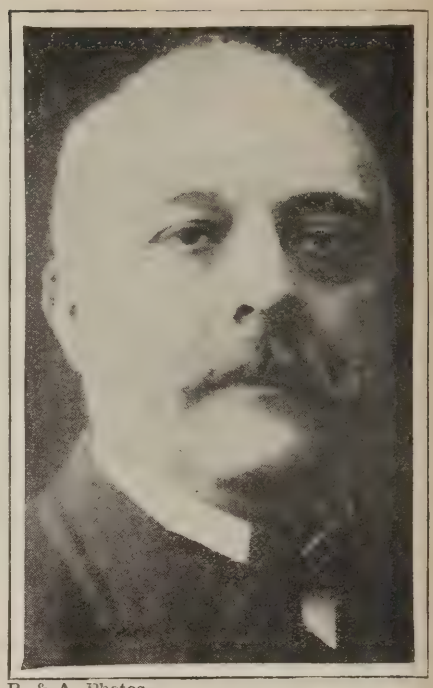
One curious feature of the situation is that, though the country hates the Fascists, it is not turning back to the Socialists, whom the Fascists overthrew, and is seeking, not for some one to revenge it upon the Fascists, nor for some one to restore the system which produced feeble and vacillating Governments, but for some one to give it peace from all extremes. The official opposition—a coalition of all those who have opposed Fascism from the beginning—must therefore be carefully distinguished from the popular opposition, which it only partially and imperfectly represents. It includes the Socialists—except the Communists—under Turati and Treves; the Liberal Constitutionalists under Amendola; the Social Democrats under Di Cesaro; the Populars, nominally under a triumvirate, but really still directed by the famous Don Sturzo; and the Republicans. All these parties have formed a joint committee, and have refused to attend Parliament. They declare that the Fascists have made public life impossible and physically unsafe, and call for the holding of new elections under a new and *ad hoc* Government. The best of their leaders are excellent, notably Amendola and Di Cesaro; and all possess a local influence which, in the sum, is considerable.

But there is little agreement among them except a common hatred of Fascism quite as bitter as Fascism's hatred of them. Naturally, popular support crystallizes round them as the official champions of anti-Fascism; but they will not form the succession Cabinet, for their forces are too equally divided and their fundamental constructive policies too divergent for them to make a stable Government; and many of them, particularly the Socialists, have been too closely associated with régimes as discredited in the past as Fascismo is today.

The Allies Desert

UNTIL a fortnight ago there seemed to be no satisfactory way out of the *impasse* caused by the mutual rigidity of both sides, but then currents in the lake of the popular opposition became sufficiently defined to form recognizable streams leading to the ocean of a solution.

First, the Combattenti, or ex-soldiers, a somewhat inchoate organization 800,000 strong, were sufficiently outraged by the Fascist attacks during the Victory celebrations to pronounce a qualified hostility to the Government. They are not unanimous by any means, but the net result of their feelings is that a number of Deputies are looking away from Mussolini instead of towards him. Next, the Liberals of the Right, hitherto the allies of Fascism, openly divided into two camps, the one under Signor Salandra clinging to the Government, but with one eye on a possible reversion of their office; the other, under Signor Orlando, definitely hostile. Both these persons are



P. & A. Photos

Ex-Premier Salandra

ex-Prime Ministers and very much to be reckoned with. Finally, on Saturday last, Giolitti, the veteran Liberal, eighty-three years of age, six times Prime Minister, and head and shoulders above all other living Italian statesmen, in a five minutes' speech in the Chamber, declared that he should vote against the Government.

Here is the way out, and it is recognized as such; for the significance of the event is crystal clear. Mussolini cannot continue to govern with a Chamber composed only of his own supporters. Debates become soliloquies, and legislation a farce. He must therefore hold an election, and he cannot very well hold it himself, for he has no one whom he can trust. He will therefore resign. The King will send for Giolitti—a very familiar proceeding; and a Giolitti-Orlando Cabinet will hold the elections.

Fascism will probably be beaten, but it will remain a political party; there will be no violent or dangerous reaction, and Italy will remain with all the excellent material reforms which the Fascists have effected, all the sanity which an experience of two extremes has engendered, and without the exasperating immorality of a single dominant clique.

Nisi Imperasset

SO ends Fascism as a self-styled Revolution, and as a self-esteemed revelation from on high. It may have a future as a political party, or it may peter out and Mussolini end as he began—a Socialist.

In this moment of his trial and difficulty one should not forget that he has done good service to Italy, even while one rejoices at the failure of his utterly false political philosophy.

It is a thousand pities, from its own point of view, that Fascism ever tried to govern.

Had it remained as a purge of the body politic, and not tried to swallow its patient, all would have done it reverence; as it is, its epitaph must be that written by Tacitus for the Emperor Galba, *"Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset"*—"All would have said he was capable of reigning had he never reigned."

The German Elections

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

See on another page report of the result of the elections held since this correspondence was written

"A WAR of revenge will come sooner or later." So prophesied a German official to-day at Mülheim. "It is nonsense to try to prevent a great nation from preparing for war. If it does not prepare in one way, it will in another. Pure patriotism, let me tell you, Herr, inspires us Nationalists—the desire for justice as well as the desire for revenge. We are not hotheads, except when we think of our Ruhr, occupied till next August!

"The restoration of Germany's prestige as a military and commercial Power, the restoration of the German unity we need in the person of an Imperial monarch—these are the aims of the Nationalists. We make no secret of them; we openly wave our proud old Imperial black-white-red flag and scorn the Republican black-red-gold. We must wait, possibly, but we shall win—in the long or short run."

Think of pro-war, monarchist army officers and governmental functionaries administering a Republic's affairs! The official proceeded:

"For the present, do not forget us discontented government servants. We are serving the present administration as well and as long as we can, but we shall starve without a salary increase. This is our chief immediate interest in the election of December 7 for members of Parliament." There will also be a simultaneous election for the Prussian Diet.

"But there are other issues and alternatives," the official continued; "among them not only (1) War or peace, and (2) Monarchy or Republic; but also (3) An eight or ten hour work-day; (4) Less or more taxation; (5) Protection or free trade on foodstuffs—despite the Government's promises, the cost of living is now higher than ever, the battle being between producers and consumers; (6) Repudiation or acceptance of the London agreement concerning the Dawes Plan."

Experience since the May elections has shown that no Cabinet could be formed containing a stable majority, hence the necessity for a new election. "Two elections this year; it is intolerable!" exclaim many Germans. Well, in my opinion, there is something worse—the continuance of the present power of reaction at one end and of demagogy at the other. Of course, extremes ought to become less marked, given the new conditions due to the operation of the Dawes Plan—a German borrowing, floated on the international market; the establishment of banking and currency reform and of an international railway corporation; the stimulation of industry; the end of the Ruhr occupation in sight; and, above all, a generally saner state of mind.

Of all parts of Germany, the Duchy of Baden, from Heidelberg to Basle, has always seemed to me peculiarly worth while. Nature has made this high hill country, crowned with its Black Forest, a region renowned even in Roman times for physical health as it is for mental vigor—one notes that latter in the Universities of Heidelberg and Freiburg.

Yet in the large towns I have been surprised to find practically no indications of an approaching election. Posters are principally noticeable by their absence. To-night I did not see one during a long walk in this city of Freiburg. But the people have opinions just the same. As to war, I heard the following to-day from a worthy burgher at Badenweiler in reply to my query as to what he thought of General Ludendorff:

"Ludendorff, say you! Please, no word in his favor. He was a big general in the war. He now rattles his saber in peace time and expects the same result. No, that comes not, no matter how he brags in his hysteria. Even some Nationalists blame his garrulity. Out with him! He has been a menace: he is now a laughing-stock. He typifies, just the same, our greatest present peril, the spirit of revenge. He and his motley following continually stir up that spirit. In the sacred name of patriotism they excite the Fatherland to a war of revenge for our defeat in 1918. We are not spiritless, but these men, at a time of German prostration, are incredibly callous militarists. And the militarists together with the war profiteers, we do not forget, are responsible for the years of death and also for the further years of want, darkening millions of our homes."

This opinion tallied with that of a priest I met in a fourth-class railway carriage (for most Germans are too poor to travel otherwise). He said: "We Germans have much in both Church and State to do. For that effort we need peace. Another war? What will that mean? Ruin to any normal work in Church or State. It is not that Germans are afraid to fight if necessary. No one accuses Germany of that. But it is not necessary to fight—not now, anyway. What, then, is the means to gain freedom? In the words of our Chancellor's motto, 'Through *work* to freedom!' He added, as I remember: 'A force policy? No! It is no shame; on the contrary, it is a proof of patriotism courageously to endure the results of a lost war and to aid in the recovery of our Fatherland. Our liberty we cannot recover by vain and ridiculous menaces in our state of weakness. Hence it is a crime against the German people to preach a new war.'"

"You like your Chancellor, then?" I remarked, with a certain assurance, as both priest and Chancellor belong to the same communion.

"Yes, indeed," answered my companion; "Dr. Marx is a Christian man and a clever man and a courageous man. There is a winning combination for you! Yet withal so modest is he! a man uninflated by rhetoric. Also tenacious. A year as Chancellor! That is something in these times for the Fatherland."

"How about the Presidency?" I inquired. "He has some chance there, has he not, when your President retires?"

"He has the best chance of any one, in my opinion," replied the priest. "Our present President, Herr Ebert, a Socialist, has tried to be—and is—no mere party leader, but the spokesman of all Germany. And this is the more remarkable, it seems to me, in view of his birth and environment. However, Germany, I feel, is moving away from the Social-Democracy towards what I would call a middle policy. Dr. Marx, an abler man than his immediate predecessors or

than Herr Ebert, consistently represents that policy and is, anyway, the kind of man we want.

"As he said the other day, his Government is ready to co-operate loyally with the League of Nations. The League, he went on to say, though imperfect, is not treated, even in serious Christian circles, with the warmth and consideration it deserves. Under any circumstances, however, as the Chancellor added: 'Germany can afford no longer to be considered equivocal and untrustworthy.'"

My friend from Badenweiler spoke of the incessant labors of Ludendorff, Hindenburg, Tirpitz, and others to restore the monarchy. To do this and to bring about a new war, he remarked, the extremists aim, in the first place, at a military dictatorship. "They think this the easier to bring about because military men always have too much liberty in dictating to our civilian Government. Parliamentary government is now impossible, these men protest. Why? It has not, forsooth, passed laws protecting privilege!

"But leave the lunatics. For serious constitutional—not revolutionary—monarchists, the trouble is that no serious person is in sight whom they would choose as Emperor. A fine, steady old gentleman like William I, yes, perhaps, relying on a Bismarck to look out for the state and on a Moltke to look out for the army. But such a triad—it is certainly not in sight. William II was less tactful than his grandfather, and needed all the more the prestige of a Bismarck. Yet the young Emperor actually dismissed Bismarck! The Kaiser suffices for everything, thought William II. A mere constitutional colorless English king, that was not to his liking. And his final flight to Holland! Kaiser he might still be but for these things."

"Yet your President, in public opinion, hardly replaces the Emperor," I interjected.

"Not as a vivid personality, Herr. But the saddler Ebert gives William II one lesson. The President is quiet, steady-going, talks little and says much. That is the kind of executive for any country. No more vain, impulsive, erratic, emotional monarchs, no matter how brilliant! The elections in your country and in England indicate the same frame of mind."

"If," I then asked, "your first danger to the Republic is the agitation for a new war and the second but lesser danger the monarchist agitation, what comes next?"

"The danger of too many political parties," he replied. "Too many cooks spoil the broth. Here in Baden a dozen parties are registering lists of candidates for Parliament.

"In some of these parties you can discern signs of a new, sober, solid, substantial democratic feeling that has nothing to do with reaction on the one hand or with a communistically inclined Socialism on the other. That is what I expect our elections to confirm. We cannot afford to remain behind in this race. Outworn tradition and new half-baked schemes must be judged in the light of a new world era. Hence one of the election issues is an unconditional acceptance of the Dawes Plan, a plan due to the genius of great Americans. Even the Nationalists, after having repudiated this plan, allowed the passage of the necessary legislation, though only as a maneuver to get into the Government and so to stab the Republic."

The London Agreement, allowing France to remain in the Ruhr till August, is part of the Marx administration. The question before the German electors will be: Is intransigeance to be perpetuated or is the Marx policy of conciliation to be safeguarded for the future?

Freiburg im Baden, November 25, 1924.

The "Capture" of Peking

By THOMAS C. BLAISDELL

The coup d'état in China's capital marks a new stage in the development of that vast and ancient land. These are strange days in the realm once ruled by the Son of Heaven

"I HAVE just heard a piece of alarming news. Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang marched into the city last night and took possession of it." A manifestly disturbed American, born in China and living here all his life, spoke these words to me about ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday, October 23.

And I realized that for foreigners it might be an alarming piece of news if it meant that General Wu Pei-fu's Government forces had been decisively defeated and that he with Marshal Feng and their armies had been compelled to retreat from Shanghaikwan, the 250-mile-distant battle-front, and make a last stand at the huge walls of Peking, which are twice the height and twice the breadth of the world-famous Great Wall; for it could mean, in that case, only that General Chang Tso-lin, war lord of Manchuria and leader of the so-called rebel forces at Shanghaikwan, was in hot pursuit and that the center of conflict within a very few days would be the capital city.

And it might mean that very thing, for the Government had clamped down the lid so tight that the papers had printed no war news for days, one paper which dared to print some modest suggestions having had its pressroom sealed by the censor; so we really had no guess as to what conditions at the front were.

But this alarming statement did explain some things which had already set me wondering. The preceding evening, with my wife, I had had dinner with friends in Tungchou, fifteen miles from Peking. The dinner had been early in order that we might get back to the city before the gates were shut for the night, for we had no pass. We left our friends about eight o'clock. Four times before we were within Peking's walls we were stopped by soldiers lined up across the highway. We speak no Chinese; neither of the drivers of our taxi—cars here must have two horns and police regulations demand an assistant to the driver who shall keep one horn blowing practically all the time as the car whirls through the crowded streets of the city—spoke any English. However, after the light was switched on and the soldiers had looked us over most carefully and there had been much talking between them and the drivers, we were permitted to pass. They had not been discourteous in any way; they seemed merely to wish assurance as to who we were. I began to understand, after my friend's statement, why we had been so carefully looked over.

The Ancient Sounds of China

THAT morning also, as we sat down to breakfast, we had noticed over our wall and across the *hutung*, or narrow street, that the home and office of the



(C) Underwood

Troops of the "Christian General," Feng Yu-hsiang, passing out of Peking to battle with the army of Chang Tso-lin

cal Japanese agent of the South Manchurian Railway had flung a large Japanese flag to the breezes. As we ate we concluded that he was celebrating a national holiday. We commented also on the absence of the customary noises made by peddlers passing along the *hutung*. Their raucous cries; the groaning of the huge water-barrow loaded until the straining coolie could scarcely push it (water at a big copper a bucket for householders too poor to have running water—and six big coppers equal an American cent); the xylophone sound of one piece of wood struck sharply against another, the sign of the cloth merchant; the trumpet blown by the seller of Chinese cabbage, which looks exactly like a mammoth stalk of perfectly blanched celery; the twanging notes of a crude tuning-fork struck irregularly by the itinerant barber; and the numberless other noises to tell of the passing of the vender of sweets, of meat, of peanuts, of the luscious-looking red-fruit; of the knife-grinder with his long smooth stone on which he rubs the blade; of the drover with hogs or sheep being driven and led to the butcher; and of a hundred other salesmen, each determined to attract the attention of the folk dwelling behind the solid brick walls, eight or ten feet high. None of these noises obtruded themselves on our breakfast that tense morning.

Soon we went out of our gate. Our rickshaw boys were waiting. As they tucked our robes about our knees one of them, proud of his few words of English, said, "Chinese holiday." We were glancing down the *hutung* to Hatamen Street, fifty yards away. This is one of the broad streets reaching from the south wall to the north, straight as an arrow, an artery of traffic. Soldiers were guarding the end of our alley. In the distance, above the one-story buildings, rose a British flag, and a little beyond it the Stars and Stripes; I had never seen either of them before in those places. As we entered Hatamen Street I noticed that the entrance to the central telephone exchange was guarded by a group of soldiers, while pickets marched up and down at the curb, sending chance passers into the street, while within the gate were numberless civilian operators with their occupation gone. I noted too that every soldier had his bayonet fixed and his full equipment. Incidentally, I should say that the telephone here is directed by the Government.

A Pageant That Didn't Pass

And Hatamen Street! I have seen far more people on it in the middle of the night! No rickshaw traffic, no jolting two-wheeled Peking carts drawn by a bundle of bones, no barrows with loads of coal or vegetables or huge timbers almost too great a burden for the toiling coolie, no motor cars except an occasional one with a soldier outrider or perhaps two on each running-board guarding the military occupant; no tables at the curb with jewel-like persimmons, the size of mammoth tomatoes, glistening in the brilliant sun; no sidewalk restaurants for the coolies with their great pots of seething sweet potatoes and other foods all ready to eat, some appetizing, some not; no tables covered with little piles of peanuts, each selling for a big copper; no sheet-iron workers making stove-pipe lengths on the sidewalk; almost no displays in front of the stores; in fact, many of the stores were closed up tight, their fronts boarded up and barricaded. Along the street only a few Chinese. An atmosphere vibrant with something about to happen. As we passed street after street we found many of them guarded at the entrance by soldiers, all with fixed bayonets. Just opposite the Y. M. C. A. building we noticed what seemed to be a headquarters, for there the soldiers were swarming.

On through all but deserted streets and *hutungs*, all as quiet as the streets in a New England village on a Sabbath morning—something which I had never seen before in Peking. Finally we reached Peking University compound, our destination. While we waited for the chapel auditorium to be vacated by a small class in order that we might listen to a lecture on Hawaii, the president of the University passed us. He did not speak to me. In spite of his mani-



(C) Ewing Galloway, New York

Hatamen Street and Gate, Peking

fest agitation, I thought it strange, for I had known him in America and I knew that he knew I was in Peking, although I had not seen him. Shortly he returned. He stopped, spoke hurriedly, apologized for passing me a moment before, and uttered the words with which this story begins:

"I have just heard a piece of alarming news. Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang marched into the city last night and took possession of it."

Then he passed on.

I enjoyed the lecture from beginning to end; yet all through it there was running through my sub-conscious mind something which if cast into words would have been, in substance, "Marshal Feng has taken possession of Peking. He is the Christian general. Thousands of his troops, under his preaching, have professed Christianity. There is no other general in China whom I should be so glad to have in possession of this city if it must come under martial law. He will have no looting by his soldiers. He will not only look after foreigners; he will see to it that the Chinese are protected." And in my heart I was thankful, and am thankful now, four days later, that it is Marshal Feng.

About a dozen years ago Feng became a Christian, not under any emotional compulsion, but after long years of study of Christianity. He has with him wherever he is a huge, well-worn copy of the Scriptures. He is a member of the Methodist Church and often preaches in the churches. Far more often he preaches to his officers in the camp, and, once they have become Christians, he urges them to preach to their soldiers. He has one of the best-equipped, best-drilled, and most reliable armies in China. For two or three years he has had perhaps forty thousand men in barracks just outside the walls of Peking. A few weeks ago he started north toward the battle-front with these soldiers and with long lines of carts, of donkeys, and of camels loaded with provender and munitions. All sorts of rumors came back as to his destination and his purposes. Of course it was supposed that he was going to co-operate with General Wu Pei-fu in striving to drive back the forces of General Chang Tso-lin.

In the last few days it has developed that he marched forth in order to mature his plans for the "capture of Peking."

A Chinese Dick Whittington

His plans completed, he marched back. His soldiers entered the city without a shot, it having been agreed that the gates should be opened for them without resistance. He threw his guards into the various parts of the city, with particularly strong ones around the palace of the President, the homes of the members of the President's Cabinet, and all entrances to the legation quarter, for he did not propose to let any of the influential members of the Government escape if he could help it; and one way of escaping would be to take refuge with a legation. (It should be understood that the legations in Peking are all housed behind high protecting walls in a special quarter of the city, and that streets entering this quarter may be closed at a moment's notice by great iron gates, making entrance to the quarter impossible. Within this quarter also are foreign banks and many foreign stores and business houses of all kinds.)

Once in the city, the soldiers posted widely a proclamation, prepared before, stating in substance that Feng felt that the Chinese, suffering from flood and famine, should not be scourged with war, and that consequently he was going to strive to effect a cessation of fighting, bring together the older statesmen of the nation in council, and put in power a Government that would think of the welfare of the people rather than rule for solely selfish ends.

The Price of Looting

Prompt measures were taken to prevent looting. One Chinese, caught robbing, was promptly beheaded and his head hung in a conspicuous place on Hatamen Street, a warning to all others. Rumor says that several were beheaded and their heads carried on poles through the streets. I have found no one who saw this, but I have seen several foreigners who saw the head suspended above the street.

Within a few hours after the city was under the control of Feng, President Tsao Kun signed four mandates which had been prepared by his Cabinet under the direction of Feng. (Rumor says that the President signed them only after he had been clearly informed that, if he did not sign, bombs would be dropped on his palace. Their contents make it certain that he signed them only under force.)

The mandates (1) order that all fighting immediately cease; (2) abolish the

posts of commander-in-chief and deputy commander (posts occupied by General Wu Pei-fu and his first assistant); (3) relieve Wu Pei-fu of all offices he held as ruler over three provinces; (4) appoint Wu Pei-fu director of the reclamation of waste lands in Chinese Turkestan. The last is of course a polite way of exiling Wu; to give him an appointment "saves his face."

To-day, four days after the "capture," business as usual is everywhere evident. The Chinese, frightened blue last Thursday in their fear of looting, seem to be wholly normal. Soldiers still guard the streets, but they interfere with none. Yesterday the great plaza on which the railway stations front was full of army camels quietly munching their hay; absolutely nothing else was to be seen. No trains had run for three days. To-day two trains daily to Tientsin are promised. Telephone and telegraph lines are once more open. The curfew order has been greatly modified if not abolished. Martial law still governs the city, but it is a very gentle martial law.

I asked a gentleman long resident in China to tell me the occasion of the present civil war. Summarized, he stated that a few months ago two enemies of General Wu were given refuge by the governor of the province surrounding Shanghai. The governor of the adjoining province to the west considered this an unfriendly act toward Wu, and he took it upon himself to punish the protecting governor. Thus started the fighting about Shanghai. General Wu concluded that, since the fighting had been started, it would be a good time to unify by force the eighteen provinces, most of which were largely independent and some of which were giving no heed to the will of the central Government. He accordingly started north to deal with General Chang Tso-lin, Governor of Manchuria, who has developed about Mukden modern factories for the manufacture of every kind of war munitions, including airplanes, and who has been more independent, perhaps, than any other governor. Thus the fighting began at Shanghaikwan, where the Great Wall comes down to the sea and where Chang tore up six miles of the Mukden-Tientsin-Peking-Shanghai Railroad so that Wu could not use it to s ıd soldiers and supplies into Manchuria. The fighting in the south, about Hongkong and Canton, more than a thousand miles from Peking, seems to be a wholly local matter, without connection with the war in the north. The newspaper talk that associates it with the latter is no doubt based on the fact that Sun Yat-sen, the southern idealist, is hostile to President Tsao Kun.

The Presidency has been a political football ever since the establishment of the Republic in 1913, the chief aim of each of the factions being the control of the income of the Government railroads and of the customs receipts.

Marshal Feng's talk is that of a man primarily interested in the welfare of the people. Let us hope that he is thus interested. Yet one Chinese scholar, a Christian, says that he is inexcusable for his disloyalty to General Wu and to the President. Others insist that his loyalty to the welfare of the people is something much nobler and that his attempt to bring the war to an end is the action, not only of a friend of the masses, but of a true Christian.

What General Wu and General Chang Tso-lin think of the capture of Peking is something we have yet to learn. What they think may make very interesting food for thought and perhaps very interesting fighting not far from where I write.

Is there a possibility that my rickshaw boy was right? Will October 23 become a Chinese holiday to commemorate the establishment of a government for the benefit of the masses—a government, not of force, but of the sage wisdom of gray hairs?

The Salon d'Automne

Special Correspondence from Paris

By Philip Carr

In spite of the absence of the most officially distinguished painters—I will not say because of it—the Salon d'Automne is still the most representative exhibition of the living movement in French art. In sculpture the same thing is not quite so true, for the men at the top of the tree are without doubt the best, and their work is not here; but it is certainly true of the pictures. This is not to say that the Salon d'Automne is revolutionary, for as it advances in years it becomes less and less so.

Indeed, there can hardly be said to exist to-day any violent new theory of painting, such as during the successive outbursts of impressionism, post-impressionism, and cubism made men far more preoccupied with the manner of expressing than with what they had to express. Even those who first came into prominence for the boldest experiments have now settled down to the more laborious study of painting and draughtsmanship, and composition itself has now come back into favor. The big picture by Jean Marchand of the half-nude woman lying upon a sofa, which is one of the most remarkable works in this year's show, is a case in point. Its balance of design and color is carefully composed in a way which the generation of painters to which he belongs would have scorned a few years ago. Perhaps the change is the result of the decline of the immediate after-war spirit, which prompted the substitution of forced originality for the lost years of artistic perfectioning.

It is certain that just as there are hardly any cubist pictures, and those only at the far end of a side room, so also, on another side, there are none of the sentimental and artistically deplorable war pictures which have made up the more popular side of these exhibitions during the last few years.

I do not say that there are no pictures that the spectator with a chromo-lithographic vision will fail to understand and by which he will be moved rather to laughter than to admiration. I do not even say that there are no pictures in which a deliberately infantile manner is made to cover an ignorance of the principles of drawing. It is a curious thing, however, that most of the works which the ordinary man refuses to accept as pictures or statues he would welcome with joy if they were presented to him as designs for wall-paper or carpets. He would willingly admire as a bedpost what he refuses to admit as the portrait of a gentleman in stone or wood.

This Salon is really dominated by three of the half-dozen of its more notable members who are showing nothing this year. The chief absentees are the great colorist Matisse, as well as Bonnard, Braque, Vlaminck, Utrillo, and Dunoyer de Segonzac. The last two, however, have even more imitators than hitherto. Again and again one comes across a view of a Paris street whose ingenuous, intimate, and brilliantly colored detail make one think it is a Utrillo, until one realizes how much of person-

ality goes to make up such an apparently simple formula. Again and again broad effects of green and bitumen recall Dunoyer, until a nearer approach shows that the picture does not reveal the power of light and shade that he can command. If they increase our regret at the absence of the originals, these imitations are not mentioned in a spirit of criticism. On the contrary, in an artistic movement they are a sign of vitality.

Reynard the Fox in Albemarle

When Old Virginia Rides to Hounds

By GEORGE MARVIN

INTO the borderland of sleep one by one come significant sounds:

"Hi, Henry, who gwine fetch Misto Julian's saddle?"

"Ambrose, yoh done call Miss Ca'line?"

A familiar shuffling foot on the steep stairs; two pieces of dropped firewood retracing their downward steps, with muttered obligato; registration as of a pail of water set down with invariable splash. Then the creak of an opening door, and over the rampart of bedclothes gray squares of dawn through uncurtained window-panes appear, lighting a burglarious figure bending over the stove.

"Six o'clock, suh, an' a fine moanin'."

Now, like a jig-saw puzzle suddenly solved, all the ingredients fall into their appointed places and reviving anticipations overcome the hardship of rising and dressing in a temperature of near outdoors. The heroic little stove begins to blush and sing its cheerful madrigal. The same shadowy hands that started it now light the lamp, pick up yesterday's scattered clothes, and make tidy the attic room.

"Yo' wateh plenty hot, suh, and Rivers say he have de mare wid de saddle on at seven o'clock—yes, *suh!*"

Time to jump. Breakfast at six-thirty, and three miles to ride to the meet at Turner's Gate before half-past seven. A squint over shaving lather at the printed card of announcements confirms this idea. "Hounds will meet at 7:30 A.M.," and, running down the list of dates, "Thursday, November 27th—Turner's Gate" sure enough.

By breakfast time it is light enough to eat, but there are candles throwing their warm and friendly glow on bare mahogany as the household straggles down dressed to ride. Boiler test of personality, breakfast at an unaccustomed early hour. How good the coffee tastes, two steaming cups! And on the sideboard there's fruit appealing, and eggs under cover keeping warm, and hot batter-bread that only Aunt Lou knows how to make, with Wellford in a white coat standing by to help folks help themselves. Not much after seven o'clock, pulling on gloves, crops under arms, lighting a cigarette, powdering a nose, down the steps of the white-columned porch, with a clumpety-clump of boots and clicket-clack of talk, the hospitable Colonel's contingent go to horse.

What a morning! A breath is a drink! Why ever lie abed late? And why live anywhere else than in Virginia, or, in Virginia, why in any other county?

"Albemarle at its best," says the Professor.

"No," the Colonel quietly corrects him, "average Albemarle."

No wind is stirring, but the air is palpably alive, laden with uncatalogued, invigorating scents that, taken together, spell autumn in the Piedmont. The November sun, only a half-hour out of his own bed, throws misty lights slanting-wise across fields and woods and hills that are made this morning of copper, bronze, and gold, discriminated here and there with silver incrustations of frosty dew.

It's all in key—weather, landscape, people. Somewhere, just as "the hillside's dew-pearled," Mr. Browning's lark must be on the wing, his snail on its thorn, for very certainly "all's right with the world."

And now here are the horses. Old Burnside stands stock still for the Colonel to mount, but arches a veined neck and rolls a tempestuous eye. The Professor has his troubles with Virginia, who skitters and swerves so that he has to hop along with one foot in the stirrup while the groom, on her off side, whistles and speaks consolingly to her, pushing



"The charging citizenry" of the hunt

against her quarters and holding the loose stirrup until the rider's right leg comes swinging a high arc over and the red-faced pedagogue, with a fist full of reins and his hat over one ear, goes sidling rakishly away to leeward. By contrast, the clean spring of Julian Smith from Upperville, who gains his saddle like the breech-block on a Springfield slipping into place. Click! and there he is, a proper figure of a man, the thoroughbred mare collected under him, though in spirit "rarin' to go," acknowledging her master with perfect manners. And now here's Dr. Shurman from over Staunton way, who rides a black warhorse that must weigh close to fifteen hundred. If he let his animal's fetlocks grow he would fit into an Albrecht Dürer engraving, and if he weighed fifty pounds more he couldn't gallop. But no average fence in the county can throw him. The low ones he manages somehow to clear, the high ones he jumps through. Dignified Torrence, the Louisville broker, helps the arch Mrs. James to mount her polo pony. Red lips, harmonics in her voice, courage in her abundant hair, she adds perceptibly to the dynamics of the morning. She once up, the broker, who has seen some cavalry service, makes a running mount of his green hunter, thus acquiring merit in her dark eyes. Meanwhile down the lane from the stables, where they have mounted from the stile, come the Botolph sisters, Miss Charlotte and Miss Carrie, dressed exactly alike—black habits, white stocks, and bowler hats—and becomingly riding side-saddle. Mothers of children and pillars of the rural church, not so willowy as once they were but "bohn an' raised" in the saddle, still they sit straight-backed, swaying easily to their horses' motion, light hands on loosened curb and snaffle, crisp as the morning.

By courtesy of neighbors McHenry and Phillips, whose wide acres adjoin, it is possible to avoid the macadam highway most of the three miles to Turner's. Four intervening gates to open with a drop without dismounting, but the last, a low and decrepit one, is fastened by an unreachable hook. The Colonel starts to get down, but, "Way there a minute," rings out young Julian, and puts the mare over it as clean as a bird. The others follow soberly after the Colonel through the opened gate, and, avoiding fields of new-sown winter wheat and jumping a couple of "branches," almost dry after this rainless weather, all eight in a group ride up to the crossroads at Turner's just as Mr. Judson, the huntsman, and Mr. Mason, the whip—Virginians and horsemen to the marrow—come into view with hounds, a clump of waving tails, trotting before them. Behind them ride a group of those who live nearer by: Henry Morton and lovely "Lady" Morton, who hunt in England every winter, convoying their three house guests, also evidently to the hunting born; "Squire" Gosling comfortably set on a young farm horse bred by a jumping sire; huge Arthur Holcomb in a sombrero and a Mexican stock saddle harvested from two years on the border; and rosy Mrs. Holcomb, in golf stockings, just not too plump to ride astride, talking to Mrs. Henderson, very prim and precise and piquant, as though to ride in the Bois de Boulogne. Promptly on time, the M. F. H. appears on the trot out of his own avenue across the way—"pink" coat, white "cords," velvet visored cap, and legs poured into his riding boots. Apropos of his Gothic shanks, Miss Charlotte once wisely observed that "the pride of the riding boot is the despair of the knickerbocker."



George Marvin, mounted on Blue-Belle, ready for a run with the Keswick hounds

On his arrival he gives the signal to the huntsman, who at once moves off down the road with the hounds, turns them through some open bars into a grass wood road, and leads them away up Blue Mountain, a low ridge, wooded near the top, where are the coverts to be drawn this morning. The gathering "field," some horses restive, others quiet as sheep, waits on the master's word before taking up position. Stragglers gain these few minutes of start for hounds to join those who have turned out on time. Henderson, who has had to motor to Charlottesville to meet a guest coming down from New York by the night train, now hits the crossroads in an aura of dust, and both men hop out and mount Henderson's two big hunters, held in readiness by his groom. The friend is an unknown quantity in the hunting field, and Henderson, a stickler for form, appraises him apprehensively as they ride up. About the same time young Peggy Johnson, fearless daughter of the Keswick country store, canters in on a high black fencer of her father's. Four or five farmers have been conservatively on hand all the time, and several darkies, mounted on every kind of nondescript equine, one of them wearing a huge pair of patent-leather Congress gaiters, make up the rest of the field as the M. F. H. raises his whip and moves off up the wood road at the head of a long column..

Fox-hunting in Albemarle County is

more fun than formality. On horseback or on foot, a large proportion of its citizens hunt the fox from September to March. Elsewhere in the State well-organized hunts flourish, where the technique of the sport is more punctiliously observed, where "fields" are larger and much more smartly turned out, where imported packs are perfectly kenneled, and where the thoroughbred horseflesh which follows them across well-paneled country represents some of the income from Northern and Western millions. In Albemarle there is very little technique either in word or deed, but people ride hard and, barring wire, straight. In the field of thirty or so here, larger than the local average, you only see five "pinks," and the horses represent a catholicity of means on the part of their riders as wide as the disparity of their riding clothes.

In the domestic collection of thirty hounds now drawing covert are contributions from three separate owners made to pack well by the art of the dog-wise Judson. But it may well be doubted if anywhere there is more clear joy in following hounds than over the fields and hills and through the gold autumn weather of the old Cavalier county.

Some technique is observed, however, even in Albemarle. And so the field remains quietly back outside the covert instead of riding up the back of the huntsman's neck and all over hounds. Silently sitting there, they regard each other and the landscape with favor or a critical eye, as the case may be, while listening to the occasional crackling of underbrush, the huntsman's urging voice, or the whimpering of hounds. Smoke ascending in tenuous lines from farmers' chimneys in the valley, curving white ribbon of distant highway, a plowman and his team like a black bug crawling on the gray edge of a red-furrowed square; smell of horse and saddle leather and morning woods; faint derisive hoot of the north-bound train on the C. and O. carrying unlucky people out of Virginia—

"Gone away!" yells Mason, the whip, his veteran ear a wink quicker than the rest, and away he goes, coat-skirts in the air. Yes, there's the horn from unseen Judson—often he forgets entirely to blow it—backing him up with the two long notes of "Gone away," and, most thrilling of all hunting sounds, the chorus of the pack in full cry. Here is where Dick Mason is assets. He knows the country, he knows hounds, and he knows as much as man can know of the devious ways of foxes gray and red. And already he knows that this is most probably a red fox "gone" because the line he takes is towards the Southwest Range, foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains and full of friendly "earths." Without a moment's hesitation he has turned right and is galloping just outside the second-growth pine over the shoulder of the hill with the whole field helter-skelter after him. In one minute it is as though some Titanic sower, picking up all these horses and people together, had sowed them with a lavish hand.

On the far side of the grassy shoulder the land dips down to a winding branch, spring-fed and running full and grown up here and there with bushes; then a level stretch of bad land, marked by feathery-white "broom-saige," with a rail fence at its far side. With the rush of the air and the thrill of the drumming hoofs, almost you can feel the thinking going on among that charging citizenry as each rider in his separate way, over his horse's lunging ears, picks his place to take the branch and begins to scan the fence for a low panel and a sound take-off. In the first group over the water go sailing Mason and the M. F. H. with his seventeen-hand gray, the Colonel, Julian, and Henderson, their bunched scarlet coats making an old sporting print picture as their hunters rise almost together and fly the ditch in their strides. Clearing the branch and landing on the far side of the fence, Henderson's face is turned back over his shoulder in a wild surmise to watch the progress of his guest. After that, like the man in "The Ancient Mariner," "he turns no more his head," his entire expression changes, and he sits down to ride with the proud smile of an utterly reassured hunting host. On his right and not far back come Mrs. James, no longer arch, her pony running like a jack-rabbit and she like a part of him over the water; Miss Carrie, grimly sniffing a "tearin' run;" and "Squire" Gosling getting a lot of going out of the farm colt. Off to the left, with better judgment of country and sense of probable direction, the Mortons are laying their course, with Dr. Shurman pounding the ground on his black charger close behind. His wake is a galloping wedge of safety-first riders converging towards the panel he elects to take, well knowing that the débris of his charge will leave behind the easiest jump in every fence. The second division thus assisted, the entire field weathers the first two obstacles, and, turning left with a wide swing at the end of the woodland, come full in view of the pack and the red splash of Mason's coat three fields away and heading straight for the Southwest Hills, with four miles at least to run to the nearest earth. A red fox sure enough. Dick Judson, fencing like a steeplechaser, slings his horn to his lips and lets go an uneven blare for which there is absolutely no provision in the book. But it says what nearly every man and woman in that first flight is feeling.

By half-past one the last of the riders has straggled down from the "mountain" (generic name for any considerable excrescence in the landscape) to the hunt breakfast at Clover Farms, their numbers swelled by many others on foot, in old carriages, and in motor cars. A small regiment of Negro boys is on hand, nominally to hold horses and actually to iron in on the abundant provision for the feast. Before the fireplace in the living-room old George Munson, his boots splashed with red mud, is holding forth:

"No, suh, Ah neveh have seen such a fox since—Ah—wuz—*bohn!*" The last word is emphasized as though some one whacked a soft base drum. And he has wound up so many eloquent periods in the last half-hour with the same phrase that a group of equally muddy and dusty and thirsty men have fallen into the habit of getting vocally into step with him, repeating "since—Ah—wuz" in perfect concert, to fall altogether on "bohn" with a sound like a young explosion.

Out on the veranda in the sun young Julian is telling the Mortons and the "Squire" of how Miss Carrie finished without her skirt. "Her horse fell at that stiff fence by Macon's barn," he explained. "She paid no attention to the old skirt—it was one of those patent safety things—and actually scrambled back into the saddle by herself, before I could get there to help her, and came on in her riding-breeches the same as the rest of us."

"Five hours in the saddle with only three real checks—I should call that some fox chase!"—unacademically says the Professor, enormously pleased with himself for having survived the morning more or less closely associated with his mount.

"The astonishing thing," says one of the Morton guests to another, "is how many different riders, mounted on indifferent horses, somehow manage to negotiate difficult country and get over sizable fences without casualties. Which is continuing proof, I believe, that the average horse is a natural jumper and the average man goes with a horse."

With that enormous sense of *camaraderie* born of a good run and a Virginia hunt breakfast, the Colonel holds out his hand to Henderson's tall and quiet guest, who has held his place in the first flight all the way without a refusal. "I want to congratulate you, sir, on a very fine performance," says he. And just within earshot Henderson's weather-beaten face glows like sunlit brick.

Southern Outlooks



A vista, framed in Spanish moss, of Lake Hamilton, Winter Haven, Florida

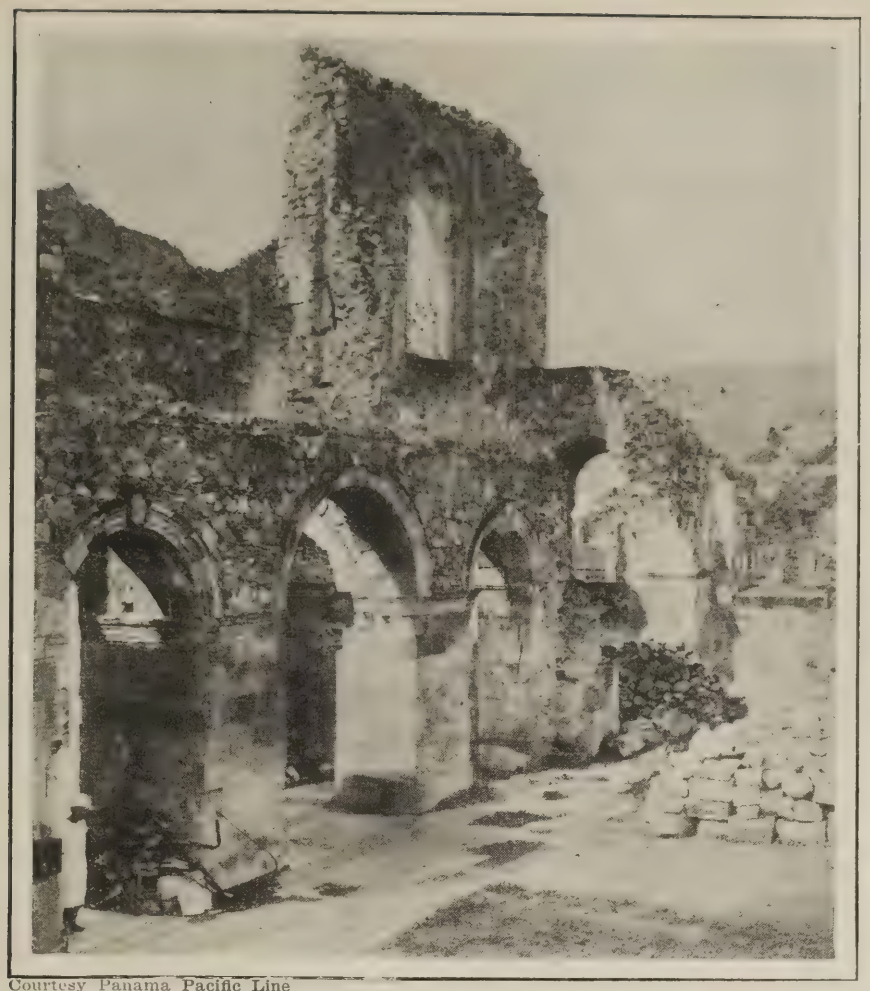


Courtesy Princess-Bermuda Line

It takes an airplane to give a true idea of the land and waterways of Bermuda



Winding over the hills, this road transports the visitor from San Juan to Ponce, Porto Rico



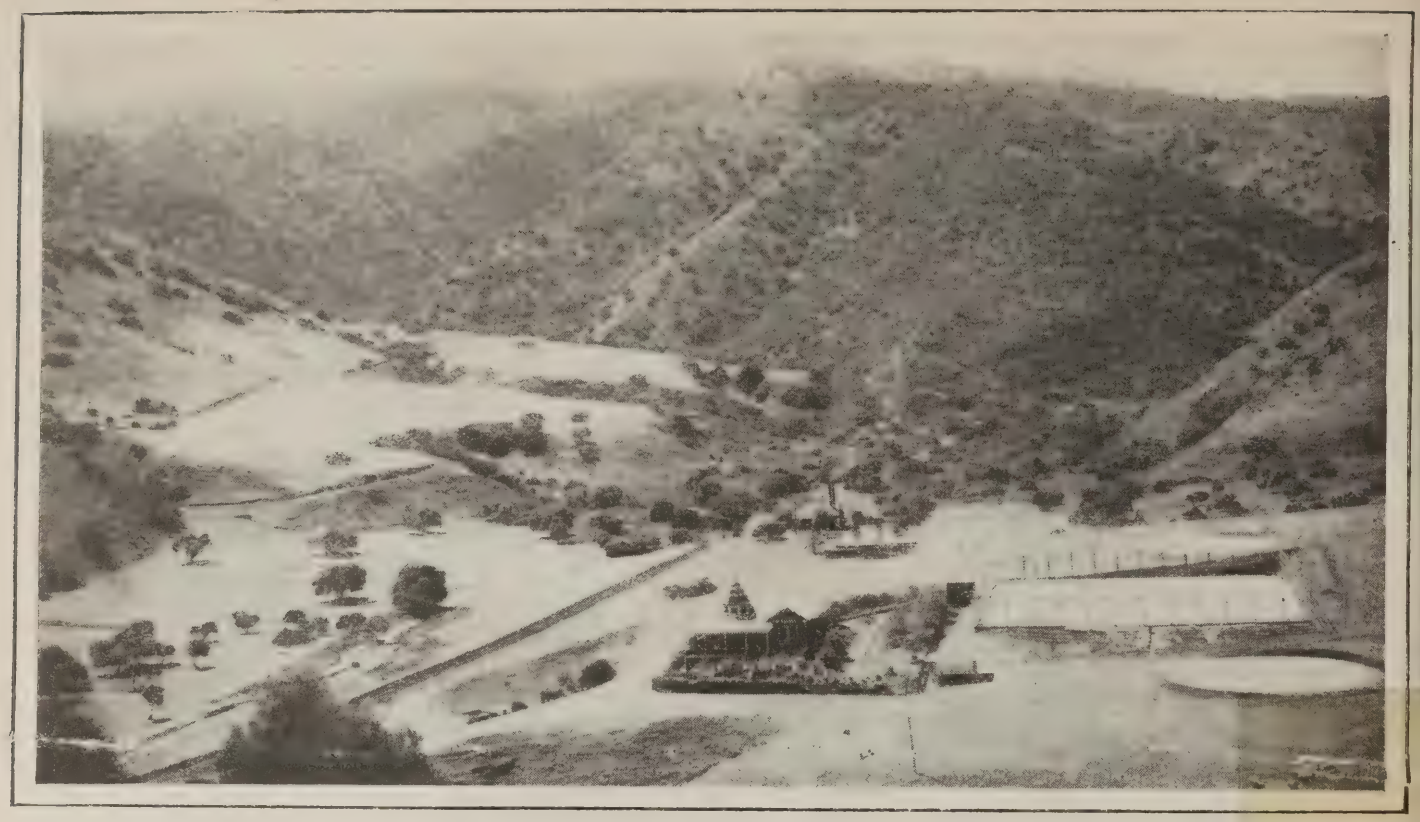
Courtesy Panama Pacific Line

The ruins of St. Pierre, Martinique, tell of the tragedy that once startled the world



Courtesy Panama Pacific Line

Havana from Cabaña Castle. The fleet in the foreground represents a comparatively recent addition to the sea-borne commerce of Havana



Twenty-six miles from Los Angeles, off the Golden State coast, is the Catalina Country Club, on Catalina Island, a high favorite among California State tourists

Why Men Migrate

By J. Lewis Brown

Lands where press agents approximate the truth

CASTING about for a reason, or reasons, why nearly two million people find it absolutely necessary to go South every winter to round out their realm of happiness—something most of their forebears never thought of, and, in fact, reveled instead in the good old winter of the frozen North—one reaches the conclusion, after considerably more than a cursory review of the situation, that three factors are primarily responsible for this seemingly irrepressible and, at times, unwarranted annual migration. Of course there are other contributing causes, but they are only accessories after the fact, and, if properly classified, will be labeled as subsidiary rivulets of the main streams of the three agents I have in mind.

Primarily, of course, the climate is to blame. Curiously enough, or perhaps it is just a coincidence, but during the last ten years, and particularly since the war, the *nouveau riche*, the social world, and those who aspire to both of these circles have found that no longer are their good red corpuscles able to turn aside the intimate touches of Jack Frost. And as for Old Man Winter, the very thought of having to sojourn in his environment is, to say the least, enough to make them suffer sinking spells at the base of the brain. It would seem then that, with such a patent infliction encroaching upon the American public and with the white corpuscles shouting for support and nourishment, it was only logical that a climate be sought where harmony between these two factions could be restored. The sunny South beckoned from Florida to California, and in the wake of the migratory birds has raced an ever-increasing perennial horde.

The second allotment of blame falls on the broad shoulders of the publicity agent, the individual who is responsible for the seductive and alluring literature that paints pictures of the sunny South, where summer spends the winter and where ambient skies and golden seas make America's winter playgrounds semi-tropical paradises incessantly tempered by the trade winds blown from the spice isles of the southern seas. He is responsible for the contagious affection engendered in the tourist public for the thrills of pleasure, speed, and sport. He tells of lakes like turquoise gems; he tells of June in bleak February; he tells of health and energy; he tells where every out-of-door sport giving recreation is to be had under ideal climatic conditions; he tells of the sportsman's paradise, the land of flowers, and he extends a welcome, as I take the liberty to quote from him: "To come away from winter's bleakness into the golden glow," "Where spring is as constant as the skies are blue," "Where springtime and winter are as mild as the northern May," "And to a land which knits up the raveled sleeve of care." Does it seem possible to disregard his invitations? Certainly, he paints a picture beautiful and enticing, and to his credit it must be said that countless thousands yearly heed his appeal and flock to those lands that assure luxurious semi-tropical environs where the thermometer has the very comforting habit of sticking close to summer's averages.

Truly, the publicity man is a wonderful personage, but even his power is limited. He can paint in words pictures of a land free from winter as we know it in the North; he can tell of swimming in a marvelous surf; he can tell of fishing in strange waters and for strange fish; he can tell of motoring over beautiful roads lined by stately royal palms; he can tell

features, it is little wonder that the South calls and claims an annual quota augmented each year by countless thousands to such an extent that the capacity and accommodation are usually at a straining point.

Twenty years ago Florida and California were havens of delight for wealthy invalids. If one were under the weather, a trip to the South was advised, but gradually the multitudes learned that the sunny South was a playground as well as a convalescent camp, and as they learned they trekked South, broadcasting on their return lurid tales of its glories.

Then the master mind, the publicity agent, went to work and made the call heard near and far. Tourists came in thousands seeking health, recreation, and golf.

On the fifth fair ... Palm Beach ... Palm Beach had one of the first golf courses in Florida

To fill the last-named need, Florida was at first rather slow in acknowledging its lack. Probably the first course was a nine-hole affair at Tampa, followed by another at Palm Beach and one at St. Augustine. That was in the early '90's, and, although there was constant development from time to time, it really was not until ten years ago that the boom in the South for golf made itself a real live factor. Within the last ten years over ninety courses have been built in Florida, ninety per cent of which are under the control of hotels or real estate developments. In fact, there were less than a dozen courses in the whole of Florida previous to 1910. What is true of Florida was duplicated in California, with Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, the Carolinas, Bermuda, Cuba, and even Mexico, following in their wake, eagerly telling the frozen North of their balmy climes and of their golf.

Railroads and steamship lines are vying with each other to give quicker and cheaper transportation, until to-day the sunny South, America's winter playground, is, figuratively speaking, just beyond the Nation's Capitol. Once south of the White House and the frigidity of the North is forgotten, the cares and worries of business are thrown aside, and the emancipated bodies of the fortunate millions who seek these sunny slopes are eager for play. And golf is more and more being used as the magnet. Extravagantly decorated and beautifully written booklets are to-day prepared as bait to lure the Northern golfer. Courses which vie with the best in the country have been built, so that the quality of play is maintained for star and duffer alike. No more is the golf course but an incidental. It is the star act on the bill. It is the favorite feature of the day's programme. The greatest golfing celebrities are induced to visit these haunts. Tournaments are arranged at which huge purses are given; exhibition matches, competitions for every one, and accommodations for all.



Biloxi, the third oldest city in America, boasts of its beautiful links on the Mississippi Gulf. Looking toward the eighteenth tee

Golf is pre-eminent in the South; in fact, golf may be said to be making the South. At least it can be said that it is

sand, but, as is always true when the demand exceeds the supply, the best is none too good, and so the sand greens have given way to Bermuda grass, and even a new type of bent. To-day one can find greens that are a joy to putt on, almost the equal of the best in the North, and fairways that are as beautifully turfed as one could wish to play

on magnificent proportions — being organized and financed to accommodate the ever-increasing horde.

Golf and the South are inseparable, and golf is annually increasing its followers in this country by the hundreds of thousands. The South is bound to benefit. More and more is the Northern golfer finding it harder to give up his pet

[illegible] wants its candy and howls with deep grief when it is taken away. He is becoming increasingly receptive to the invitation of the South. The thousands that are flocking there for golf provide the evidence that the game is the thing and the South is the setting. One is dependent on the other, but I still venture to say that the greater of these is golf.

When the Water Bugs Go South

By HERBERT L. STONE

THERE are those who turn to the water as naturally as a duck. There are those who sit on the shore and cluck in alarm at their nautical friends. Some day the cluckers are going to discover that they have missed one of the most enjoyable adventures in life. This article by Herbert Stone will help them to an earlier appreciation of what they are missing.

OF all the sports in which Northerners indulge, there is one on which winter effectively puts a quietus. And this is boating. For just as soon as the first cold blasts of autumn come tearing down from the northwest and the flying spray stings and cuts as it drives aboard, the boats are hauled out ashore, tightly covered with heavy canvas or wooden shelters, and your yachtsman settles down to a long hibernation, with only his plans for his next summer's cruising to afford him any solace.

At best the yachting season in the North is a short one. Pleasure boating is a warm-weather sport, and three to four months, at the most, cover the period when conditions are pleasant for using a small boat. And this is unfortunate, for there is no form of recreation which seems to take quite such a hold of one as boating. Golf, tennis, fishing, or hunting may all have their "bugs," but once the virus of boat-owning gets into the blood, your yachtsman leaves the devotees of all other sports hull down on the horizon in his absorption in "the game." It is for this reason, perhaps, that Florida holds such a lure to the boat-owner. For here it is never winter, and, given a good boat under one, conditions are as nearly ideal for a season afloat from December to April as can be found anywhere.

It is not so very long ago that yachtsmen "discovered" Florida. It is true that a few pioneers, such as Ralph Munroe, who is the "father" of yachting on the East Coast, Chester W. Chapin, and a few others knew the waters of Biscayne Bay thirty-odd years ago, and sailed and fished the channels that run back of the outlying keys that stretch all the way from Cape Florida, opposite Miami, to Key West. But with sail the chief motive power, it was a long, hard trip to take a boat down there and bring her back, as most of it had to be made outside, and those who could afford both the time and the expense were few.

But now all this is changed. With the coming of the power boat the trip became comparatively easy. Much of it

could be made inside, through the bays, sounds, and rivers that stretch along the Atlantic coast, and the Government has improved the inside route, as it is called, so that now one can go from New York all the way to Key West with only one jump of some 180 miles outside. This is from Beaufort, North Carolina, to Georgetown, South Carolina. And even this jump can be broken in the middle if desired or if the weather necessitates. All that is needed is a good boat drawing not over four feet of water.

The trip down and back is not one to be dreaded, but is, perhaps, one of the pleasantest parts of the "adventure." It can be made through to Miami in from three to four weeks, or, if one has the time, six weeks can be spent on it pleasantly, going down and coming back "with the sun." Lack of space forbids a detailed description here of the route South; but if one wants to know more about it, the "Inside Route Pilot," published by the Hydrographic Office, at Washington, D. C., will give all the information necessary to take a boat to Key West and bring her back.

It may be said without fear of contradiction that one can never get the most out of Florida unless he can make use of the waters which wash the coast. It would be like going to Venice without using a gondola. Here are rivers with palm-fringed banks stretching north and south just inside the fringe of sandy beach that separates them from the ocean, or reaching inland to lakes in the center of the State. Here is Biscayne Bay, commencing at Miami and stretching, shallow and blue, inside the keys to Jewfish Creek, which leads into the Bay of Florida, a large body of water protected by numerous islands and reaching all the way to Key West. Then the West Coast has several fine sounds, harbors, and bays, as far up as Tampa, that offer the best of cruising and fishing.



Scene along the route to Lake Okechobee and Everglades from Palm Beach, Florida

The best way really to see Florida is to live on your own boat while doing it. And, despite the prevailing idea, one does not have to be a plutocrat to do this. Given the boat, the cost of upkeep and the living expenses need be no more (if as much) than one would be "set back" by hotel bills and traveling expenses ashore. A large craft is not essential, though naturally the larger the boat, the more room and comfort one has. While the power houseboat is the ideal craft on which to spend a winter in Florida waters, a small power cruiser from thirty to forty feet long offers enough in the way of accommodations for two or three persons to live aboard comfortably, and on a craft of this size the paid crew problem is eliminated. Fuel and the necessary food or "cabin stores" are all the financial outlay called for, if one keeps away from the yacht yards. The fuel consumed will depend on the mileage made, but on a boat of



Photo by M. Rosenfeld

Power cruisers, houseboats, fishing boats of every type, are to be found moored at the mouth of the Miami River as soon as the winter sends their owners southward



Photo by Fishbaugh, Miami, Florida

The yacht anchorage in Biscayne Bay off Miami, where hundreds of boat owners gather each winter, and from which they cruise both coasts of Florida

the size mentioned should not be more than eight to ten cents a mile, unless one has the speed mania and wants to burn up the waters at 25 miles per. On a boat between these sizes one can get three or four comfortable berths, a good-sized galley with a coal stove, an ice-box, and, on the 40-footers, even the privacy of a separate stateroom or cabin. Many owners live on their little 30-foot or 35-foot cruisers for a full season with comparatively little discomfort.

The advantages of a houseboat for this kind of cruising, however, are many. With greater beam than in a small cruiser, there is more room below, which can be utilized for a good-sized living-room, more deck space, and a deck-house can be had, which is a distinct advantage in rainy or unsettled weather. Power houseboats can be had all the way from 45 feet in length (about the smallest one would ask for) up to the floating homes of the idle rich, 100 feet or more in length. They have sufficient power to drive them from 8 to 10 or more miles an hour. This makes runs of 60 to 100 miles a day possible between daylight and dark. Leaving out of the discussion boats of the larger size, those from 45 to 60 feet in length offer as much in the way of comfort as the average hotel ashore.

Many owners of power cruisers or houseboats send or take them South every autumn and bring them North every spring, while others lay them up in Florida or Southern waters all summer and use them only during the winter. So if one does not happen to own a suitable boat for Florida use, there is always an opportunity to charter one for a few weeks or for a month, depending on the length of one's vacation. Many an owner uses his houseboat for a month or so, and then puts her on the market for charter, with the crew (which may be only one man) aboard. And let it be said here that the smaller the paid crew, the more one will enjoy the trip. One hand to cook, or run the engine, or to look after the boat, is about all one will want to bother with. By chartering for a month or so in this way the cost of sending a boat South and bringing her back can often be met. Charter prices vary with the size of the boat, but, generally, run from a few hundred dollars a month for a small boat, up. This is not at all excessive.

The real winter cruising ground of Florida begins at Palm Beach. North of this the waters are more confined and the weather is apt to be cool. But, beginning at Palm Beach, one headed South comes out into Lake Worth, at the far end of which the Hillsboro River flows into the head-waters of Biscayne Bay. Here are Miami, on the bay shore, and Alton Beach, facing on the bay and the ocean. Hundreds of cruisers make their headquarters at Miami for the winter, and from here make trips south through the keys and up the West Coast, or fish on the lower waters of the bay and along the reefs that separate it from the Gulf Stream, which flows northward between the Bahamas and the lower Florida coast. There is an endless variety of fish to be taken in these waters, and most of them are game fish. There are barracuda, amber-jack, jewfish, groupers, sailfish, and many others. For the tarpon one finds better fishing on the West Coast, off the numerous "passes" into the sounds and bays of that side of the peninsula. Possibly the best tarpon fishing is to be had off Boca Grande, on Gasparilla Island, at the entrance to Charlotte Harbor. This is one of the best yacht harbors on the West Coast. Indeed, it was chosen as a rendezvous by the pirates who infested the Gulf of Mexico in the latter part of the eighteenth century for this very reason, and was the headquarters of that famous buccaneer Gasparilla about 1782. Boca Grande is a picturesque old place, and now offers every facility for the fisherman, and one can charter motor boats here for fishing if he does not happen to be in a boat of his own.

South of Charlotte Harbor stretches Pine Island Sound. It is shallow, yet from seven to twelve feet of water can be carried through it and it is an ideal place for motor boating or sailing. Farther north, after a run of only 38 miles outside, one comes to Sarasota Bay, another fine sailing ground. This flows into Tampa Bay, from which open Hillsboro Bay and Boca Ceiga Bay. Here are located a number of active yacht clubs, and there is a lot of sailing and motor boating done on these waters. The sailing is mostly in small craft, and one-design classes are very popular, especially in boats about 20 to 25 feet in length. These are centerboarders, of course, but they furnish the best kind of sport. In them one can knock about all over the waters around Tampa and St. Petersburg, making one's headquarters ashore. Any small sail or motor boat can be shipped to Florida by rail at not too heavy a cost, and the fun to be had

What a rusty fence wire started



Incidents That Have Pointed the Way—(No. 12 of a Series)

AN Iowa farmer started it all when he asked the United States Department of Agriculture why his fence wire was rusting so rapidly.

That was almost twenty years ago.

The Department put the question up to one of its scientists. After long and painstaking investigation he wrote his report: "*The Corrosion of Fence Wire, Farmer's Bulletin No. 239.*"

He pointed out the reason why modern steel, manufactured by rapid process and in huge quantities, rusted rapidly; that impurities, especially manganese, in the steel caused much of the trouble.

That pamphlet fell into the hands of a group of men who were just beginning to manufacture steel sheets. They had a small mill in Middletown, Ohio. Their equipment was meager; their money scarce.

Together they discussed the pamphlet—talked over the difficulties of removing the impurities, carefully considered doing things that other manufacturers held were impossible.

Should they try? Should they stake all on an undertaking that was held to be foolish? In a word, should they boldly strike out to do what others held couldn't be done?

It was then the President said, "Go ahead!"

For months and months the little 25-ton open hearth furnace where experiments were made gripped the interest of that group of men, while other men throughout the country shook their heads and said, "They're crazy—it can't be done."

Time after time hope intermingled with despair. But always when the days seemed darkest, there was the encouragement of the one who first said, "Go ahead!"

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with it amply repays the outlay if one is spending a month or more on the Florida coast.

If one wants to take in both the East and the West Coasts, it can now be done by cutting through the heart of southern Florida without going around through the keys of the South Coast, for a short cut has been opened up through lake and jungle. Just south of Palm Beach is a recently cut canal which runs through the Everglades to Lake Okechobee. Continuing through this large, shallow body of water, one comes out into the head-waters of the Caloosahatchie River and can then go down that tropical, winding stream to Fort Meyers and out at a point opposite Sanibel Island, not far south of Boca Grande. Then, turning northward, with no outside run, one gets into Pine Island Sound and Charlotte Harbor. It is a trip full of interest and one well worth taking. The completion of this canal a few years ago opened up a part of Florida but little known and has made the largest lake in the State and one of the largest rivers available to the motor-boat sailor.

To some the attraction of Florida cruising lies in the boating centers of Palm Beach, Miami, or Tampa Bay, where the boats, big and little, come and go, where one can see and study every kind of craft from every corner of the United States, and where the life afloat is a big part of the life of the community. To others the attraction is in the fishing or in knocking about in unfamiliar waters and out-of-the-way places. But the real lure of Florida waters are the palm-covered banks, the tall pines of the interior, the low wind-swept keys dotting the bluest of waters, the brilliant sky with the trade wind clouds drifting overhead, the bright sun, and, above all, the fact that here one can be afloat and contented, while back home in the North the boats are tightly covered with heavy canvas covers or wooden shelters and the wind comes tearing down out of the northwest and there's no more boating till next summer. It's a lure that, once known, the real sailor finds hard to resist.

The Book Table

A Victorian Godling

By H. W. Boynton

I FIND a number of things in this large blue book[1]—first of all, pathos. It is like finding just set up in some modern cemetery a thin slate stone with a weeping willow on it, a cherub, and a pious motto. This is the study of a Victorian godling by one who still worships him as a god. It is a work of filial piety and of personal devotion. George MacDonald's son touchingly idolizes his father's memory. It is not enough for him that MacDonald still lives as one of the magicians of imaginative childhood, creator of "At the Back of the North Wind" and "The Princess and the Goblin." He is to be insisted upon as poet, prophet, and major novelist—as well as the most perfect of husbands and fathers.

Subjected to the cool scrutiny of the "younger generation," the book might be dismissed as a work of fulsome sentiment about a lifelong sentimentalist. There is no denying that the MacDonald clan wallow in sensibility. In their day it was not necessary for people of good breeding to conceal their emotion under a protective coloring of humor or irony. Emotion—at least the kindly and virtuous emotion of connubial and domestic experience—was very well thought of. It was the period when the young wife was photographed leaning on the back of the young husband's chair, gazing fondly at the top of his complacent head, and when the older couple were "taken" surrounded by the numerous and dutiful pledges of their love. It was the period of which Tennyson and Longfellow were the most esteemed poets, and in which "Anglo-Saxon" literature had plenty of German sentimentalism, little of Gallic wit, and none at all of Slavic pessimism.

To this period the author of the present biography belonged and still belongs. The events chronicled here, he artlessly declares, "give so realistic a picture of domestic and widely shared happiness three generations back that, with present-day customs on all sides usurping the time-honored instinct for family joys and responsibilities, they should set many asking, What, then, are the riches we have flung away?" Alas, we shudder to think how those events, stripped of sentiment, would look to a ruthless modern!

George MacDonald came of tuberculous stock on both sides. His mother died of consumption when he was eight years old. Two of his brothers and a sister died of it. He himself was plainly threatened with it at the beginning of his career. But he did not hesitate to marry, and to thank God for eleven children vouchsafed him in due course. No eugenical qualms in those days! This big and steadily growing family the father was for many years unable to support. His religious heresy kept him from the pulpit and his literary talent went for a long time unrewarded. The MacDonalds lived largely on the charity of friends (Lady Byron among them). The husband had that large vague sense of apostolic merit which has enabled many dreamers to take alms. The wife concealed and tried to conquer her bitterness. In later years success came and comfort; but MacDonald was never a well man, always had to be coddled and cared for, and we cannot wonder that at last, when he had become a mere hulk waiting for burial, the spirited wife seems to have wearied of her hopeless cares. "She turned her face to the wall," says her son, "and permitted herself the kindly rest of death."

Not an altogether exhilarating picture of "domestic happiness three generations back." And yet there is much of zest and happiness in this book, and we may fairly ask ourselves what we have to boast of in substituting chill smile and ironic gesture for the affectionate raptures and concealments of our fathers. I lack space to say anything adequate here of MacDonald's place in nineteenth-century literature. It is vigorously set forth by G. K. Chesterton in his Introduction to this book.

[1] George MacDonald and His Wife. By Greville MacDonald, M.D. With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. The Dial Press, New York. $6.

The New Books

FICTION

ENCOUNTERS. By Elizabeth Bowen. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

These are character sketches—etchings is perhaps the better word—fragmentary, brief, but exact in the effect planned. English critics compare the author with the late Katherine Mansfield; her stories may be as true as Miss Mansfield's, but they are slighter and fail to pose situation and problem as convincingly.

DARK CLOUD (THE). By Thomas Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Mr. Boyd shows here that he can do other things well besides describe soldier life tensely and faithfully, as in his re-

narkable "Through the Wheat." Here e takes an English runaway boy, conscientious and unsophisticated, through Mississippi steamboat life seventy years go, not in the pilot-house, but chiefly n the engine-room. The book is not a novel, but it is full of action and adventure. The character drawing is excellent.

LD FIRM (THE). By F. Morton Howard. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Those "happy rascals," three sailors nd one cook, who amused so many of s in Mr. Howard's book of that name, re back again in "The Old Firm." They re jovial and thirsty scamps, and they rofit mightily by the foibles and seagnorance of the plutocrats who take hem as the crew of their old boat, the ane Gladys, now a swell yacht. Mr. acobs first made this kind of story opular; Mr. Howard has followed in his ootsteps with success.

ONGUES OF FLAME. By Peter Clark Macfarlane. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. $2.

The writer of this book recently shot imself, leaving word to a friend that he elt himself a failure, and could not go n. He had been many things: a railway man, an actor, a parson, a journalist, nd he had made a hit with the populace f the magazines as a novelist. Perhaps e realized that he had failed of achievement as a literary artist, and perhaps hat was what he really most wanted to e. "Tongues of Flame," like his other ovels, is one part honest intention and hree parts claptrap. It has the peculiarly conventional unreality which marks o large a part of our movie drama, and hich is so complacently accepted by the ajority as "romance."

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

ECURITY AGAINST WAR. By Frances Kellor and Antonia Hatvany (Collaborator). 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $6.

Almost incredible industry must have one to the making of these volumes. art I describes and analyzes the League f Nations Covenant, the machinery of he League evolved pursuant thereto, nd the Conference of Ambassadors. art II relates the history of the several isputes referred to the League or to hich the League has addressed itself, nd describes and analyzes the League's anner of handling those disputes. Part II deals with the Permanent Court of nternational Justice. Part IV "analyzes ne pending proposals for future peace." It seems to this writer that the authors re a thought too dogmatic, somewhat in ne "New Republic" manner; and that ney have a good deal prejudiced the alue of their criticisms by allowing a ther free scope to obvious prepossesons. (Can it be denied that an emhatic bias against France is continu-

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ously in evidence?) But this said, it remains true that they have produced a work of great usefulness for reference, summarizing a great mass of material. Annexes include the League Covenant, the Statue of the Court of International Justice, the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance, etc.

UNITED STATES AND THE PHILIPPINES (THE). By D. R. Williams. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $3.

A lucid statement of the main elements of the Philippines question; a convincing presentation of the arguments against giving independence now to the Filipinos. It is to be hoped that this book will have a wide circulation, for the propagandist agitation urging a Congressional gift that would be ruinous to the Filipinos and in sundry ways very injurious to the interests of the United States is winning dangerously upon ignorant sentimentalism in this country. Mr Williams was secretary of the Philippine Commission, whose constructive work furnished one of the most creditable chapters in the annals of the United States.

BIOGRAPHY

FRAGMENTS FROM MY DIARY. By Maxim Gorky. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $3.

As one reads these fragments, one is first of one mind and then of another as to whether their publication was justified. A good many of them are simply inchoate or flat or silly; many of the characters (the sorceress, for example) dashed off are too fantastic or absurd to be recognized as human beings, even as Russians. On the other hand, some of the fragments have a freshness and immediacy, a glimpsing sincerity, inevitably lacking to studied work. Perhaps there are enough of these to compensate those others. Yes; no. Perhaps; maybe not. In fine, yes. One should read the book if only for the acute and delightful references to Tolstoy, Tchekoff, and Alexander Blok.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

LEONID ANDREYEV: A CRITICAL STUDY. By Alexander Kaun. B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York. $3.50.

The author of this interesting critique is Professor of Slavic Languages at the University of California. He appears to have made meticulous study of all the sources available in Europe and has received generous aid from Mme. Andreyev. The book is in a very real sense a critique, biographical data being lightly touched upon. Americans who have not studied modern Russian literature will think of Andreyev merely as the author of a Theatre Guild success, "He Who Gets Slapped," which caught the popular fancy by its bizarre mixture of the romantic, symbolic, and realistic. Dr.

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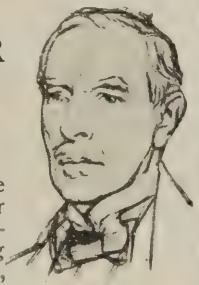
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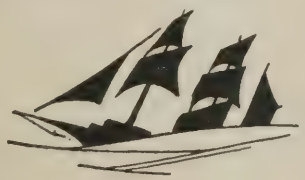


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Kaun reveals him as a nonconformist and a pessimist whose earliest gods were Nietzsche and Schopenhauer. In his formative years a poverty-stricken, introspective student at the University, he warmed to Pisarev, the champion of Nihilism, and held that faith was the enemy of reason. From briefless lawyer to newspaper reporter and then to sudden fame, wealth, and penury again, dying at the age of forty-eight (in 1919) —a kaleidoscopic peripetia. Influenced by Gorky and Tolstoy, his morbid psychology reacted to what was destructive in their writings. He could say with truth: "I am strong as long as I destroy. And I am weak and ordinary . . . when I attempt to affirm, to console, to give hope, to pacify." The irony of his life was that his pessimism helped to pave the way for revolution and the Bolshevist régime, which he abominated. Gorky may have sold himself to the Communists, but Andreyev, to his eternal credit, refused all bribes and retained his personal integrity, though it meant a return to poverty and an exile's death.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

TIDE MARKS. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper & Brothers, New York. $4.

This is the account of a sea journey from London via the Suez Canal to the Moluccas or Spice Islands and return. Two stops were made at Singapore, whereof the rich and varied olfactory impressions are feelingly recorded; the inland of Java was briefly visited; an adventurous trip was made into the interior of the native State of Kalentan, on the eastern coast of the Malay Peninsula; and several weeks were spent on the romantic volcanic island of Tidore, one of the Moluccas.

Mr. Tomlinson has a gust for adventure, a feel of the picturesque, a sense of beauty, humor, most of the gifts essential to the making of a good book in this kind; but somehow he fails to "pull it off." He is too continuously impressionistic, and the total effect of the book is hazy. The cover blurb is pleased to rant of "the masterly and exquisite prose by one of the greatest writers of our time." That is sheer nonsense. The style is one of the worst ever evolved. It has a preposterous resemblance to Emerson's.

DIARY OF A DUDE-WRANGLER (THE). By Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

In certain parts of the West, it would seem, "to wrangle" means "to herd or conduct." Thus a "horse-wrangler" is one employed on ranches to look after horses; and a "dude-wrangler" is a man who herds and takes care of "dudes." "Dude" in the *argot* of the dude-wrangling profession entirely lacks the jocose



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or depreciatory bouquet it has with us, and simply means "some one, usually a person not resident in the country, who hires some one else to guide him or cook for him or who pays money to stay on a ranch." Well, Mr. Burt has run a dude-ranch in Wyoming for many years, and gives in much detail the story thereof. No doubt the book is invaluable to those who propose to wrangle dudes or to dudes who want to be wrangled, but to this writer, who does not belong in either category, it is a little disappointing. The anecdotes with which it is packed lack vividness; there is too much moralizing. On the other hand, there are occasional "appreciations" of nature of much beauty. One feels that Mr. Burt might do very well indeed if he would consult brevity.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF CHINA. By Lady Hosie. Seeley, Service & Co., Limited, London. 21s.

The story of an English gentlewoman's experiences as guest in two patrician houses of China; the one that of a Manchu bigwig, the other that of a true Chinese *literatus*. The narrative is of a delightful artlessness and truly testifies that there are no people in the world more charming or cultivated than the upper-class Chinese.

EDUCATIONAL

DISCOVERY OF INTELLIGENCE (THE). By Joseph K. Hart. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Mr. Hart's admirable "Democracy in Education," published in 1918, was too technical for general consumption. This book is an attempt to present the ideas of the earlier work in a form suited to the general reader.

The author accepts Aristotle's attribution to Socrates of the discovery of intelligence, and asks, "What has been done with intelligence in the two thousand years that have intervened since Socrates?" His answer is lucid, illuminating, and entertaining. The account of the secular struggle between the folkways (*i. e.*, custom, habit, tradition) and the intelligence striving to be free is masterful.

The author then asks, "What is to be done for the future?" That is, how are we to evolve an educational method which, while not repudiating the folkways, shall yet give free scope to the scientific spirit and shall be answerable to the needs of democracy, an evolutionary science, and an evolutionary democracy? The answer is, on the whole, stimulating and interesting, though now and then vague and rhetorical.

SCIENCE

IMPRESSIONS OF GREAT NATURALISTS. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The author sets down his impressions of the personalities and achievements of eleven great naturalists, including Wal-

lace, Darwin, Huxley, Pasteur, Roosevelt, and John Burroughs. Professor Osborn is a scientist of distinction and was personally acquainted with most of the naturalists he deals with; we therefore have reason to expect a notable book.

But, unfortunately, Professor Osborn does not possess in any considerable measure the rare gift of portraiture, and, like most American scientists, he lacks that gift of truly lucid exposition which he handsomely recognizes in the great English scientists. The book, therefore, though interesting and valuable, is disappointing. This estimate is given reluctantly, as we recognize the author's great services to American science.

RACIAL REALITIES IN EUROPE. By Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

Mr. Stoddard is profoundly convinced that the racial factor is the factor of supreme importance in human affairs, and with a kind of religious zeal he proceeds to a survey of Europe in the light of this conviction. He seems to have been inspired by Mr. Madison Grant's "Passing of the Great Race." He has uncritically accepted the classification, to which Mr. Grant's book has given such wide currency, of the "Caucasian" division of mankind into the three grand groups of Nordics, Alpines, and Mediterraneans, along with Mr. Grant's too dogmatic characterization of the several groups. Mr. Stoddard treats anthropology as an exact science, whereas it is far from that. A spice of humor in the discussion of these matters would not be amiss; it is lacking here. But, with the warning to the reader that the basis of the book is "questionable," it has to be said that it is very readable and contains much valuable information and sound comment.

Notes on New Books

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE. By Maurice Francis Egan. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $4.

An autobiography, never dull nor egotistic. Dr. Egan's recollections of his long term as Minister to Denmark make excellent reading. His patented conversation for diplomatic dinners, as carried out by the wife of the French Minister and himself, is a particularly enjoyable incident.

PORTRAITS: REAL AND IMAGINARY. By Ernest Boyd. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Essays, chiefly in literary biography. They include, among the imaginary portraits, the one called "Æsthete: Model 1924," which appeared in "The American Mercury" and caused some excitable persons to thirst for revenge upon the author. There are also essays upon Messrs. Mencken, Dreiser, Cabell, and other writers, American, English, and Irish.

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS. Third (and Final) Series. 1920–1923. By Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

These are the stray comments, the casual diary, of a distinguished and learned man, one who is both critic and scientist. It is puzzling to decide whether in themselves these notes are so important as to deserve publication; whether the chorus, which in

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Ravello, June 3rd. Landed at Naples; automobiles met us at dock—it is wonderful to have our own big comfortable cars all through Italy! Next day by boat to the Island of Capri and the Blue Grotto—a bit of fairyland; lunched at Capri on an awning-covered balcony overlooking the blue, blue bay and afterward drove over the island in one of those funny high two-wheeled carriages; then by boat to Sorrento. I slept in the "Longfellow Room" there in which, mine host proudly told me, Longfellow lived for months—a lovely room opening onto a great balcony, high on the steep cliff rising straight out of the shining waters. Shall never forget that night and the early morning with the fishing boats slipping over the water, their sails ruddy in the sunrise glow and Vesuvius across the Bay flinging a plume of curling smoke against a vivid sky. Had a dip in the Mediterranean and then a look at the quaint old town. There are exquisite hand-woven linens—couldn't resist getting several small pieces. We drove to Amalfi beside the blue waters of the Bay, past orange and lemon groves, and at last up, up to Ravello perched on her rocky heights. Supper on the terrace, the stars overhead and the lights of the village gleaming far below—and all of us so congenial. Our hostess had made us one of her famous chestnut puddings—a special treat. It is really awfully nice traveling this way with a small group and the people are so friendly along the way. And it's real luxury to have our own comfortable cars all the time—not a bit tiring. Tomorrow we go to Pompeii. They tell me the drive is most interesting and Pompeii itself never to be forgotten. Am certainly glad I came. . . .

To be continued

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this country grows ecstatic over any volume from this pen, would have raised a single voice in praise had not this author written the "Studies in the Psychology of Sex." At all events, this book is mellow, graceful, tolerant, and often but not always wise.

UNSCIENTIFIC ESSAYS. By Frederic Wood Jones. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.

By an Australian Professor of Anatomy. Many of these essays are about curious folk-lore and superstitions of the Pacific and East Indian islands, and are especially strange and entertaining.

PASSING THE TORCH. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 75c.

Another story of Abraham Lincoln.

THE HIDDEN PLAYER. By Alfred Noyes. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

Eleven stories on various themes and in varying moods—humorous, tragic, or mysterious. The title is taken from Huxley's metaphor comparing life to a game of chess with an unseen opponent.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL OF OLD NEW YORK. 1925. Edited by Henry Collins Brown. Year Book of the Museum of the City of New York.

The latest volume of this illustrated and interesting annual.

ACES. A Collection of Short Stories. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

About a dozen short stories, by Dorothy Canfield, Edna Ferber, Kathleen Norris, Israel Zangwill, Zona Gale, and six or seven other living authors.

THE COASTS OF ILLUSION. By Clark B. Firestone. Harper & Brothers, New York. $4.

This is "a study of travel tales;" a collection of myths from books of travel and from history and literature. Almost an encyclopædia in size and comprehensiveness, the book discusses satyrs, dragons, lands of legend, and islands of enchantment. (How, in the chapter about the Sargasso Sea, did the author neglect to mention T. A. Janvier's great work of fiction about it?) This is a fascinating book.

THE JOYS AND TRIBULATIONS OF AN EDITOR. By L. Frank Tooker. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Mr. Tooker has for forty years been on the editorial staff of the "Century," and he is the author of books, principally about the sea. These chapters recall many of the figures of American letters in the past four or five decades: Mark Twain, Frank Stockton, R. H. Davis, and others. There are also many good stories about editorial work, about writers and their ways, and about compositors, proof-readers, fussy authors, and all the complications of getting out a magazine.

THE TRAGEDY OF MR. PUNCH. By Russel Thorndike and Reginald Arkell. Introduction by Max Beerbohm. Illustrations by Arthur Watts. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.50.

A fantastic play in a prologue and one act.

UNMASKING OUR MINDS. By David Seabury. Boni & Liveright, New York.

Psychology in an informal presentation. Often chatty and readable; often a trifle obscure.

BUSHRANGERS. By Charles J. Finger. With Woodcuts by Paul Honoré. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $3.

Stories of famous highwaymen of Australia and South America. One, whom the author knew, had the surprising name of Andrew Lang. Did the rather more famous gentleman of that name ever hear of him? How delighted he would have been!

THE SHALLOW END. By Ian Hay. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

Ironical but amusing views of London life, by an author who refuses to be profound. He possibly provokes more thought than do some of the amateur Platos who are to-day writing so many very, very learned books about the significance of life and the new psychology. The pictures by Lewis Baumer are excellent.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

COLLEGIAN, retired gentleman, wishes traveling companionship with gentleman or family going South or abroad. Offers secretarial services. Highest credentials. 5,643, Outlook.

By the Way

OSLO is to be the new capital of Norway—but a capital new only in name, and really not even in that, for Oslo was for centuries the name by which the capital city of Norway was known. It was in 1624, after a devastating fire, that the city of Oslo was renamed Christiania. Now, by a small majority of votes in the Norwegian Parliament, the old name has been restored. Map-makers, please take notice!

The name Oslo, referred to above, is said to mean "the mouth (outlet) of the river Lo." Another explanation from a Norwegian authority is that it means "the low tide at the ridge." Whatever the derivation of the word, the name was given to the place by the Viking ruler Harold nearly nine hundred years ago. The change to the earlier name is said to have been brought about by the strong revival of national feeling at present manifesting itself in Norway.

Sometimes the Scotch get back at the English in joking about national peculiarities. Here, for instance (from the Fairfax "Evening Mail"):

A Scotch boy in an English school, when his class was asked where Shakespeare was born, replied: "In Scotland, sir."

"What makes you say Shakespeare was a Scotsman?" said the schoolmaster.

"Because of his abeelity, sir!" was the answer.

The largest railway undertaking in the world, according to the London "Times," is the new German railway company, the Reichseisenbahn Gesellschaft. It employs three-quarters of a million men, as many as all the English companies put together. It operates 33,000 miles of line—half as many miles again as the next longest system, the Canadian National. Its nominal capital, £1,300,000,000, is far and away the largest. Its annual revenue of over £200,000,000 is not far from double that of its nearest rival, the Pennsylvania Railroad.

William White, a young American of Revolutionary times who afterwards became the first Bishop of Pennsylvania, went to see Samuel Johnson in London in 1771. "The Doctor," White relates as quoted in an article in the "Yale Review," "was very civil to me." Nevertheless the Great Cham gave utterance to a characteristically truculent rebuke. "He told me," says White, "that, had he been Prime Minister, during the then recent controversy concerning the Stamp Act, he would have sent a ship of war and leveled one of our principal cities to the ground." But the young American discounted this ferocious speech. "On the other hand," he goes on, "I have heard from him sentiments expressive of a feeling heart, and convincing me that he would not have done as he said."

From the "Rutgers Chanticleer:"

"Jones is such a rotten shortstop he reminds me of the Ancient Mariner."

"How zat?"

"'He stoppeth one of three.'"

From "Punch:"

Fond Parent (as Candidate advances to kiss her baby)—"Don't 'ee trouble, zur. I was a-goin' to vote for 'ee anyhow."

Under the heading "Poems You May Not Know" the colyumist of the American Medical Association's "Journal" prints this:

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said;
And she smiled and blushed and drooped her head.
"I'm sorry for the words I spoke last night;
Your sending the flowers proved you were right—
Forgive me."

* *

He forgave her.

* *

And as they walked and talked beneath the bowers,
He wondered who on earth had sent those flowers.

Answer to numerical puzzle in our last issue:

From SIX take IX = S
" IX " X = I
" XL " L = X

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COMPANION, managing housekeeper, or convalescent nurse. Best references. 5,641, Outlook.

COMPANION, would like to travel, experienced chauffeur, educated, an optimist, young woman, good references. 5,644, Outlook.

ENGLISH-American young woman, highest references wishes position as companion. 5,639, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED woman wishes position as housekeeper in school. 5,610, Outlook.

GRADUATE WELLESLEY COLLEGE, MASS., class of nineteen twenty-four, wants secretarial position with woman engaged in social service work. Eastern location preferred. 5,645, Outlook.

HOTEL woman wishes position in Southern hotel. Has fine clientele. 5,609, Outlook.

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HOUSEKEEPER, small private family where one maid is kept. References. Protestant, American. 5,646, Outlook.

LADY seeks position in refined home as housekeeper. Six years' experience 5,638, Outlook.

REFINED young lady desires position as companion to young girl or lady—not an invalid—going South. References. 5,647, Outlook.

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MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Foot loose, Dutch treat friend, another lonely woman. 5,648, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

DECEMBER 24, 1924

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The Mail Bag

When Bill Adams Lost His Job

To use plain American, "I got the can." In other words, I am fired from my job.

Do you know that sense of sheer and joyous freedom that comes when one walks off a job, head in air, feet jigging, poor, but happy with the thought, "The cheap skates! They can't afford to keep a good man."

Only yesterday we were at home together in that little old newspaper office. I have heard that when the foundation stone was laid it was meant for a brewery.

We were a happy crew—the Boss, who sat hunched over his desk, tucked in a cubbyhole under the stairway, with gloom in his eye and courage in his heart, knowing that our little "Morning Herald" was all too close upon a lee shore. The Boss, whose small motherless son would now and then drop in to throw his arms impetuously round dad's neck and whisper sacred things into an ear that in its daily routine heard all too much that was greatly otherwise. The Boss, of whom we all said, "Gosh, he's a square guy!"

Then there was Buzz, the city editor; enormously spectacled, minute of size, excitable as whole nests full of wasps, and shouting at regular and irregular intervals, "Oh, boy, we're sure going to have a nifty little sheet in the morning!"

Scottie stole my paste, my scissors, my copy paper, the cushion off my chair, and borrowed a match every three minutes, and very often tobacco to go with it. Scottie, the sports editor, who often gently stroked my hair in my most busy moments, when some excited farmer was phoning in to tell me, the country editor, that one of his hens had just laid an egg that weighed ten ounces. Useless to tell Scottie to shut up. "Nice hair for a dog, Bill," he would murmur while the weight of the egg went higher and higher in my fumbled mind. I wonder where Scottie is gone. He had a beautiful young wife robed like the lilies, a bright new touring car not paid for, and his cigarettes; naught else.

Only Marie is left of our reportorial staff. Marie who writes up the stories about the town's ladies when they have their Mamma Jong parties, their weddings, and their children's birthdays; also the old gentlemen's pea-knuckle parties (What is pea-knuckle? I don't know). Marie is society editor; a delicious widow with a delightful smile, who



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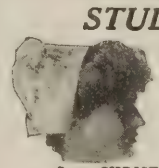
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The Heir of Ancient Culture and of High Tradition

The University of Virginia is an outstanding American institution. Its walls have sheltered a host of men destined for distinction. Honor was the rallying cry of the old South, and it is the honor system at the University of Virginia about which George Marvin has written his forthcoming article—the second of a group dealing with American colleges and universities.

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Harold T. Pulsifer, *President and Managing Editor*
Raymond B. Bowen, *Vice-President and Business Manager*
Frank C. Hoyt, *Treasurer*
Ernest Hamlin Abbott, *Editor-in-Chief and Secretary*
Lawrence F. Abbott, *Contributing Editor*
Arthur E. Carpenter, *Advertising Manager*

The "International Interpreter" was taken over by the Outlook Company on June 11, 1924

says that she has a very bad heart, and eats a great deal too much candy. I have taught her to spell chrysanthemum, necessary, and affectionately in these past four months of my newspaper life, and many other words of over three syllables. She stumbles at four, and at five sighs and reaches for her candy. To me she was kind, allowing me to smoke my navy plug in the office, though it made her cough often, because I am a dab at spelling.

Little Mitchy, advertising man, who wears a raincoat on the sunniest days, and has a wink in each eye and a large pipe in his lips, stays on; reduced $5 a week.

Sullivan, the Irish foreman in the composing-room doesn't care. I asked him what he'd do, losing a job with winter close to. He said, "Bill, you ain't crazy, are you?"

Our little paper sank under our feet. They sold it. Our detestable, despised rival, the evening paper, bought it. They are owned by a big corporation. We were free Americans, and unafraid of them.

And to-day they come to me, beguiling, smiling, asking will I write my column for them twice a week? What will it cost them?

They can go fish, winter coming on or no!

What will I do, Mister Outlook? You who know so much? Will I run for Sheriff at the next election, or join the Salvation Army, or be a Boy Scout master? Maybe the Modesto librarian would give me a job; knowing that I both read and write, she might hire me for janitor. I wonder.

Her name is Bessie Silverthorn, and she writes letters to a man in your town by the name of Christopher Morley, who says that the name reminds him of wild roses, or something.

And only last week an old lady on a farm in the country with one of her eyes made of glass and a set of store teeth phoned in to our Boss to ask him to have me write a column every day instead of just when the spirit moved me.

Well, it's nice to be alive, isn't it, even if you are out of a job at the open throat of winter?

I peeped into the old office to-day. Another sport editor was in Scottie's chair. I doubt if he knows a base from a foot ball. My chair is vacant. The new city editor will do my work and Buzz's also; but he won't get by with it. You can't fool all the people all the time. Columbus or some one said so.

Our contemptible rival has our little office; but he has not our love. He is after money. We were after the joke of

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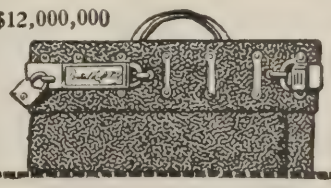
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Nine companies chartered elsewhere left the State; three old New York companies went out of business; and six companies, started in New York, quit very early in their career. Of the two hundred and fifty companies organized outside the State none, up to 1924, came into the State to do business. It was concededly a resistful period due to the restrictive measures of the Hughes legislation.

The Postal Life got on; this surprised many. Why was it a surprise? Because, it was said, it was not using the usual forceful means to "put itself across." It was confidently disbelieved in by the skeptical. It was prophesied against by professional insurance men. However, the public, without solicitors' influence, patronized it. Its supposed weakness was its strength. They came to it personally and through the mails, voluntarily, and insured in it. Its advertising announcements only, had a sufficient appeal. Agents had no hand in the negotiations for their policies. That there are many who prefer to think out such problems in their own way, under advice from headquarters, is being increasingly shown.

Whatever can be said of the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY *and any achievement it has to its credit, it is due to the fact that there was in the public the disposition, the intelligence and the initiative to bring it about.*

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12-24-24.

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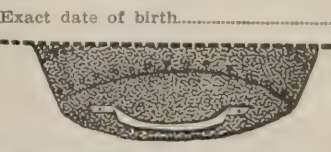
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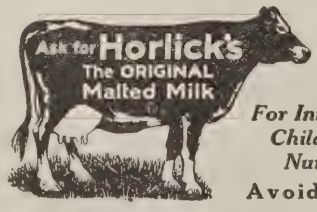
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Vale, vale, little paper. We have died, and you died with us.

I will go see Bessie Silverthorn.

BILL ADAMS,
The Cub Reporter.

Contributors' Gallery



HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY, a former editor of the "International Interpreter," has long been connected with journalism on both sides of the Atlantic. When the "Interpreter" was acquired by The Outlook, Mr. Kennedy went to Europe and spent several months in London, Paris, and Geneva, making a full investigation into the European situation.

JOHN ERSKINE is Professor of English at Columbia University. He combines scholarship, the creative faculty, and the power to teach in a most unusual fashion.



COMMANDER R. CHANDLER PARKER, the grandson of the late Rear-Admiral Ralph Chandler, is at present in command of the destroyer Brooks, attached to the Atlantic fleet. Since his graduation from the United States Naval Academy in 1907 he has performed varied naval service, including the cruise around the world with the battle fleet in 1908 and two tours of duty as instructor at the Naval Academy. During the war he served in command of the destroyers Jarvis and Luce. He has been decorated with the Naval Cross and has received the degree of Master of Arts from Union College for his war service and writings.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in talking with Charles K. Taylor said, "Producers of salacious films and plays are going to be put in a separate, private little hell by themselves, so they won't corrupt the decent and self-respecting people in the other hells." The remark provides a foretaste of the views of Douglas Fairbanks which appear in this issue. Mr. Taylor, educator and journalist, was, we think, a particularly appropriate person to select as the interpreter of Douglas Fairbanks.

The Outlook

Volume 138 December 24, 1924 Number 17

Three Rings in Washington

WASHINGTON is the most misunderstood city in the world. Popularly conceived as placid, leisurely, easy-going, it is really all or any of those things only in its off-seasons. The wide streets, tree-lined, the proximity of everything to parked places where one may know the feel of springy earth beneath one's feet, the chaste-appearing buildings—these simply produce the placid impression on the visitor, casual and occasional. Those who become acquainted with the capital know that Washington is never itself except when it is "fighting mad."

Just now Washington is itself again. It is in the characteristic mood of having its temper stirred at least three ways at the same time and indulging in that number of fights simultaneously. Usually Washington is, roughly speaking, divided half and half on every fight. Senators or Representatives, comrades to the death in one fight, are at the same instant stabbing at each other's hearts in another fight. Casualties, naturally, are heavy.

These statements apply, primarily, to Congress, but practically everybody else is involved in the august acrimony of that tempestuous body—the representatives of a thousand diverse interests, and the newspaper men. In short, Washington, in proper form, is a continuous three-ring circus with every acrobat, clown, pony, and dog performing in all three rings at the same time.

Just now (except in the Christmas recess) the three rings are the Muscle Shoals Bill, the Postal Pay Bill, and the naval dispute.

The First Ring

CONGRESS is on the point of enacting legislation for the operation of the gigantic power plants at Muscle Shoals, on the Tennessee River in northern Alabama, a development into which the United States Government has put approximately $135,000,000. If a bill is passed before this is printed, it almost certainly will be the Underwood Bill, which might as properly be called the Coolidge Bill. It provides for the leasing of Muscle Shoals for a term not exceeding fifty years under guaranty that the lessee will produce, after the plants are fully in operation, not less than 40,000 tons of fixed nitrogen a year, this nitrogen to be used ordinarily in the manufacture of fertilizers for the farmers of the United States at prices which shall give the lessee a profit of not more than eight per cent on the reasonable cost of manufacture. When the Government needs the nitrogen for war purposes, the required 40,000 tons a year is to be used in the manufacture of explosives, and the Government may take over the operation of the properties on five days' notice whenever an emergency arises.

The lease is to be executed by the Secretary of War, and if no corporation or individual qualified to operate the plants properly is found by September 1, 1925, then the Government is itself to operate the plants through a corporation organized by a commission of five persons named by the Secretary of War.

The bill pleases the farmers as they are represented by organizations in and out of Washington. It does not please certain prospective industrial users of water power, mainly in the regions contiguous to Muscle Shoals. There are those who say that, after the Underwood Bill is passed, Henry Ford will make another offer to President Coolidge and that it will be accepted. There are others who say that the nitrogen-fixing end of the lease will go to the Hooker-White-Atterbury people and the use of surplus power for industrial purposes to the Alabama Power Company. Now both Henry Ford and the Alabama Power Company have their ardent enemies. Probably the firm of Hooker, White, Atterbury & Co. have some, too, but they are not so much in evidence.

The Second Ring

IN the second ring of the Washington circus is the fight over the Postal Pay Bill.

At the outset that was hardly a fight at all, it was so one-sided; but now it is one of the most earnest battles that Washington has seen in many a day.

When President Coolidge vetoed the Postal Pay Bill, giving practically a uniform increase of $300 in postal service salaries, he insisted that if the pay were to be raised Congress should provide immediate revenue. The bill is now on the calendar awaiting a chance to come to a vote on the question whether it will be passed over the President's veto. The Muscle Shoals Bill and the Isle of Pines Treaty have rights to prior consideration. Meanwhile the Committee on Ascertainment of Costs in the Post Office Department, after three years of investigation, have made a report. In this report it is alleged that the cost of transporting newspapers and magazines is $60,000,000 more than the revenue from the postage which the newspapers and periodicals pay at second-class rates.

Publishers disagree wholly with the conclusions reached by the Committee, because, as they assert, the methods of estimating costs and estimating receipts are unsound. It is impossible, it is claimed, to isolate the revenue from second-class mail matter; for a great deal of the revenue from first-class matter is caused by the circulation of printed matter at second-class rates. Moreover, there is no adequate allowance made for the cost of matter distributed free, and no proper apportionment of overhead cost to the various classes of matter. The subject is a technical one and is not easily understood.

Like Postmaster-General Burleson under the Wilson Administration, Postmaster-General New suggests an increase in second-class postal rates; indeed, he suggests an increase in all classes of matter excepting letters. Inasmuch as he never favored the bill granting a general increase of pay for postal employees, he has no reason for pressing through his recommendations for meeting the cost of such a bill. He believes that the salaries of some employees should be increased, but is opposed to a blanket increase.

The whole question of postal rates should be considered in the light of the Post Office as a social agency. If the Post Office Department treated the transportation of mails as a purely commercial affair, apportioning rates according to cost, the effect would be disastrous. Letters sent across the continent, or from the Eastern United States to

the Hawaiian Islands, for example, would no longer travel at the expense of other letters, but would bear high rates of postage. A bond of the Nation's unity would be broken. If rates were determined according to service, there would be no reason for making the Post Office an institution of the Government. Every question concerning the Post Office should be simply a variation of the one single question, What will best serve the welfare of the whole people?

The Third Ring

IN the Washington circus the third ring is occupied by the combatants in the naval fight, Congress being on the one side and the Navy Department and its friends on the other.

Congress has never treated the Navy with the intelligence that the subject requires. This is not strange, since an understanding of naval affairs in detail requires a training which Representatives and Senators have not received. Except when frightened into some spasm, Congress has usually been frugal and sometimes stingy in making appropriations for the Navy. But what is worse, Congress has tried to substitute its judgment on technical matters for the judgment of men who know more about such matters than Congress can ever know. On the other hand, of course Naval men are apt to want more money for the Navy than it needs. Every specialist believes that his own specialty is the most important thing in the whole Government. If he did not believe that, or something like it, he would not be a good specialist. Congress, of course, cannot be governed by the enthusiasm of all specialists. It is the right of Congress to determine the naval policy of the country—whether we shall have a Navy, and, if so, how big a one; it would be a bad day for the Nation if the naval or military policy of the United States passed out of civilian hands; but, having decided upon the policy, Congress ought to trust the judgment of those who know most about the means of carrying it out. All naval authorities of any consequence, we believe, agree that our Navy is ill-balanced.

It is reported that in this controversy the President, guided by Secretary Hughes, has sided against the Navy Department and the naval experts. We do not believe it, and will not without better evidence than the reports of newspaper correspondents. It may be true that the President has made it clear that he wants no action that would look like the renewal of a Navy-building race in classes of ships outside of the Naval Treaty; but the President cannot have changed his mind since he made it clear in his Annual Message that he believed in maintaining the Treaty ratio; and he cannot believe that without believing that the capital ships authorized in that Treaty should be supported by auxiliaries sufficient to make them effective.

On one aspect of our naval policy we comment in an editorial on another page.

The Business of Being a Farmer

THE first posthumous report of a Cabinet member in recent years is in the hands of the President. It is the annual report of Secretary of Agriculture Henry C. Wallace, who died during the last days of October. The letter of transmittal, signed by the Acting Secretary, who was Mr. Wallace's Assistant Secretary, Howard M. Gore, serves as a reminder that the hand of death has lain heavily upon the Administration at Washington during the past four years.

This can be said of the report of Secretary Wallace, now dead, as it would have been said in these columns if he had lived—that it is marked by complete candor. There is in it nothing of pretense, nothing of promise beyond the likelihood of performance, no undue laudation of achievements, no concealment of unpleasant facts. This last work of Secretary Wallace, done with ample data before him and in the spirit of frankness that characterized him, appears to leave little room for doubt that the farms of America have been hard hit in the past few years. He says:

"Actual farm operators, after paying interest on borrowed capital and rent on rented farms, may earn approximately 2 per cent on their own capital investment in the crop year 1924. This compares with a loss of 3.1 per cent in 1920, a loss of 1.4 per cent in 1921, and a profit of 1.5 per cent and 1.4 per cent in 1922 and 1923." We should like to see a comparison of these figures with the average earnings of industry during the same period.

The Secretary's figures show a gradual improvement through the four years, though the margin of earnings in 1924 is still pitiably small. And, to make sure that the measure of improvement is not overstated, Secretary Wallace says: "These returns are made, however, on capital valuation that has been scale down. Thus the real gain is not as larg as the apparent gain." Secretary Wallace maintained to the day of his deat the truth of the assertion he had so ofte made, that the hard state of the farmer was not due to unwise investments an poor business judgment.

During the three years and seve months of his incumbency of the Secretaryship Mr. Wallace never offered an remedy for agricultural ills; he offer none in the message made public afte his death. He knew, perhaps bette than any one else in official life in Wash ington, that a panacea was not possible He did, however, favor export marketin legislation and other measures whic went beyond the views of the Adminis tration as a whole.

The agricultural situation, as the re port makes clear, shows an improvemen which may be expected to continue. I is made equally clear by the report however, that this improvement has a yet reached only a part of the variou classes of farmers. But it may reason ably be expected finally to reach th classes who have not yet felt any relief and the task of finding means of relief now in the hands of the President's Com mission, may be easier than it was dur ing the three years and more when Secre tary Wallace tried to perform it alone.

In Memory of Woodrow Wilson

THE United States, on Monday, De cember 15, paid tribute to th memory of Woodrow Wilson. In som sort, effort was made to appraise and t express his achievements, his services, hi motives, his influence in the world.

Though in his actual person somewha aloof from the manifestation of affection Woodrow Wilson inspired love which, i many of his admirers, amounted almos to idolatry. On the other side, his per sonality was such that he aroused an tagonisms which sometimes manifeste themselves in hatred, occasionally i petty spitefulness. Of this kind of mar no expression at this time, or even i decades to come, will meet universa acceptance.

Yet the scene was, for all that, non the less impressive, the importance an the value of it none the less real. I brought back to the minds of many mer of commanding position in American lif

I'll cross it though it blast me

(Hamlet, Act I, Scene 1)

Hungerford in the Pittsburgh Sun



The cross-word puzzle epidemic

From Mrs. A. C. Cummins, Duquesne, Pennsylvania

Reid in the Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Record



(C) The Bell Syndicate, Inc., 1924

Sure a tough one

From Arthur N. Rinehimer, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

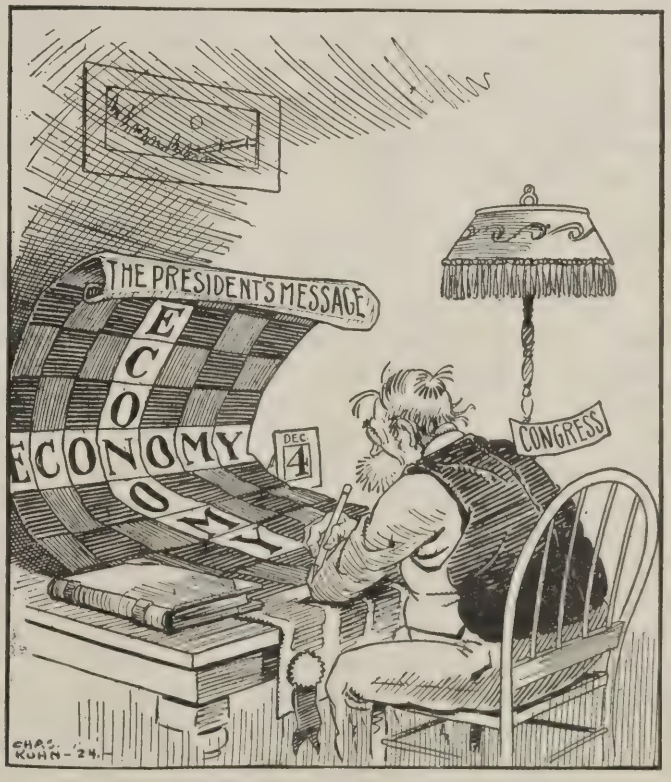
Halladay in the Providence Journal



Hard for him to solve

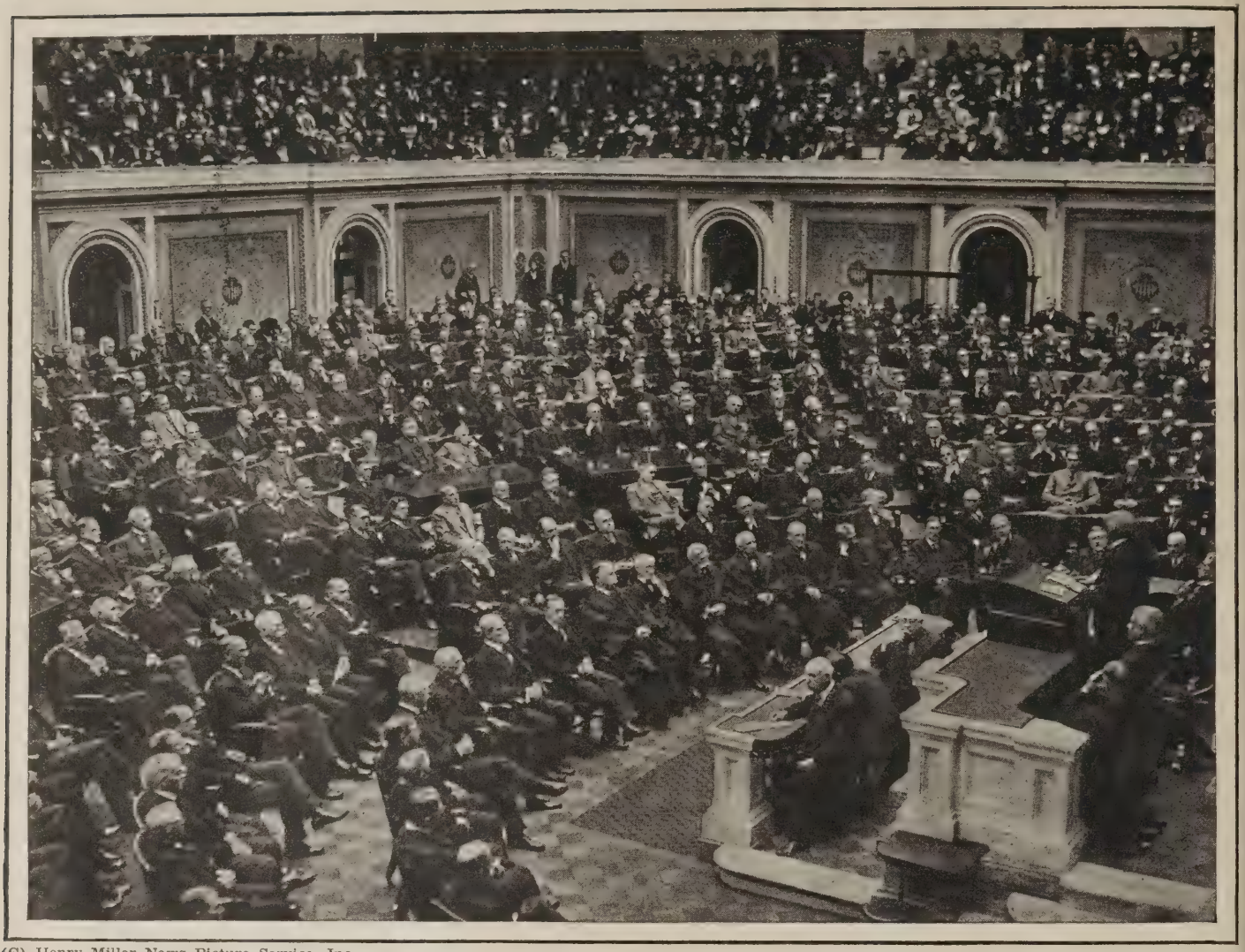
From Harriet R. Northup, Providence, Rhode Island

Kuhn in the Indianapolis News



There's no puzzle about it

From H. Fosdick, Indianapolis, Indiana



(C) Henry Miller News Picture Service, Inc.

Events as impressive as this solemn spectacle have been few in the official life of Washington. The two houses of Congress were assembled in one chamber; the President and the members of his Cabinet sat with them; all of the Justices of the Supreme Court were present, and the three co-ordinate branches of the Federal Government, as embodied in the men who occupy the various offices, sat down together; the Ambassadors and Ministers of all the Governments in friendly relation with the United States—which are all the Governments of the world—sat with the representatives of the Government to which they are accredited; Governors of many of the States occupied seats in the chamber. Here was a conclave solely of men charged with the responsibilities of government. The galleries as well as the floor were officially filled. Except for the family and former official associates of President Wilson, no persons of private station were admitted.

memories of ordeals and triumphs that are now part of the fabric of our Nation. The exercises were held in the hall of the House of Representatives. The active participants in it stood upon the platform where Mr. Wilson revived the custom, for a century submerged, of personal address by the President to the Congress. It was from this platform that in the early years of his power President Wilson commanded the legislative forces of the Nation, in a manner rarely equaled by any other President, in the carrying out of a programme of domestic legislation of far-reaching and enduring importance. From this platform, in April of 1917, he read the Message which carried the United States into the World War; which gave the long-contested victory to the Allies and shattered the dream of German domination of the world. From this platform in the Capitol was proposed the programme by which our part in the World War was financed and under which our armies were raised and trained. Under the dome of this Capitol, after the war was won and when Woodrow Wilson was no longer the leader of the legislative forces he once had been, came the conflict over the Wilson policies which shattered the strength though it did not shake the purpose of the war President.

The ceremony at the Capitol consisted of a simple and dignified tribute to Woodrow Wilson from the President of his Alma Mater, Dr. Edwin Anderson Alderman, of the University of Virginia. The significance of the gathering was chiefly to be found in its spirit and in the memory which it evoked of the tumultuous passions and issues of the war.

Honor to Owen D. Young

It has been an open secret that Owen D. Young is the member of the Dawes Committee who was chiefly responsible for the drafting of the plan which has brought the prospect of order to Europe. In recognition of his services a dinner was given to him in New York City on December 11. Among the speakers at that dinner was the Secretary of State, though he had to remain in Washington. His voice as it was transmitted by wire was heard through the loud speaker. And the voices of all the speakers at the dinner were broadcast by radio throughout the greater part of the United States. If there was anything secret about Mr. Young's part on the Dawes Committee, it is a secret no longer, for Mr. Hughes specifically referred to "the eminent and construc-

tive ability and tact, rather I should say the genius, of Owen D. Young, which made possible the formulation and adoption of the Dawes Plan."

Mr. Young himself in his speech made clear the credit due to General Dawes. What he said about that is worth quoting. It is an honor not only to General Dawes but to Mr. Young, who paid the tribute:

> I remember some time during the first two weeks in Paris when the name of "Experts Committee" was gradually giving way to the name of "Dawes Committee," and when things did not look very hopeful, the General said, "Well, let them call it the Dawes Committee; some one has to stand up and take the garbage or the garlands." Let me say that at the time when the name "Dawes" became attached to the Committee it looked as if the bouquets would all be of the back-door variety. . . .
>
> It is not enough to manufacture a product, even a good product. It must be sold. The installation speech of General Dawes, which was published in full in the newspapers of all the principal countries of the world, created at once a change in the public opinion of Europe. . . . From that time on the Committee was no longer the "Experts Committee," it was the "Dawes Committee." The man with the pipe who was unafraid. . . .
>
> The Committee followed the best commercial and financial practice by having its goods sold before they were manufactured. . . . General Dawes was the sales department of our concern. . . . The other members of our Committee will testify that the greatest contribution of any individual member of the Committee was made by General Dawes.

In his speech Mr. Young made a plea for non-partisanship in foreign affairs; and he practiced what he preached by making as a Democrat this acknowledgment to a Republican Administration:

> In my opinion, the present Government has done everything which could properly be done to aid in the formulation and to insure the adoption of the Dawes Plan. Personally, being of a different political faith, I feel like killing the fatted calf.

Mr. Young's speech ought to be widely read throughout the country.

Shall Yablonszky Become Lincoln?

SHALL Yablonszky or Yotowitz or Winkowski become Dewey or Grant or Roosevelt or Washington or Wilson? Shall the new Americans with their cumbersome and unpronounceable labels be permitted to change them for names borne by great and distinguished Americans? Should a law be passed preventing people from calling themselves Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, Calvin Coolidge, or some such name?

There is a growing group, especially in societies requiring ancestry or historical precedents as requirements for membership, that would like to see the adoption of some kind of regulation. They do not wish to prevent people from adopting



P. & A. Photos

Owen D. Young, American financier, arriving in New York on the Homeric, November 20

new names—they admit that some cognomens are a great hindrance and unfitted to the tongue that uses English. But why, they ask, does a foreigner upon becoming a citizen assume the name of an illustrious or wealthy person? Why doesn't he take a little-known or common surname or invent one?

This name problem has been in court in three States. Several months ago one Walter Zushnit, of Philadelphia, advertised his intention to change his name to Walter Clayton French. Now it so happened that a man of this name was a prominent citizen in the Quaker City about half a century ago. He was the organizer of several large companies, a director in several banks, and a philanthropist of more than local reputation. When the day came for the granting of permission for change of name, an attorney representing a grandson of Walter Clayton French appeared in the Court of Common Pleas and entered a protest. Judge Willis Martin sustained the objection, ruling that, while the name of French might be adopted, it might not be preceded by Clayton.

A short time before this the Cabots of Massachusetts had appeared in a similar court in the same city to object to the adoption of their name by a new citizen. In this instance Judge Audenreid was unsympathetic, saying that he would consider it a tribute if any one were to adopt his name. But a contrary decision upon the same subject has been handed down by Judge Morton, of the United States District Court of Massachusetts. He said that old and historical family names might not be written upon the final papers of a naturalized citizen.

Judge Stickel, of the Court of Common Pleas of Essex County, New Jersey, has gone further. Not only did he frown upon the assumption of a historical name, but he rendered a decision saying that no name might be adopted which would hide "the race, extraction, or nativity" of the person in question. He ruled that a man bearing the name Witsenhousen might change it to Witsen, but not to Whitman, as had been proposed. Similarly Schedlein could become Schetlin, but not Shetland.

Snobbishness may have something to do with the name-stealing question—and this has been charged against the societies that usually stood behind the test cases. On the other hand, how would any one of us like some one to adopt his name to the last word and initials? As the law now stands, there would be difficulty in preventing it.

Good News for Elks

ANNOUNCEMENT comes from the United States Biological Survey that the Izaak Walton League has agreed to appropriate one hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of certain areas of land essential for the successful maintenance and extension of the United States Winter Elk Refuge in Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

For lo! these many years thinking

people have been aghast at the authenticated reports, almost periodical, that elk are starving to death, literally by the thousands, in the region south of the Yellowstone National Park.

Under our methods of government such conditions were inevitable. Biological knowledge of the region and of the elk was not available when the Yellowstone region was set apart for a National Park. The scenic wonders were the primary reason, the protection of game was secondary. Our methods of "developing" the public domain also gave too little consideration to the game both as a public asset and as a source of strength to local communities. In the rush to "get something for nothing" much land was "settled upon" which never could be expected to support human life after the opportunity to kill wild animals for food and furs had passed. Under these circumstances, it was not long before the winter range for the elk was appropriated by the settlers' stock, and the question naturally and properly arose, Which shall have preference, the public's elk or the settlers' range cattle?

For many years in that region, as in others, countless people shamelessly killed the local elk for meat and wastefully for tusks to be sold to the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks. Respect for law was non-existent. Well-nigh every man carried pliers for drawing the tusks of the dead elk. To meet the situation, in 1912 the project was initiated of a special Winter Refuge for the Elk, which had from time immemorial resorted to the meadows and hills around the warm springs in Jackson Hole when the deep snows of each winter drove them down from their summer range in the high mountains, even as far as one hundred miles distant.

By purchase and by withdrawal of public lands open to entry, a headquarters in Jackson Hole of 2,700 acres was established, and large quantities of hay were cut and purchased and fed during the winter. Political pressure, however, made it impracticable to go as far as was needed for a complete remedy. Now, however, an agreement has been reached wherein consideration is given to both the cattle and the elk "interests." Each are to be limited. Cattle will be given recognition, but on certain definite areas the elk are to have "the right of way." It will restore to the public domain certain lands which have in good faith and with some success been acquired and developed by private owners, but which appear to be essential in providing a clear pathway over which the bands of elk may drift in peace and plenty into the Winter Elk Refuge in Jackson Hole when the winter snows drive them down from the high mountains. It will also provide for the cows a refuge during calving time. Thus, so far as is to-day practicable, the natural conditions may be restored by providing even a limited habitat suitable for meeting the requirements of their life history of the surviving band of 8,000, the remnant of the noblest fauna of North America.

Thus one more native animal is to be maintained under natural conditions.

Who will do the same for the prong-horn antelope and the sage grouse?

Pershing's Visit to Chile

In connection with the Ayacucho centenary, it is interesting to note that General Pershing, after visiting Peru, will go on to Chile, Bolivia, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil. There is more than usual significance to this fact, the principal interest being that Chile is included in the itinerary.

Among the republics of South America, Chile always has been looked on as one of the most stable; in fact, in nearly a hundred years it has had but one "civil war." It was with somewhat of a shock, therefore, that the world saw President Alessandri some months ago forced to leave the country as the result of a "bloodless revolution" which put a temporary Government in power with some violations of the Constitution. The new Government is in process of being established, apparently under entirely peaceful conditions and with general popular support; for certain constitutional changes, especially one which would give greater Cabinet stability, were recognized as almost necessary to the political and economic welfare of the country.

The fact that the United States has not yet recognized the new Government in Chile, although continuing its diplomatic relations in a friendly informal manner, gives special significance to the visit of General Pershing to the South American republic. While he will not go as an official representative of the United States, dropping his ambassadorial rank when he leaves Peru, nevertheless the courteous call of this distinguished private citizen of the United States, whom it is almost impossible even in his private rank to dissociate from his high army position, will be considered in Chile as a most gracious act on the part of this Government. It will say to Chile, in effect, that the United States has a most friendly feeling to the southern republic and its people, and that, although it is not yet possible for this Government, because of the position it has taken in regard to governments set up by unconstitutional means, to grant formal recognition to the new Chilean régime, nevertheless the Government of the United States sympathizes with the aims and the desires of the Chilean nation in its efforts to reform its Constitution and thereby establish a stronger and a more stable state.

A Labor Chieftain

At thirteen years of age Sam Gompers, English born of Jewish ancestry, began his life in America as a cigar-maker. At seventy-four Sam Gompers, as he was still known familiarly to hundreds of thousands of wage-earners, died in San Antonio, Texas. In the intervening years he spent his life in indefatigable, eager, constant effort to give workers higher pay, shorter hours, and better conditions. He was not a philosopher who could judicially consider justice for all, not a prophet who could see the approach of the time when wage-earners and capitalists would find themselves partners in industry under an industrial democracy; he was rather the partisan of an organization and the fighter for a cause.

Samuel Gompers died on December 13 after a short illness incurred during his visit to Mexico. He was there not on a pleasure jaunt, nor merely to be an honored guest at the inauguration of President Calles; but rather because he had been asked to encourage and help the Mexican Federation of Labor and inaugurate a Pan-American Federation of Labor. There was nothing that Mr. Gompers would not do, no effort he would not exert, to extend his idea of labor organization. Right in many particulars, wrong in some, the form of labor's mutual union for defense and offense is the product of Samuel Gompers's mind and heart. He may fairly be called the founder of the American Federation of Labor. What existed before that under Powderly and the Knights of Labor was not a National



Wide World Photos

Samuel Gompers talking to President Calles, of Mexico—one of the last photographs taken of Mr. Gompers

organization, but disconnected groups of workmen striving for better conditions and better pay, not on a National scale but locally, by industries and not by trades. Mr. Gompers from the beginning advocated and built up the plan of local unions based on trade affiliation and not on industrial occupation—for instance, six plumbers working for wages in a cotton-mill under the Gompers plan would belong to the plumbers' union, not to the factory union, and plumbers' local and international unions all over the country would in a conflict support those six plumbers. There is still room for argument as to whether this is the best method of labor organization or not, but, at all events, under Gompers it was marvelously extended; and through the National meetings of all the trade unions as parts of the American Federation of Labor the possibilities of mutual support and mutual action were almost unlimited.

Gompers was a democrat, philosophically and politically speaking. He had no leanings toward Anarchism or Communism, and little, if any, toward Socialism. He despised and hated Bolshevism probably as much as any man in this country, and he rigidly repressed so far as he could the progress of Bolshevism among American workmen. He gave his best effort and his enormous influence toward upholding the idea of American democracy in the war time, and his last words, it is reported, were an invocation of God's blessing on American institutions, that they might grow better day by day. In political matters he was opposed to autocracy, but in the realm of industry he was something of an autocrat personally and he was perfectly ready to have organized labor act autocratically. He did not believe in a Labor Party such as exists in England.

His energy was extraordinary. He traveled many thousands of miles every year; he spoke to his followers almost daily. He was constantly engaged in public activities. He was instrumental, in some cases chiefly instrumental, in securing the passage of eight-hour laws and other laws fixing hours of labor, workmen's compensation laws, Federal and State, the Federal law excepting labor unions from the category of organizations that might be prosecuted for restraint of trade, the Federal law regulating the power of the courts to punish for contempt of court, the law creating the Department of Labor in the Federal Government; the various laws creating Labor Day as a holiday, and other labor laws.

There can be no question that the condition of workmen in America has improved immensely during the forty-one years of Gompers's control of their councils. It does not follow, however, that what may have been profitable to the workmen collectively in the past will or should be profitable in the future. Gompers all his life and up to his death was in that stage of economic thought that regards labor and capital as strenuous opponents, fighting each for its own advantage. He looked upon threats of strikes as most of us look upon military preparedness—that is, readiness to fight when not to fight means defeat and disgrace. As a matter of fact, he discouraged strikes unless in his judgment there was some great necessity, and he was wont to boast that only a small proportion of actual strikes were authorized by the Federation—for instance, at one time after the end of the World War he showed that out of three hundred strikes in the United States only sixty-two were authorized by the Federation. Often, while the Federation could not prevent "outlaw strikes," it could in the end bring the outlaws to reason. A notable instance of his opposition to unwise strikes was seen when he condemned the pressmen's strike in New York City in 1923 as "an awful blunder."

Samuel Gompers was firm to the verge of obstinacy. His power as a speaker was derived from his keen reasoning and forcible statement. There were any number of attempts to displace him from his leadership, but all failed. His idea

of labor co-operation was directly opposed to the plan for the so-called One Big Union; for he laid emphasis always on the word "trade" in "trade unions." In the combination of alliances between trade unions he found a method of organization which could be carried to the extreme limit. The very fact that by this federal union enormous power was left in the hands of leaders of the several unions provided him with the powerful support that was the secret of his own power and the power of the Federation of Labor.

At times Samuel Gompers seemed indifferent to the opinions of the labor men he led. A merely cautious man would never have committed himself as he did during the World War and after to the foreign policies of President Wilson. Most wage-earners were patriotic and loyal Americans when the war was on, but there was an element in labor ranks that was not sympathetic with the aims of the country. Samuel Gompers disregarded the sentiment of such as these. He was no Ramsay MacDonald. And after the war, though few of the rank and file cared much about the League of Nations, Samuel Gompers ranged himself boldly on the side of the supporters of the League. In the recent Presidential campaign he was found, strangely, alongside of the Socialists as a supporter of La Follette. He tried to swing the vote of trade-unionists to La Follette and Wheeler; but he could not control the politics of those whose leader in labor matters he was; and yet after the National election he was chosen again the labor chieftain of those same men. He seemed to know the limits within which he could as an individual act with freedom. Inconsistent as he sometimes seemed to be, in one respect his consistency never faltered—he was always for his organization. Anything that threatened that he fought. Anything that promoted that he supported. He had no magic in his personality. He could not play upon the strings of emotion in his followers. But he believed in his organization, understood it, and mastered it. He was a leader because he could lead.

Samuel Gompers has passed away at a time when trade-unionism is about to undergo a new scrutiny. The very power which Samuel Gompers helped to bring to the trade union has raised a new problem for government. Samuel Gompers's successor will have to guide the Federation of Labor at a time when the people of the land are about ready to make clear to labor leaders, as they have made clear to capitalists, that they will not long tolerate any combination which throttles business or deprives citizens of things necessary to them.

Good Will and the Navy

AN editorial article in one of Japan's more influential newspapers, commonly considered not of the more sensational sort, has disturbed some people in this country. Briefly, it interprets the forthcoming maneuvers of the American Navy in the Pacific as "not timely." It assumes that the fleet intends to visit Australia, New Zealand, and then go to the Philippines. It declares that "if the United States fleet should proceed from Australia and New Zealand to the Philippines it may justly be looked upon as a bellicose action;" and it even asserts that the cruise of the American fleet to the Hawaiian Islands "in fighting trim will make the breaking out of war inevitable."

This sort of reckless statement ought not to be taken too seriously. It does not represent, we are convinced, any feeling or opinion in the Japanese Government. It was evidently produced for home consumption. If there is any official inspiration in it, it is for the sake of appropriations. Even in the United States this method of arousing public interest in naval appropriations has not been unknown. Those in Japan who have resorted to such means have employed the British Singapore base as an argument. When that argument failed because the British Labor Party abandoned the project, Japanese of a demagogic turn of mind had to switch to something else, and the United States came in for its turn. Now that the Baldwin Government has revived the Singapore project, Japanese newspapers may forget the American maneuvers.

It would be a fatal mistake for public opinion in this country to bring pressure upon our Government to swerve from its plans on account of any such irresponsible talk. Maneuvers are essential for keeping a navy in trim. Only recently, it is reported, Japan completed maneuvers, or naval war games, which everybody perfectly well understood were based on the idea of attacking the American Navy in the Philippines or on the open Pacific. This, our naval men say, was perfectly proper. The plan for the maneuvers for the American fleet in the Pacific were completed and announced nearly two years ago. It is understood that the fleet will go to Hawaii, and then to Australia. So far as we know, it was never intended that the fleet should go to the Philippines. If the Japanese editorial referred to represents any widespread Japanese opinion, it might be well for the fleet to go to the Philippines as a demonstration that American naval power is consistent with the best of good will toward our friends the Japanese.

A Household Pest in Ten Letters

SOME ancients go back to the 15 puzzle of forty or fifty years ago. Others, for a parallel, cite the days of the early '90's, when whole families sat about the evening lamp trying to induce the Pigs in Clover, and allied and associated animals, to roll into their little pens and stay there. At all events, the cross-word puzzles have swept over the land like a tidal wave. Commuters on the trains, nurses in the parks, theater goers between the acts, are seen tapping their teeth with pencils, looking up at the ceiling; and trying to recall a word in nine letters meaning "of the character and appearance of a hammer-headed shark and, I think, it begins with G." The Grand Duchess Cyril hardly lands on these shores before somebody has led her into the game. A grave social historian, who is at work upon a history of our own times, is known to be trying to discover who started the amusement. Flocks of yaks, emus, ibises, rocs, dodos, and jabberwocks flutter overhead in the living-rooms of every American home, and the facts that Eire is a synonym for Ireland and that March 15 was once known as the Ides are becoming impressed upon our National consciousness. An erudite devotee of the Greek classics entered our office but yesterday with the solemn complaint: "I do wish they would find something new for 'water-animals' besides 'otters.' I am sick of otters!"

Those who have fallen for the sport are divided into the old veterans who have been at it for two or three years and have a shelf-full of puzzle books all smeared with pencil marks and erasures

and the neophytes. Outside stand the scoffers, who merely pity the lunacy of the victims. It is declared to be an educational game, and as useful in enlarging the vocabulary as the daily dozen in reducing the waist-line. That it is a more intellectual pastime than Pigs in Clover can scarcely be denied. The dictionary makers and dealers are not at all displeased by this social phenomenon, and some observers have asserted that a new and luxuriant crop of grass and flowers has recently sprung up on the grave of Noah Webster. (Noah! by George! that's the very word we were looking for: an ancient sailor in four letters!) Only this morning our favorite trolley-car conductor greeted us with: "The *tram* is going to start!" And we knew that he had solved: "British term for street car in four letters."

The makers of puzzles are not impeccable. We confess that we are growing weary of "printers' measures," even when they come in the hitherto novel form of "ens." And only blood would have satisfied us recently when "farewell in Latin" turned out to be its exact opposite: "Ave." But time presses; the noon papers will soon be out, and we are still sticking over an absolutely essential word meaning: "A duck-legged animal of Tierra del Fuego, ending in Q."

Christmas

BY common consent Christendom is again celebrating at this time the coming of a life into the world. Nearly two thousand years ago a child was humbly born, and to-day there is no land in all the earth where men, women, and children do not recall his birth with homage and cheer. Customs once observed at other winter festivals have become attached to this birthday feast. For this season are reserved the stateliest rituals, the happiest family gatherings, the most sparkling tokens of rejoicing.

And yet the man whose birth is celebrated in cathedrals was not an ecclesiastic, but a teacher who gathered his hearers on the shore of a lake or on the hillside. The man whose birth is celebrated at the family table had no place of his own where to lay his head. The man whose birth is celebrated by merriment was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He never told a follower of his to go to a temple or consult a priest except as a measure of health inspection. He charged those who would follow him to leave their parents and their homes. He called upon his followers to take up the cross, which was at that time the instrument of execution for criminals. If Christmas were not so familiar to us, it might well seem the strangest, most inexplicable of holidays.

It is not, however, inexplicable. The reason for the worship, for the family gathering, for the rejoicing is to be found in the purpose and achievement of that life. In the celebration of Christmas is expressed the response of men to what he came to do.

We do not need to go to others to find out what that was. He has told us himself.

When he stood before the Roman Governor who was to send him to execution, he declared the meaning of his birth. "To this end was I born," said he, "and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." And if we seek to know how he bore witness to the truth we can find the answer given again and given in his own words. His first public statement was a statement of the purpose of his life—to announce good news to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to captives, and the recovery of sight to the blind, to free the bruised, to announce a welcome era. And between that first announcement and his declaration at the verge of death he repeated the explanation of his purpose in differing forms, that no one might mistake him. He had come to serve, and to give his life, in establishing justice as an order of life, rescuing the lost, bringing to people a more abundant life, and giving them a weapon against evil and wrong.

It is not, then, strange that people should rejoice when they think of his coming to the world. Every Christmas is a testimony to the fact that in all ages he has been achieving the purpose of his life. Under the power of that life, poverty has been relieved and more and more banished, the broken-hearted have found comfort, slavery has been abolished, the blind are no longer helpless, justice has become the object of government, the resources of the world have been brought under the control of men for a more abundant life, and might has been shifting from the hands of the oppressor and the tyrant to those who can and will use it for the maintenance of liberty of body, mind, and spirit.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

A "Real Old-Fashioned Christmas"

By HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

SOME years ago, I remember, the meteorological correspondent of the London "Times" attempted an act of vandalism. It can be called no less. He tried to show by diving into Howard's "Climate of London" that the real old-fashioned Christmas, the Christmas of Dickens and Washington Irving, with its frost and its snow and its settled winter glory, was little more than a myth. A parallel of the "greenest" Christmas of these latter years could, he said in effect, be found in the midst of the most old-fashioned times.

He chose as a test case the year 1830, the year which saw the historic gatherings of the Pickwickians at Dingley Dell. Here was carrying war into the enemy's camp indeed. What did he find? Well, he found from Howard's "Climate of London" that the Christmas of that year was just as Dickens described it. "Hard frost on the 24th; hard frost on the 25th; hard frost on the 26th, with snow on Christmas Eve." But, lest any one should be tempted to say, as many surely were, "I told you so!" he went on to explain that the weather immediately before and immediately after was mild and green enough to fit in with the most modern experience. "Such, then," he says, with the air of one who has proved his point, "is the real old-fashioned Christmas of Dickens reduced to figures—a brief cold snap lasting just a week. There have been several similar periods in London during recent years, although none of them has chanced to synchronize with Christmas."

Well, that is, of course, mere perversity, perversity on the part of the meteorological correspondent, failing to

appreciate the perversity of the modern climate. In the real old-fashioned days such weather did synchronize with Christmas. The Dingley Dell Christmas was no exceptional Christmas. Your true believer in the true Dickens tradition is convinced that the joyful picture there presented—the stage-coach rumbling through the streets, jolting over the cobblestones, and at length reaching the wide-open country, "skimming over the hard frosty ground"—might be said to represent an annual occurrence. The road stretching on ahead, "compact and dry as a solid block of marble," the "clear cold air," the "blazing log fires," were not the mere trappings of a "cold snap" which found itself synchronizing with Christmas. At any rate, your true believer in the real old-fashioned Christmas would never have it so.

Moreover, is not the temptation to agree with him, the "Times" meteorological correspondent notwithstanding, overwhelming? The glamour of it all sweeps down upon us, and, after feeble protest, we surrender, and enter into the "warmth of the firelight." What a wonderful scene it is, to be sure. The "best sitting-room at Manor Farm;" the carpet up; the candles burning brightly; the fire blazing and crackling on the hearth; merry voices, light-hearted laughter, and Mr. Pickwick in silk stockings. "And why not, sir—why not?" Within, a dancing blaze from the fire sends forth a deep red glow which lights up the farthest corner of the room, and without,

" 'How it snows!' said one of the men in a low tone.

" 'Snows, does it?' said Wardle.

" 'Rough, cold night, sir,' replied the man; 'and there's a wind got up that drifts it across the fields in a thick white cloud!' "

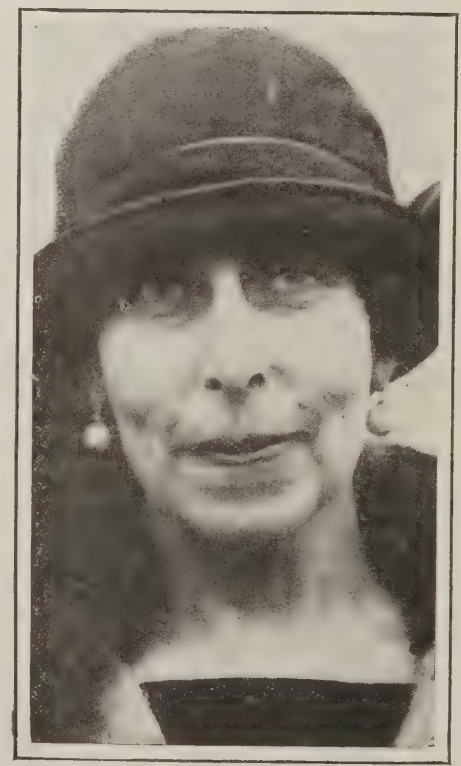
There it is, the real old-fashioned Christmas in the country, and if one wants to see what it is like in the city, what a real old-fashioned Christmas Eve was like in London, one turns again, almost instinctively, to Dickens, to "The Christmas Carol." How one sees and feels it all! A grand "London pertickler;" the City clocks only just gone three, but dark already; foggier yet and colder; candles in office windows like "ruddy smears" on palpable brown air. And yet withal it is a cheerful scene. See how that great fire in a brazier at the street corner lights up the group around it! How bright is the brightness of the shops "where holly sprigs and berries crackle in the lamp heat!" And if there is a Scrooge growling through and at it all, his gait a protest and his greatcoat buttoned tightly up to the chin, is there not just as surely a Bob Cratchit, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist, going down a slide on Cornhill at the end of a line of boys, twenty times in honor of its being Christmas Eve?

And then next day—Christmas Day—is it not always, in the words of Mr. Pickwick, "A splendid morning, gentlemen"? "Severe weather," perhaps, "water in the wash-hand basin a mask of ice, sir," but still a splendid morning. So Mr. Pickwick found it, and so also, most surely, did Scrooge, the regenerated Scrooge of Scrooge and Marley, find it. So, most surely, must we all find it; "no fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring cold; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious! Glorious!" Yes, Mr. Pickwick is right. The real old-fashioned Christmas is the Christmas of all the centuries, always and ever a "splendid morning, gentlemen."

The Grand Duchess Cyril

By P. W. Wilson

IT is, perhaps, a circumstance worth notice that, pending the coronation of her husband as Czar of Russia, the Grand Duchess Cyril should have set up her court *ad interim* with the Monday Opera Club of New York. If at the moment you happen to be a sovereign in exile, there is a certain comfort in receiving no fewer than precisely "Four Hundred" curtsies, indicating a loyal allegiance on the part of an aristocracy which may be republican and even—in the case of Mr. Lansing—Democratic, but is on that account none the less gracious, wealthy, and exclusive. The care with which the illustrious lady was guarded by the police as she was driven from her liner to her White Palaces on Fifth Avenue must have seemed almost like old times; and the precautions taken for her safety are a foretaste of what would be her environment in Russia if the gods were ever to grant her passionate prayer for a crown. The fact that at Washington there was a persistent demand for the recognition of the Grand Duchess by the Administration and for her reception in the Presidential Room at the Union Station suggests that some inquiry should be made as to her credentials as Czarina.



International

The Grand Duchess Cyril, a visitor to the United States

A restoration of the Romanoffs is not impossible. Indeed, it would be in line with history. The Bourbons and the Bonapartes were in turn, both of them, restored to France. And for a time the Stuarts were restored to England. But a dynasty once dispossessed is never again secure. It would be on the swing of the pendulum only that the Romanoffs would come back, if at all, and the next swing of the pendulum would be against them. Autocracy can never again solve the problem of "All the Russias."

Throughout Europe the Russian royalists are to-day most active. Broadly, their case is that there has been another failure of Russia's food supply; that the farmers are furious over the Bolshevist custom of commandeering crops without adequate payment; that the treasury is bankrupt; and that the loan by England has failed, while there is little hope of a loan from France. The Red Army contains hundreds of White officers; and if hitherto it has been loyal, the reason is that the troops have been well clothed, well fed, and well paid. Any breakdown

in the commissariat of the Red Army would result, so it is argued, in a mutinous disposition; and already it is reported that the Red Army stands solidly behind Trotsky in his struggle with Zinoviev and the logical Communists. That Trotsky reads all that he can find written about the rise of Napoleon is also a significant fact.

Russia, too, is conscious of isolation. It was Karl Marx himself who said that without Britain the proletariat upheaval would be a storm in a teacup. There never was a chance of winning Britain for Bolshevism, but while there was a Labor Government in power there was hope. The British elections meant that even the most ignorant Bolshevist has had to write Britain off his map. Turkey too has bitterly disappointed Moscow by deciding to join the League of Nations, and Germany also is going on pilgrimage to Geneva. Moreover, it is stated that during his visits to Paris and Rome Austen Chamberlain, Britain's Foreign Secretary, has discussed measures for counteracting "Red" propaganda; all of which means that Russia has failed to convert Europe. She is active in the Far East. She seeks to disturb the Moslem world. Otherwise, she stands alone.

But does this mean that Russia will send for the Romanoffs? At the moment the Romanoffs are no happier as a family than are the Bolshevists. To begin with, there is the Dowager Empress Marie, mother of the Czar Nicholas II, who with his family was reported killed at Ekaterinburg. She is, of course, sister to Queen Alexandra of Britain, who recently celebrated her eightieth birthday. These sisters were born princesses in the modest court of Denmark, which also furnished a royal family for Greece. And, after a life of vicissitude, it is in Denmark that the Empress Marie has found her final asylum.

What a life has been hers! The signal for her accession in 1883, over forty years ago, was a bomb that blew up the Czar Alexander II, liberator of the Russian serfs, as he rode in his carriage. The Czar Alexander III, with the Empress Marie, was then crowned in the Kremlin amid scenes of indescribable magnificence. And here there is a curious fact to be mentioned. Anti-clericalism in the Soviets has stripped the churches of their sacred and jeweled icons, but the regalia of the Romanoffs remains intact, and has been photographed and inspected by press correspondents, whose descriptions have been published throughout the world. It is the lure of these barbaric diadems which fascinates the Grand Duchess Cyril. To enter the fierce limelight that beats upon a throne is the



(C) Keystone

The Grand Duke Cyril, pretender to the Russian throne

ambition of this lady. She has a boy, the Prince Vladimir, eight years old, whom she sees as successor to her husband. And there are two daughters, the Princesses Marie and Kyra, aged respectively eighteen and sixteen years, whose matrimonial prospects depend upon the royalist revival.

About the venerable Dowager Empress Marie there is this difficulty. The old lady stoutly denies that her son, the Czar Nicholas, has ever been killed by the Bolshevists, whether at Ekaterinburg or anywhere else. And, taking a considerable theological risk, she forbids his loyal subjects to recite prayers for the repose of his soul. According to the Empress Marie, therefore, who while she lives must be respected as the head of the Romanoff family, there is as yet no vacancy on the throne of all the Russias. What the royalists should do is to discover where their Czar is imprisoned in durance vile and to liberate him. And in the meantime the Grand Duke Cyril —one must add, the Grand Duchess— is not only a pretender but a usurper. In the course of nature, the Empress Marie will join her ancestors, but she comes of a long-lived stock, and is only seventy-seven years old. For some time, therefore, her convictions or her delusions, however you regard them, may be used by the Grand Duke Cyril's critics as a stumbling block to his ambitions.

Assuming the late Czar's death, the next heir was clearly his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, who, after the abdication of Nicholas, was for a day named Czar. Staying too trustfully in Russia, he was killed by the Bolshevists at Perm. He has, however, a sister, the Grand Duchess Xenia Alexandrovna, who was married to her cousin, the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, and, according to British succession, at any rate, it is their son, Prince Andrew, who is to-day Czar of Russia. He is in the same position as the Princess Mary's son, "Master Lascelles," would be if the Prince of Wales and all his brothers had died without issue. He is actual nephew to the last reigning sovereign.

When, however, a royal family is exiled and a lost throne has to be regained, the strict rules of primogeniture are apt to be set aside. It might be objected to the Prince Andrew that he claims the throne through his mother, while the Grand Duke Cyril's descent is throughout masculine. He is the eldest son of the late Czar's eldest uncle, which should be good enough.

Also, in so delicate a rivalry, the wife of the claimant may turn the scale. According to the "Almanac de Gotha," Prince Andrew married a divorced lady called Elizabeth Fabrizievna, ten years older than himself. But the Grand Duchess Cyril, now visiting the United States, is the last word in pedigree. In 1874 London and St. Petersburg turned night into day. Fêtes and illuminations announced the marriage of Queen Victoria's son, the Duke of Edinburgh, with the only daughter of the Czar Alexander II—the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna. It is the granddaughter of these Majesties who has alighted in New York.

The College of Grand Dukes in Russia was before the Revolution a powerful and, as a rule, a reactionary body. Doubtless the monk Rasputin was a thorough-paced scoundrel, but, even so, his murder at the Palace of Prince Youssopof makes a prettier story, especially with the usual embellishments, for a Sunday Supplement than for a Sunday school. Among the grand dukes it cannot be said that Cyril earned for himself an enviable reputation. He was, and is, unpopular. As an officer in the Russian navy he served on the Petrapovlovsk, the flagship of Admiral Makaroff at Port Arthur. The ship was sunk. Only thirty of the crew out of six hundred were saved, and among them was Cyril. A newspaper in Moscow boldly remarked: "Russia has suffered two great disasters; Admiral Makaroff has been drowned and the Grand Duke Cyril has been rescued." And that was when the Czardom censored the press. About Cyril's reputation there is really no secret. When Captain George Djamjaroff, the secretary of the Grand Duchess, was questioned on the matter by correspon-

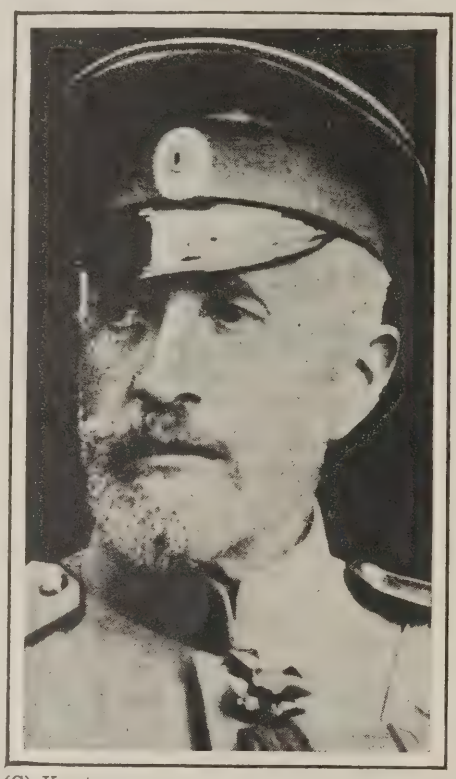
dents in New York, he shrugged his shoulders and answered, "Grand dukes will be grand dukes, you know."

The Grand Duchess, too, has not entirely escaped criticism. As the granddaughter of Queen Victoria and of the Czar Alexander II, she was married in the good old royal fashion to the Grand Duke of Hesse, her first cousin, and son of Princess Alice. Now Hesse was the home of the late ill-fated Czarina, and the Grand Duke was her brother. Hence the bitter quarrel that broke out when the Grand Duke and his Grand Duchess were separated by a divorce. Those were days when royalty was unshaken, when marriages were carefully arranged for the best interests of all concerned. And if there was incompatibility the wife, at any rate, was expected to make the best of it. The Grand Duchess was thus severely disapproved.

It was, however, when she completed her divorce, as it were, by a further marriage with the Grand Duke Cyril that the storm broke. Her irate ex-sister-in-law, the Czarina, persuaded the Czar to exile the pair from Court, and Cyril is thus one of the few personalities who has been equally unwelcome in Russia whether under a Soviet or under a Czar. A reconciliation was doubtless effected before the end of all things came. But the Empress Marie has so far remembered past years as to issue a manifesto in the United States, repudiating Cyril's claims to be Czar and mentioning the dread word "orthodoxy." And her edict is indorsed by the most eminent and venerable of the active Romanoffs, the Grand Duke Nicholas, who commanded Russian armies in the War and now leads the exiled royalists in Paris.

Nicholas is a Romanoff, but he is also a statesman. He recognizes that the future of Russia cannot be determined by obscure intrigues, whether at Coburg or in the Monday Opera Club of New York. If the Romanoffs are to return to their palaces, the Russians must issue the invitation; and, in the opinion of Nicholas, the revived monarchy must be constitutional, with a duma and some form of federal autonomy for the provinces. Such an experiment would fulfill the hopes of the Czar Alexander II and his grandson Nicholas, both of whom were liberal at heart and both of whom met a violent death.

Despite the belief of the Empress Marie that her son is alive, it is stated that "somewhere in France" the Russian royalists are holding the veritable ashes of the "martyred" Nicholas and his family, which at a restoration will be produced as sacred relics, venerated with the reverence once paid to handkerchiefs which had been dipped in the blood dripping from the scaffold of King Charles I. Russia is mystical; and it is only in that country of Europe that we could expect to see a struggle for sovereignty between the burned bones of "the Little Father" and the embalmed skin of Lenine exposed in the great square of Moscow at a carefully regulated temperature. An even more daring design is a subject of hints. A reunion between the Roman and Orthodox Churches is



(C) Keystone

The Grand Duke Nicholas, "the most eminent of the Romanoffs," and former head of the Russian armies

earnestly desired by the Vatican. The Roman Jubilee is declared for the year 1925. What if an ecclesiastical peace were to be sealed by the canonization of Nicholas and his Czarina?

In the meantime, Cyril, anticipating any decision by the Russian people—for which the Grand Duke Nicholas wisely waits—has declared himself Czar and set up a curious little Court at Coburg in Germany. The idea that Coburg has anything to do with Bavaria is, of course, a mistake; Coburg is the capital of what the "Almanac de Gotha" calls the Maison de Saxe-Coburg-et-Gotha, a sovereign duchy which furnished Rumania and Belgium with kings and Britain with that Prince Consort whom Tennyson described as "the noble father of our kings to be." Of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Duke of Edinburgh was sovereign. It was at Rosenau, near Coburg, that he died. And with that castle and the swans on the lake in the park the Grand Duchess Cyril has been familiar from the days of her girlhood. Until he abdicated, her cousin was Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha—a prince who rejoices in the names of Leopold Charles Edward George Albert, Duke of Juliers Clève and Berg, of Engern and of Westphalia Landgrave in Thuringia, Margrave of Misnie, princely Count of Henneberg Count of March and Ravensberg, Seigneur of Ravenstein and Tonna—also last but not least, Duke of Albany in Great Britain. Indeed, the British Parliament was compelled to intimate by statute, politely but firmly, that, since this Duke was fighting in the German army, he really must not also sit and vote in the House of Lords—which however, is another story. Enough that the Grand Duchess Cyril has with great adroitness used her prestige as a princess of Coburg to install her husband there as Czar of Russia. The Communists gnash their teeth, but what can they do? You cannot forbid ladies to follow one another around as if they were ladies-in-waiting. And in Bavaria also the Wittelsbachs live exactly as royalty always lives, only unofficially.

Whether Coburg will reconquer Russia is, however, a more serious matter. And here we approach the master-mind which directs the strategy of the Grand Duchess. She has a sister. And that sister is none other than the formidable Queen Marie of Rumania, grandmother of the Balkans. The country over which this Queen's husband rules has the best possible reasons for desiring a change of government in Russia. Rumania is monarchist, and Rumania holds Bessarabia—the Alsace-Lorraine of eastern Europe. If Bolshevism produced a Bonaparte, his first stroke would be a war to recover Bessarabia. Hence the anxiety of the Rumanian Queen for a nice friendly, comfortable family pact with Russia. And Queen Marie of Rumania sometimes gets her way. One of her daughters is Queen of Serbia and another is the exiled Queen of Greece. The third, Ileana, is the cheerful young lady whom the Prince of Wales—when she was offered to him as a bride—once called "a jolly little kid."

What dreams are here! No wonder that the Monday Opera Club of New York is kept busy! Rumania and Russia and Coburg and Britain and Greece and Serbia are all to be united in one domestic bond. Bolshevism is to be shattered. The Pope of Rome and the Patriarch of Constantinople are to be reconciled. It is a game as thrilling perhaps as bridge, as complex as mah jong and as absorbing as a cross-word puzzle. It is chess in which the Queens make the longest moves and the Kings are quiescent. It has its humorous aspect and also its risks.

Children and the Constitution

Staff Correspondence from Washington

By Dixon Merritt

FOR the first time in American history the child is a large figure in National affairs, the storm center f political activity. The Twentieth—if sticks—Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which confers pon Congress the power to regulate the abor of children, is up for ratification by he States. Tremendous forces are orking for ratification; forces at least qually tremendous are working against . The conflict centers in Washington, here the amendment is receiving more onsideration than any pending measure Congress, but it reaches out to all the tates except those five which already ave acted upon it. A single State, rkansas, has ratified. Four States, inuding so typical an Eastern State as Iassachusetts and so typical a Southern tate as Georgia, have declined to ratify. he advocates of ratification start with handicap, but with no lack of determiation.

Ratification of an amendment—a form politics, certainly—makes strange edfellows. Organized farmers and orunized manufacturers, popularly suposed to have little in common, are orking together to defeat the amendent. Organized labor, freshly out of a residential campaign supposed to have en waged jointly with organized farms, constitutes the center of the forces orking for ratification. Working with ganized labor are groups of people who ll themselves humanitarians—some hers call them sentimentalists. It is id, too, that certain Governmental rces—those who desire to build up a eat bureau for work with children and ssibly to combine it with the Bureau of ducation—are giving such aid and comrt as their legal limitations will permit the open advocates of ratification.

Most of the State Legislatures meet uring the coming year. They may act on the amendment or they may not. essure will be brought upon all of them act—and counter-pressure will be aped to have them act unfavorably.

MOST men and practically all women know the arguments for the Child bor Amendment. The arguments ainst it—and there are legitimate arguents on that side—are less well known, d therefore, perhaps, entitled to review. Perhaps the most generally used argunt is that no such amendment is eded, that regulation of labor is properly a matter of State action, that all except two of the States have enacted fairly adequate child labor laws, and that all States have compulsory school attendance laws.

Another generally used argument is that, if the amendment is ratified and an enforcement law passed by Congress, the United States will have on its hands another prohibition law more difficult to enforce than is the one which prohibits the manufacture and sale of liquor. It is said, too, that this amendment, with the necessary enforcement law, would make it possible for a Federal bureau at Washington to enter the homes and substitute its authority for that of the fathers and mothers, that Federal espionage of the work of boys and girls, particularly of farm boys and girls, would be intolerable. Congress, it is said, cannot be trusted to legislate wisely under the blanket authority conferred by the proposed amendment. The amendment, in the nature of it, is said to substitute the Socialistic theory that the citizen belongs to the state for the American principle that the state is the creature of the citizen.

It is charged that the amendment is promoted principally by the ambition of some bureaucrats in Washington who see an opportunity to extend their authority. If the amendment is ratified by three-fourths of the States, and any sort of law for its enforcement passed, it is said that bureau rules and regulations could, without any further action of Congress, prevent boys and girls under eighteen years of age from doing any kind of work. The farm boy seventeen years old could not during vacation ride the horse to rake the hay; the farm girl seventeen years old could not help with the canning during vacation, could not can fruits or raise chickens on her own account. All that the Federal Government has done through years of work by the Department of Agriculture would be thrown away, and complete idleness while out of school would be forced upon all young people up to the age of eighteen years.

Most of these things are, of course, extreme possibilities; but they are possibilities, none the less. Advocates of the amendment assert that regulation under the amendment will not be strictly applied to farm boys and girls. The opponents of the amendment retort that its advocates have steadfastly refused to exempt farm boys and girls from its provisions, and that what they refused to do when they had no legal authority they probably will not do voluntarily when the amendment is ratified and the enforcement law passed.

OUT of the fight over the Child Labor Amendment will probably grow a movement to amend the method of amending the Constitution. As the Constitution now is, no State can finally reject an amendment. A State may ratify, and that action is final. That State may not later rescind its action. Another State may refuse to ratify, but it does not by that action reject the amendment. Any future Legislature, or the same Legislature at a later session, or even on a later day of the same session, may ratify.

This situation, it is asserted, gives an unfair advantage to the advocates of an amendment—not this amendment only, but any amendment that may ever be proposed. The question of ratification comes on. Its advocates and its opponents exert themselves to put the facts before State Legislatures. The opponents triumph—more than one-fourth of the States refuse to ratify. Still, the opponents of the amendment have not defeated it. Its advocates may concentrate their efforts next year in a particular State, the year after that in another State, and so, by single-shot action through a term of years, secure ratification by the necessary number of States, though any number of those States may previously have voted against the amendment. Here, it is contended, is a rule which works only one way; no State may reconsider and reverse its action of ratification; any State may consider and reverse its action of rejection.

There is no time limit upon ratification of any amendment. Two or three States might now, it is pointed out, ratify amendments proposed before the Civil War, forgotten by practically everybody alive, and make them parts of the Constitution of the United States, though the States which ratified them seventy years ago might have—almost certainly would have—a different opinion now as to the need for such amendments; they could not rescind the action taken by a Legislature which represented the grandfathers of the generation now living.

Some means should be provided, it is

asserted, by which rejection would be final, or, if not that, a State which has voted for ratification ought to have the right to change its mind. In any event, the contention is that there should be a definite limit upon the time within which a proposed amendment must be ratified.

The next proposal to amend the Constitution is likely to be in the nature of an amendment to the amendment machinery.

The Battle of Geneva in the Opium War

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

THIRTY-SIX nations are represented in this room. Their delegates have come here to take measures to prevent the abuse of opium and other habit-forming drugs. One would think that a clear atmosphere might be desirable for clear thinking on this subject. But tobacco-smoking seems to be as welcome here as opium-smoking is deplored. Cigars, cigarettes, and pipes—especially pipes!—are in full blast all over the place. As the sessions I have attended at this conference have lasted about four and one-half hours each, one can fancy what the air is like at the close. I am a smoker myself, but I don't smoke the whole time. Apparently these people do.

Not all of the thirty-six nations represented here belong to the League of Nations; for instance, Turkey, Germany, and our own nation.

Our delegation consists of the Hon. Stephen G. Porter, Chairman of the House of Representatives' Foreign Relations Committee; the Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western New York; Assistant Surgeon-General Rupert Blue, of the United States Public Health Service; Mr. Edwin L. Neville, of the Department of State; and Mrs. Hamilton Wright, also of the Department of State, and the first woman, so far as I know, ever empowered to sign a treaty.

They and the delegates from other nations are here to regulate the use of opium (the coagulated juice of the opium-producing poppy); of morphia, codeine, and heroin, obtained from it; also of cocaine, obtained from coca leaves. Raw opium is produced in India, China, Persia, Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria, and Jugoslavia. Coca leaves come from Java, Peru, and Bolivia. Ten times as much of these drugs is produced as is required for medicinal or scientific purposes.

Carrying an Outpost

AFTER a fortnight's wrangling, our delegation has had a victory. Actually, it has now obtained the Conference's permission to register its proposition on the agenda! Ten of the opium and cocaine producing or manufacturing countries—India, Holland, Bolivia, France, Portugal, Jugoslavia, Greece, Great Britain, Austria, Turkey—were ranged in opposition. At the final roll-call, India voted "no;" the rest abstained from voting. They were all outvoted by the "yes" of the twenty-six other nations. There is joy in the American camp. But let us have a care. Our opponents expect to wear us out by attrition. They gave no notion of abandoning their government revenues, nor have the profiteers any notion of abandoning theirs.

And what are our propositions?

The use of the products of raw opium and of coca leaves for other than medicinal and scientific purposes, we declare, is an abuse; to prevent this abuse, production, we assert, must be controlled, so that no surplus will be available for non-medicinal and non-scientific purposes.

How is this control to be obtained? One way would be by a central board, whose expenses would be divided among the states involved, proportionately to their total exports and imports of opium and coca. The board would meet once a year to receive reports on the various states and to adjust the problems of supply and demand, the contracting parties having limited the number of towns, ports, and localities through which drug exports and imports shall be permitted; separate export and import licenses being required and each nation involved prohibiting any vessels under its flag from carrying drugs unless an official copy of the license accompanies the shipment; no shipment to go to any destination not mentioned in the license. Moreover, the transportation of these drugs through the territory of a nation would be prohibited unless the contents and destination of the shipment be revealed; in the case of territory whose government is not a party to the agreement, the central board would have power even to regulate the amount to be exported to such territory as necessary to medicinal and scientific purposes.

A convention or treaty formed along these lines would come into force among the contracting parties who have ratified it as soon as ratified by four of those contracting parties.

The main objection to such a system is that it would remain without practical result as long as the convention on which it rests is not unanimously accepted. Non-signatory countries, continuing to import drugs without restriction, would naturally become contraband centers. From them a clandestine exportation would provide the world with habit-forming drugs. The very smallness of their bulk renders detection difficult in their transportation and sale. Their large commercial value and the great financial gains in handling them will always induce the unscrupulous to illicit enterprise.

The Beginning of the War

TWENTY years ago my brother-in-law, Dr. Hamilton Wright, a specialist in tropical diseases, told me about what he had observed during his sojourns in the Far East, particularly about the pitiful condition of millions of the Chinese, slaves to a drug habit accentuated after the opium wars with England. Many Chinese longed to break away from the use of opium and from that new form of the opium vice, morphine, but they could not. These drugs had destroyed their will power. Dr. Wright wanted to help these impotent strugglers. He finally concluded that the only way was to make it impossible for them to get opium; as he said to me, "No real progress can be made until we control the source of supply."

This conviction was strengthened by what Dr. Wright had seen in the Philippines. Large numbers of the Chinese there were confirmed opium smokers, and the vice was spreading to the native population. Until the establishment of civil government (1901) in the islands, no organized attempt had been made to control opium importation. In 1903 the Philippine Commission, in its consideration of a bill to this end, saw that it must investigate the traffic in opium throughout the Orient. That investigation brought it to Dr. Wright's conclusion, the necessity of reducing and finally

prohibiting the use of opium save for medicinal and scientific purposes. Early in 1905 Congress provided for the prohibition, three years thereafter, of opium imports save for these purposes.

In 1906 Bishop Brent, of the Philippine Islands (now of the diocese of Western New York), wrote to President Roosevelt, saying that the problem was of sufficient merit "to warrant an endeavor to secure international action, . . . to promote some movement that would gather in its embrace representatives from all countries where the traffic in and use of opium is a matter of moment." Dr. Wright had also become thoroughly convinced that only international control of the problem would be effective.

He once said:

> An evil, such as the opium evil, is never wholly national in incidence; . . . as it appears in one state, it is a concomitant or a reflex of a similar evil in other states, and, therefore, is international in its moral, humanitarian, economic, and diplomatic effect; . . . there must be co-operation of all the states, directly or indirectly interested, before such an evil is mitigated or suppressed.

The Spread of the Menace

THIS opinion was eagerly embraced by missionary and commercial organizations in China. They begged the American Government to take the initiative in lending a helping hand. Bishop Brent's timely letter had received the hearty approval of President Roosevelt, Secretary of State Root, and Secretary of War Taft, the last named having been Governor-General of the Philippines. Mr. Root thereupon began a correspondence with the Powers having possessions in the Far East (Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Holland, Portugal, China, Japan, Siam), and in October, 1907, the President called for a meeting of representatives of these nations with us. Because they were opium-producing countries Persia and Turkey were also invited, and because of their large commercial interests in the Far East, Austria-Hungary and Italy.

This International Commission finally met February 1, 1909, Dr. Wright, Bishop Brent, and Mr. Tenney, of our State Department, representing America. It found that "almost every participating country regarded the use of opium in any form other than for medical purposes a matter for prohibition or for careful regulation." Among other things, it recommended the prevention of opium shipments to any country prohibiting their entry and the application by each government of its pharmacy laws to its subjects in the Chinese Consular districts, concessions, and settlements.

But China herself was waking up. A few months after Bishop Brent's epochal letter the Emperor astonished the world by decreeing that the opium evil should be eradicated throughout the Empire within ten years, beginning January 1, 1907. Then Great Britain, wishing to make amends for the opium wars, entered into an agreement with China, effective January 1, 1908, to reduce the total Indian opium exports by one-tenth for a three-year experimental period, China agreeing to a one-tenth reduction on her production. All this seemed too good to be true. Yet in 1911 the report of Chinese effort was so favorable that Great Britain agreed to go on with the reductions until the Indian export to China should cease in 1917.

Meanwhile the opium evil had long since been found to be no longer a merely Oriental evil. It had made its menacing appearance in our own and other countries. We checked it by our Opium Exclusion Act, approved February 9, 1909, the framing of which had been largely the work of Dr. Wright.

The American Government was now urged to propose an international congress of delegates with plenary powers to give the International Commission's recommendations the force of international law. President Taft made this proposal September 1, 1909. The Conference met at The Hague two years later. Dr. Wright, Bishop Brent, and Henry J. Finger were the American delegates. Twelve Powers were represented—the twelve of the Shanghai Commission except Austria and with the addition of Siam. On January 23, 1912, a convention was signed, providing for the enactment of laws and regulations controlling opium production, limiting the number of treaty ports, etc. A second and a third Hague conference were held in 1913 and 1914 to speed up ratifications.

The War that Yet Remains

THE Hague treaty is now in the custody of the League of Nations. Article XXIII of the League Covenant intrusts the League with general supervision over the execution of agreements with regard to the traffic in opium and other dangerous drugs. Article 295 of the Versailles Treaty declares that "the High Contracting Parties who have not yet signed or who have signed but not yet ratified the Opium Convention, signed at The Hague on January 23, 1912, agree to bring the said Convention into force." By the Lausanne Treaty of last year, Turkey accepted the Opium Convention, making the forty-seventh state to be bound by it.

Despite the Treaty, the narcotic evil continues to be a great menace, the main difficulty, so one of the Dutch delegates told me, being weak governments in China, Siam, Persia, and elsewhere. In China the poppy is grown widely again, because ever since the final burning of the remainder of the opium stock the Central Government has not been strong enough to manage the provinces. In Europe narcotics are being manufactured, far exceeding the medical demands. Everywhere smuggling is going on; for instance, the other day in the port of Boston our customs agents, searching a steamship, found three packages of opium in the soil in which three potted plants were growing.

In taking over the anti-opium work the League Assembly, its lower house, at its first meeting, requested the Council, the upper house, to appoint an Advisory Committee on the opium traffic. The Council thereupon appointed representatives from China, France, Great Britain, India, Japan, Holland, Portugal, and Siam, together with three non-voting assessors, among the latter being Mrs. Hamilton Wright, whose late husband had been a protagonist in the anti-opium crusade; she herself is an expert in the subject. In 1922, on the Assembly's recommendation, the Council urgently invited our Government to be represented at the Commission's forthcoming meeting. President Harding detailed Dr. Blue to this service in a consultative capacity, and for the 1923 meeting sent as delegates Mr. Porter, Bishop Brent, and Dr. Blue, together with Mr. Neville and Mrs. Wright.

This delegation made the same proposal as this year. The Commission approved it, but when presented to the Assembly for final approval the specific words "medicinal and scientific" were struck out, and the general word "legitimate" substituted. In India, Persia, and Turkey it is "legitimate" to sell and transport opium and its derivatives in unrestricted quantities, regardless of the purchaser's ultimate use of them. Of course the Indians claim that their use of opium is certainly not abuse, as it is in China.

Our campaign this year is more strenuous than ever. The opposition tried to show that our proposals really exceeded the competence of the Conference and interfered with the sovereignty and internal affairs of the participating countries. They have been defeated in the first round of the fight. But they are not discouraged. They expect to wear us out by the mere force of attrition. They will stay here a year, if necessary, to win.

Geneva, December 4, 1924.



Courtesy of the Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57th St., New York City

Una Mallorquina (a Majorca lady)

of Old Spain



Courtesy of the Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57th St., New York City

The Adoration of Pepito

THESE examples of the recent work of Maurice Fromkes are from an exhibition of his paintings at the Milch Galleries, New York City. For several years Mr. Fromkes, who is well known as a portrait painter (one of his canvases, a portrait of the Papal Secretary, Merry del Val, hangs in the Vatican), has been studying in Spain, and these virile productions, which seem to have caught the very atmosphere of the Peninsula, are the result of his sojourn there

The Gods in the Street

By JOHN ERSKINE

AFTERNOONS and turning dark
You see their flight through Gramercy Park,
Strangers in a crowding haste,
Silent-footed, pallid-faced.
When the hives of twenty floors
Spill them down and out of doors,
Tired blood and brain released
Grasp at air and hurry East.
Bodies close to bodies clutter
Sidewalks, press you to the gutter;
When that hungry boy went by,
Did you catch his burning eye?
That girl who touched you, the black-dressed,
With the young disturbing breast,
That old man with trembling lips,
Dusty beard and finger-tips—
We'd feel surer if we knew
It's just a meal they're hurrying to;
Such haste and silence—do they go
To something we are not to know?
I'd like to know what sort of light
Made me say his eyes were bright;
What vision or what wrath appeared
Under the prophet and his beard;
Whether beneath that bosom wake
New ecstasy and old heartache—
Whether shall walk this earth once more
Beauty to yearn and perish for.

King Admetus, we learned at school,
Who had his wealth by raising wool,
So many flocks and fertile lands,
Made a prayer for extra hands:
"Over all my world appears
Softness ripening for the shears;
Give me men, and let increase
This fecundity of fleece!"
King Admetus was hearkened to,
And had the sun to help him through:
Apollo, for a wrong he did,
Was sent down, with his glory hid,
To tend the ewes from eve till morn
And help the little lambs get born,
To quench himself a while with men,
Till his godhood grew again.

King Admetus, oh, when you had
Apollo for your shepherd-lad,
Was it not droll of you to keep
A growing god at minding sheep!
Did you give a furtive look
If still he bore the shepherd's crook,
Or if the signs began to show
Of arrows and a golden bow?

Youth Has No Patience with Sham

By KENNETH IRVING BROWN

Denominations that put themselves first and Christianity second, Bible classes that use unfair methods to secure attendance, and congregations that indulge in sensational advertising—they are all finding that the college youth has a keen eye for the weak spots in their armor. Kenneth Irving Brown, who has traveled throughout the United States at the direction of The Outlook to see what religion means to the younger generation, has more good news to give in this article of a religious renaissance

THERE is to-day a persistent demand for competent religious training, such as the Sunday schools have not been able to provide and obviously cannot with the restrictions which are upon them. This demand is coming both from the old and the young. The "Daily Palo Alto" of Stanford University printed an editorial, apropos of the notorious murder case which has since filled our newspapers, voicing this demand. (I quote in part from a reprint in the "Harvard Crimson.")

> If the body and soul are not nurtured and developed apace with the mind, there can be no balance. Without balance, ideals are formed on an uncertain basis and we cannot be sure that atrocities even worse than the one in hand will not be committed more frequently in the future. The leaders of to-morrow must have trained minds, but these minds should not be developed at the expense of a moral sense. Intellects which know nothing of human experiences cannot help being warped and twisted.

We have had of late years our Daily Vacation Bible School as a step in the right direction. More recently at Rochester, New York, has developed the interesting experiment of a daily Bible school to which children in the city public schools may come for a period of instruction which is accepted as regular curriculum training.

Another significant development has been the Schools of Religion within the State universities. The movement is not new, for since 1896 the Missouri Bible College, fathered and fostered by the Christian Church, has offered courses in religious history and literature, which have been accorded credit in the University of Missouri. Likewise at the University of Kansas and the University of Illinois courses are offered by religious foundations which are approved for university credit, whereas in the University of Virginia there is established a chair of religion incorporated in the University and supported by a special endowment bequest.

But within the past three or four years special attention has been given to the problem, with the result that advancement is now being planned along slightly different lines. The next academic year will, in all probability, see the beginning of two great experiments in religious education, the result of long and expert planning.

The Partnership of Science and Religion

WITHIN the next six months there will be opened at Ann Arbor, Michigan, the seat of the University of Michigan, "a scientific school of religion," of a character completely nonsectarian. The maintenance funds for the school have in this case not been sought from the large denominations but from private individuals regardless of denominational affiliation. The school will welcome to its courses members of all faiths; Catholics and Jews are invited to enroll, even as their contributions have been accepted in its establishment.

It is the aim of the Council in charge of the Michigan School of Religion to limit the work of the School for the present to four departments: Religious History and Comparative Religion, Biblical Literature, Missions, and Education. In some cases the School will make use of courses now offered in various departments of the University, and give them with a definitely religious intent, such as is now barred from State-supported university courses. It is planned during the early years of the School to call men of outstanding reputation from their regular appointments on a year's leave of absence, thereby securing the advantage of their experience and advice. The courses of the School will be open to all students at the University of Michigan, and an arrangement is to be made by which regular university credit can be secured for the courses specially offered by the School.

Like Michigan, the State University of Iowa is planning for a School of Religion, to be opened in all probability within another year. But the plans for the two schools differ in interesting details. The school at Iowa City will be headed by a director who will work, in part at least, through the existing faculty, in an attempt to offer courses showing the contribution of the various subjects to religion. For example, I am told that professors in the geology, biology, and physics departments are at present offering courses in the churches on such subjects related to their own particular fields of study. The School of Religion, utilizing these courses and developing others, will gather them together into a unified department. It is the aim of this School to work through and with the churches deriving from them in part their financial support. It is at least a possibility that denominational chairs will later be established. Nor are these plans air castles! Since 1922 slowly but surely they have been developing, and already stand approved by the State Department of Education. No longer are the State Universities of the West to be campuses without religious instruction.

Another evidence of a religious renaissance is the insistent and increasing demand for religious tolerance and cooperation.

An unnamed student at a New England private school, interpreting "A Boy's Religion" in the "Atlantic Monthly" for May, 1924, wrote on the matter of tolerance:

> The boy regards another fellow who belongs to a different denomination in much the same way that he might think of him if he went to another school or college. He has different cheers, a different atmosphere, and slightly different teaching, but he



Student Emblem Night in the People's Church at East Lansing, Michigan—a church in which there are more than a score of denominations on the church roll, all worshiping together

is there for the same purpose, so what he calls himself is of small matter.

To our young people to-day denominational differences mean very little; this is inevitable when young and old are in the main ignorant of the original issues of divisions. The differences which exist to-day—differences of ritual or ceremony or church organization—are considered unimportant. I know of no group to whom denominations mean so little as the college students of America at large. If those preachers who are crying union really believe in their own message, they will find no more sympathetic audience than the Christian students of the colleges.

Divide and Disperse

In one of our great Western State universities, which rests in the shadow of the Rockies, there labor, I am told, six student pastors of six important Protestant denominations, and it is the task of these student pastors to associate the students who have registered a preference for the denomination which they represent with the denominational churches of the vicinity, as well as to minister as occasion provides to their spiritual needs. And so the persuasion of the Methodist student pastor is used to bring men to the Methodist church, and in similar fashion the representatives of the Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian churches labor. But there exists in the congregations of that university town no great love on the part of the town church members for the incoming student members, and the belabored pastor must wrestle with the puzzling dilemma of satisfying both parties. "Why not a college church wherein the college as a unit might worship, without molesting the more conservative elders of the town?" I said to the Baptist student pastor.

"What would become of our denominations?" he replied.

I spoke with one of the great liberal leaders of the Baptist denomination about the religious work in our colleges, and to her I addressed my question, "Is it not true that the Christian church has on the college campus an unexampled opportunity to preach a Christianity undefiled by denominational entanglements, for of all the classes of my acquaintance none cares less for denominations than the college student?"

"But what of your denominational loyalty? If the college student worships in a church which recognizes no denominational alliance during the formative years of college training, will he align himself with the denominational church when he leaves? How is the Baptist denomination to teach Baptist loyalty to college students except through Baptist churches and Baptist student pastors?"

There are times when one wonders if denominations live to advance Christianity, or Christianity to advance the denomination.

The Strength of Union

Against this denominational tendency there is being tried to-day in the town of East Lansing, Michigan, a unique experiment. East Lansing exists for the university in its midst; by a very great majority its townsmen are students at or servants of the Michigan Agricultural College. About 1902, when the community was very young, there was organized by members of the faculty the first church in town, called the People's Church. It recognized no denominational affiliations, and for a series of years it ministered with success to the community. But the Michigan Agricultural College grew, and in proportion East Lansing prospered. Denominational leaders wished for other churches, but those townfolk who had come to love the People's Church refused to recognize the need. The question was asked, Why can not the Methodists and Baptists, as well as other denominations, minister through the People's Church? And in answer an interdenominational church was proposed; leaders were called into conference. For two years there were gatherings and foregatherings in an attempt to arrive at an agreement which should be satisfactory to the ecclesiastical leaders, the lawyers, and the laity of at least four great denominations—the Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists. In 1922 the amalgamation was effected, and there flourishes in East Lansing, Michigan, to-day, an "Interdenominational, Evangelical Christian Church."

I visited it last July and saw the foundations of the great new structure, a religious plant toward which the four denominations contributed twenty-five thousand dollars each, and the People's Church, including land, about two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

Here, in the present building, worship the citizens of East Lansing and the students of the Michigan Agricultural College. On its church boards and committees serve the citizens and the students—students chosen by the college in their annual elections.

Knowing something of the lack of

union within single denominations, I marveled at the leadership which could unify such divergences as were represented here. "What is the secret?" I asked a trustee of the church. This was his answer: "Any one may join our church who will state that he believes in the teachings of Jesus Christ and as far as he is humanly able will abide by them in his life. There are many differences in interpretation of doctrine in our midst, but we put them aside. What we agree on we discuss; what we disagree on we pass over in silence."

Under the direction of Professor R. Bennett Weaver, student pastor in function although not in name, the religious activities of the campus are being brought more and more into connection with the church, and students find in the Interdenominational Church a natural channel for religious expression.

The problem of religious co-operation which has been solved so effectively at East Lansing, Michigan, is one of the perplexing problems of the church and its offsprings to-day. Jealousies and petty rivalries are common human frailties, and co-operation is rendered ineffectual when they are present.

I visited recently a mid-Western city which houses several schools and colleges of importance. The relations between the schools are generally friendly, and the religious lines of the town are drawn not according to school but according to denomination. Each of the large denominations has a carefully organized work for the students, and to an observer judging by enrollments and organizations the situation is most advantageous. But on closer investigation I learned that there was among the student congregations and Bible classes rivalry which was more than friendly competition. On more than one occasion I was told, "Now I don't want to be quoted on this, but —— Bible class is using unfair means to secure a large attendance, and —— student congregation indulges in sensational advertising. Of course I wouldn't say anything, but it isn't fair." And soon I found myself in the midst of a silent warfare wherein the weapon was backbiting. I found no evidence of any attempt on the part of the trained leaders (all belonging to the older generation) to arrive at any reconciliation or truce among the groups. And I fell to wondering if the situation was quite as healthy as I supposed it to be.

Then I met a remarkable young man, a student at one of the colleges, who, by calling together officers of the several important groups, of his own initiative had organized a Students' Religious Union. Under his leadership a constitution was drawn up and accepted, with this expressed aim for the Union: "To make possible, through a fine spirit of Christian co-operation, a united front of religious elements in regard to those problems which are fundamental to us all."

The Union has been in existence only one year, and there is inevitably much for it to do. Its organizer and leader told me of his plans for the coming year, plans for a common welcome to new students, a series of non-competitive social events, and a common dealing with campus problems. And then he said: "But the Union has a bigger task than any of these. Among certain of our organizations there is friction. —— Bible class is using what appears to be unfair means to secure a large attendance, and —— student congregation indulges in sensational advertising. As soon as the new year starts our executive committee will go to the leaders of those groups and ask them to change certain of their ways. We want to co-operate with them in their large attendance and methods of advertising, but we want to do it for the advantage of all concerned."

That was youth's way of dealing with a vexing problem. Youth may not always be right, but when it shows such insight and courage it deserves a helping hand as well as a round of applause.

Linkenville Gets a Boom

By George Witten

The town that clamored for better railroad service becomes easy pickings for a crook

REYNARD FULLER sat in a dingy downtown office of the city and read studiously through a pile of country newspapers. Fuller loved the country towns of America and always was keenly interested in what they were doing, or trying to do. Country towns are ambitious. They are like young Americans, full of hopes and dreams of the future. Learn their desires, and Reynard Fuller could mold them to his liking.

The Linkenville "Blade," which made a slash at the world once a week, clamored loudly for better railroad service for Linkenville. The present insufficient service was stagnating the town's growth. The "Blade" set forth in indignant terms the fact that other towns in their vicinity were growing to metropolitan size and leaving them in the background. Men of enterprise and capital could not be induced even to visit the town, and they couldn't be blamed; for it takes three hours longer and costs more to reach Linkenville from New York than it does to reach Birktown, which is thirty miles farther away.

This unjust state of affairs had been called to the attention of the railroad officials, the Railroad Commission, the State Legislature, and even the Governor of the State, while the "Blade" made a weekly howl to the world in general. But each wail brought the same reply: "Increase your shipping and passenger travel, and arrangements will be made to increase the railroad service."

The editor of the "Blade" compared this reply to the brilliant statement of the woman who told her daughter not to go near the water until she learned how to swim. Linkenville could not get better railroad service until she increased her industries, and thereby her shipping, and she couldn't increase her industries until she got better railroad service. Well, Linkenville had always voted a Conservative ticket, but if they couldn't get some justice from the powers that were, they would swing the whole of their 2,473 votes to the Radicals.

Here was a situation that just suited Reynard Fuller. He would show the people of Linkenville that at least one capitalist with brains and enterprise could see the advantages of their town and realized the injustice that was being done them. The inconvenience of reaching them would not deter him. He consulted time-tables, and found that he could get a through Pullman to Birktown, where he would have to wait a couple of hours for

a local that would back-shunt him to Linkenville. But Reynard Fuller was a man of purpose, and once he set his hand to the plow no such hardship of travel would make him turn back.

From the advertisements on the back and fourth pages of the "Blade" Fuller learned that the Mansion House was "Linkenville's most sumptuous and commodious hotel;" therefore he wired to the manager requesting that he reserve a sitting-room, bedroom, and private bath for himself, and adjoining a bedroom and private bath for his secretary. The Mansion House possessed only two bathrooms, and one of these had for some time been used as a storeroom. Fuller's telegram brought a flurry to the hotel staff. Such a demand had not been made in the hotel's history since the time that the president of a large canning factory had visited the town eight years before with a view to considering the feasibility of building a factory there. He had, however, quickly abandoned the idea on account of the poor train service.

After Henry Spitzenkoff, the hotel proprietor, had answered Fuller to the effect that the hotel was very much crowded at that time, but that they would do the best they could for his comfort, he turned out all hands and the cook to clear ship for action and make ready to receive so important a personage. Then he telephoned to Bob Blackton, editor-in-chief of the "Blade," and told him of the forthcoming arrival of the great Reynard Fuller.

"When does he get here?" asked Blackton, in suppressed excitement. A man who traveled with a secretary and demanded a suite of rooms was important enough to have a double-column spread in the Blade."

"Thursday morning, I think," replied Spitzenkoff.

"That's too bad; it will mean that we'll have to hold the paper up a day and bring it out on Saturday." The "Blade" was usually turned out on Friday, so as to get it distributed among the surrounding farms by Saturday for Sunday's reading.

Fuller knew the advantage of making an impressive entrance. When he reached Birktown, he sent a second telegram, in his secretary's name, stating that Reynard Fuller would arrive at Linkenville on the 3:19 train that afternoon.

The result of these advance notices was that the Mayor, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, and all the leading business men of Linkenville had their best suits pressed, made a rush on the local barber shop for shaves and haircuts, filled their pockets with the best cigars the town could produce, and waited expectantly for the 3:19.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen," Reynard Fuller addressed the people of Linkenville gathered in the Town Hall the following evening, "as President of the Federated Box Corporation I want to tell you that the Corporation is ready to move its factory from Waycross to Linkenville. The demand for our boxes has become so great that we find it necessary to enlarge our plant. Owing to the price of real estate and the crowded conditions at Waycross, it is impracticable for us to attempt to expand there.

"Federated has always worked along safe and conservative lines, making small but assured profits for its shareholders. It is our intention to continue this policy. That is why we are coming to Linkenville. We know that we can be of great benefit commercially to your city, therefore we feel safe in assuming that we will get better co-operation here than we would in an overcrowded factory town.

"Yesterday I spent several hours in Birktown and met several of its leading business men; they have tried to induce us to move our plant there, and made me a very tempting offer; at the same time they pointed out the fact that the railroad service from Linkenville is very inadequate, and would be a great handicap to our work." A murmur of indignation spread through the assembly. The idea of those Birktown grafters trying to rob Linkenville of this chance! That's what they always did—waylaid every man of means who started for Linkenville and tried to induce him to stay in Birktown.

This murmur of indignation was what Fuller wanted, and his eyes sparkled with humor at the sound of it. "But," he continued, raising his voice in enthusiasm, "there is one thing that I didn't tell the people of Birktown that I'm going to tell you now! Robert MacGregor, President of the Inland and West Railroad, is a personal friend of mine, and is a large stockholder in Federated. When he learns that we are coming here, he will give us the service we want, not only on account of his friendship for me, but because of his interest in the Federated Box Corporation. People of Linkenville, with your co-operation we can make this city the most important place on the Inland and West Railroad. Will you join with us and put this thing through?"

The hall shook with the thunder of applause that followed. Men and women jumped up in their seats, and yelled: "Sure we will!" "Tell us what you want!" "We're with you!" "Let's go!"

Fuller raised his hand for quiet, and when the tumult had stopped continued: "It will cost $100,000 to move our plant here. Therefore we shall have to dispose of a large block of our treasury stock. I can safely say that the present stockholders will take $50,000 worth of this issue, but it is our policy to have the citizens of the town in which we locate become partners in our enterprise, and we expect the people of Linkenville to subscribe to the other $50,000 worth. There are several towns besides Birktown that are ready to subscribe to the whole $100,000 worth, but the location of Linkenville is best suited for our purposes. Our stock has averaged an annual dividend of 7 per cent; that is not big, I will grant you, but it is conservative and safe, and the benefits to be gained by having our plant here make it worth while for every citizen of Linkenville to invest. Now, ladies and gentlemen, it is up to you."

Spitzenkoff had visions of building a new hotel which would be up to date and have a bathroom with every suite. Blackton saw the "Blade" developing into an eight-page daily. The Mayor chuckled at the thought of his real estate doubling in value in a few months. The President of the Chamber of Commerce began to make plans for enlarging his Gents' Clothing Emporium into a big department store.

Within a few days homes and businesses were mortgaged, and the $50,000 necessary to bring about this great boom was soon raised. Fuller and his "secretary," a smart-looking young woman, were busy exchanging stock certificates for cash. When the cash was all in and had been drafted to the New York account of the Federated Box Corporation, Fuller and his "secretary" left for Waycross to commence making arrangements for the removal of the box plant to Linkenville.

Linkenville enjoyed its boom for several weeks, then its citizens began to wonder why they didn't hear from Fuller. Finally they sent a deputation to New York and Waycross. At New York they found that the Federated Box Corporation had vacated its offices a month previous and left no address. At Waycross they found a dilapidated building on a back lot across the front of which read "FEDERATED BOX CORPORATION." The building was empty, and inquiry disclosed the fact that the Federated Box Corporation had cost the citizens of Waycross nearly $40,000.

A letter to Robert MacGregor, President of the Inland and West Railroad brought a reply that he had never heard of Reynard Fuller or the Federated Box Corporation.



Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad," a hero of romance starting out to overthrow the tyranny of circumstance

The Most Popular Man in the World

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

Who tells how Douglas Fairbanks achieved fame and what he plans to do with it

THE - MOST - POPULAR - MAN - IN - THE - WORLD was in a philosophical frame of mind. "You know how it is," said he, seriously, "we imagine we do as we please—but we don't. Nineteen times out of twenty what we do is the automatic result of something that happened before. Most of the time we are automatons—and we just kid ourselves into believing we are free agents." He put his head on one side and glanced at me quizzically.

"Yes," I agreed, "nineteen times out of twenty. And then along comes a man who grabs Fate by the beard (if he or she has one) and smashes the automatic idea, and breaks every principle of self-preservation, the survival of the fit, and so on. Like the man who gives his life to throw a child from the path of an engine."

Douglas Fairbanks nodded emphatic approval. And his recent and very remarkable pictures show that very thing—the defiance of fate and the conquest of fear. They picture heroes triumphant over both nature and man. Possibly that is one reason why thousands of discouraged humans go forth from one of his film-dramas ready to fight the dull round of circumstance.

There are several reasons why the appearance of Douglas Fairbanks will stop traffic dead in London, or Paris, or Madrid, or even in *blasé* New York. But this is possibly the strongest as well as the most subtle. It may be almost subconscious, but he stimulates us to fight for our ambitions and to revive them if they are dying—and to laugh at the same time. No reward in friendship or in gold can be too much for such a service!

If you wax enthusiastic about some celebrity, folk say, "Oh, yes, press-agent stuff!" But, after all, it is a mighty significant thing that Douglas Fairbanks has done. It isn't for nothing that Europe turns out *en masse* to greet him and that he is the hero of Young America. You know this is true as well as I do. Let us be frank about it. He is the most popular man in the world. Reams have been written about him. All I hope to do is to see if we cannot study him and his work a little and see how he got where he is. And, anyway, Doug hardly needs a press agent. But let's get back to our subject.

We were saying that a fundamental idea found in Doug's pictures is a defiance of fate, a breaking of the chains of circumstance, and we can add to this the discovery that happiness is yours—if you go forth and earn it.

Now how do you suppose Doug sprung upon this thought that has given joy to youth and heartened many of us ancients? Well, if you must know, he didn't spring upon it at all. He was born with it, and displayed it at an early age—with the aid of a rock, a window, and an innocent Chinese laundryman.

Here was an adventurous youngster trying to find a thrill in calm, respectable Denver—placid Denver, whose pioneer days were in the distant past. A hopeless situation to confront a mournful

youth bored almost to extinction. Then, one day, a brilliant solution burst upon his dreary soul. An adventure appeared, replete with danger and blood-chilling possibilities. Doug had a deep and abiding fear of Chinamen—uncanny men and darkly mysterious. So what did he do but throw a rock through a hard-working laundryman's window, and then go racing away in breathless terror, pursued by a highly indignant Celestial! And he got away with it. The thrill was achieved.

There you have one secret of Doug's philosophy. Not an urge towards lawlessness; far from it. It was a defiance of a dread fate, an overcoming of a real fear, and a fighting escape from consequences, with a gain of happiness.

Alas, it is true! After that many rocks went through that unfortunate Chinaman's window, nor did the furious Oriental ever catch him. One unlucky day, however, he threw a stone at an inoffensive rag-picker, and the rag-picker up and caught him. After that rock-throwing palled and a search for new adventure began. You can't always control life as you can a movie scenario. Maybe that's why Doug took his new-found philosophy to the films.

("Was he an attractive child?" you ask. Well, no one seems to show much enthusiasm on that subject. Even his mother would not show the infant Douglas to curious visitors. And you know how mothers delude themselves about their own small lambs, no matter how unexpected and disconcerting their make-up. Judge for yourself.)

You will hardly believe it: this laughing hero of a thousand make-believe adventures never smiled or laughed before he was seven. He was a preternaturally solemn infant, looking sadly at the gyrations of the devoted souls who tried to break the spell. Then, when he was seven, something broke one day, and he began to laugh. And he hasn't ceased since—thanks be! And so open is his smile and so honest is that laugh that, healthy laughing being highly contagious, half of the world laughs with him. That alone might explain why swarms of youngsters and armies of disillusioned grown-ups block whole avenues, curb to curb, in order to get a glimpse of him, and why kings step down and welcome him into their homes and hearts.

Exaggerated? Hardly. The papers were filled last summer with stories of welcoming mobs and of royal welcomes. Not since the visit of Wilson have the common folk of Europe crowded the streets for any American as they did for the Fairbankses. Yes, Mary Pickford was there too; but that is another story, and a good one. And not since Roosevelt have the great ones of the old countries and the ancient aristocracies given so friendly a welcome to any of us.

But there is much more to Douglas Fairbanks than a philosophy of good cheer and undaunted courage. We can see how he achieved his philosophy, but it is not so easy to trace out the beginnings of his skill as a manager and his interest in artistic productions.

The story of his early schooling does not throw much light on this side of his development. His career as a schoolboy seems to have been noteworthy for its exciting moments rather than for a foreshadowing of his leaning towa literature and art.

I asked Douglas Fairbanks concerni the truth of a story that his parents, desperation, sent him to the Jarvis Mi tary Academy of his home town—a that the Academy subsequently burn down.

"No," said Doug, seemingly with gret, "I didn't set fire to it." Then brightened up. "But I might have!" added.

The explanation which he offered f his failure to fall within the clutches Ben Lindsey's Juvenile Court was si plicity itself.

"It's easily explained," said Dou grinning cheerfully. "Lindsey hadn started that court yet."

All this does not mean that he was lawless and incorrigible young cu Nothing of the kind. He was merely very vigorous youngster, bubbling wi energy and good spirits, demanding th life furnish him with adventure.

When Douglas graduated from hi school, he did begin to lay the found tions for his successful work. A br period in the Colorado School of Min may have helped him to develop th very high degree of mechanical ingenui so obvious in the production of his film After the Colorado School of Min came Harvard, where culture is genera presumed to reside, and then a br wrestling match with the law. By th time he had developed a wide range interests and a broad knowledge books.

Amateur theatricals now came to



Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks find a crowd of five thousand people awaiting their arrival at the railway station at Barcelona, Spain. A good movie needs no linguistic interpreter



Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood portrays a classic example of the man who made romance and high adventure of his war upon the world

cupy an increasing share of his time, and from the amateur stage he graduated to Broadway.

I never saw him on the stage, and so do not know whether he was an able actor or not. I doubt if he was very wonderful. When one has seen all of his important pictures, and then has come to know the man personally, it becomes obvious that on the screen he does not act at all. He simply portrays himself. He acts in his natural manner. In fact, he is likely at any time to improvise as he goes along. Obviously, then, you behold on the screen the real Douglas Fairbanks. It is his real personality with which the vast motion-picture audience has become acquainted. It is without doubt, therefore, the best-known personality in the world, and, withal, a very engaging one. And this helps us to understand why otherwise sedate citizens turn out *en masse* wherever he goes.

A philosophy of aspiration and courage, an amazing skill in the projecting of his personality before the public, and the fact that the American public does have a real hankering for clean and intelligent fun—these are the three factors which have placed Douglas Fairbanks in the forefront of the world of the silver screen.

Douglas Fairbanks's films are clean in the best sense of that word. And the reason why Douglas Fairbanks's films are clean is to be found in his attitude towards his work.

"I run across many first-rate stories," said Doug. "I discovered two corking ones this last summer in Europe. They would go mighty well in pictures. And there's nothing indecent about them either. But I can't use them. Why, look you!" he exclaimed, shaking an emphatic finger; "whenever a picture shows up with my name on it, don't I know that almost every American boy is going to save his pennies and see it? Every boy and every girl? They believe in me. A lot of them seem to think that if 'Doug' does it then it must be right. No, I can't do it. I can't make a film that isn't clean and that hasn't the right kind of ideal behind it. It's all right to talk about making films just for adults. It can't be done. I've got to think of Young America when I plan my pictures!"

And he does think a lot of Young America. A close friend of his told me that when, a few years back, he realized how great a hold he had gained on American young people he not only became exceedingly scrupulous in his films, but in everything he did. This is an attitude that would be completely beyond the comprehension of a very large number of producers of motion pictures.

From the receding sea of sensuousness and sensuality, of cheapness and vulgarity, that many of the foreign-minded magnates of our movie world deemed necessary to accomplish the all-important task of filling their pockets with the shekels of movie fans, the work of Douglas Fairbanks rises like a mountain peak at the ocean's brim. He has won his fame by bringing the ideals of virile romance to a workaday world, by his power to live the dreams of others, and by his skill in making wholesome things a thousand times more interesting to youth and age than the type of work which his influence has done so much to supplant. It is a happy augury of the fundamental sentiments of human kind that Piccadilly stops dead, Barcelona goes frantic, and even Broadway becomes impassable when Doug goes by. Hats off to this dispenser of clean delights!

Where Hazard is the Price of Safety

By RALPH CHANDLER PARKER, Commander, U. S. N.

"SAY, Eddie, give that explosion on the Alaska half a column and head it 'Big Naval Disaster Due to Carelessness,'" or "There's a coupla destroyers just in to the Navy Yard that bumped each other. Write it up under 'Error in Maneuvering Causes Crash in Fog.'"

Why not? News is news, and a hard-driven editor must think of the many to whom it makes good reading matter rather than the few who may be concerned over the light in which it puts their particular profession or organization.

Now this is neither a defense of the Navy nor a complaint against the press. The defense is not needed, and the press, except when policy happens to dictate a fulmination against militarism in general, may be convicted of a sneaking fondness for the Navy, that is rather kindly and disinterested when we consider that the Navy buys no advertising space and represents neither political power nor numerous subscriptions.

But accidents happening to or on board of naval vessels do seem to be featured in the papers with what may well seem a disturbing frequency. How is the citizen reader to know just what they indicate in regard to the efficiency of his Navy?

As a matter of fact, he cannot know exactly, but in weighing such news items he can at least make full allowance for certain conditions, which we will try to outline.

First, there is the mental reaction of the reader himself.

The public at large absorbs impressions more readily than it analyzes facts. Your citizen can read the harrowing details of the latest smash-up on a suburban railroad without turning a hair, for the railroads are so much part of his daily life that he senses how small the percentage of accident really is despite what he may read.

But when the bold headlines announce disaster in some service or profession which otherwise seldom comes to his notice at all, he is bound by the simplest laws of mental suggestion to regard that service as being either extra-hazardous or woefully inefficient.

Second, there is the special stress given to Naval casualties over and above the actual importance of the occurrence itself. This is through no spirit of discrimination, but because the Navy, being a public and National affair, with a touch of the romantic and picturesque about it, has a high news value. And who can blame the write-up man if he flavors the actual facts with a little dressing of sensationalism for good measure?

Similar casualties occur in other professions without attracting the same degree of publicity.

A construction gang in the back districts may act too familiarly towards a stick of dynamite and hoist themselves into a better world without attracting more than passing notice.

A five-thousand-ton freighter may go ashore on Fire Island as a total loss, and, unless there is loss of life or an exceptionally good story in it, get not more than fifteen lines buried in the shipping news; whereas a battleship, merely stirring up the mud and getting off unharmed at next high tide, gets a full column on the front page, and possibly a cut of the ship and her billy-goat mascot in next Sunday's illustrated section.

Third, it is true that accidents do happen in the Navy from time to time, but it should be realized that they represent the price paid in constant striving after higher efficiency and accepting the hazards incident thereto.

In the practice of gunnery and torpedoes giant forces must be handled with the same second-splitting rapidity that a team handles a baseball, and with destruction sometimes the penalty to be paid for an error.

In strategic and tactical exercises men-of-war must cruise and maneuver together in close formations, at high speeds, often in fog or bad weather, sometimes at night without lights, and under such conditions that the slightest failure of any human or mechanical element may render destruction inevitable.

They must constantly navigate through waters and into ports which are unfamiliar to them and are frequently poorly lighted and charted, since they run on no port-to-port schedule, but must go where they are needed.

They must place heavy responsibilities on young and comparatively inexperienced men, since, with the vast and increasing number of branches and sciences to the naval profession, there is a constant turnover in personnel between one duty and another. All these exigencies are peculiar to the naval service, and would raise the toll of life and material to even greater proportions were not skill and caution the general rule.

Now the average taxpayer may say: "This is all very well; but even one human life lost in time of peace is one too many, and when forty or fifty are snuffed out in one puff of flame or when valuable ships that we have paid for are lost or damaged something ought to b done about it. Why can't they slo down and go easy so that there won be any danger?"

The reason lies right here—in th responsibility of the Navy men toward the taxpayer, who is their ultimate em ployer.

Heaven knows they like to stay aliv no less than do other men, nor is it fo personal pleasure or profit that they se themselves difficult and sometimes haz ardous tasks.

But they know that a navy anythin less than 100 per cent efficient is wors than none at all, since, while giving sense of security and confidence, would fail under the ultimate test of wa This readiness and efficiency can be as sured only by constant exercise in time o peace, simulating as closely as possibl actual war conditions, and eternall striving after improvement in mechanis and method. This in turn involves certain element of hazard, for, after tak ing every known precaution and elim nating every conceivable source of dan ger, there always remains the unforesee combination of circumstances, the on chance in a thousand, which by malig fate may spell disaster.

On the other hand, few things woul be easier than for them to lower the standards of efficiency to a secure, com fortable level, and at the same time t cajole the public into believing tha everything was of the best.

Nothing more simple than to stay i port most of the time, giving parade and entertainments, taking part in all th flower festivals and old home week staging a few spectacular (and wholl useless) drills and exercises, keeping o the right side of the local politician paying more attention to the press agen and the photographer than to the gunne and the engineer, assuring the publ that our Navy is the best in the worl and, in general, finding ease and safet in a policy of "polishing up the hand of the big front door," with the tax payer firmly believing that he was ge ting his money's worth and more libe ally inclined towards the service than h is now.

Give the Navy credit for this, the that its men choose the sterner alterna tive of their own volition, and no through necessity; through sense of du rather than through self-interest.

And if what they do involves a certa element of danger, may it not be that do anything less would amount to a b trayal of the Nation that employs them

Winter Flights



International

The latest thing in Ski Jumping—Two men taking off simultaneously at Dufferin Terrace, Quebec; the lower town and the St. Lawrence River in the background



International

Aero Ski-ing, a novel winter sport, as seen on Lac Ouimet, in the Laurentian Mountains, Quebec—an airplane minus wheels and wings but with skis attached, and capable of making ninety miles an hour

The Book Table

Speak of Me as I Am

By Edmund Lester Pearson

BETWEEN an extremely elegant young playwright and a grave statesman, between a "notorious" rogue and counterfeiter and a successful editor of a metropolitan newspaper, between a famous comedian of to-day and an obscure young English traveler who has been dead for a century, there is not much in common. If I go about to discover some forced reason why their biographies are discussed together, I shall deceive nobody. Aside from the fact that they are all biographies, the real reason for putting them in a group is that I find them, as I am apt to do with this kind of book, among the most interesting works of the season, and that I am certain that at least one or two of them will appeal to every one who chances to read this article.

Mr. Steuart's life of Stevenson and Mr. White's book on Woodrow Wilson are provocative of discussion; one or two of the others are informative; Mr. Edward P. Mitchell's autobiographic "Memoirs of an Editor"[1] does not set out to provoke argument, nor primarily to give instruction. So far as I am concerned, it succeeds in being the most readable and delightful of them all. To my own shame, and to the unutterable scorn of older New Yorkers, even the name of the author was unfamiliar to me. But this is partly due to the modesty of the man who for many years directed the editorial page of "The Sun," made it a delight to so many readers, yet kept his own name unfamiliar except to a comparatively small circle of public men and newspaper men. Mr. Mitchell's is a model autobiography, modest, yet sufficiently personal; and full of recollections of men and events since the days of Lincoln. He saw Lincoln eating baked beans in the White House. He attended the hanging of one of my pet murderers—Louis Wagner, of Isles of Shoals fame. And he investigated the ghost in the Charles Street School, Newburyport—a ghost who had entertained my father; who years afterwards had power to annoy my brother, making his early morning rounds with newspapers; and twenty years later still had some kick left when I voted at an election in the same school building where he was wont to walk.

Mr. William Allen White's campaign against the Ku Klux Klan was one of the few refreshing things which preceded the elections of last month. His book on President Wilson[2] is a strange work; interesting but peculiar. He tries to steer a middle course between the partisans, who see the ex-President as "some sort of Heaven-sent Messiah," and his enemies, who make of him "a fine old striped devil." He fears that he may please neither, and in that fear he is probably justified. But it is the partisans and friends who are most apt to be offended, and the comments which have already appeared about this book seem to show that it is making them writhe. With all his faults, Mr. White seems to say, I love him still. And he makes such a catalogue of the faults that the book, like the Page letters, is perhaps more destructive to Mr. Wilson's reputation than the attack of an enemy. Surely, a public man would not wish for a biographer who should end with the statement that his hero's place "in the history of the world will not be determined by his character." Mr. White quotes the legend in Augusta that, as a boy, "Tommy" Wilson would throw down his bat and leave the field when he had a sense of injustice, and refers to this unpleasant characteristic as persisting in later life. "As a master, he was royal; as a fellow, he failed" (page 214), is a weird comment upon a leader of a democracy! "He loved the American people, but he often treated them to an uncandor which seemed like contempt" (page 378), is another sentence which may keep this book out of the library of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation. Mr. White denounces the order forbidding General Wood to go across with his division as "cruel discourtesy"—disregarding the later attempt to put all the blame upon General Pershing, and ignoring the fact that to the Wilsonian no punishment would have been too gross for a soldier who had dared to advocate preparation a year or two before it became righteous. Mr. White calls the long roll of former friends who were "absent" during Mr. Wilson's last months—it sounds like a scathing indictment of cold-heartedness, egotism, and selfishness. With any other man, it would be so considered. Sometimes one may almost suspect Mr. White of sl humor, as in the sentence: "He was res less, . . . got up, went out on the sout veranda of the White House, took h little typewriter with him."

Mr. White's claims are sometime justifiable—as in his insistence upon th underlying noble intent which animate the struggle for the League of Nation But he is exasperated with the stubbor egotism which defeated the President own purpose. He believes in the pre posterous theory that it was Mr. Wi son's notes and messages which defeate Germany: "It was Wilson's victory a much as Foch's." This disregards th fact that the Germans had calmly defie Mr. Wilson's little typewriter for tw years, until Foch's sword broke ther down. The theory is not only cruell unjust to the Allied and our arme forces, but it is thoroughly poisonou nonsense to promulgate. It is compara ble to the claims of some medicine ma who tries to cure by incantation, has hi innings and fails, and then comes back when a doctor has effected a cure, an says that he really did it all by hi charms and spells. Mr. White repeat the story of the "Sunrise Conference" a the White House between Mr. Wilso and the Democratic leaders, when th President, "seeing red" about the Lusi tania, was about to go to war, but wa held back by the wicked Congressmen— who are now all dead! This is not th only one of the legends about the time when Mr. Wilson was disposed to d something which his admirers would fin it easier to defend, but was held back b evil counselors. There is much in Mr White's book about Mr. Wilson's Iris side and his Scotch side; the author ha a great and, I believe, a misplaced trus in supposed national traits as explana tions of character. This would be wel enough if all Irishmen were "merry" an if all Scots were "dour."

No; the book surely will not pleas those who think its subject a "Heaven sent Messiah." The author describes hi first meeting with Mr. Wilson, when h came into the presence of the then Gov ernor of New Jersey as a "hero-wor shiper," and was rewarded by having th Governor give him "a hand that felt ver much like a five-cent mackerel; . . . h smiled, but I got the wrong side of hi face, a side which gave me a certain im pression of a reptilian personality— strong sense of some essential treacher in the man!" Mr. White returns agai and again to the noble motives whic inspired the fight for the League and th courage which carried it on, but the ne

[1] Memoirs of an Editor: Fifty Years of American Journalism. By Edward P. Mitchell, Formerly Editor-in-Chief of "The Sun" of New York. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.50.

[2] Woodrow Wilson: The Man, His Times, and His Task. By William Allen White. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

esult is the impression that those who wish to cultivate the Wilson legend do not need to guard against books by his ex-friends and enemies (like Mr. Lansing and Mr. McCombs) so much as against books by his too honest supporters who, like Mr. White, have to record that in their actual personal contacts they found him "hard and repellent."

The new book about Stevenson[3] is another example of the modern biographer's determination to paint his hero, wart and all. But the wart on the cheek, upon which Cromwell insisted to his portrait painter, is not enough for the new biographers. If there is a small mole between the shoulder-blades, that must go in too, and probably they would not even shy at another blemish which, if it existed, as Stevenson once said in one of his letters, he would not feel it essential to describe. I have read nearly every one of the more than seven hundred pages in which Mr. Steuart tells "the truth at last" about Stevenson, and although hardly anything about him could ever bore me, and although there is certainly some news in this work and much interesting elaboration of detail, it is a question whether the book is not almost as superfluous, after his own letters and the biography by Balfour, as the autobiography of Mark Twain after the excellent books which had preceded it. It is true that there has been too much canonization of Stevenson; too much attempt to paint him as the Christian hero. If I recollect correctly, his Samoa friend, Mr. Moors, protested long ago that the emphasis upon the Vailima Prayers was turning a very human man into a kind of plaster saint. But the new biographer becomes as serious over the discovery of a wild cat as he might if he had come upon a giant redwood. They are all like that, the new biographers, so perpetually excited about sex that they fail to remember that a love affair at twenty may be fully as unimportant as a stomach-ache at ten.

For witness, let us call upon Mr. Nicholas Cresswell.[4] I fear that he will not come, since he died a hundred and twenty years ago, at the age of fifty-three. When he was twenty-four, he left his home and friends in Derbyshire, and proposed to visit his Majesty's colonies in North America. He had thoughts of settling as a gentleman farmer in these colonies, but chose the year 1774 for his visit. As some of us, in the light of our later knowledge, could tell him, this was an unpropitious time. His Majesty's subjects were getting out of hand, and were behaving, as Mr. Nicholas duly set down in his Journal, like "a set of rebellious scoundrels." The young Englishman traveled through Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New York, spent three years in this country during the early days of the Revolution, and set down his impressions in this Journal—one of a number of most interesting books recently published by Mr. MacVeagh. The Journal has been published now for the first time, and in its comments upon America, upon the colonial and English leaders, and upon life in New York is a readable and valuable document. The comments upon the people are most abrupt and unflattering—possibly a little too severe at times—but Nicholas's descriptions of his tender affairs, now with an Indian lady, of color rather shady, and now with a charming young married woman in New York, are recited in a dry, businesslike fashion, not unlike that of Mr. Pepys. Not having read any of the modern psychologists, he was unaware that these lights of love would

[3] Robert Louis Stevenson: A Critical Biography. By John A. Steuart. 2 vols. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $8.

[4] The Journal of Nicholas Cresswell, 1774-1777. The Dial Press (Lincoln MacVeagh), New York. $5.



NEIGHBORS

When Ephraim Crosby made a clearing far out on Valley Road and built his house, he had no neighbors. He lived an independent life, producing on the farm practically all that his family ate and wore. Emergencies—sickness and fire and protection of his homestead from prowlers—he met for himself. Later he had neighbors, one five and another eight miles away. Sometimes he helped them with their planting and harvesting, and they helped him in turn. Produce was marketed in the town, twenty miles along the cart-road.

Today Ephraim Crosby's grandchildren still live in the homestead, farming its many acres. The next house is a good mile away. But the Crosbys of today are not isolated. They neighbor with a nation. They buy and sell in the far city as well as in the county-seat. They have at their call the assistance and services of men in Chicago or New York, as well as men on the next farm.

Stretching from the Crosbys' farm living-room are telephone wires that lead to every part of the nation. Though they live in the distant countryside, the Crosbys enjoy the benefits of national telephone service as wholly as does the city dweller. The plan and organization of the Bell System has extended the facilities of the telephone to all types of people. By producing a telephone service superior to any in the world at a cost within the reach of all to pay, the Bell System has made America a nation of neighbors.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

haunt him all his days; he was unhappy in America for economic reasons, and glad at last to return to England. There he married, and, so far as known, lived happily until his death.

Less estimable, no less interesting, but far less dependable for accuracy was Stephen Burroughs[5] of New Hampshire. This edition of his memoirs is printed from the edition of 1811, which appeared while the author was living, and in the odor of supposed sanctity, after his career as privateer, adventurer, occasional schoolmaster, pretended clergyman, and counterfeiter. His enterprises often brought him into conflict with the law; like Benvenuto Cellini, he records what his enemies charged against him, while protesting his spotlessness. A curious book, once known to many readers, but forgotten of recent years, and decidedly an oddity in American letters.

Recollections of "Erminie" and its recent revival, of Edwin Booth and Eugene Field, Joseph Jefferson and Walt Whitman—these with about one thousand amusing anecdotes of the stage make up the extremely enjoyable book that is called "Francis Wilson's Life of Himself."[6] Mr. Wilson pretends to succumb to the current doctrine that one should be candid about "the love passion in one's life" and contributes an amusing if not scientific chapter on "Adventures in Love."

A lively and highly colored personality is reflected in Clyde Fitch's letters.[7] He seems to have lived surrounded by beautiful things and old furniture, and to have dressed exclusively in purple and fine linen. He loved sweets—as more men do than admit it—and thought any dessert a bore unless it was covered with whipped cream. He was always dashing about and writing letters—sometimes almost feminine in their effusiveness—to his friends. Yet this exquisite was a hard-working dramatist, who neglected his health and wore himself out with his labors. He could never neglect the smallest detail of stage setting nor management. His plays entertained thousands of spectators, and it was not unknown to have four or five of his authorship running on Broadway at one time. The editors of this book have not only let Clyde Fitch reveal himself, but they have presented an important chapter in the history of the American stage. It is a thoroughly enjoyable book.

[5] Memoirs of the Notorious Stephen Burroughs of New Hampshire. With a Preface by Robert Frost. The Dial Press (Lincoln MacVeagh), New York. $4.

[6] Francis Wilson's Life of Himself. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

[7] Clyde Fitch and His Letters. By Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.

Half English-Irish and half Greek, Lafcadio Hearn[8] had traces of Moorish and other Oriental blood in his veins. He was a sort of "international cocktail," and felt little comfort with cold Anglo-Saxon folk and in the cold Anglo-Saxon lands where he spent part of his life. Mr. Tinker, in a book designed and illustrated by himself, tells the story of Hearn's years in Cincinnati and New Orleans and his days in New York. It is another book intended to reveal the real man, even if the warts must be painted in. Hearn's occasional fits of waspishness and his inclination toward other races than the white one—which led him once nearly into marriage with a mulatto—are frankly described. His long and ill-paid years as a journalist, his quest for the exotic, the ghostly, and the bizarre, are so well portrayed as to result in a book which literally has no tedious page nor paragraph in it. If Hearn could be called an American, I would put this with Mr. Mitchell's autobiography as one of the two best books dealing with the life of an American I have read this year.

Merely as an example of its contents, there may be cited an anecdote of old Armand Hawkins, Hearn's friend, and a book-dealer, known for years in New Orleans. Hawkins well knew the value of a reputation for eccentricity; he never forsook his old plug hat; and his shop full of old books, antiques, and curious objects seems never to have been dusted nor set in order. (New Yorkers will be reminded of the shop of the late Westminster Abbey.) Mr. Hawkins is said to have sold the "original" sword of Jean Lafitte, the "pirate," to five different customers. One day a friend gave him a young alligator eleven inches long. It promptly disappeared behind a bookcase, and no search could recover it. Five years went by, and Mr. Hawkins's clerk had occasion to go into a neglected closet. He entered the dark place on his hands and knees, but soon backed out, screaming: "Oh, Mr. Hawkins, the devil is in there!" The book-dealer looked in, and could see only two green eyes glowing dimly near the floor. He found a fish-pole and extended it toward the eyes. There was a loud snap, and something like a trap closed on the pole. Together the two men tugged and pulled on the pole, and after a great deal of grunting and groaning, and much scraping and protesting from the closet, they hauled into the light the missing alligator, grown to be five feet in length!

[8] Lafcadio Hearn's American Days. By Edward Larocque Tinker. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $5.

The New Books

FICTION

OM, THE SECRET OF AHBOR VALLEY. By Talbot Mundy. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $3.

Readers who like Kipling's "Kim" will like this story. At least they will like the incidents, the pen-pictures of remote parts of India, the mysterious Lama, and the crowd of strange characters of various races. The culmination of its plot, however, is neither very credible nor quite in tone with the story of danger, travel, and mystery that precedes it.

MATILDA, GOVERNESS OF THE ENGLISH. By Sophia Cleugh. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

This is a joyous, romantic, engaging tale of London and Paris in the days when Victoria was young and duchesses and marquises were awesome figures, yet sometimes funny and often even human. Matilda is innocent, ingenuous, impressionable, but spunky as a Yankee schoolmarm. How she married the nobleman she loved (not for that reason, but disguised and as proxy for the daughter of the Duchess in whose family she was nursery governess) and how she made the noble lord stand around for months before she accepted his devotion and remarried him makes a hilarious and exciting story. In tone it reminds one of Mr. Snaith's "Araminta;" at least both stories are improbable and both girls are adorable; but Araminta was adorably stupid and Matilda is adorably clever. Matilda alone is enough to make the novel entertaining, but there are thrown in two of the quaintest and liveliest children in current fiction.

THE BEST FRENCH SHORT STORIES 1923–1924. THE BEST CONTINENTAL SHORT STORIES 1923–1924. Edited by Richard Eaton. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.50 each.

The editor has evidently put an immense amount of hard work in getting together and translating the fifty or more stories in these two volumes. Hardly anything here will be familiar to American readers. In each volume the field is wide, the variety and contrasts are strong, and they afford capital illustration of the theory and practice of short-story writing abroad.

THE INVISIBLE WOMAN. By Herbert Quick. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.

Every one who read and enjoyed "Vandemark's Folly" and "The Hawkeye" will wish to read this third story of Iowa as typical of the Middle West. The social changes of the period (coming down to days well in the memory of readers of middle age) are sketched clev-

erly and amusingly; the political ebullition when Weaver and the Populists raged is touched upon. The plot turns upon an unusual provision in Iowa law under which an illegitimate son might inherit from an intestate father if the father had in general talk admitted his paternity. This gives the author opportunity to deal both realistically and humorously with the lawyers and courts of that time.

As to the characters, the reader rejoices heartily in the re-entrance of Mr. Quick's old-timers—Jake Vandemark, Magnus Thorkelson, Buck Gowdy (the devilish but engaging villain), and Uncle Surajah, poorhouse inventor and as great an optimist as Colonel Sellers. Frankly, we take more interest in the old characters than in the new, and think that Mr. Quick has been only moderately successful in his purpose of making his Christina interesting as a type of the early self-reliant, successful business woman. She was all that, but what was once a wonder is now commonplace; and we don't care a picayune for either of her would-be lovers, or the crazy wife who believes she is Empress of America and tries to "execute" Christina. Yet, be it added, the pleasurable part of the story is far more than enough to balance the less engaging features.

THE PURPLE SAPPHIRE. By John Taine. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

There is such a thing as overworking the possibilities of invention and mystery. The actors in this story penetrate into the depths of the Himalayas, discover the remnant of a lost race which once knew more about science than any one now living, find out how immensely big sapphires can be manufactured, and return with a bag full of sapphires and incidentally a lost English girl. We can readily forgive the story for being improbable; but what we cannot forgive is the author's elephantine attempts at humor.

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY OF MR. PARADYNE. By William J. Locke. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.75.

Mr. Locke turns for a moment from the construction of whimsical novels to give us a charming bit of imaginative story-telling. Every one dreams from time to time of escaping from the rut of commonplace daily experience and wandering foot-loose and free from care. Mr. Paradyne actually does this, with strange and pleasing results. We say "actually does"—but the action does not take place in a dream, neither does it take place literally. Neither Mr. Paradyne nor the reader knows just how this tired and bored London lawyer found himself in the south of France in the possession of a caravan, but in some way he did; and he certainly enjoyed to the full his strange experiences.

BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1924 (THE). Edited by Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.50.

This is the third year for which the editors have done for British short-story writing what Mr. O'Brien alone has done for this kind of American fiction. Naturally most of these twenty-six stories will be unknown this side the Atlantic—indeed, some of the writers' names are unfamiliar. Among the best known are those of McFee, Maugham, Marshall, Katherine Mansfield, and "E. M. Delafield." An amusing, clever dialogue discussion on the Short Story, between the Critical Reader and Mr. Cournos, makes a capital Introduction.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE MANORS AND HISTORIC HOMES OF THE HUDSON VALLEY. By Harold Donaldson Eberlein. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $10.

Descriptions of such famous estates as Livingstone Manor, Pelham Manor, Cortlandt Manor, Scarsdale Manor, and others. Handsome illustrations in photogravure and doubletone from photographs.

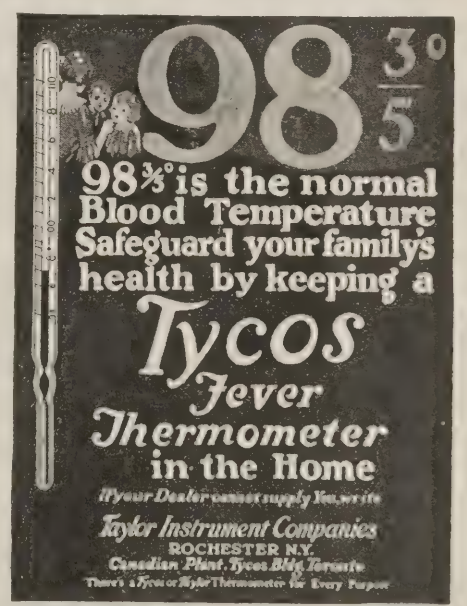
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Diversifying

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

THE principle of diversification of investments is an old one and a simple one. "Don't put all your eggs into one basket, even if you watch that basket," is its essential meaning. In spite, however, of the general familiarity of investors with this basic principle, there are certain aspects of its application which are well worth examination.

I have before me the schedule of the stocks and bonds comprising the estate of a thrifty investor, representing the accumulations of a lifetime. There is a total par value in bonds of about $16,000 and some 330 shares of stock. The bonds are in 18 thousand-dollar pieces—five in electric light companies, four railroads, three power companies, two general industrials, and the rest municipals and scattering. Not more than $1,500 is invested in any one company; the geographical

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distribution is also diversified, as is well illustrated in the rails—one Topeka, one Père Marquette, one Atchison, and one Kansas City, Fort Scott, and Memphis. Practically every bond is a first mortgage, and but one of the lot, a street railway, has "gone bad."

The stocks are not quite so varied. Of the 330 shares, 150 are in a well-established manufacturing company; 54 are in a corporation manufacturing machinery, 40 in another factory, and the rest in scattered small lots in eight different industries.

The total par value of the estate is about $50,000. The proportion of bonds to stocks is about one to two. In all probability, when the estate is settled it will show no significant depreciation from the purchase price except in one or two instances; in several there is appreciation to a fair amount.

Here, then, is a very good example of the practical wisdom of diversification. The eggs are in different baskets; each egg, to carry out the figure, is a good egg, and each basket is a strong basket.

Of course, as has often been pointed out, the mere scattering of investments is of no value unless the investments themselves are of value. Diversification, to mean anything, must be of sound investments.

Assuming, next, that each of your investments appears equally sound, what should be what we may call the "unit of diversification"? What proportion of the entire investment should be in any one security? If the principal is $10,000, should it be invested in ten different things, or in twenty? In the illustration used above about $50,000 was invested in about twenty-five companies, or an average of $2,000 to a company. Is there any general rule to follow?

The answer to this question must necessarily be the evasive answer, "It all depends." Once you adopt the theory of diversification and once you actually diversify, common sense will indicate limits which will be just as safe as if you had gone into the higher mathematics. Roughly speaking, an estate of $100,000 would be well "spread" if not more than $5,000 was put in any one thing, assuming, of course, that there was also proper diversification among types of industries and geographical location. To divide $100,000 worth of property among ten securities would be risky, though it would be safe enough to have $10,000 in one first-class security, provided the others were in units of not more than $5,000.

In diversifying there are many elements to be kept in mind wholly aside from the character of the obligation itself—*i. e.*, in the case of a bond, whether it is a first mortgage or otherwise; in the case of stock, whether it is common or preferred; and so on. It is not enough to consider all manufacturing enterprises as simply "industrials," and rely on grouping them thus as an assurance that there was no duplication within this group. Industrials should be subdivided by type or character of industry, as, for example, shoe manufacturing, textile, machinery manufacturing, watches, and the like. The reason for this is obvious.

Similarly, in the case of railroad bonds or stocks, it is important to know what kind of territory the lines serve and what, therefore, are the probabilities of steady earnings. It would be poor policy in purchasing railroad securities to buy only Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio, Norfolk and Western, and Virginian. The reason for this is less obvious: each of these roads depends chiefly on one kind of freight traffic, namely, soft coal. It would not be diversification to invest, say, $4,000 in four bonds of these four roads.

The problem of diversifying is rela-

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tively simple, provided the few principles set forth above be followed, when you are building up an estate. But there is another phase of diversification which, while somewhat less common, is one that is often met. Suppose that you have possession, either as a trustee or as an heir, of some securities that are badly distributed. You do not feel that you can hold them safely; you wish to reinvest. What is the procedure?

I do not refer to the common case of an executor or administrator who must divide the estate in accordance with the terms of a will. His only course is to sell everything as advantageously as possible and divide the cash.

Recently a block of securities to a total par value of about $300,000 was placed in the hands of a trustee to administer under the terms of a deed prepared by their owner. It became the duty of the trustee, not only to secure as large an income as possible, but to render the estate as safe as possible. Of the $300,000, about $225,000 was in first-mortgage railroad bonds. And almost $100,000 of these, or a third of the estate, was in bonds of one carrier and carriers very closely allied to it. Fifty thousand dollars had been invested in another railroad system whose recent troubles had resulted in depressing the market value of its bonds to half of par. There was a small but well-invested fraction of the estate in public utilities, foreign governments, and power companies. Probably seventy-five per cent of the entire estate had been purchased by the owner at prices, on the average, above the present market; the balance he had inherited.

Here was a very real and a very interesting problem in diversification. In tackling it, it was first necessary to establish some general basis of action. One course, for example, would be to regard the securities as so much cash, taken at their then market prices, and see if they could be sold and converted into other securities, better diversified and yielding the same or a larger income. Many arguments can be advanced in favor of such a course. It is supported by the theory of many buyers, "Don't hold what you wouldn't buy to-day."

The other course would be to st the list minutely, sell wherever sel would bring a profit or no loss, or onl slight loss; reinvest carefully; wait, repeat the process as occasion and fa able opportunity permitted. Wh should be done?

The decision reached in this insta was to adopt the latter policy. decision was based on two facts: fi that the bonds were all first-mortg bonds on main railroad systems; seco that, in the opinion of the trustee, general railroad situation in the cour is, if slowly, on the mend. In the c of the $50,000 worth of bonds wh would have brought only $25,000 in market, the trustee argued that ever worse came to worst with this railro the first-mortgage bondholders wo surely secure at least fifty cents on dollar; moreover, he could see no lik hood of investing the proceeds in a thing sound that would yield twice interest rate of these bonds—that is say, 10 per cent.

Gradual diversification, then, was policy adopted. The first step in car ing it out resulted in a paper capital l of $3,000 and a real income increase about $500 a year. Subsequent st taken in carrying out this plan am justified its wisdom.

This case may not be typical—is th such a thing as a typical case in the vesting field? I cite it here simply indicate something of the method which professional investors appro their problems—that is to say, w prudence, forethought, and with primary aim of having a definite plan action. It is as true in the business investing as it is in every other depa ment of life, that a poor plan is bet than no plan at all. In investing th is no excuse for having a poor plan; should always be a choice between sou plans, one of which, in the light of the facts of the case, must, upon stu and reflection, sooner or later be judg better than the other.

I have neglected to mention one pri ciple of diversification which was v emphasized by a writer in "Barron's:

"Diversifying his holdings from other view-point, the alert investor v not buy all highly marketable or 'slow' market issues, but maintain proper proportion between the tw avoiding the sacrifice either of yield of his principal in case of forced liqui tion. Diversifying in still another w the experienced investor spreads maturities of his bonds between lo short, and medium, protecting his prin pal and yield in either a rising or fall bond market."

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By the Way

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Dr. Wilhelm—"All right, who is this speaking?"

"This is my roommate."

A veteran of the Civil War sends us a curiosity which will no doubt bring back to many readers memories of similar half-forgotten happenings of that conflict. It is an addressed envelope stamped "Due 3" and with a chaplain's name in one corner. The postmark shows that it was mailed at Alexandria, Virginia, April 6, 1863. Near the postmark, under the words "Soldier's Letter," these lines are written:

Postmaster please to shove this through:
I have not a penny—but four months due!

Our subscriber gives this explanation: "To facilitate the soldiers' mail when they did not have the stamps or the money to pay the postage, we were allowed to mail our letters without stamps, postage to be collected at the other end, provided they were viséed by our regimental chaplain, and 'Soldier's Letter' written across one corner of the envelope."

From the "Rural New Yorker:"

"There are still many people who seem to regard the Fall-bearing strawberries as a myth. We picked a fair quantity of good berries on election day."

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

Smokeup—"Did yo ebah walk five miles to git some chickens an' fin' de hencoop full o' a bear trap, spring gun, an' dawg?"

Whiffem—"No, big boy, but Ah talked back to a fust sarjint oncet."

An English bull from a provincial paper, as quoted by "Punch:"

"It is said that she was of a quiet, industrious character and when she left home apparently had no intentions of being away for long, as she wore no clothes save what she was wearing."

"How are photographs of the Kaaba at Mecca, such as you printed in The Outlook of November 12, secured, in face of the well-known opposition of Mohammedans to having their holy places pictured, and of the prohibition of Christian travel to Mecca?" So a reader asks.

Many photographs have been taken of Mecca, some by Europeans in disguise and some by Mohammedans with an eye to the commercial value of such pictures. In the case of the photograph used in The Outlook, the negative was bought, by the photographic agency that supplied it, from a Turkish source.

"More than seventy years ago I heard my mother give the following charade as learned in her girlhood," a subscriber writes:

My first lies at many a one's door; my second is used to make bread; my third and fourth are the desire of the multitude; and my whole is one of the United States.

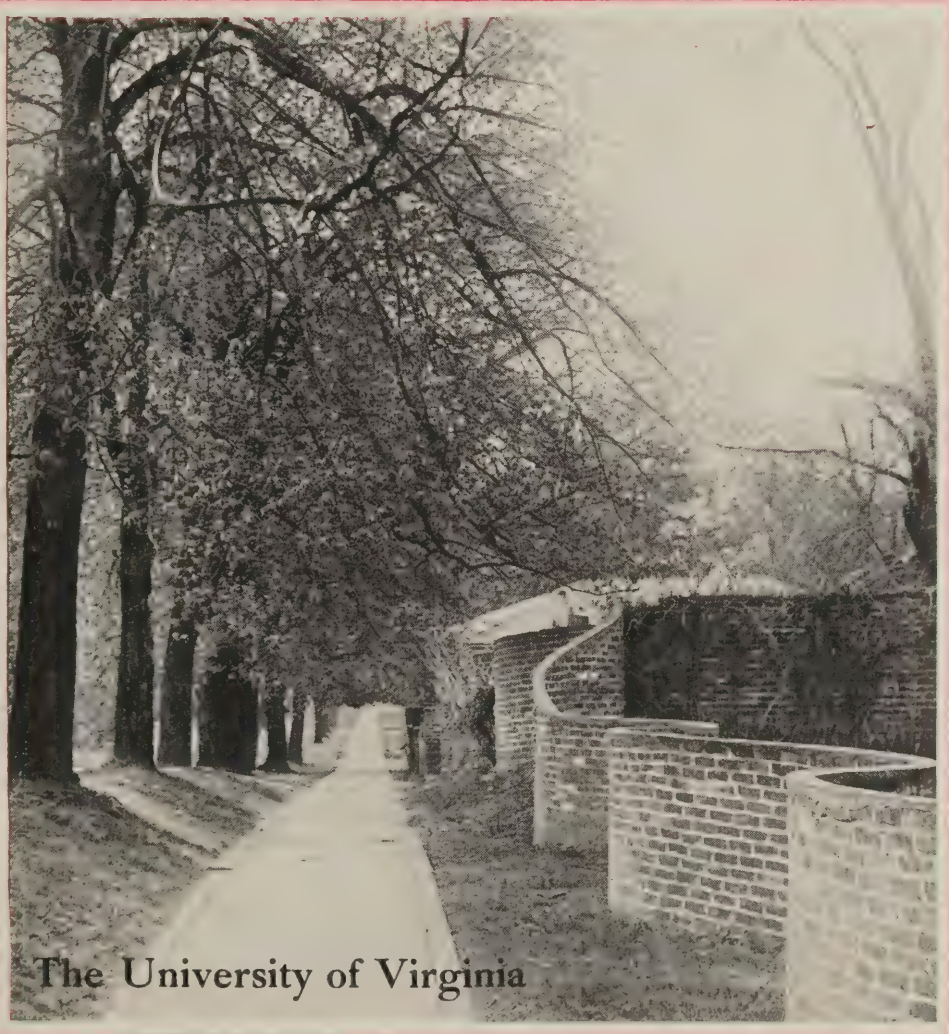
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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly of Current Life

DECEMBER 31, 1924

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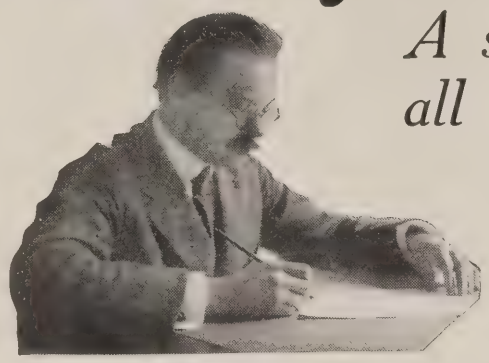


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Glory o' the Dawn

A story that will stir the hearts of all who love the ways of ships and the mystery of the past



"GLORY O' THE DAWN," by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer, a story of singular beauty, is told with a quiet impressiveness suggestive of Hawthorne. In the once flourishing Maine port of Middlehaven Caleb Gurney, stone-mason, shipbuilder, and maker of models, gave years of his life and all the passion of his soul to recreating in miniature "Glory o' the Dawn." It was not merely a ship model that he fashioned, but a symbol of past greatness. The splendor of those ships which once carried New England's fame through all the seven seas lived again in the moving beauty of the model.

The Savor of the Sea

The San Francisco "Journal" says: "This little story is one of remarkable beauty and strength."

The Boston "Globe" says: "It is a rare occasion in the world of books when such a little gem as this is born. Had Mr. Pulsifer been a native of one of the old Maine coastal towns of which he writes, he could not have more feelingly commemorated in story the spirit of the days of New England's lost glory—when her shipyards throve to the chip of adzes and the clatter of carpenters' hammers, and when upon every sea New England built and New England manned vessels plowed the green water."

The New York "Herald" says: "Mr. Pulsifer has compounded the pathos and humor of this text into a pleasing mixture."

The "Public Ledger" says: "Mr. Pulsifer has molded his prose to the same sensitive craftsmanship he has given to the shaping of poetry—the same artistic conscience and spirit that Caleb Gurney bestowed on the making of 'Glory o' the Dawn.'"

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Mr. Pulsifer has kindly volunteered to autograph special copies of his book for those who accept the new year's offer, which appears on this page. The offer is limited, however, to subscribers of The Outlook. Simply mail the coupon to-day, and your copy will be sent promptly. You need send no money now. When the book comes to your hands, deposit $1 with the postman plus a few cents for postage. The book is attractively bound in blue cloth with silver stamping, and printed on a fine quality of heavy paper.



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The Mail Bag

If Chicago Thinks So, She is Mistaken

In your issue of December 10, in an article on the diversion of water from Lake Michigan, is the statement that Chicago claims that its enemies who are stirring up opposition are the water-power interests at Niagara and the backers of the St. Lawrence waterway project, who desire the waterway to the east but are hostile to the Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway.

The members of the Duluth Board of Trade, which organization is a grain exchange, have been strong supporters of the St. Lawrence waterway project, but their advocacy of the same has been governed entirely by a belief that this improvement would bring great benefit to the producers of the Northwest, who are served through this port, and also to the general benefit of all business of the Northwest. We have not been inspired by any enmity to any other waterway project—neither the Lakes-to-the-Gulf project nor the Mississippi River project. All of these projects undoubtedly will be beneficial and each is entitled to stand upon its own merits.

CHARLES F. MACDONALD,
Secretary, Duluth Board of Trade.
Duluth, Minnesota.

[Similar letters have been received from the Michigan City (Indiana) Chamber of Commerce; the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association of Toledo, Ohio; the State Department of Agriculture at Saint Paul, Minnesota; the Milwaukee Association of Commerce; the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association of Duluth, Minnesota.—THE EDITORS.]

President Garfield and the John W. Davis College League

My attention has recently been called to editorial comments in your issues of November 5 and November 26, respectively. The readers of the editorials would assume that I had during the recent Presidential campaign at least permitted myself to be joined with those who spoke contemptuously of President Coolidge. What I had to say was contained in a letter published in the New York "Times" on October 6. I also authorized the use of my name in a statement concerning foreign policy published in the New York "Times" of October 27. Neither of these contain statements remotely resembling those referred to in your editorial comments. I still adhere to the views there expressed, but I have not shared the views of those who have criticised the character and personality of the President and have uniformly refused the use of my name to statements containing personal allusions.

H. A. GARFIELD.
Williamstown, Massachusetts.

[President Garfield is absolutely correct when he states that his own statements contain nothing remotely resembling the type of material put out by the John W. Davis College League. In a subsequent letter, sent in reply to questions from the editors of The Outlook, President Garfield states that he did consent to have his name used as Honorary Vice-President of the John W. Davis College League, and that he followed up the type of material which the League sent out only as it came under his notice. He says further: "If men supporting an organization are to be held responsible for all the statements issued by those in immediate authority, most organizations, including admirable journals like The Outlook, would be compelled to go out of business. The unfairness I complain of consists in making it appear that a man's opinion is other than it is when a simple reference to the facts would dispel misapprehension." The Outlook is still of the opinion that men who consent to act as honorary vice-presidents ought to hold themselves responsible for material which is issued by such organizations.—THE EDITORS.]

An Inadvertent Misquotation

MRS. DOUGLAS ROBINSON, whose letter concerning Senator Lodge we printed in The Outlook for December 10, informs us that in her letter there was a misquotation of Mr. Lodge's words. She believes the verbal error has made a material change in the sense, as indicated by the italicized words below. By an error of transcription Senator Lodge was made to say, "I do not expect to convert you, but I do want you to see that I *am right* to do as I did." What he really wrote was, "I do not want to convert you, but I *do* want you to see that I *have the right* to do as I did."—THE EDITORS.



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The Scarlet Terror Falls Before the Sword of Science

The disease that has brought dread and disaster to thousands of homes has met its conqueror. In the strangely quiet battlefield of hospital laboratories the fight has been won against the plague of scarlet fever. A great medical authority tells the story of that battle in next week's issue of The Outlook.

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Ernest Hamlin Abbott, *Editor-in-Chief and Secretary*
Lawrence F. Abbott, *Contributing Editor*
Arthur E. Carpenter, *Advertising Manager*

The "International Interpreter" was taken over by the Outlook Company on June 11, 1924

Index and Title-page for Volume 138 (September 3–December 31, 1924) of The Outlook, printed separately for binding, will be furnished gratis, on application, to any reader who desires them for this purpose

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Contributors' Gallery



ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE contributes to this issue the first of a series of articles on prohibition enforcement. The Outlook feels that in this investigator it has at last found the man it has been searching for—a writer who can treat the question of prohibition enforcement fearlessly, accurately, and with an open mind.

THOMAS B. GREGG, now a business man of Minneapolis, when a boy sought such romance and adventure as the Western plains furnished in the early seventies. He knew the country from North Dakota to Texas. We are glad to have found this personal recollection of General Custer. Such first-hand tales are now very rare.



BERNICE LESBIA KENYON is now in Europe after four years on the editorial staff of "Scribner's Magazine." Miss Kenyon's poetry, essays, and reviews have appeared in many periodicals and her first volume of poems, "Songs of Unrest," was published last year.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN is America's outstanding writer of light verse and a serious poet of real distinction. He has been engaged in editorial work for the "Woman's Home Companion" and the "Literary Digest" and is the author of an amazingly long list of books.



FULLERTON WALDO is associate editor of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" and a Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society. He has written frequently for The Outlook on music, foreign affairs, and travel.

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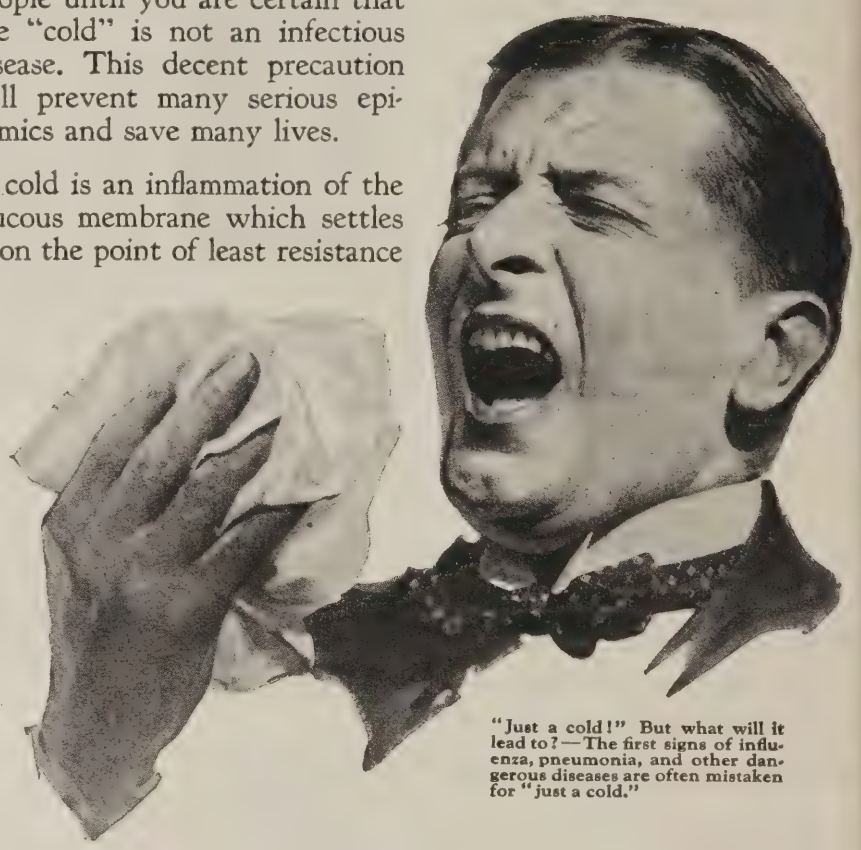
Fair Warning!

LOOK out for January colds! This is the time of year when colds are most prevalent. Seeds are now being sown for deaths from pneumonia that will occur in January, February and March. These diseases which blot out an average of 150,000 lives a year in the United States and Canada frequently develop from neglected colds. Out of every seven who get pneumonia one person dies. As many people die each year from pneumonia as from tuberculosis. Year after year the same thing happens.

Do not neglect a cold. A cold in the head is not a simple, trifling annoyance but a real disease with a medical name—coryza. In addition to the danger that pneumonia may develop, a cold often leads to chronic catarrh of the nasal passages, to ear trouble ending in deafness, to chronic bronchitis and inflammation of the bony cavities of the face. A neglected cold may even prepare the way for serious heart trouble.

The first noticeable symptoms of diphtheria, typhoid fever, measles, scarlatina, whooping cough or smallpox may appear as a cold. A person suffering from what seems to be an innocent cold may pass on to someone else a fatal attack of one of these diseases. If you or your children are suffering from colds stay away from other people until you are certain that the "cold" is not an infectious disease. This decent precaution will prevent many serious epidemics and save many lives.

A cold is an inflammation of the mucous membrane which settles upon the point of least resistance



"Just a cold!" But what will it lead to?—The first signs of influenza, pneumonia, and other dangerous diseases are often mistaken for "just a cold."

—the nose, throat, chest, or gastro-intestinal tract. Sudden changes in temperature, drafts and exposure to damp and cold, breathing stale air and street dust—these are direct causes of colds.

Lack of fresh air and sufficient exercise to keep the skin and body healthy, lack of sleep and rest, over-indulgence in rich indigestible food — these are indirect causes of colds.

To take cold easily is to advertise that your living habits are wrong. By following simple health rules you are likely to keep well. But if in spite of all your care, you do take a cold—do not treat it lightly. See your doctor. Remember, it is not a sign of weakness but a mark of wisdom never to neglect a cold.



The amount of absenteeism in large business establishments is seldom realized until the facts are thoroughly reviewed. Common colds are among the chief sources of loss of time.

In a group of about 8,000 clerical employees of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company at the Home Office, records show that colds which involve disability for work affect 2 out of every 5 employees during the course of a year.

Among school children, colds are probably the cause of more absenteeism than any other illness—with consequent falling back in grades and extra expense to the tax payer.

Medical supervision of schools is becoming more thorough from year to year and is doing much to prevent serious epidemics and thus save lives. Parents should cooperate with school authorities in working to stamp out these minor illnesses which frequently have fatal consequences.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a pamphlet, "Prevention of Pneumonia" which will be mailed free to everyone interested in guarding against this dangerous disease which ranks second only to heart disease in the death rate. Send for it.

Permission is gladly given to any individual, organization or periodical to reprint this page wherever it may serve the interests of community welfare.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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The Outlook

Volume 138 December 31, 1924 Number 18

Spain's Failure in Morocco

THE decision of the Spanish Government to withdraw the troops which have totally failed to subdue the tribesmen in the Riff is only another instance of the inability of modern Spain to establish colonies or govern foreign territory. Once Spain was one of the greatest nations in the world in its ability to seize and hold new territory. One by one her foreign possessions have fallen away from her and established their independence. And now she confesses her inability to control even the portion of Morocco left to her.

The Spanish Prime Minister, Primo Rivera, came into power as a sort of dictator very largely on a wave of indignation in Spain because Spanish military forces in Morocco had failed to bring results. Now he in turn is compelled to admit failure and to make excuses. It is true that the difficulties are great, for the country in dispute is dotted with mountains, wild passes, and places easily held by active semi-savage soldiers such as the Spaniards have been confronting. Practically, these tribesmen are guerrillas, and they know their own hills and passes in every nook and corner. Rivera says that the actual fighting strength of the tribesmen is about fifty thousand, that the enemy is exceedingly mobile, and that no other nation could have done more than Spain has.

When England undertook to overpower the Boers, its disciplined troops met reverse after reverse at the hands of the Boers, who were splendid shots, fine horsemen, and wily strategists in their own peculiar way. England had an exceedingly and surprisingly hard task before it. But, while there were Englishmen who on principle disapproved of the Boer War entirely, no one else for a minute thought of abandoning the contest, and in time England fought the war to a victorious conclusion. Spain is apparently made of different stuff.

The New Russian Situation

THE political conflict between Leon Trotsky, long the War Minister of the Russian Soviet, and the three men who since Lenine's death have come into control of the Communist Party and the Soviet Government may or may not be indicative of a permanent rift between Bolshevist leaders. From one point of view the new condition is not encouraging to those who hope to see the Red Government move slowly toward democracy. The three men who have been spoken of as a "triumvirate" and are now in control are Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Stalin. They are the reverse of being moderate, and their opposition to Trotsky exists largely because he now seems indisposed to support them in extreme theories and deeds. On the other hand, there are those who think that out of this quarrel between extremists may grow a genuine movement that may make true party government and a fair representation of the Russian people possible.

Trotsky has left the capital for a distant part of Russia. Russian papers opposed to him speak of this as exile, but that is probably exaggeration. It must be remembered that Trotsky's influence and power over the army have been exceedingly strong. If the army as a whole continues to believe that Trotsky will support it and maintain it, it is quite possible that his power may return.

Jealousy of Trotsky as the self-imposed heir to Lenine's leadership doubtless has much to do with the quarrel that has arisen. The supporters of the new leaders declare that Trotsky was not originally a follower of Lenine; that at first he was not a Bolshevik, but a Menshevik; that he changed his attitude simply because he saw Lenine had stronger personal force than any other leader in sight. He has, it is alleged, attacked Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Stalin as autocratic and has demanded some kind of "democratization of the party machinery." In this he has many supporters, but a large body of Bolshevik politicians accuse him of trying to make himself sole ruler.

This dispute has been going on for over a year, and has lately broken into fierce activity because of Trotsky's book "The Year 1917," which attacks his political enemies with bluntness. If the Soviet papers may be believed, the recent renewed hostility of Trotsky to



P. & A. Photos

Types of the Riffian cavalry who have defeated the Spanish forces

other leaders has caused overwhelming opposition to him. A well-informed Russian who has followed the present situation as indicated by the Russian newspapers writes us: "It can be hardly doubted that, at least for a time, Trotsky has again lost his power; that in depriving him of it the triumvirate is still more confident of its authority than a year ago, and that it fears no unexpected moves on the part of Trotsky's weakened friends and followers." On the other hand, Kamenev condemns Trotsky for precisely that which may put him in a favorable light with the opponents of Bolshevism. He says: "In the eyes of anti-Bolsheviks the name of Comrade Trotsky has become the symbol of their eventual liberation from the Communist yoke."

If it were possible to poll the entire population of Russia, it is probable that it would be found that the majority of the voters are opposed to the type of Communism which has prevailed so long. It is a strange situation if Russia has to choose between the unscrupulous and pitiless Trotsky and the oligarchical triumvirate which, for the time at least, holds the power.

The Indian Native States

WHEN Americans recently read that the territory ruled over by the uncle of "Mr. A." (that is, Hurrie Singh) was one of the native states in India, they may have felt some curiosity as to what such a native state is. The inquirer will find by reference to any book on India that a native state is at least semi-autonomous; and that it is not part of British India. There are over seven hundred native states. It is true that this sounds rather more than it is, for the great majority of these so-called independent states not included in the term British India are small places tucked away, so to speak, under the wing of some province which is part of British India.

There are, however, four states which are really important in size and population, and two others which are also large and important but which are made up each of a group of small states.

Kashmir, or, to give it its proper name, Jammu and Kashmir, the state ruled by Lieutenant-General H. H. Maharajah Sir Pratab Singh, the uncle of "Mr. A.," is not the largest of the native states. To be sure, it has something like four million inhabitants and nearly 85,000 square miles, but this yields in population to Hyderabad, which, with about the same area, has about fifteen million people—over three times the population of all Ireland. To say nothing of the delightful rugs and other fabrics that come from Kashmir, it was the supposed scene of Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh." Furthermore, Kashmir is of practical as well as roman-



Keystone

Gustav Stresemann
Leader of the German People's Party

tic interest in that it is a famous health resort. Politically it is in a sense the key to India, as through its mountains and passes any advance of an enemy from the northwest would have to be made. It is no wonder, therefore, that British diplomacy is reluctant to stir up excitement in this great semi-autonomous state. The present Rajah is an old man. The succession is not necessarily to the nearest of blood; there was a fierce conflict between the supporters of the present Prince Hurrie and another nephew who was supposed to have represented reactionary—that is to say, anti-British—feeling.

The degree of independence possessed by native states differs very greatly. In some the native ruler is almost supreme and the British Government of India interferes only in cases of emergency—one writer sardonically adds "such as the poisoning of a British Resident." Each of the native states is under the watchful eye of a Resident, but the native rulers gather and spend their own revenues, and have armies (within fixed limitations) and some of them have the power of life and death over their subjects. They are not allowed to make treaties with other nations nor with one another, nor to interfere with through roads or railways.

If half the stories that have come over the cable from London during the recent suit over what has been alleged to be a blackmail scheme are true, Kashmir is a hotbed of intrigue and of primitive methods of settling controversy. Thus the present Maharajah is said to have barely escaped death by failing to drink wine in which rubies had been crushed to powder, while the present heir, about the same time, was said to have been snatched from his baby crib with a view to slaughter, but to have almost miraculously been mislaid and found. These are bare specimens of a dozen stories that, whether they are true or not, surely have all the local color of Indian romance and Oriental legend.

The German Party Puzzle

HERR STRESEMANN, long regarded as a notorious trouble-maker in German politics, recently brought on a new crisis in the post-election situation. Stresemann has been Foreign Minister under Chancellor Marx, and is also the leader of one of the two people's parties. Stresemann's own party has been included in most of the combinations which might be supposed to insure Chancellor Marx a working majority and to indicate that the new Reichstag would stand for support of republican principles and the Dawes Plan. But suddenly Stresemann announced that he would insist on the inclusion of the National Party in the proposed Cabinet coalition. This at once raised the question whether or not Stresemann could be depended upon to work amicably with Marx. At all events, the Chancellor announced that he did not see his way to accept responsibility for a Cabinet which should include Nationalist leaders.

Stresemann is a man of great ability, but a shifty politician; so much so that observers of the recent campaign have often been in doubt as to what he supports and what he opposes. It is not surprising, under these circumstances, that Marx offered his resignation. But Stresemann, faced with the actual task of harmonizing discordant elements, gave it up and Marx again assumed office.

The Foreign Spirits

(Merchant of Venice, Act II, Scene 7)

Darling in the Omaha Bee



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"There's life in the old girl yet"

From Bertha N. Higgins, Omaha, Nebraska

Darling in the Springfield Daily Republican



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All right, just so the heads of the families understand each other

From Irving Parker, Lenox, Massachusetts

Reid for the Bell Syndicate



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Trot, Trot, Trotsky—

Cargill for the Central Press Association



The wrong kid!

Stresemann's stumbling-block was the refusal of the Centrists to unite with the Nationalists and thus endanger the Dawes Reparation Plan.

Towards Settlement in Germany

SOME months ago a representative of this journal was discussing with a well-known German statesman the prospects which the immediate future held out for a real political settlement within the confines of the former German Empire. The adoption of the Dawes report was just beginning to have its pacifying and regenerating effect, but feeling in Germany was running high over the reluctance of France to give any earnest of her intention to evacuate the Ruhr. The German statesman was quite emphatic on the issue.

"There is," he said in effect, "only one question in Germany to-day, and that is the occupation of the Ruhr. If France will give me two cities in the Ruhr to-night—in other words, some practical proof that she is in earnest in her determination to get out—I can swing German opinion in favor of co-operation and settlement to-morrow."

He then went on to point out how, out of the chaos of the past few years, there was steadily emerging in Germany a definite political order represented by the fusion of all the minor parties that believed in republicanism, on the one side, and all the minor parties that believed in the monarchy, on the other, so that in the near future there would be but two parties of any importance—the republicans standing for co-operation and settlement and the monarchists standing for a maintenance of the old German attitude of intransigeance and *Deutschland über Alles*. He quite evidently did not fear this development. On the contrary, he welcomed it as an evidence that the battle was at last being definitely outlined, and the way of the statesman thereby made clear.

The elections just past have shown how just was this forecast. In spite of the idea, frequently and insistently expressed, that the strength of the monarchists which the election revealed must be accounted disturbing, the contrary may be true. What is happening in Germany is just what happened in France some fifty years ago. The monarchists are emerging as a definite political party, a kind of official opposition, and, as such, can have but one effect, namely, to consolidate the republican ranks. The elections have shown republicanism very much in the ascendant. The indications are that it will remain so. At any rate, the task of consolidation and expansion is rendered much simpler by the fact that to-day, for the first time, republicanism in Germany knows pretty accurately where it stands in regard to its opponents.

Lame Ducks, Congressional and Presidential

A CUSTOM, ancient in Congress and therefore not lightly to be departed from, is to talk of doing something toward moving the convening of Congress nearer election—in other words, to abolish "lame duck" Congresses—and then to do nothing about it. This time, however, there has been somewhat less talk and slightly more action. The Norris resolution in this behalf has passed the Senate and, with an amendment, has been reported favorably by the House committee.

This resolution proposes an amendment to the Constitution which would dispose, with fair alacrity, of both "lame duck" Congresses and "lame duck" Presidents. Congress would meet on the first Monday in January following election, instead of the first Monday in the second December following election. That is to say that Representatives and Senators defeated in any election would continue to hold office for two months instead of four months after defeat, but the real significance of the change would be that newly elected members of Congress would begin actively to represent their constituencies two months after election instead of thirteen months, as is now the case unless Congress is called in extra session.

The Presidential term would begin on the third Monday in January, instead of on March 4. This delay of two months is held, even by the proponents of change, to be necessary in order to give time for the President-elect to make selections for Cabinet positions and the like. The hold-over period in the Presidency has never been as much opposed as that of Congress, but if the one change is made, the other is desirable in order to bring the assumption of duties by a new President close to that of a new Congress. Only once in our history has the service of a President after defeat had much evil significance. That was in the term of Buchanan, and the consequences were tragic.

The Norris resolution contains a clause, amended by the House committee, dealing with the method of electing a President in Congress in the event of failure of election in the Electoral College. It does not, however, greatly clarify the situation.

Suppose No President Is Elected

ANOTHER resolution and a bill pend, both introduced by Representative Cable, of Ohio, with somewhat the same object as the Presidential election clause of the Norris resolution.

The Cable resolution provides for the appointment of a commission to draft an amendment to the Constitution which will clear away all the difficulties and light up all the darkness shrouding the present method of electing a President and a Vice-President by the House of Representatives and the Senate. The darkness has existed since the adoption of the Constitution and has caused no stumbling. The difficulties, admittedly, may never become more than potential, but, clearly enough, they might at any time become actual difficulties. The probability of this is said to be enhanced by the increasing tendency to blocs in Congress and political factions becoming contesting parties in National elections.

The Cable resolution raises fifteen points, each of them involving a pretty study in Constitutional construction, which are to be settled by the amendment which the commission, if it is ever named, will draft. Does the Secretary of State succeed to the Presidency if, for any reason, there is no constitutionally elected President by March 4 of the quadrennial year? If he or another Cabinet officer did so succeed to the Presidency, would he fill out the unexpired term or could Congress call a special election? If a special election were called, would the man elected fill out an unexpired term, or would he serve for four years, thus upsetting the machinery of succession for all time? The only provision in the Constitution is that the President shall hold office for four years, and this four years might be construed to run, not from March 4, but from whatever day in the year some one other than a regularly elected President or Vice-President became President of the

United States. What would occur if, after the Electoral College records its vote, both the President-elect and the Vice-President-elect should die or be disqualified? Would the country have to run for four years without a President? Would the Vice-President-elect become President in the event of the death of the President-elect before March 4? The Constitution appears to provide for succession of the Vice-President only after inauguration.

These and many other equally interesting points, now in doubt, the Cable resolution would have a commission settle by drafting a Constitutional amendment providing for them.

The Cable Bill, as distinguished from the Cable resolution, seeks to settle by law the question of who would be President in the event of failure of election in the Electoral College and in the House and Senate. Under the present provision, House and Senate apparently must elect a President and Vice-President before March 4 or else forego their right of election. Even if it should be construed that they could elect later, there would be an interval during which the country would be without a President. The Cable Bill provides that balloting may continue indefinitely after March 4, an *ad interim* President being provided for by making the order of Presidential succession applicable just as in the event of death or disability of both President and Vice-President.

The objection is raised that this is a Constitutional and not a statutory matter. On the other hand, it is urged that, if the country ever were faced with the prospect of going without a President for four years, the Supreme Court would find a way of holding such a law Constitutional.

Interesting and undoubtedly important as all these questions are, they are not likely to be settled at this session of Congress. Probably, in conformity to our chronic habit of unpreparedness, we shall never settle them until some one of the possible crises is upon us.

Relief for the Cow Country

WHEN the President's Agricultural Commission reconvenes in Washington on January 5, it will face something of an ordeal. The President told Congress in his Message that he expected the Commission to report tangible measures for agricultural relief in time for enactment into law at this short session. Agricultural interests are insistent that this be done. The Commission was appointed late, the President believing, rightfully, that it would not be wise to make the appointments during the Presidential campaign. It met early in November, and adjourned almost immediately in order to give time for the gathering of data. When it reconvenes, there will be a mass of data for digestion. Two groups, holding essentially opposite views, will press for consideration.

There is hope that two major recommendations may be made in time for Congress to act upon them—one for the relief of the cattle industry, and the other for a strengthening of co-operative marketing.

Cattle raisers are now the most acute sufferers among the agricultural classes, and President Coolidge is said to be determined that something promptly effective must be done for their relief. The banks of the range country are suffering quite as much as the ranchmen because of the demoralization of the cattle market. The whole system has been upset since war days. In the old days big packing-house interests used to borrow large sums of money in the East and lend it, on fair terms, to cattle raisers. The war changed all this. Local banks mainly had to take over the business of cattle loans. They lent unwisely. Apparently, many of them did not take the precaution of knowing that a ranchman actually owned the number of cattle that he borrowed money on. At any rate, as conditions grew harder and harder through the lean years, ranchmen began to assert that they never had possessed the number of cattle that the banks supposed they had. They could get little out of what cattle they did have, and so turned them over to the banks on the loans. The banks could do nothing with them, and so begged the ranchers to take them back. In somewhat that situation the matter stands now.

There are two well-defined schools of thought as to how relief can be brought to the cattle ranges and the cattle banks. One, of which Eugene Meyer of the War Finance Corporation is said to be the head, believes that Government money should be lent to the cattlemen through the Intermediate Credits System of the Farm Loan Board, acting locally through cattlemen's credit associations. Albert C. Williams, recently appointed member of the Farm Loan Board, who formerly handled live-stock loans for the War Finance Corporation, is slated to handle this money.

The other school, of which Judge Charles E. Lobdell, fiscal agent of the Intermediate Credits System, is said to be the head, believes that lending on cattle in this way would be disastrous to the Farm Loan banks by depressing the price and slowing up the sale of farm loan bonds, the source of cash for all farm loan purposes. This group does not look with favor upon having the Government take over the business of cattle loans. It is pointed out that all other commodities on which loans are made are staples reduced to the form of bonded warehouse receipts, and it is asserted that lending on a commodity so unstable and elusive as cattle on the hoof would bring into the system an element of disastrous uncertainty.

The Navy's New Submarine

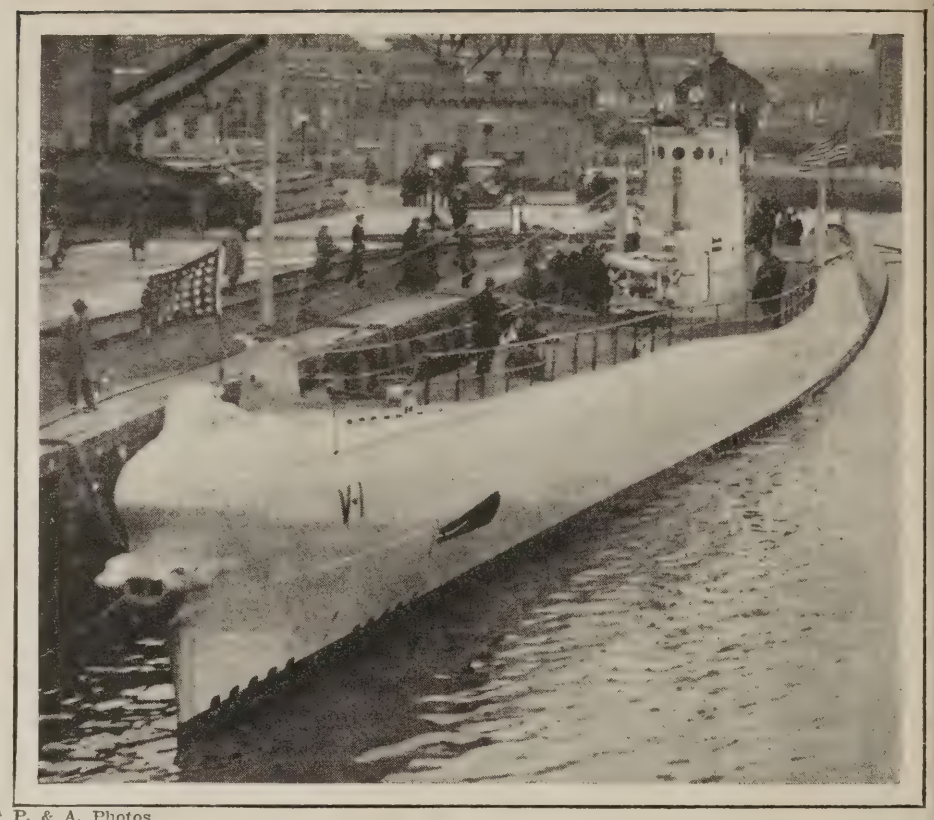
DURING the Revolutionary War a Yale undergraduate named David Bushnell, a mere boy, planned and built a submarine with which he hoped to destroy the blockading British vessels close offshore. The attempt was unsuccessful, for the oaken timbers of his Majesty's men-of-war stoutly resisted a submerged Connecticut Yankee and his little auger, but the plans exist to-day, and show that Bushnell had divined the true scientific principles of buoyance, and had built the first real submarine. In later years an Irish-born American, working with Americans in American workshops and with American machinery, built and navigated the first of the modern types. This conquest of the under-waters in a machine half toy, half death-trap, is a chronicle of American ingenuity, resourcefulness, and courage which has scarce had the attention it deserves.

Some thirty years have passed since Holland and his men, drugged and poisoned with the fumes of gasoline, climbed out of their eyeless, unsteady box of tricks and announced the conquest of a new and alien element. Now our engineers have produced the V-type submarine, the largest and most important type of the vessel yet built in America. The ship has been recently moored alongside a dock at the Washington Navy Yard.

To see the new vessel is to realize how thoroughly the modern submarine has

evolved into a surface vessel. Viewed from a few points off the bow, she seems far more like a "whaleback" than the submarine of popular fancy. Every line of the hull reveals a search for unflinching seaworthiness and surface stability. Even as a weapon of war this V is a surface ship able to submerge rather than a composite freak with a tendency to become helpless in a seaway. Go below, and you will find yourself in a big ship as self-sufficing as a cruiser. There are quarters for a crew of fifty men and more, lockers, tables, benches, a giant refrigerator, an enormous electric stove, an officers' ward-room, officers' cabins, and last, but by no means least, an apparatus to distill drinking and washing water. A real ship, built to fight above or below; not a mere seagoing torpedo tube to be manned, sent to sea, and then recalled to the base.

For the United States Navy the type means the advent of vessels vitally necessary in modern naval warfare—the fleet submarine. Such ships form the advance patrol of a war fleet; they establish contact with the enemy and report his position; and in the battle which follows they use their submerged or their surface weapons according to the fortunes of war. The S-type boats, in default of true fleet submarines, have had to perform this service, but the S types were obsolete before they were built, and mechanically have not had a particularly brilliant history. The Navy will now have an opportunity to try out the V's, and it is to be hoped that the ships will prove worthy of official and public confidence.



P. & A. Photos

The V-1, latest type of submarine built for the United States Navy

Are There Thousands of Habitable Planets?

RECENT researches made by the brilliant British mathematician-astronomer Dr. J. H. Jeans, Secretary of the Royal Society, indicate that the universe probably contains many thousands of planets, many of which may be like our own and some of which may support life of some sort.

This announcement is the end-product of a peculiar sequence of beliefs in the astronomical world. First, the astronomers concluded that, since there are so many stars or suns, it was only logical to suppose that some of them were accompanied by groups of encircling planets. A few years ago Dr. Jeans definitely attacked this interesting problem by other means than mere logic—that is, by mathematical analysis. He then provided grounds for the belief that out of all the thousand million suns in the Galaxy ours might easily be the only one with a family of planets. This smacked of a return to the homocentric theory of the universe.

Chamberlin and Moulton, of the University of Chicago, as well as Jeans and Jeffreys, of England, had already showed us the most likely manner in which our sun's retinue of planets came to be. Another star, perhaps larger than our sun, had happened to pass so close to it that it had nearly grazed it. The gravitational attraction of this body tore great masses of matter from the sun, and as the interloping star went on its way the same force set these extracted masses turning around the sun. The majority of scientists now believe our planets were formed in some such manner as this. The old nebular hypothesis is at least obsolescent. The planetesimal hypothesis replaces it.

The Einstein Theory Changes the Problem

WITH a thousand million stars swarming through space for a given length of time, the chance, mathematically expressed according to the theory of probabilities, that any pair of them will in time nearly collide and form planets increases as the length of time allowed increases. The oftener you take the pitcher to the well, the more likely you are to break it.

Dr. Jeans calculated this probability, and he found that there was hardly any chance at all. Manifestly, however, such an event *had* occurred at least once, since our planets are a fact. It seemed unlikely that any other planet bearing life such as that of the earth existed in the whole imponderable universe.

But recently Dr. Jeans found reason, not to cancel the theories on which he had based his conclusions, but, in a way that alters their force not at all, to change one factor most profoundly—the time factor. Professor Eddington, of Cambridge, one of the best authorities on the Einstein theory, showed that it made it possible, and indeed probable, that the life of a star, formerly estimated in mere hundreds of millions of years, should be multiplied by as much as one hundred thousand.

This being the case, the chances of the planet-making near-collisions having occurred in the past are increased by just that much. Since the Einstein theory, as well as the opinions of Professor Eddington and Dr. Jeans, are nowadays treated very seriously by most scientists, it is evident that we must change our point of view. We must believe that in

the past not a few, but hundreds of thousands of planets have been created. Some of them must be suitable for the existence of life.

Stars ten thousand billions of years old! Hundreds of thousands of other planets! Man shrinks.

Listening to the Stars

A FEW weeks ago the newspapers contained accounts of two French scientists "listening" to the star Capella. More recently two American scientists have been listening to the electrons. Thus man's newer knowledge permits him to span the limits of material magnitude from the greatest to the smallest.

What was done, of course, in listening to the star was not the actual hearing of sounds made, as such, by it. Actually it was the conversion of some of its light energy into sound energy by means of the highly sensitive photoelectric cell. This is a simple device embodying as its essential part a piece of the metal potassium. When light rays are played on this remarkable metal, its ability to conduct electricity is thereby instantly increased.

When the light of Capella was directed on the bit of potassium, a local electric circuit which included a battery was thereby caused to conduct a current of electricity. This current, controlled by the light-sensitive potassium, then fluctuated in exact rhythm with the vibrations of the starlight. By means of the vacuum-tube amplifier used in radio apparatus these minute currents were multiplied many times, so that they were strong enough to be heard in a radio telephone headset.

One-Half of One Per Cent

STANDING in the scale of relative magnitude at the opposite end from the great sun Capella is the electron. It is the smallest particle of matter, smaller by far than the atom. Even in the smallest bit of matter visible under the strongest microscope which we possess there are billions of electrons. Yet, though we cannot possibly see the electrons, two scientists, Dr. N. H. Williams, of the University of Michigan, and Dr. A. W. Hull, of the research laboratories of the General Electric Company, have just been listening to the blows struck on metal plates by the impact of individual moving electrons.

When the vacuum tube of the radio set is lighted, its tiny filament glows red and the surface of its metal actually boils. This boiling throws off billions of electrons, which jump across the empty intervening space to the plate of the tube. This causes the weak incoming radio signals to be amplified enough to be audible. In listening to the electronic bombardment of the metal plate the two scientists used modified radio apparatus which, unlike the ordinary radio vacuum tube, was capable of shooting off electrons individually.

This experiment is very interesting, but it was not performed to amuse the scientists. Instead, its chief purpose was the important measurement of the infinitesimal electric charge of a single electron. This measurement was first made by the American physicist Millikan, who received the 1923 Nobel science prize for the accomplishment. There was at that time, however, no way to make a conclusive check-up on the accuracy of Dr. Millikan's important work. Dr. Hull and Dr. Williams therefore performed their recent experiment, employing a wholly different method from that used by Dr. Millikan.

To those who sometimes feel that science ventures too far into the fog of pure inference it is reassuring to note that the results attained by these two separate methods of measuring the electric charge of the inconceivably small electron differ by only one-half of one per cent.

Legal, Yes; Neighborly, No

THE State of Pennsylvania has for three years laid a tax of one and a half per cent ad valorem on all anthracite mined within its borders. Citizens of Pennsylvania as well as citizens of other States pay the tax. It is therefore not, in the Constitutional sense, a discriminating tax nor literally an export tax, and the United States Supreme Court lately sustained a decision of the State Supreme Court to that effect. The tax is legal.

But the situation as to anthracite is peculiar. Almost all hard coal lies in Pennsylvania. Therefore far the greatest part of these tax receipts come from citizens of other States who cannot "get even" because they have no products of a nature to make possible any retaliatory taxes which should be at the same time legal and which should pinch Pennsylvania as she has pinched them. Practically the coal tax is added to the price for coal paid by outside consumers.

Thus all non-Pennsylvanian hard-coal users pay about fifty cents a ton tribute into the treasury of the Keystone State. It may be legal and it may be "business," but is it fair play as between fellow-members of the same Nation?

Upholding the California Alien Land Act

ANOTHER important step was taken recently toward establishing the California Alien Land Act when the State Supreme Court ruled against three Japanese and a Hindu prosecuted for violations of the act in the southern part of the State.

The Alien Land Law was first enacted in 1913. In 1920 a new and more effective law was submitted to the people by initiative, and was passed by an overwhelming majority. This in turn was amended by the Legislature in 1923 to prevent ineligible aliens from making crop contracts with owners of land; under this amendment landowners are prevented from making any contract with a Japanese or a Hindu which would give the aliens "any right or interest in the soil of California."

The cases just decided by the Supreme Court clearly constituted attempts to subvert the law by securing to the alien practically all the privileges of landownership by the legal fiction of a farming out contract. Perhaps the most patent of the four cases was that of the Hindu. In this case, a landowner named Carter had entered into a contract with a Hindu named Hamak Singh whereby Singh was to receive 80 per cent of the gross revenue of the crops from the land and, in addition, to draw a salary of $50 monthly "to pay for the use of the tools." In other words, while Carter might be the titular owner, Singh was the *de facto* owner and farmer and beneficiary. Moreover, so cleverly had the contract been drawn that the Superior Court of California had felt itself obliged to give a decision in Singh's favor. This decision has now been reversed by the Supreme Court. In the course of its ruling the Court declared: "The many and insistent efforts of the landowners and ineligible croppers to frame a contract that will accomplish the obvious purpose of the contracting parties [to secure virtual alien ownership in land] have thus been futile, and must continue to be so under the Constitution and the Alien Land Act."

California, in other words, is quite determined that what is law shall be en-

forced as law. It is a principle which, in these days especially, needs to be more than ever upheld.

An Impressive Plan

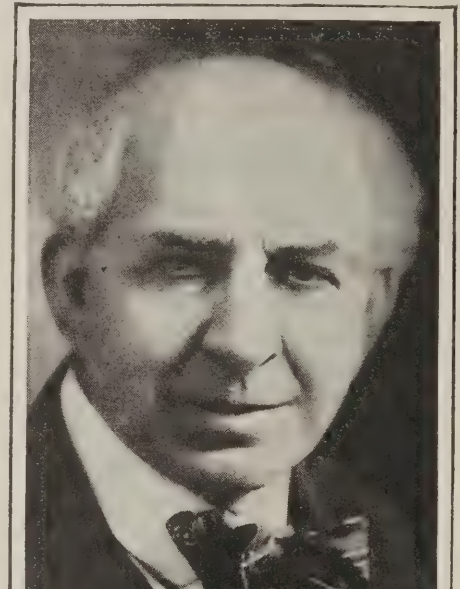
It has long been desired by American scholars, historians, and admirers of National achievement that there should be a complete and authoritative cyclopædia of American biography. To undertake this on a satisfactory scale was so costly that publishers have heretofore hesitated to enter upon it.

The idea is now to be carried out through the generosity of Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, the publisher of the New York "Times," who has offered to advance half a million dollars toward the total expense. To this end Mr. Ochs has signed an agreement with the American Council of Learned Societies Devoted to Humanistic Studies, which includes twelve separate associations related to art, history, languages, archæology, sociology, and political and economic science.

The plan followed will be in the main that of the monumental Dictionary of National Biography of Great Britain, one of the largest and most accurate reference works in the world. The American book will be years in construction, will deal only with persons not living, will run to twenty or more volumes, and will have perhaps 20,000 biographical articles. Exceedingly great pains will be made to secure accuracy, literary excellence, and the selection of writers equipped to furnish worthy life histories of Americans entitled to recognition. The details of editorship and publishing are still to be worked out in detail, but the facts already given indicate an intention to produce a work which will be not merely vast in extent but permanent in value. To Mr. Ochs are due the thanks of the country for his aid to the history of America and the achievements of Americans.

Julius Kahn

Born in Germany of Jewish parentage, Julius Kahn, who died in San Francisco on December 18, was made Chairman of the Military Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives two years after the United States entered the Great War. That fact in itself indicates the confidence of his fellow-Congressmen and of the country in his patriotism and courage. The one feature that stands out most prominently in his long public career is the record of his able and earnest advocacy of universal military training, preparedness, and the selective draft. The passage of the Selective Draft Act marked a turning-point in the military history of this country, and its power in bringing military service under a practical and just system cannot be exaggerated. It is said that Mr. Kahn took especial pleasure in showing that the thinking men of his race were prepared to uphold American honor and American resistance to insult and aggression.



P. & A. Photos

The late Julius Kahn, Congressman from California

Julius Kahn is described in a letter from a Washington correspondent of The Outlook as "everybody's friend. He was an undoubted force for good. A Republican of conservative type, he served for twenty-three years in the lower house, and in his whole career he supported public interest intelligently and scrupulously.

Those who knew Mr. Kahn only as legislator and publicist may be interested to learn that in his early life he adopted the stage as a career and that he was at least moderately successful, for he acted in the companies of Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, and Clara Morris. He deliberately left the stage for political life, and soon was elected as a Republican Representative in the California Legislature. While he served in that capacity he took up the study of law, and two years later he became a member of the California bar.

Uncle Tom

A man is dead who, though he never wrote a line, contributed as much as any man who sat in the press gallery to the making of good journalism in Washington. He was a Negro, Tom Carter, who came up from Fredericksburg, Virginia, newly emancipated, in 1865. He bought a horse and a "hack" and went on night duty along "Newspaper Row." Hundreds of the shifting corps of Washington correspondents hard put to get the facts for a late "story" on the wire, found Tom's hack the fastest means then known for crossing the wide spaces of Washington.

As the years went on, Tom came to call the newspaper men "my boys" and they to call him "Uncle Tom." Sometimes they had large tips for him. Other times, when a story was to be got hurriedly, the man who had to get it had not a dime in his pocket. "Uncle Tom" never kept books against his boys. He carried them where they needed to go and took what was forthcoming.

In the fullness of time, in the course of invention, "Uncle Tom" found himself superseded. Even his "boys" could not wait for his horse to make the distance when a taxicab would do it in a fifth of the time. Horse and hack were sold. "Uncle Tom" was on the street.

Newspaper men are a good-hearted, thoughtless lot. His "boys" were too busy to take thought of him. Finally one of them thought to ask him what he was doing. "Nothing, mostly," said "Uncle Tom." "Can't seem to work in the daylight—been hauling my boys under the 'lectric lights so long."

Then the boys did find time to take thought. "Uncle Tom" was given a night job at the National Press Club. Something like this would have had to come soon, even if there had been no taxicabs. "Uncle Tom" was old. His sight was bad. As he busied himself brushing off tables he threw literally hundreds of domino pegs out with the refuse. He never knew, and to the boys it did not matter. They kept him assured that he was invaluable, that the club could not run without him.

At last the time came when "Uncle Tom" no longer could shuffle about the lounging-room in the deep hours of the night. He sat by the fire in his little home, and some of his "boys" went regularly to see him. They went to inquire how he was and to cheer him, but they never left without producing some money

and saying, "Here, Uncle Tom, are a few cab fares that some of the boys remembered they owed you." Time was when "Uncle Tom" would have known that the "boys" who might have owed him money were long since gone, most of them across the dark river, all of them away from Washington. But now the earlier years mingled in his mind with the latter years, and the newspaper men, quick and dead, were just his "boys." And the men who brought the money, if they reflected at all, took thought that they were paying the debt of those who preceded them and hoped that those who came after them would pay their debts of duty.

When the clods thudded upon "Uncle Tom's" coffin, his "boys" turned away from his grave with wet eyes. Here was a man gone in whom there was no guile. If on the other side there are those who wait for souls from earthly ports, "Uncle Tom" was welcomed by his "boys" of the long-gone years.

A Service, not a Business

ON a column of the building of the Washington City Post Office are graven these words: "COURIER OF NEWS AND KNOWLEDGE, INSTRUMENT OF TRADE AND INDUSTRY, PROMOTER OF MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE, PEACE AND GOOD WILL AMONG NATIONS."

Postmaster-General New in his departmental report just rendered shows at least a theoretic recognition of the significance of those words as embodying the purpose of the postal service. Mr. New defines the prime consideration in the administration of this service as that of "rendering the best service to the public consistent with due regard for cost." And he adds, "If the public does not receive a satisfactory service, it is no answer to say that expenditures have been kept within the revenues."

All attempts to pass the Postal Employees' Salaries Bill over the President's veto have been postponed until after the holidays. At least one other bill relating to postal service will then be before Congress. It seems probable that an attempt will be made to pass new legislation which would answer the President's objections to the bill he vetoed. This will entail a wide discussion of postal finance and the principles underlying the service as well as the paying of employees; and here it may be noted that there seems to be no opposition to the increase of the pay of those postal employees who are fairly entitled to it because of conditions of living and their work. President Coolidge in his veto even recognizes plainly that postal employees should not only have as good pay as they would receive in other employments, but a somewhat larger scale of pay.

It is not true, however, as has been assumed in a good deal of discussion, that President Coolidge's objection to the bill was solely because it made no provision for raising the amount of postal revenue for increased pay. That was one of his reasons. But he also thought it desirable to inquire whether as a matter of fact the salaries were or were not now higher than those paid for other work. He states that a special investigation made by the Post Office Department in cities ranging from two thousand to five million in population reached the conclusion that "in all cases of employees of a similar character the average salaries paid were much lower than those paid in the postal service."

Another reason given by the President for his veto is that the increase in the bill applied alike to all classes of Post Office workers, ignoring the difference in the cost of living between cities and small towns, and makes a flat raise of $300 or thereabouts to an immense number of Post Office workers of different grades. He also refers to five increases of pay in the years of 1919-23, amounting to an aggregate of $450,000,000 in salaries to postal employees. It might also be added that the bill as presented to the President had a "rider" in the shape of a "Federal Corrupt Practices Act." The President does not seem to mind this; in fact, he says that "if that provision stood alone, I should approve that part of the bill relating to campaign funds." It seems clear from this analysis of the President's veto that Congress should consider the several points raised by the President and legislate in such a way as to deal with the whole matter involved wisely and broadly.

The legislation that has been proposed to raise revenues for the special purpose of increasing salaries has a simple and easy plan, but one that is neither sound nor just. It is to increase the rates paid by those who use the Post Office in every class except that of letter postage. If the rates of the Sterling Bill are to be followed, somewhat more than $10,000,000 would fall upon the second-class rates—that is, the postage charges paid by publishers of newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals. Needless to say, The Outlook is included in that class; but that fact, with the consequent sneers about self-interest, will not prevent The Outlook from stating once more, as it often has before, its belief that this is not an acceptable nor, in the long run, intelligent way of raising postal revenue. High second-class rates under the zone system are a tax on intelligence and a premium on sectionalism. This has never been better stated than by the present Secretary of State, Mr. Charles E. Hughes, who served as a member of a commission appointed by President Wilson to study the second-class postal question. The report of the commission was unfavorable to the zone system. Mr. Hughes in a letter written on July 17, 1918, said:

> Newspapers and magazines are admitted to the second-class postal rates on the well-established policy of encouraging the dissemination of intelligence; but a zone system is a barrier to this dissemination. If it is important that newspapers and magazines should be circulated, it is equally important that there should not be sectional divisions to impede their general circulation through the entire country. . . . Abuses in connection with second-class mail matter will not be cured by a zone system of rates. That will hurt the good no less than the bad, and perhaps some of the best sort of periodical literature will be hit the hardest.

Now that the old question has come up anew, it is right to point out that the present zone postal rate was a war measure; that arguments like those of Mr. Hughes were put aside on the sole ground that everybody and everything must help pay for the war—a perfectly sound reason in itself—and that since that time direct war taxes have been taken off of almost everything else except the use of the mails.

Another consideration should not be forgotten in the discussion which is to ensue. It is not true that the second-class matter does not "pay for itself," as the phrase goes. The Post Office Department carries an enormous amount of matter for the Government, and especially for the other Departments. A statement of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association just made public points out that so curious are the methods of Departmental bookkeeping that two widely differing statements have been made as to the actual cost of handling this public mail. One report places the cost at about $6,000,000; the other,

at over $12,000,000. Whatever may be the right figure, common sense would seem to dictate that the several Departments should be charged with the cost of carrying their own mail. The report of the Publishers' Association shows that "on its revenue-producing services the Department operated at an extraordinary profit."

If we took a large view of the theory held in the Post Office, there would be found in it a good deal of illusion. No other Department pays its expenses from its receipts—the Agricultural Department, for instance, renders immense service to the farmers and people generally; that service is not paid for by the receipts of the Department, but by appropriations of Congress. So with every Department. The Post Office Department stands alone for the single reason that only by a system of charging for service could the service be rendered. It is impossible even to envisage the idea of making the postal service free and paying for it wholly out of appropriations. There should of course be equity in the making of rates; but the equity should not be as between classes of mail, but as between classes of users of the service.

When the inventor of cheap postage, Rowland Hill, put forth his idea that English postal rates should not be fixed on distance (he thought they should be a penny a half-ounce, regardless of distance) and his so simple but so effective suggestion, that the pay might be collected through "little pieces of adhesive paper," he made possible the present postal system of the whole world. Before that time the receiver of a letter paid for the postage—if you hated a man, you could write him an enormously long letter and he would have to pay for it. Few letters were written; the cost was preposterous. People laughed at Hill as a reckless inventor, on the ground that the people at large would have to pay an enormous sum of money for the benefit of the few people who really would like to write letters; but Rowland Hill knew that the way to educate the people and also build up big postal business was on the lines he invented. He lived to see the plan an enormous success and to receive at one time a personal grant of £20,000 from Parliament for his services.

From Hill's day to this the distribution of newspapers and periodicals without regard to distance or section has not only been beneficial but has been a vast builder of business—not only commercial business, but business for the Post Office. An examination of the first-class mail would show that an astonishing amount of the letters had their source in the periodicals and papers carried in the second-class mail. And, as we have said before, if Congress cripples the periodicals or cripples National advertising, it is acting like the general traffic manager of a railway who should say, "I want to encourage freight traffic, but I will do all I can to discourage passenger traffic."

The more these facts are kept in the light, the more it will be seen that, while it may be a very agreeable thing to have the receipts and the cost of the Post Office balance, there is a fallacy involved in the fixed idea (unhappily too prevalent in the halls of Congress) that the Post Office Department must necessarily be a self-supporting business. That fallacy goes up by geometric progression when one jumps to the further conclusion that each separate class of the Post Office Department should be self-sustaining by itself.

There is still another point of view which ought to be considered. The zone and high postage impositions work with severe inequality against some periodicals as against others. Periodicals which deal chiefly with news reports and comment on current events are put to great disadvantage. Unless some other method of distribution is provided, periodicals *must* use the Post Office. They *must* send out their issues almost entirely under second-class rates. These papers find their cost of transportation increased enormously. They are not of the big-profit-earning class. On the other hand, periodicals which have little relation to current events and are largely made up of stories, light articles, and entertaining features are not compelled to use the Post Office. Many of them to-day are sending their issues out by express, railway freight, or motor delivery to distribution points, planning for this by getting each issue ready long before the date it bears. This is what Mr. Hughes meant in the letter quoted above when he used the words, "Perhaps some of the best sort of periodical literature will be hit the hardest."

Publishers of periodicals are good citizens—we will even go so far as to say that their product is of value to the people; they are perfectly willing to pay taxes or postal rates levied after thoughtful consideration and based on the welfare of the whole country. They may, however, properly protest against hostile action by Congress, against the danger that Congress may lose itself in a fog of figures formidably arrayed but based on the misconception that the Department's financial report should be like the balancing of cost and sales in a commercial establishment.

A Pageant of Literature

THE gift of the Pierpont Morgan Library to the public was made under such conditions as were both proper and necessary for the care of a priceless collection of books and manuscripts. Scholars and students who have any occasion to consult its resources are constantly given the privilege of using them. All that is necessary is to show the librarian that such occasion exists, and so far as the limited space of the building allows, the permission is granted.

There is one great section of the library which is of more interest to the general public than the early printed books. These are the historical and literary manuscripts, and to display these much space is needed. An arrangement has been made with the New York Public Library, of which Mr. J. P. Morgan is a trustee and a vice-president, by which groups of the manuscripts are displayed in its exhibition rooms from time to time.

Last spring there were shown a number of American historical manuscripts of great interest; at present the large exhibition room of the Public Library is visited daily by three to four thousand persons who come to see a fascinating collection of English literary manuscripts. English literature from Sir Philip Sidney and Francis Bacon to Rudyard Kipling and George du Maurier is represented in the stories, documents, poems, drawings, and novels as they were first set on paper by their creators.

The cases contain amazing things: here is the first book of "Paradise Lost" as it went to the printer in the handwriting of the blind poet's secretary; and here is the warrant for the arrest of John Bunyan, which resulted in the writing of "Pilgrim's Progress." Joseph Severn's original sketch of Keats on his deathbed is flanked by poems and letters in Keats's own hand. Byron's untidy scrawls of the first stanzas of "Don Juan" may be contrasted with Charlotte Brontë's microscopic and perfectly formed letters. Here is a whole volume

of "Ivanhoe" in Scott's patient manuscript; Kipling's "Brushwood Boy" in typewriting, but corrected by the author's pen; many examples of Dickens's work, of which "A Christmas Carol" probably attracts more spectators than any of the others. Du Maurier's two novels "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson," which were not spoiled even by so much praise, are here, in the penny copybooks as the author wrote them, with the large sketches in pen and ink for their illustrations. Hardly any item in the collection is more delightful than Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring," in his neat hand, with his pictures in color, as it was set down for a group of children in Rome, including the daughter of the American sculptor W. W. Story.

A Motor Mind for a Motor Age

THOUGH he has learned to fly, the human insect that inhabits this globe is busier than ever devising new ways of crawling over its surface. Once he was as slow as the beetle. He has not yet learned to imitate the flea or the grasshopper; nevertheless for his size and weight he can outdistance any other creeping thing. He has acquired muscles of steel and aluminum; and has developed the energy necessary for his tireless speed by learning to digest coal and gasoline.

With all this new-found energy and newly developed muscles, he is still hampered. He has found the surface of the earth unfitted for the speed which he has developed. He must smooth it out to make ways for himself. Moreover, he has not yet learned to use his new muscles. He has not the instinct developed by millions of generations that other insects have. He gets in his own way. He has become self-destructive. He cannot wait for the development of a new instinct. He must substitute something else for it by means of laws and education.

That in brief constitutes the new problem created by the automobile.

To every one of us that problem is in one form or another very real.

To the mother of young children it presents each school day the question, "Will my child come home from school to-day alive and whole?"

To the farmer it presents the question, "Must I change from the old way of getting my produce to the railway or the market?"

To the railroad man it presents the question, "Are the bus and the truck going to throw my company into bankruptcy?"

To the politician it presents the question, "Have we found in the motor car and its fuel a new source of general taxation?"

OF these questions, by far the most important is the mother's or father's. Against the life and safety of his children a man's produce, a man's business, a man's political interests cannot be weighed. It is not merely in the congested cities that human life is in peril because of the automobile. On every highway, one might almost say in the neighborhood of every highway, there is a danger that did not exist in the days of the horse-drawn vehicle. First, then, in importance in dealing with the problem of the automobile is that of safety. When, therefore, the Secretary of Commerce called a conference to deal with the question concerning streets and highways in this country, it was not to discuss the commercial use of streets and highways, but to come to some conclusion as to means for making streets and highways safe. In 1923 over half a million of Americans were seriously injured in automobile accidents. If we had had a war in 1923 in which over half a million men had been seriously wounded, the pacifists would have been employing that fact as a new argument for disarmament. In that same year 18,000 persons were killed in automobile accidents. This was not an exceptional year. These accidents and deaths are the normal product of the use of the automobile under present conditions.

It is futile to call the motor driver a murderer. We know in most cases he is not. It is futile to call the people who get killed through their own carelessness suicides. In most cases of course they are not. And yet in most of these accidents there is an element of culpability. It is often carelessness, not infrequently amounting to recklessness, and it is almost always some form of inconsiderateness. The National Conference on Street and Highway recognized this fact when it made one of its recommendations in the form of this sentence:

> Pedestrians and motorists ought to bear a considerate attitude, each to the other.

If this admonition could be made effective, little else would be necessary; since, however, mankind has for the most part little regarded a similar but more positively spoken admonition from a higher source—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"—this fraternal reminder will not of itself go far to solve the problem. The Conference, knowing that fact, proceeded to make other recommendations, which, if they have less of Christian gentleness than the one we have quoted, have more of the force of Mosaic fiat. We hope later to refer to some of these recommendations. One thing is clear. A source of danger is to be found in the various and often conflicting regulations of State and local authorities. If we are not to have Federal control of motor transportation, the States must come to some common understanding and harmonious practice.

At the suggestion of Secretary Hoover, the Conference was made a continuing body which will meet again in a year. In the meantime, eight technical committees will carry on investigations.

NEXT perhaps in importance to the question of safety in motor transportation is the question of adapting it to the usual business of life. The farmer is not the only one who finds himself suddenly dependent upon an entirely new mode of locomotion. There is scarcely anything which we use which at one time, and in many cases several times, is not carried in a motor car. And yet for this purpose we are using roads originally designed for an entirely different sort of vehicle. A new means of transportation whose chief value is speed must now follow routes which are constantly presenting obstacles to speed. The motor highway now under construction between Detroit and Pontiac and the projected highway in New Jersey to connect with the vehicular tunnel under the North River are examples of a new kind of road for a new kind of vehicle. The automobile did not become itself until it ceased to be merely a horseless carriage. The automobile road will not become itself until it ceases to be merely a horseless highway.

HARDLY less important to the ordinary citizen is the question of adjusting transportation by motor to transportation by rail. It is not merely the railway official or employee that is interested in keeping our railways prosper-

ous; it is everybody, for everybody makes use of the railway and depends upon it. Early this month in Boston three hundred representatives of steam, electric, and gasoline motor transportation agencies discussed from all angles the relationship of these interests to one another. The conclusion was in favor of co-operation instead of wasteful competition. The new factors in transportation which have led to this effort at co-ordination are the gasoline truck and bus. So sharply have the truck and bus cut into railway transportation in some places that in some cases railway lines have been virtually abandoned. The Boston and Maine System is seeking for Federal and State consent to the abandonment of a thousand miles of its own branch lines. The New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railway is seeking by legal methods to prevent the sort of competition that has disarranged traffic on other railways. The Pennsylvania Railroad is experimenting with busses and trucks as feeders to its own lines. Motor trucks as freight carriers have been in use for some time; but it is only in 1924 that the motor bus as a carrier of passengers between cities on routes of considerable distance under conditions of speed and real comfort has found itself. The standard passenger bus is no longer a modified truck, but a distinctive type of car. On some routes these palatial passenger busses speed along with an effortless majesty that places the traveler in a class with the occupant of a private car. Some of these passenger bus lines are inter-State in character, and raise new questions of regulation and taxation. At the Conference at Boston emphasis was laid on the desirability of establishing motor bus routes only when certificates of convenience and necessity were granted by public authority. Incidentally there was a feeling that railway companies should be permitted to change the character of transportation on small, unprofitable branch lines; in fact, a number of railways have already done this by replacing on their rails their steam trains with motor cars.

In the discussion of this question it has been sometimes said that the competition of trucks and busses with the railways is unfair because railways have to build their own roadways, while trucks and busses use the roadways already provided and maintained at public cost.

THIS raises the whole question of the relation of the taxpayer to the new mode of transportation introduced by the motor car.

If the competition between rail transportation and motor transportation is to be kept on a fair basis, each motor user must pay for his share of the use of the road. No fairer method of doing this has been discovered, so far as we know, than by a tax on gasoline. Such a tax, it has been found, not too heavy for the motorist to bear, is sufficient to pay for the maintenance of highways in general use. It is an approximately just measure of the amount of the road used by the car that consumes the gasoline. Speed, weight of load and car and distance traveled are all factors in the wear of the road and are all factors in the consumption of gasoline. For the construction of new roads money can be obtained in part at least from taxation on motor cars themselves.

It is impossible to have safety or efficient transportation on the highways, or fair competition between new and old methods of transportation, unless the construction and maintenance of automobile roads are financed properly and justly. For this reason public opinion should insist that the taxing powers of the State and the Nation should not divert money raised by taxing motor cars —whether through license fees or otherwise—and motor fuel to the general treasury, but should devote it solely to highway purposes.

The Second Capture of Santiago

Special Correspondence by HERMANN HAGEDORN

THE railroad station at Santiago is not a thing of beauty. It looks as though it might date back to pre-revolutionary days, which in Cuba means any time before the middle 'nineties, and the traveler suspects darkly that it has known no broom since. Its portal looks out upon a thirty-foot barrier of signboards bearing devices familiar and yet strange, advertising, in Spanish, American tires and American guns. The first impression of the famous old city is not enticing.

But there is a troop of cavalry drawn up beneath the signboards; in the bare, unlovely, dusty street to the right a band in khaki stands waiting; against the station wall waits another, in blue. Round about, everywhere, even on distant housetops, are men and women and children—white, black, and intermediate —waiting.

There is a sharp command; sabers come to the salute, the band in khaki strikes up the Cuban national air, and in the portal of the railroad station appears the President of the Republic with Mrs. Roosevelt on his arm. He is sixty-odd, under middle height, a gray figure; the lady in black with the veil thrown back from her face is taller than he. Behind them comes Señora la Presidente, escorted by Major-General Harbord, personal representative of President Coolidge; crowding in behind them come the American Ambassador, General Crowder, a half-dozen members of the President's Cabinet with their ladies, the head of the Cuban army, the members of the Roosevelt party, including Rough Riders and trustees of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, countless aides, secretaries, newspaper correspondents. There are some twenty automobiles in the procession which, headed by one of the bands and the troop of cavalry, makes its way up the steep, narrow street to the Cathedral plaza, where the Hotel Casa Grande looks across at the Hotel Venus.

The second capture of Santiago is no less complete than the first. There are no two minds concerning Theodore Roosevelt—*"el gran amigo,"* as he is called—and no two minds concerning the gracious lady in simple black who has come a matter of seventeen hundred miles to show by her presence that she is not unmoved by the gratitude which the Cuban people feel for the man whose name she bears.

THE next day is Sunday, and it is clear, as every day seems to be in Cuba in December, and warm even at five in the morning, when the stranger from other parts, having just got through

wondering how any people can go to bed so late, stirs unhappily behind his mosquito curtains, wondering how any people can get up so early. A boy's voice rises musically from the plaza, dispelling all thought of sleep with its chant: *"Diario di Cuba! Diario! Diario di Cuba!"* It is a newsboy. Cuban curiosity, it appears, wakens betimes.

At eight-thirty the cavalry stand at salute again at the hotel steps, and a quarter of an hour later the cavalcade of the previous afternoon, with President Zayas and Mrs. Roosevelt in the van, is once more proceeding through the streets of Santiago. They are Old World streets, narrow and winding, with sidewalks in places scarcely a foot wide, and crowded with folk in Sunday dress hurrying after the automobiles northeastward out of the city in the direction of San Juan Hill.

At the junction of the Avenida de la Republica and the Avenida Roosevelt, a mile perhaps from the center of the town, where the city dwindles into shanties, and, a hundred yards beyond, Santiago's one stately suburb, Vista Allegre, begins, there is a triangle of pleasant greensward and magnificent trees which the municipality has dedicated to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt. The local Rotary Club, with an energy which appears prodigious in the tropic air of Santiago, has not only persuaded the city fathers that there is virtue in gratitude, but has raised a fund to grade the uneven ground and enclose the park with an iron fence. To the visitors from afar, approaching it in stately procession, the park gives the appearance of having been always a park. The heavy foliage of its gnarled jaguey trees closes the vista down the avenue leading from the city, and at their base stands the simple memorial which a great American architect and a great American sculptor together created to honor Roosevelt the Rough Rider. A Cuban flag hides the bust by Fraser, set on a granite pedestal against a granite background designed by Henry Bacon.

The Marine Board of Havana, which has traveled some thirty hours by train to take part in the exercises, is drawn up on the Avenida de la Republica; on the Avenida Roosevelt stand the troopers; between them, around them, everywhere, is the populace of Santiago—apparently all of the populace, noisy, jostling, defying the police. They crowd over the low iron railing, cheerfully upsetting all the plans of the efficient colonel of cavalry who imagines that he has kept a space free commensurate with the dignity of a Presidential party. The President elbows his way through as well as he can; a breathing-space is secured for Mrs. Roosevelt and the speakers. Everything is very democratic and everybody is in good humor.

The band plays the Cuban national hymn; a slender gentleman of sixty-odd years, Señor Prisciliano Espinosa, representing the energetic Rotary Club, takes his place on the steps of the monument and reads an address in stately Spanish. He is followed by the former Governor of Kansas, Henry J. Allen, who speaks



Underwood

The Roosevelt Memorial on the road to the battlefield at San Juan, after its unveiling by Mrs. Roosevelt on December 14. General Harbord (in front of flag) made the dedicatory address

in behalf of the Roosevelt Memorial Association and the Rough Riders. He speaks without notes, briefly, vigorously; his text is Roosevelt's conception of citizenship—"Honesty first; but honesty is not enough. Courage; but courage and honesty are not enough; if a man is a natural-born fool you can't do anything with him. The effective citizen must have the three qualities: honesty, courage, common sense." President Zayas nods his head thoughtfully as the speaker emphasizes the need of honesty.

The American's face is shining with perspiration as he steps back into the crowd; it is hot work being eloquent in Santiago even at nine in the morning.

There is a hush even among the chattering throngs at a distance from the monument as the slender black figure of Mrs. Roosevelt is seen to mount the base of the monument and to draw back the flag which shrouds the bust. As the head of the Rough Rider, vigorous, vital, intense, appears the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner;" the familiar air has a new meaning, a new solemnity, heard at that moment, in that place. It is as though the soul of the Nation were speaking a benediction.

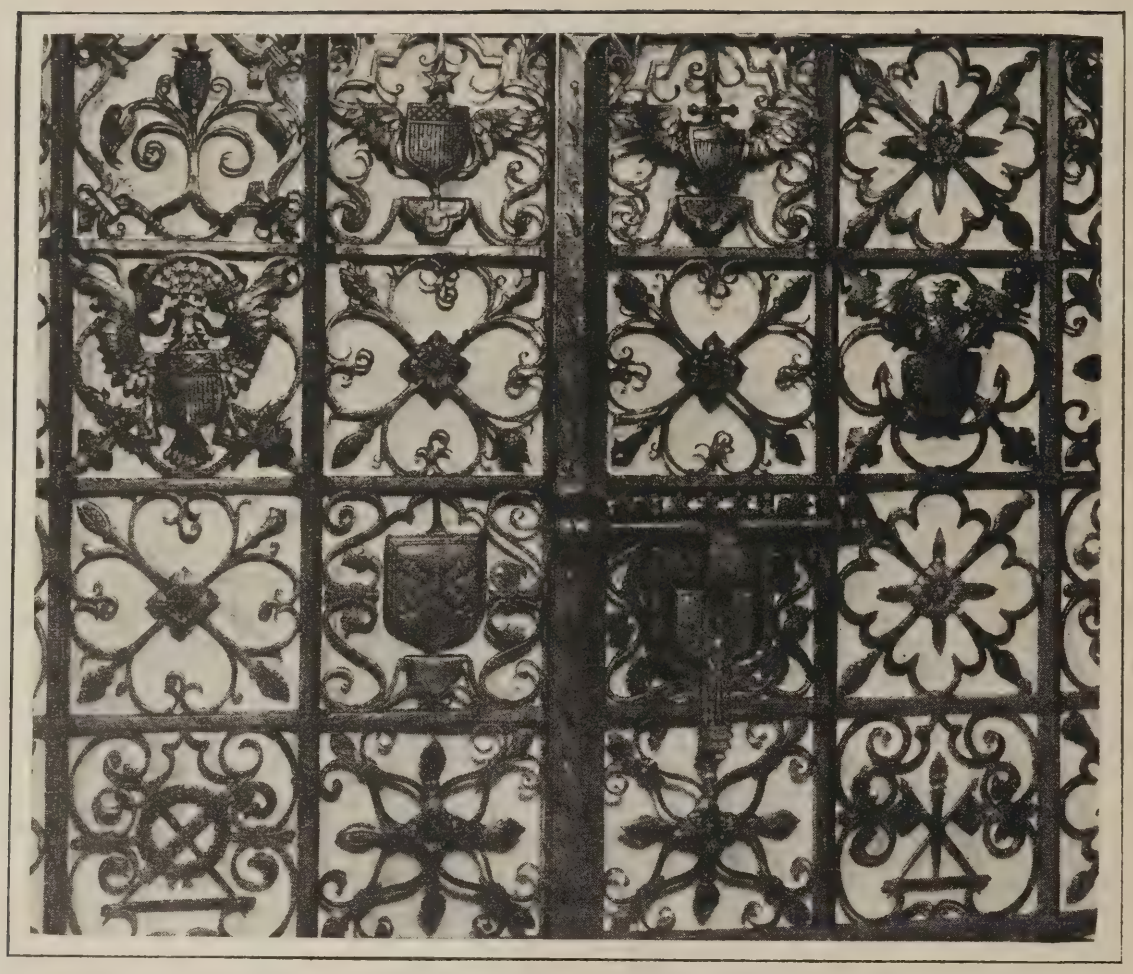
General Harbord, erect, impressive, takes his place to deliver the principal address of dedication. He has pleasant memories of other Santiago days, and recalls them; he tells of Cuba's past glories and present responsibilities; of Roosevelt "quietly rampant for *Cuba libre*" in the early 'nineties and calling for intervention; a few years later fighting on San Juan Hill; a few years later again, as President, setting Cuba on the road toward self-government. He speaks candidly, sentimentalizing nothing and grasping the thorns on his way with a vigorous hand. The United States and Cuba stand in a peculiar relation to one another, he points out; each has responsibilities toward the other which cannot be ignored. He ends on a high note, recalling, together with the Cuban and American dead, the heroic dead of Spain.

The President is the last speaker. He is famous as an orator who speaks extemporaneously always, boasting that he does not know two minutes before he is to speak what he shall say, nor remembering two minutes after he is through what he has said. He does not look like an orator; his face in repose is without expression; his eyes are heavy and half closed.

He begins to speak. He seems suddenly taller; his face comes to life; his voice is powerful and eloquent; his gestures are large and admonitory. It does not take an interpreter to tell the American part of his audience that he is adjuring his countrymen to be mindful of Roosevelt's ideals, "which will endure even after this granite and this bronze have crumbled to dust." For a moment the gray man is aflame. When he closes, he receives the most emphatic applause of the morning.

The band plays, the cavalry salutes, the official party returns to the automobiles, and the ceremony of the unveiling of the memorial to the great Rough Rider is over. As the crowd dissolves he looks a little lonely there, leaning down from the granite. The sculptor has depicted him with his head thrust forward, intensely interested, about to speak. It scarcely seems extravagant to believe that any minute he will indeed speak. One wonders, when he does, uttering, in that strange, tropic land, his hard doctrine of service and self-discipline, will there be more than a handful to listen, will there be any to heed?

Meanwhile the sun beats full on the heroic bronze.



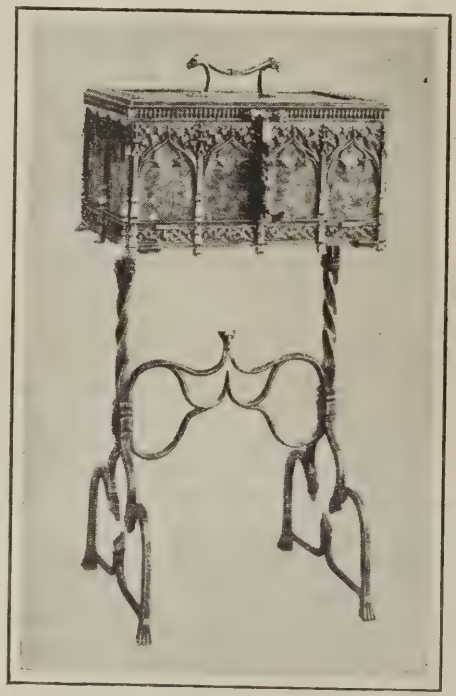
Section of Gates for Harkness Memorial Quadrangle, Yale University
(James Gamble Rogers, architect; Samuel Yellin, metal worker)

Samuel Yellin: Poet of Iron

By FULLERTON WALDO

"I LOVE iron; it is the stuff of which the frame of the earth is made. And you can make it say anything you will. It eloquently responds to the hand, at the bidding of the imagination. When I go to rest at night, I can hardly sleep because my mind is aswarm with visions of all the gates and grilles and locks and keys I want to do. I verily believe I shall take my hammer with me when I go, and at the gate of heaven, if I am denied admission, I shall fashion my own key."

The man who talks in this strain of the seer and prophet has not been content to dream dreams: he has given them substance in his handiwork. His schooling has been most thorough. Thirty-eight years ago he was born, in a Polish village of Galicia near the Austrian border. It was a village like Oberammergau, humming with folk-song, alive with the creative activity of those who fashioned beautiful objects with educated fingers. In his school he was taught the



French Gothic wrought-iron museum chest by Samuel Yellin

academic branches, and manual training *pari passu* therewith. From twelve to seventeen he was apprenticed to the iron-worker's calling, and even to-day he proudly calls himself "a blacksmith."

At seventeen Samuel Yellin graduated a "master," as decreed in his diploma, and then began the *"Wanderjahre"* that took him to England and Belgium, and finally (at twenty) to Philadelphia. Here by those who recognized his talent and his patience he was gladly engaged to teach a class in the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art. So often was he importuned to do original work that finally he abandoned the classroom for the studio. He put up a shop in West Philadelphia, sparing no expense and engaging able architects to supply an inspiring environment to his toiling forgemen and his office force.

For to-day he has in his employ two hundred men whom he has trained himself. Two years ago he had to put up a second building and increase his working



Wrought-iron chapel screen for St. Joseph's Chapel, St. Vincent Ferrer Church, New York City
Made at the forges of Samuel Yellin for Bertram G. Goodhue, architect



Main entrance to Samuel Yellin's Workshop, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Designed by Mellon, Meigs & Howe

force by a hundred for the sake of a single contract—the largest ever awarded an iron-worker. It was that for the new Federal Reserve Bank in New York.

Among his other contracts have been those for the Cunard Building in the same city, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the Pierpont Morgan estate on Long Island, the Packard Building in Philadelphia, the Valley Forge Memorial Chapel, and notably the Harkness Memorial Quadrangle at Yale. The prestige he has won by these undertakings has raised him to a plane of achievement that finds him no longer in need of eulogy or heraldry. *"Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."*

The West Philadelphia "shop" is a two-story yellow building suggesting the stately home of a Spanish grandee, except that it has no central *patio*. Its iron adornment is nowhere repellent or formidable. The doorway does not tell one to abandon hope; it is like an outheld hand of friendly and reassuring invitation. Over the inner and outer gates are "finials," or little twisted spikes of various design, and even these are not threatening like poniards, but wear a suggestive resemblance to the caressing tassels of the tufted wheat. Inside is an office with a minimum of obtrusion of its commercial function and a maximum of pleasant, informal welcome. Then comes an inner room, of Yellin's own, with oaken table, iron chest elaborately wrought, a great iron door of patterns incised with figures of jolly little workmen, tapestry hung on the rough gray wall, and a quaint, brooding figure in wood of St. Eloi, patron of iron-workers.

On the second floor is a drawing-room where sketches are prepared and models made, under Yellin's own never-resting mind and hand. Another room holds a miniature Cluny museum—a jewel-case of four walls, with locks and keys, spoons and forks, ancient things, and a few of Yellin's own scattered amid them indistinguishably.

In the main body of the shop are the forges, and in the dim light of smoky windows they might be mediæval—but the one difference is that these are blown by electricity instead of by manual leverage. Everything is beaten out upon the anvil just as a smith would beat the red ends of horseshoes with a ringing clangor and the sparks in a golden rain. In the building over the way the cold iron of the gates and grilles is given the finishing touches and assembled. Here were seen the gates of the Packard Building, measuring thirty-three feet in height by twenty-one in breadth. Yellin pointed out that in the intricate foliated pattern

with its bosses in the midst of each panel there was not an exact and monotonous repetition. Nowhere in his work appears the stereotyped or stamped aspect of a casting; surfaces are rough, and undulate irregularly; points twist and bend in contradictory directions; the marks of the hammer, incidental to the working, mottle the iron everywhere and make it seem as impressionable as though the touch of a finger had left an indentation. Thus Yellin avoids giving to his work a flat, hard finish; it seems ductile, and not brittle.

Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, has said that a man is entitled to be in love with the work he does, and the enthusiasm of Yellin for his calling is unfeigned. He holds himself and his clients, without capitulation, to high standards.

"Many have come to me," said Mr. Yellin, "with the prescription of their own ideas. I have refused to give them what they thought they wanted. But after I defied them with something at the opposite pole from their first intention they were delighted and grateful.

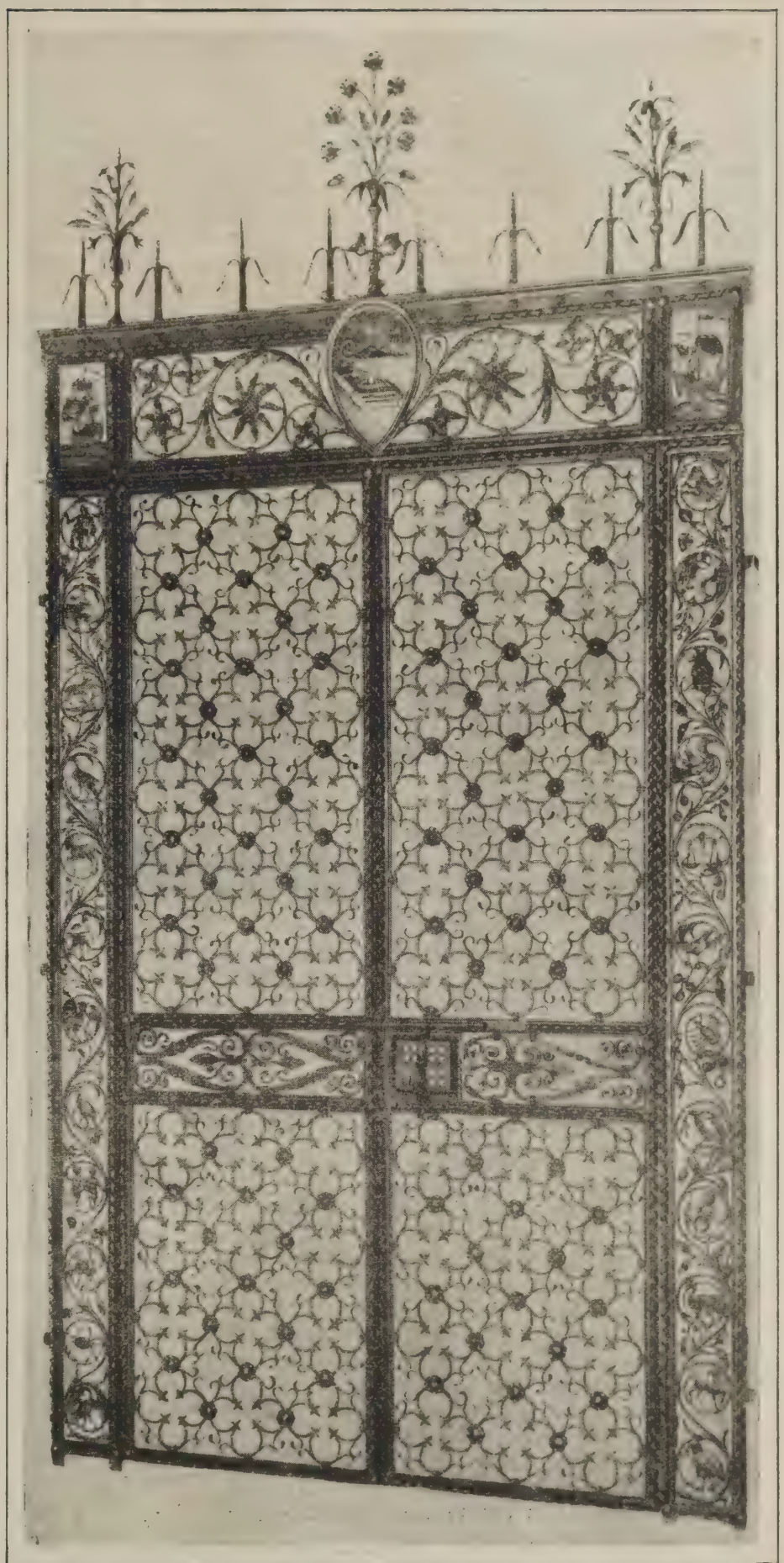
"Not long ago two of my men went to Ohio to install some work I did for a college. The superintendent found what they brought at variance with the details as put in his hands by the New York architect. So, while my men waited, he telegraphed to New York: 'Yellin's men here. Work not like details.' Promptly came the reassuring answer: 'If not like the details, must be still better.'

"He was an architect of the highest standing, who knew me well, and has implicit confidence. I can work with a man like that.

"But I cannot stand the sort of rich man who came in here the other day and, pointing to yonder grille on the wall, said: 'If you would cast things like that wholesale, I'd give you an order for a lot of them. But I want castings.' "

Yellin passed his hand reverently over a lamp-bracket as he spoke. "Why cannot a man who has the money to spend for beautiful things see and feel the difference between what the hand does and what the machine turns out? That remark was the index of his character. He wanted, not the substance, but the outward show; he must have, not quality, but 'quantity production.'

"I cannot afford to do anything inferior to the best I know. Whatever leaves my shop must satisfy my conscience. It must mean something. I care not in what medium a man works; be it wood, or stone, or wall-paper, it must be suited to the meaning he wishes to convey. The work and the workman must be real."



A wrought-iron grille of Samuel Yellin's for the Art Room of the Detroit Public Library, designed by Cass Gilbert

Ten Bucks and a Bottle of Booze

Special Correspondence by ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

THE OUTLOOK chose Ernest W. Mandeville to tell the story of the drama of piracy, bribery, and murder across the North River from New York. From personal observation Mr. Mandeville testifies to the environment and some of the participants in this conflict between law and order and rum-runners' gold. He has sifted out what he believes to be the credible from the incredible; he has pieced together in a continuous narrative the fragmentary disclosures that have scandalized the Nation.

All allegations of criminal conduct against individuals in this article have been taken from sworn statements. Many of these individuals have been indicted, but it should be remembered that indictment is not conviction.

Mr. Mandeville's story does not anticipate the conclusion of the courts, but it gives a graphic picture of conditions which indubitably exist and which, if they are to be remedied, must be remedied by public concern and public action.—THE EDITORS.

WEEHAWKEN. Weehawken bootleggers. Weehawken bootleggers who control the police. Hi-jackers. Hi-jackers who prey upon the bootleggers. Policemen who protect the bootleggers from the hi-jackers. Policemen who help the bootleggers transfer liquor from boats to trucks. Policemen who escort trucks safely to the end of their jurisdiction. What price policemen? "Ten bucks and a bottle of booze a night."

Booze. Fifty million dollars' worth of booze over Weehawken docks in the last few months. $100,000 a night. Four and five nights a week. Signals flash from the Town Hall to guide incoming rum boats. Police Commissioner checks off cases as cops carry them from boats to trucks. Tribute goes to local authorities. Tribute said to percolate throughout the State. Why not? They can afford it. Fabulous fortunes are accumulated in a few months. And lost at the race-track in a few days.

Politics. There's money in politics. Get your party in office if you can. There's money in being in office. If you can't get in office, make the best of it by splitting "shake downs" with Federal agents.

"Shake downs" are enforced bribes. Bribes are the business of the bootleggers' paymaster. Almost everybody takes bribes. But—what ho! Along comes a man who won't take a bribe. Then the fuse to the explosion begins to take fire. Affidavits are made. Affidavits state time, place, names, and witnesses. Affidavits are sent to Washington. Six weeks elapse. Federal agent comes and gets daytime view of docks. Asks for tip on next activity. Gets tip on activity in two hours. But it takes four hours to organize a raiding party. Another hundred thousand dollars' worth of booze goes on its way across ferries to metropolitan cabarets.

Copy of affidavit leaks out to the press. Press makes uproar. No one can stand the uproar of the press. Prosecution begins. All virtue leaps aboard. Those indicted for crime are put in jail under $10,000 bail. Bail is immediately raised. Informers are put in jail as material witnesses under $10,000 bail. They are still in jail. Evidence begins to mount up. Scandal is abroad. Whom will it reach? Officials worry about the momentum of the mounting evidence. The feudal state, alcoholically speaking, is tottering. Tributes have been well placed, however, and this feudalism has weathered many a scandal since 1920. Why shouldn't it weather this one? Some people have hopes.



P. & A. Photos

Father Bennett, priest of the large Roman Catholic church in Weehawken, who "starts an unofficial investigation"

Mix in a few master minds, Senators, United States Attorneys, and a dash of murder, and you have the story of the latest rum-running scandal in New Jersey.

Under the Shadow of Dead Man's Leap

THE scene shifts back to the early summer of 1924. We are on the Baldwin Avenue docks, 'neath the shadow of Dead Man's Leap, the bluff which got its name from its many suicides. We are directly across the Hudson River from the white lights of New York. The docks are desolate and dreary. The darkness is inky black. This is the nightly rendezvous of the rum-runners.

Up over the cliff lies the fine residential section of Weehawken. Under the cliff lives the underworld of Weehawken. Fortunately for the rum-runners, the political machine is operated from under the cliff.

The piers at Baldwin Avenue are old and dilapidated. They have been abandoned. Even the railroad companies who own them have not made use of that immediate vicinity for a long time. They are cut off from civilization. Few persons would venture there in the night. Even by day, "Beware of Irish Police Dogs" and "Danger" signs meet the trespasser. It would take a siren whistle to call for help. A lovely place for sculduggery.

An abandoned wharf. A half-mile away from all humanity. Boats drawing forty feet of water can draw up here. Roads for trucks right down to the water-front. Directly across the river are the cabarets of New York. Ferries across the river to carry trucks to the cabarets of New York. Indeed, an admirable place for rum-running.

Given protection, rum-runners have nothing to fear. And rum-runners are given protection.

The trail starts from England, which ships its liquor to Antwerp or Amsterdam, where it is again consigned to Edinburgh. But, instead of going to Edinburgh, the ships slip across the Atlantic to Rum Row. From Rum Row, beyond the twelve-mile limit, come the fast motor boats carrying two and three hundred cases nightly. Two and three hundred cases of spirits for Broadway consumption. Signals are said to have flashed from the tower of Weehawken Town Hall to guide the fast motor boats as they slip up the harbor.

Now they are safely moored at the Baldwin Avenue docks. Bootleggers and policemen jump forward to unload the precious cases from the boats. Other

policemen carry them to the waiting trucks and bind them in. Half of the Weehawken police force is here. Policemen are valuable assets, not only for their ability as longshoremen, but for their protection against the hi-jackers. Hi-jackers are the pirates who hold up and rob the bootleggers. The police offer protection from these rascals. Protection from any one else is hardly necessary. Almost every one is aware of the nightly booze traffic. The prosecutors know of it. The Anti-Saloon League knows of it. But what matters that? Nothing will be done about it. Those hi-jackers are what we must beware of.

Along the Liquor Trail

LATE in the summer. The body of one d'Agostino, reputed hi-jacker, is found on the Baldwin Avenue docks. D'Agostino's widow accuses the Weehawken police of complicity in the murder.

But we forget. We have the liquor cases bound securely in the six or eight waiting trucks. According to sworn testimony, the Police Commissioner now indicted has made his check on the number. These trucks now move under the guard of the police to Hudson Boulevard. Here the county boulevard police take over the convoy duty. The West Shore Ferry, the Twenty-third Street Ferry, and other ferries transport these trucks to Manhattan. Here they are taken in charge by the general agent of the cabarets and supper clubs, and if you are known as a good fellow you may buy a small glass of whisky in these places for 75 cents. Seventy-five cents during normal times; but now, with the holiday trade and all this newspaper scandal, which forces rum to be run in farther down the coast, transportation costs are higher, and the price must go up. You must realize that the farther the trucks travel, the more tribute must be paid. It costs more to run booze in at the Highlands than it does to bring it in opposite Forty-second Street. The bootleggers must have a legitimate profit for themselves.

According to a sworn statement, the police longshoremen each receive "ten bucks [$10] and a bottle of booze a night," and local councilmen must have $700 for the first two hundred cases of liquor landed from each ship and a dollar a case for all in excess of that number. Federal agents have been known to break all protection etiquette and halt speeding trucks. These Federal agents, and those who have tipped them the time and place of running, must also be paid off. And then, too, there are other palms to be greased.

Some say that Federal agents occasionally tip off the hi-jackers, who steal the contents of seized trucks and are thereby able to sell without initial cost or heavy overhead. Well-organized rum-running must be protected from these hazards.

Business is good. So good that one operator, it is said, managed to lose between $900,000 and $1,000,000 of his profits at the race-track in a few months. Business is going along smoothly. Then comes August.

The Queer Ambition of Father Bennett

AUGUST. Father Bennett, priest of the large Roman Catholic church near the docks, wants to have some semblance of decency within his parish. He asks the saloons to close after midnight and on Sunday mornings. But the saloons are paying their graft—why should they



P. & A. Photos

The Baldwin Avenue docks, "an admirable place for rum-running." The Weehawken Town Hall in the foreground, from which signals are said to have been flashed to guide the rum-runners



P. & A. Photos

Colonel Vickers, special prosecutor of the indicted officials, "thoroughly respected and honored by the whole county"

close during the most profitable hours? Be reasonable!

Failing with the retail trade, Father Bennett starts an unofficial investigation of the source of supply.

Drama of the Ten-Twent'-Thirt' Variety

LATE August. Young John Dorsey appears at the scene of operations. Some say that it is revenge for the way the police double-crossed him in his own operations. Some say that it is because his political gang (not in power) or Father Bennett sent him. He comes down to the docks. He brings with him Thomas Heagney, a fireman. Their unfriendly attitude is made clear to the boss of the bootleggers. They are offered the same rate of pay as the policemen. "Aw, come on, be good fellows," say the cops; "ten bucks and a bottle of booze a night."

Friendly relationship cannot be arranged, so the signal is given and the boats draw out. All operations are suspended for the night.

The following evening our two fearless lads go down to the docks again, this time in Heagney's Ford sedan. They note the names of the policemen, accomplices, and nine waiting auto trucks. Three boats are in the dock. "Officers, arrest these bootleggers." No arrests. "Well, then, we'll go to Police Headquarters and make a complaint." They go. Two officers and a stranger hop on the running-board as they go.

At Headquarters. "Lieutenant, we want to make a complaint."

"I won't entertain a complaint, and you get the hell out. Those fellows down there are making a few dollars, and you want to spoil it." They are searched and dismissed.

When they leave the station-house and re-enter their car, the same stranger jumps on the running-board, levels a revolver at the driver's head, and orders them to the Baldwin Avenue docks. Heagney senses murder in the air and mumbles to himself, "If we die, the three of us will die together." He steps on the gas and speeds down the hill, hoping to shake the stranger off. The stranger is scared stiff. "I'm a good fellow. I've got twenty grand ($20,000) in my pocket. For God's sake, stop the car!" They do not stop. Neither does the stranger shake off. He gets his revolver in action again and says, "Now drive slowly to Baldwin Avenue." They do. Twelve policemen join the gunman. Each has his revolver drawn.

They form a circle around Dorsey and Heagney and hurl nasty epithets at them. Four of them retire for a conference. Our young heroes are experiencing a bootleggers' court martial. Soon the verdict is announced. "Walk straight ahead," is the order. Straight ahead is off the end of the dock, and Dorsey cannot swim. "You'll answer for this," shouts Dorsey to the bootleg chief.

This reminds the Chief of all the trouble that was caused the rum-runners by the other murdered body which was found on the docks. "Go easy on the rough stuff," orders the Chief, in fear of a troublesome scandal. Guns are returned to pockets. Instead a dozen men pounce on our two heroes and pummel them while the police look on with enjoyment.

The trucks are now loaded with precious booze and a tire is slashed on our hero's Ford. The trucks pull away, while Dorsey and Heagney mount their spare tire.

Something Not For Sale

SEPTEMBER. One begins to think of the coming election. Father Bennett is backing H. J. Stearns, Democratic candidate for re-election as Town Committeeman and Police Commissioner. Charles D. Kirk, nephew of a powerful Republican politician in Hoboken, is running against Stearns on the Republican ticket.

In the early morning hours of September 4 Kirk gets Father Bennett out of bed and takes him to the docks to show him what kind of a man he is backing for Town Committeeman.

Father Bennett and Kirk, according to the latter's affidavit, arrive at the dock, recognize Weehawken and Hoboken police officers and their friend and rival H. J. Stearns, Police Commissioner. He is checking off the incoming cases of liquor.

The bootleg chief approaches Kirk with an offer of $50 and a case of booze a night if he will supervise operations. Bootleg chief will add to this a campaign fund equivalent to what he is giving Stearns for the same purpose. Kirk is to call off Dorsey. No success.

The bootleg chief approaches Father Bennett with wad of bills. According to an eyewitness, a thousand-dollar bill is on the outside. "All the money in the world could not buy me," says the priest. "Well, then, how about champagne? We'll send as many cases as you like to any address you name. Plenty of booze, Father, plenty of booze." No success.

Booze traffic continues.

Affidavits and Elections

OCTOBER 4. Election is drawing nearer and nearer. Kirk goes to Samuel Wilson, Newark head of the Anti-Saloon

League. He tells his story. On October 6 he comes back with Dorsey, and they both swear to affidavits recounting their experiences. They name culprits, places, dates, and witnesses. It looks like a clear-cut case. They specify that the affidavits must be sent to the Washington Federal Enforcement Office. They don't trust the local authorities or the metropolitan Federal agents. They want quick action. Election is coming on.

Affidavits go forth at once to E. C. Yellowley, Chief Prohibition Enforcement Agent at Washington. On October 10 they are acknowledged. Pigeonhole. Six weeks elapse before we can take up the story of the original affidavits.

Meanwhile copies of the affidavits are made by Mr. Wilson, and each informer has a copy. Dorsey is foolish enough to keep his copy in his pocket. On October 14 Dorsey is arrested as a suspicious character. At least that is as near as we can come to it, for no charges of any kind are preferred against him. He is jailed for fourteen hours, his clothes searched, and then let go, without knowing what it is all about.

The affidavit copy is taken from his clothes. Further copies are made of it by the lieutenant at the desk. These copies are broadcast among the various police officials. Is this done so that they may take action, raid the docks, or is it done as a warning to the police that trouble is brewing? It does not appear to be the first, for no action is taken. The Weehawken Police Chief destroys the document. The reason, he says later, is because it was of no importance.

That affidavits have been made is now known to the police. Dorsey is blacklisted and Kirk is ousted from his job as bus-starter at the ferry landing.

Word is reported to have gone down the enforcement line, "Let up until after election." The hoped-for quick action on Kirk's affidavit is not forthcoming. Election comes, and Kirk is beaten by Stearns.

They Looked Before They Leapt

COMES late November. The original affidavits are sent by Washington to Captain R. Q. Merrick, Chief Federal Enforcement Director in New York City. A Federal agent comes to Newark to see Mr. Wilson. He sees him and is advised to jump into action. This advice, apparently, is unheeded.

Dorsey comes to Mr. Wilson's Anti-Saloon League office and asks what's doing. Mr. Wilson phones Captain Merrick same query. Asks Captain Merrick's office if they would like to see Dorsey. Yes. They'll see him if he comes over. He goes, but is dissatisfied

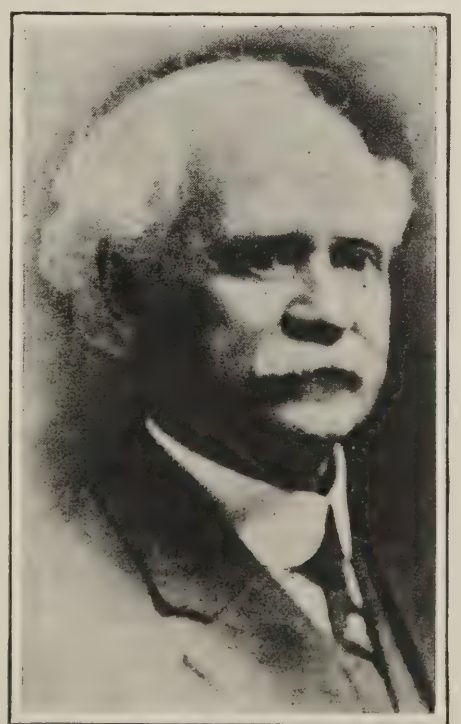


P. & A. Photos

Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt
Assistant Attorney-General in charge of prohibition enforcement

with the interest shown. He is asked to tell them when next shipment is coming in, so that they can make a raid.

On November 26 Dorsey (so he says) calls the Federal Prohibition Enforcement Headquarters in New York City. He notifies them that a cargo of liquor is to unload in two hours. "Too bad," he is told; "we can't do anything unless we get four-hour notices." In come a few more hundred cases of booze.



Samuel Wilson, Newark head of the Anti-Saloon League, who issues "a list of Jersey City saloons operating full blast"

The Story Breaks

DECEMBER. Rum-running at Weehawken is still going on in the grand manner. It looks as if it would continue to do so; but halt—something slips up. An unsuspecting police officer mentions the Dorsey affidavit to a reporter from a Hudson County newspaper. This reporter, scenting a story, procures a copy of the affidavit, and out it comes in his paper with its scare heads throwing the whole feudal state into an uproar.

The New York papers pick up the story, and in a few days Weehawken, which was struggling for recognition as a fine residential town, is now known all over the world as one of the largest rum-running centers in the metropolitan district.

First only Dorsey's affidavit is known. Then Kirk's affidavit is discovered. New scandals break each day. Big daily square meals for the press.

Officials are worried by the momentum of the towering scandal. Nine policemen, including the Captain of the Hudson County Boulevard Police and two Weehawken police lieutenants, are arrested on bench warrants. They are later indicted by the county Grand Jury. Stearns, the Police Commissioner, and Griffin, the alleged New Jersey head of the bootleg syndicate, are also indicted. Bail for each one is set at $10,000. This is raised immediately.

Dorsey, Heagney, and Kirk are arrested as material witnesses. Bail is set at $10,000. This is not raised. They stay in jail.

Father Bennett receives many threats on his life. He is told that he will not live to say mass on Christmas. The Ku Klux Klan is reported ready to protect him.

County Prosecutor John Milton promises that punishment will be meted out to the full extent of the law. The demand is made that higher-ups in the rum ring be indicted as well.

Bootleg chief is a young man who in three years has risen from locomotive fireman to millionairedom. It is not his first appearance in such an exposé. In 1923 eleven men were arrested in an $800,000 bribe plot to permit beer running in New Jersey. This same young man figured in this scandal. At that time Prohibition Chief Roy A. Haynes said: "It has been known all over the Nation that prohibition violations in New Jersey have been flagrant. Political leaders have used the illicit traffic for private and political gain, . . . and it is difficult to secure convictions."

Mayor Leech announces that the Township Committee tied his hands when he started to make an investigation.

Clamor is raised that local prosecution

will not be effective. Heeding the clamor, Prosecutor Milton (Democrat) calls in Colonel Vickers (Republican) as special prosecutor in charge. Colonel Vickers is a man thoroughly respected and honored by the whole county. "An epic and an inspiration to all citizens who believe in law and order." It is now felt that the prosecution will be an honest one.

United States Attorney Walter C. Winne, protégé of Senator Edge, a well-known "wet," says that he feels a county jury will not convict. He calls the same witnesses for the Federal Grand Jury and plans to take over the investigation and prosecution. Mr. Winne is the man over whom on September 16, 1924, David L. Bingham, legal adviser of the Federal Prohibition Enforcers, resigned. Bingham said that he could obtain no co-operation for enforcement and that United States Attorney Winne was of no use in prosecutions. Winne replied that Bingham's statements were beneath his notice.

Word that Winne has taken over the investigation reaches Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General in Washington in charge of prohibition enforcement. She sends orders to Winne that he is to withdraw, that the prosecution is to be left in the hands of the county. Senator Edge protests the lack of confidence in his appointees. Investigation of United States Attorney Winne is ordered. No one knows who is to make it. Meanwhile the county prosecution delays action, as they are confused by the Government's actions.

Samuel Wilson issues proclamations that Hudson County is no worse than Essex County. Mayor Hague says, "Jersey City is clean." Mr. Wilson replies with a list of Jersey City saloons operating full blast. He cites saloons that can be seen by looking out any side of Mayor Hague's City Hall. Bootleggers report that rum must now be run in at Monmouth County, farther down the shore, rather than in the present danger zone. However, it is reported that on December 10 an enormous load of holiday booze came in at the Edgewater docks, near Weehawken. Hudson County police now show activity. They are making a few seizures and are breaking into the public prints as law enforcers. Yellowley, Chief United States Prohibition Enforcement Agent, comes to New Jersey under secrecy. Evidently that two months' delay of the Federal agents looks bad, and there is some worry about their reputation. At least two saloons in Weehawken are even now selling booze of pre-Volstead strength. One is right next to the Town Hall. Such are the conditions in New Jersey at this writing.

What of the Grand Finale?

We have followed month by month the chronological events in the New Jersey rum story up to the present day. What will happen next month no one knows. Will it be convictions for those involved or oblivion for the whole matter? Oblivion without convictions has been the order in previous scandals of this sort.

Is it all a dream? We may well feel inclined to rub our eyes and wonder whether it is not just another movie thriller that we've been viewing. But such things happen. They happen in Weehawken and they happen elsewhere. Does it all make the Prohibition Law a farce? Can the law ever be enforced? Is the present condition of affairs undermining all decent government, destroying democracy? The writer will try to marshal the facts on both sides of these questions and will publish them in later numbers of The Outlook.

Lake of Drowned Torches

(In the North Woods)

By Bernice Lesbia Kenyon

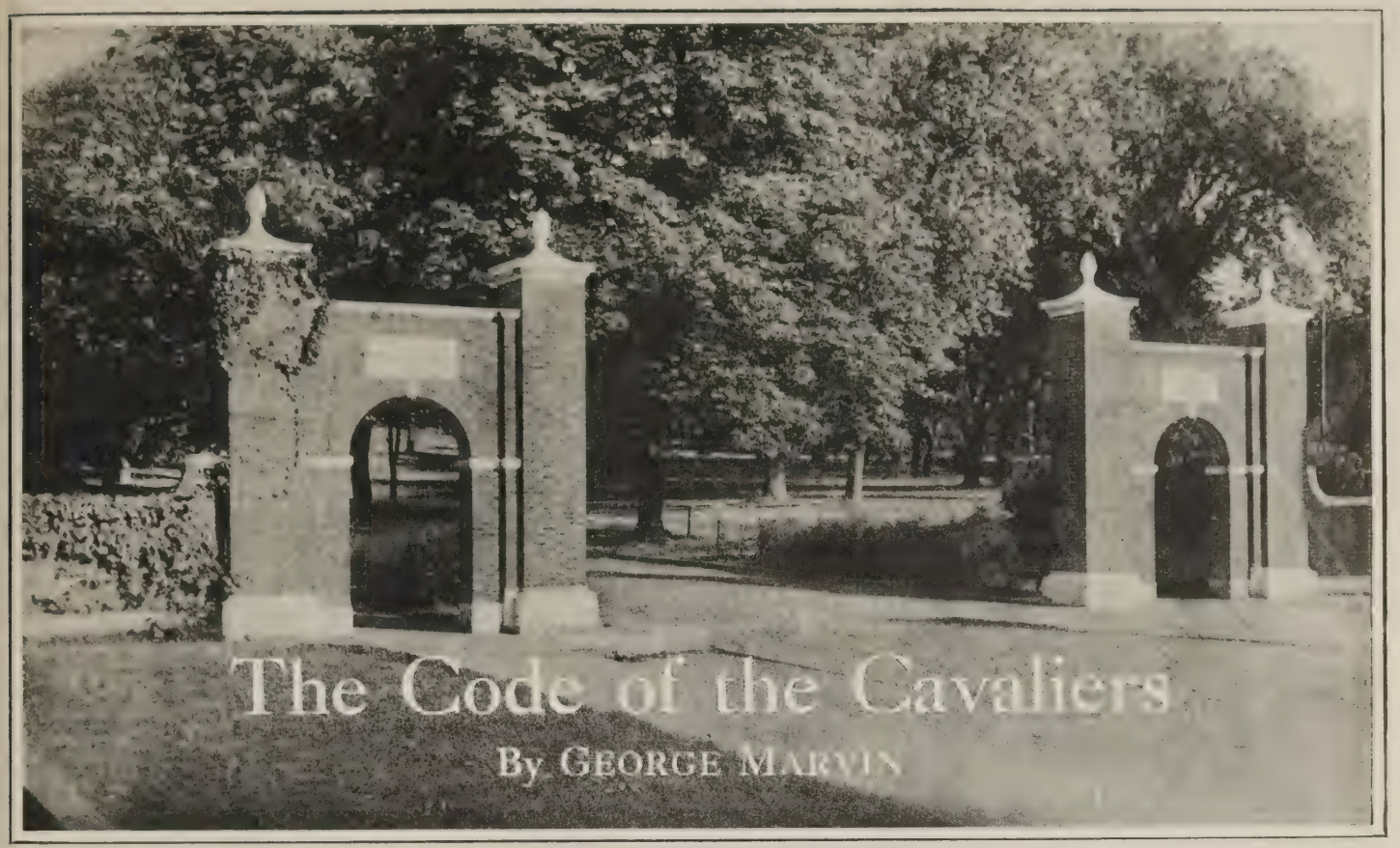
Whatever rivers enter here
To fill each gloomy low lagoon
Will find no more that banks are clear
Or courses open to the moon.

Reaching their crystal fingers in,
They meet this shrouded, stiller land—
A lonely lurking-place to win
From their high course through shale and sand.

All roots of lilies and of cress—
The pungent weeds that waters hold—
Clasp through a sedgy wilderness;
And anchored in the blackest mold

They lift, through choking silt and mud
Up to the surface of the air,
The heavy leaf and armored bud
That rest so clean and lightly there;

And lilies opened to the dark,
Set luminously all about
And cupped to hold a greenish spark,
Are ghosts of torches long gone out.



The Code of the Cavaliers

By George Marvin

A CERTAIN fraternity was giving a "pledge dance" at the University of Virginia in the month of May, when all Albemarle County is gay with apple blossoms and the Piedmont air is laden with their fragrance. "Pledge" means that every Virginia man attending that dance signed beforehand a solemn undertaking not to touch a drop of liquor from noon of that day until such time in the following morning as that dance should end.

Now it so happened that a young man who had signed this particular pledge in the sober light of morning appeared that evening upon the dance floor among his friends and their guests decidedly under the influence of moonshine. He was a youth normally of prepossessing appearance and manners, of distinguished family connections in his native State, an athlete, in good standing in his college work, deservedly popular with his mates and his instructors. Contributing to his condition on that fatal night were extenuating circumstances. At his hearing before the Honor Committee the next day these circumstances were adduced in all fairness and supported by willing character witnesses of unquestioned standing. There appeared, however, no shadow of doubt as to the question of fact. Within twenty-four hours that boy's connection and his associations with the University were severed forever. That's that.

This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marvin on American universities

Came to Charlottesville one autumn within the memory of those now present a genial and capable migratory athlete. No matter how genial or how capable of contributing to deeply desired football victories, Virginia wants none of that ilk. Better is defeat in fair amateur sport, the democratic "Cavaliers" believe, than a multitude of victories and professionalism therewith. Accordingly, just as a pledge keeps dances healthy at Virginia, so also a pledge helps to keep athletics at the University of good report. Every candidate for a position on any team representing the University is obliged to fill out and sign the printed form of this pledge, which begins like this:

APPLICATION FOR TEAM MEMBERSHIP

I hereby apply to the Executive Committee of the Athletic Council for permission to become a candidate for a position on the ..... team, representing the University of Virginia for the present season.

Name .....

Date .....

Then follow eleven printed questions with alternate blank spaces on the form for answers. Although these questions are explicit, no man with a clean athletic record need hesitate to sign them all. The first six and the tenth and eleventh deal with a precise definition of the athlete's relation to the University, officially or unofficially. Questions 7, 8, and 9, the most important questions, run as follows:

7. Have you ever played on any athletic team at *this or any other school, college or university?* If so, state the circumstances, naming the institutions, the branches of sport and the years in which you played.

Ans.....

8. Have you ever played on any athletic team *other than one representing an educational institution, or on a professional team?* If so, state the team or teams, and the years you have so played.

Ans.....

9. In playing on any team, have you ever received anything more than necessary expenses? If so, state in what the extra gifts, expenses or compensation consisted.

Ans.....

At the end comes number 12, which is the most important of all:

12. Sign the following Pledge:

I declare *upon my honor as a gentleman* that I have answered the above questions truly and fully, without mental reservation of any kind; that I have never, other than as above stated, accepted directly or indirectly any remuneration, compensatory gift, valuable consideration, or any promise thereof, for my athletic services, and that I am in the proper and strict sense of the word, an amateur athlete.

Name .....

Date..... .....

Notice the wording of the pledge: "upon my honor *as a gentleman.*" The words emphasized are not a superfluous phrase. In Virginia, and especially at the University of Virginia, the word "gentleman" means something very definite. In some other localities, in these hurrying times, it has lost definition. Elsewhere it is synonymous with "gent." There are those who prefer the word "man," as involving or presuming all requisites and perquisites. Not so in the Cavalier Old Dominion.

Very well, our unquestionably capable first-year athlete proceeded genially to fill out the prescribed form. He filled in each space left vacant for answers and at the end he signed his name to the statement that all his answers were truthful. On Lambeth Field, during late September and early October afternoons, he demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of captain and coaches his physical and mental fitness for the team. But he had left undone one thing which he ought to have done. He had answered his questions "truly," but not "fully" nor "without mental reservation of any kind." Murder will out. As his name began to appear in the accounts of games, the missing information came in to the Athletic Committee, which proved, according to the "Honor Code," his moral unfitness to represent the University of Virginia. Twenty-four hours after the Honor Committee had carefully reviewed all the evidence in his case and listened to his plea in extenuation he too, like the bacchanalian dancer, packed up his grip and for good and all quietly faded away into outer darkness. So much for him.

In the last examinations in a certain difficult course a man was observed periodically and furtively to be looking, under the shadow of his hand, at his neighbor's work. The boy sitting behind him, when he handed in his own book at the close of the examination, reported the "cribber." The two books, that of the accused and his neighbor's, were saved out from the rest and compared. Several instances of the deadly parallel were found to corroborate circumstantially the direct evidence of the accuser. At the end of his written examination the accused had signed his name to the following statement, the identical pledge which appears at the end of every examination paper written in the University of Virginia: "I hereby certify upon honor that I have neither given nor received assistance on this examination."

Accuser and accused appeared before the Honor Committee, one of whom in the same examination room had also been a witness of the offense against the code. Their deliberations nevertheless were painstaking and fair to the last degree. When all shadow of doubt had been removed, the accused was informed by the chairman, the president of his own departmental "school," that he would be obliged to leave the University within twenty-four hours and that his name would be erased from the records. He stood not upon the order of his going. He left that afternoon, to return never more.

The circumstances of these three cases



"West Range." In East and West Lawns and East and West Ranges—long, cloistered, one-storied, parallel structures—the majority of Virginia's 2,000 students live



The "Lawn," looking from the Rotunda towards Cabell Hall. This photograph shows Jefferson's architectural detail. The second "pavilion" on the left contains the offices of the President, Dean, and Secretary of the Alumni. This long line of dormitories and pavilions, 1,000 feet from end to end, is called, to distinguish it from the opposite corresponding side, "East Lawn"

differ. The offense against the Honor Code was in every case the same. Neither the President nor the Dean nor the Faculty knew anything about the circumstances of these cases nor of the expulsion of the offenders until after the event. When in each instance the boy who had broken his pledge was certified to have left Charlottesville, the registrar was notified by the chairman of the Honor Committee to that effect. The registrar in turn duly removed the boy's name from the lists and informed the President and the Dean. The facts were not submitted for approval or in any way to be passed upon by the constituted authorities. The executive officers of the University were simply notified for their information. From beginning to end of the proceedings the Faculty took no part in them. One thousand nine hundred and sixty (roughly two thousand) students registered at the University of Virginia this year. Of these, during the autumn term which has just closed at Christmas time, ten have been summoned before the Honor Committee and eight, in the manner already briefly stated, have left the University forever with the stain of well-nigh irreparable disgrace upon their young lives.

The rehearsal of these specific instances of its working seems to image forth a code Draconian in its severity. But there are several items of information with regard to its working which, if they do not lessen the undoubted severity of the honor system at the University of Virginia, emphatically do rationalize it and establish its justice. The quality of mercy is not claimed for it.

In the first place, no plea in extenuation can honestly allege ignorance of a code which is more inexorable than the law. It is not an unwritten law, as are, for instance, the corresponding but intangible codes in force at Rugby in England and at Groton School in this country—the untranslatable *Sittlichkeit* of Germanic ethics—consisting of the consensus of opinion backed by tradition as to "the things no fellow may do." At Virginia the code is expressly codified and in a variety of ways impressively brought to the attention of all those who enter the gates of the University.

If he will but lift up his eyes in passing through the Senf Gateway, designed by the same architect who built the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, every man may read there inscribed the monosyllabic words of straightforward Anglo-Saxon wherein President Alderman, himself an architect of beautiful words, has memorably phrased the spirit and the ideal of his University:

ENTER
BY THIS GATEWAY
AND SEEK
THE WAY OF HONOR
THE LIGHT OF TRUTH
THE WILL TO WORK FOR MAN

"The way of honor" and "the light of truth"—there imperishably is the code, for the University and for life. Impalpably it broods over the place as broods the spirit of the great founder down from his hill of Monticello over the establishment that he fashioned and fostered in the sun-blessed valley of Charlottesville "for the instruction of those who come after us," with the "hope that its influence on their virtue, freedom, fame, and happiness will be salutary and permanent." But if we might very appropriately add, by way of commentary on so beautiful a place, that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," the students at Virginia do not believe that "that is all you need to know." The greatest pains are taken in order that the beauty of truth and its necessity shall be unequivocally

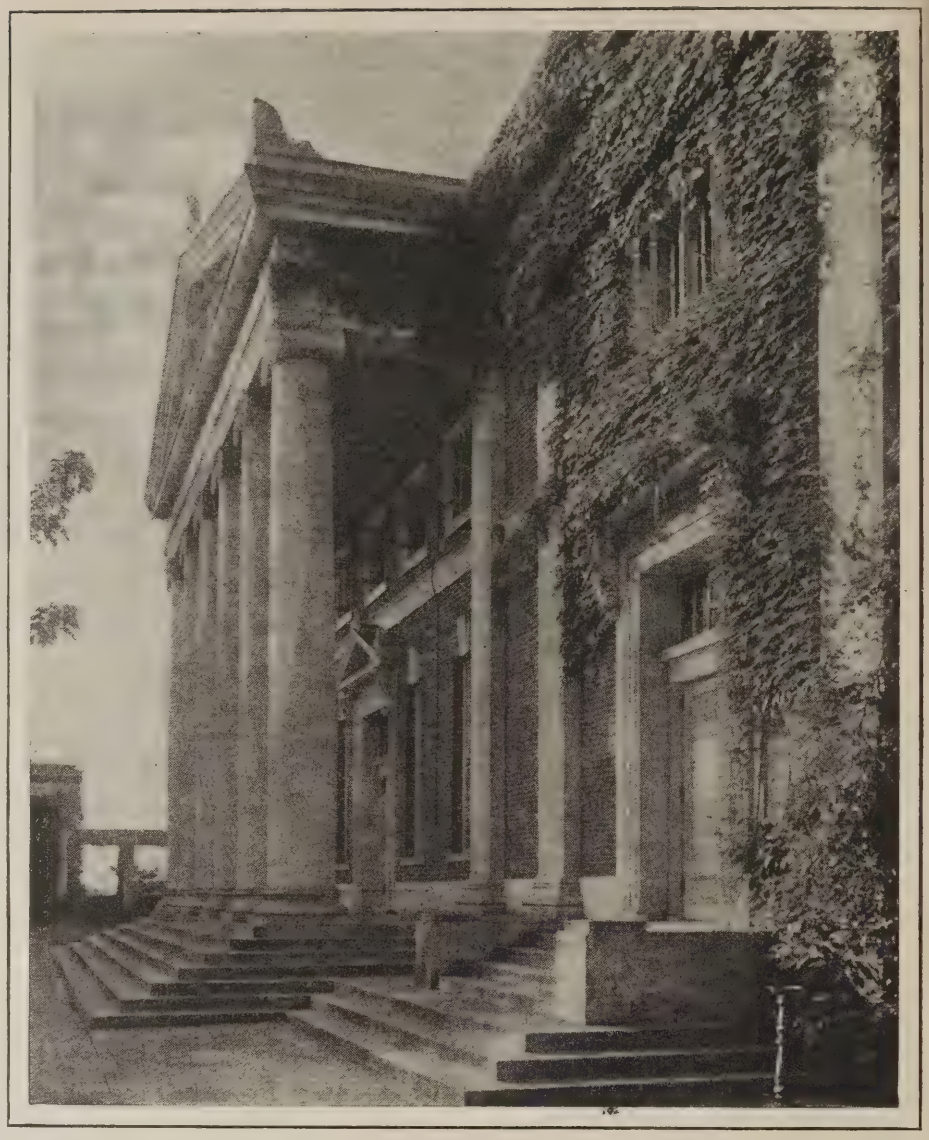
understood by the newcomer precisely as the University of Virginia has understood it these last eighty-two years, since that day in June, 1842, when Henry St. George Tucker established the first written pledge.

Accordingly every new man at the time of his registration in any of the five "schools" or departments of the University is presented with a literal printed statement of the "Honor Code," which he is presumed to read before he is required to sign:

> ....., 192...
>
> I, the undersigned, have read the above statement of the Honor System and the Honor Code, and I understand what is expected of me as a student of the U. Va. I understand that a plea of ignorance will not be accepted by the Honor Committee.
>
> (Signed).....

The explanation of the "system" and the statement of the code which the candidate for entrance thus signs are models of simplicity, brevity, and clearness in the use of English. But many there be who either read inattentively or do not register what they read. To cover all such cases additional precautions are taken. Very early in the autumn term, at one of the first lectures in every course so systematically covered as to embrace the entire registration in every department, a member of the Honor Committee or some other student of recognized prominence and forensic ability will enter the hall and, with that courtesy which is so becoming a characteristic of this academic society, bow to the instructor and say: "May I have five minutes of your time, sir?" Then, in a silence and with a quality of attention which are always impressive, this boy explains in unmistakable words to his fellows just what is expressed and implied in the code by which the entire student body, their teachers, and the great silent body of the alumni, living and dead, have decreed that the communal life of this their university shall be lived. Nobody coughs during those five minutes.

The University of Virginia now in the year of grace 1924 is made up of six departments, one of which, the Department of Education, is of very recent foundation and not as yet separately represented on the Honor Committee. The presidents of the other five schools —the College, Graduate School, Engineering, Law, and Medical Schools— each one of them elected at the close of the preceding year by the suffrages of his fellow-students compose this youthful but austere body invested by tradition and common consent with powers over destiny. In the working and for the purposes of the honor system the Educational Department is at present merged with the College. The vice-president of that school in which a given offense occurs becomes the sixth and final member of a juridical body from whose judgments, although in theory appeal may be taken, no appeal has in practice ever been made. In every case the vote is cast by secret ballot, and five out of the six votes are necessary to conviction. The expulsion, once voted, is carried out as quietly as possible. The branded boy is allowed to leave decorously and as though of his own accord; but he must leave within twenty-four hours. If necessary, he is provided with money to pay his homeward fare. There is only one instance on record within the recollection of the present Faculty of a refusal to obey the request—the sentence is imposed, fittingly as between gentlemen, as a request—to leave at once and finally. In that case within an hour twelve hundred students assembled quietly but very ominously at the "Corner" to wait upon the convicted boy and "see" him out of town. From his room he caught the swelling tide of mob violence fortified by righteous indignation, and when two pale-faced and peremptory members of the Committee appeared with a merciful closed motor car at his door he climbed into it and went.



Façade of Cabell Hall, built by Stanford White and named for Jefferson's friend and colleague who put the "University of Virginia"—Jefferson's idea and dream—through the Federal Congress at Washington in 1819

In the dance case first mentioned in this article the family and friends of the dismissed boy, as probably they themselves would now admit, were unreconciled to the findings of the Committee. The shame he had brought upon himself wounded deeply one of the best families in his State. It seemed more than they could bear. Prominent lawyers and business men and holders of public office who were loyally interested in this popular undergraduate waited in a body upon President Alderman. He could only re-

fer them to the chairman of the Committee, a boy in years. That boy and his five colleagues behaved with scrupulous courtesy but with the firmness of the Supreme Court of the United States. Professing themselves not only willing but eager to consider additional evidence, in the absence of such additional information the chairman informed the registrar that his Committee could not consider reopening the case, nor would they even see the formidable delegation of pleaders.

The University of Virginia in one pervasive respect is the antipodes of the Naval Academy and of West Point. It is a place of vast individualism and the personal liberty which goes with it. The Honor Code keeps that intense feeling for individual liberty, bequeathed to the institution by its founder, from degenerating into license. To understand both the institution and its dominant spirit one must appreciate the character of Thomas Jefferson and glimpse the Cavalier character of what has long been the most homogeneous community in this country. For this University is very literally and fundamentally *of* Virginia.

Cavalier in spirit and traditions, the institution which the "Great Democrat" and author of the Declaration of Independence "fashioned and fostered" on the soil of his native State, is nevertheless just as he intended it, soundly democratic in its composition, its government, and its aims. More than forty per cent of the entire enrollment contribute by their own efforts, in whole or in part, to their maintenance and tuition. The great-great-great-grandson of Thomas Jefferson in the direct and unbroken line of descent proudly stokes his way through college by caring for the furnaces of Charlottesville. This is a free-living community still reflecting the old life before the war. In a spirit equally robust it joins Martin Luther in praise of "wine, women, and song." But just as President Alderman, the gentlemen of the Faculty, and the young gentlemen of the student body, two thousand strong, take off their hats to one another, so do they one and all take off their hats to the eleventh commandment of their Decalogue:

"Thou shalt not lie."

Four Indian Horsemen

Who Set the Pace for Custer

By Thomas B. Gregg

IT does put pep in a horse-race to have the riders in the rear shooting at the riders in front!

Four Sioux braves, without bridle or stirrup, were the leaders in the race, and behind them came the dashing figure of General Custer and his fiery steed, while behind the General thundered four hundred of his famous cavalrymen in one grand endeavor to run down the four Indians. The result was one of the greatest horse-races ever run in the West.

The affair started at Fort Abraham Lincoln, North Dakota. The Fort was located on the west bank of the Missouri River, a few miles below the present city of Bismarck. It had been built the year before (1873), for the express purpose of housing General Custer and his crack companies of the Seventh Cavalry.

I had helped grade the parade grounds and construct the surrounding buildings. One John Smith had the contract for grading, and he had brought out some eighty head of work mules to the Fort.

The work on the Fort had been finished in the fall of 1873, and the eighty head of mules had enjoyed a winter of ease; the late spring of 1874 found them still at the post enjoying the green pasturage that grew on the open places just west of the Fort.

About the first of June a half-breed boy named Washechu was lazily herding the mules in the pleasant sunshine of early afternoon. I was late at noon mess that day, having had a wagon break down in the rolling hills, so it was around two o'clock when I came by Washechu and his long-eared charges. While I was eating at the civilians' mess-hall some fifteen minutes later there arose upon the air of that military stronghold the startling "Whoop ki yi! Whoop ki yi!" of hostile Sioux Indians.

Practically the entire strength of the Fort rushed out from barracks and buildings to learn what was happening. The thing they saw was Washechu making for the protection of the Fort. Beyond him were four Sioux on ponies waving blankets and yelling frantically at the mules which Washechu had been so recently herding. The half-breed boy knew enough not to interfere, and was galloping his own mule to safety. It seemed but a matter of seconds before the terrified mule herd were stampeding wildly for the open rolling country—"Indian country"—which extended westerly for hundreds and hundreds of miles.

Among the first to rush from his quarters was General Custer, and his horse was one of the first ready to mount and ride. He gave a few terse commands and took off after the nervy raiders, some twenty men, who were first into saddle, riding with him. Every cavalryman in the post dashed for the stables and got his horse, and, racing to the parade ground, formed into respective troops and were off, following the General. Fifteen minutes after the first whoop of the marauding reds the Fort was devoid of every man who could find or pilfer an animal to ride on. For the winter had been long, and the forced idleness had extended into the late spring, and here was some real excitement—an audacious Indian raid right under the nose of General Custer himself.

Such a raid required great temerity. There were six companies of crack cavalry at Fort Abraham Lincoln. They were commanded by a general who had proved an eager foeman for the Sioux. Each company was mounted on well-exercised, grain-fed horses that had been selected for speed and endurance. And on these four hundred fine horses rode an equal number of fearless riders, every one spoiling for a fight.

In order to attempt the raid the four Sioux had worked their way along the Missouri river bottoms, approaching the Fort by craftily moving their Indian ponies through the brush of the river-bank until they had reached the Fort without being seen or challenged. Suddenly they rushed out from the brush and charged between General Custer's headquarters and the mules. The half-breed did not impede their progress, but moved away from the herd without inviting bullets from the Indians' guns.

And so, before the Fort was aware that an Indian was within many miles, that

shrill Sioux war-cry startled the camp, and the frightened mules became a cloud of dust stampeding before the waving blankets of the braves. A guard at the Fort fired off his gun, a bugler at headquarters sounded "Boots and Saddles," and, as I said before, every man saddled up, grabbed his gun and cartridge belt, and in fifteen minutes the Fort was practically deserted of all save officers' wives and a few civilians.

It took General Custer and his advance guard a full half-hour to come within rifle shot of the reds, so successfully were they speeding up the plunging mules. But when the first bullets from the rear went singing by, the Indians dropped the slower of the mules and were enabled to hit a faster clip with the remainder. Soon Custer, by watching the cloud of dust from the mules, was able to gauge their course and make a cut-off around some buttes. This brought the Indians perilously within range of the cavalry rifles.

When the bullets fell too frequently around the foolhardy Sioux, they gave up the prize they had so successfully maneuvered from the Fort, and, swinging their ponies around the mules, they made off without the slow pace of the work animals to hold them back. They glanced back, as if expecting to see the General and his men round up the mules and return with them to the Fort, but the General never paused, nor did any of his men—nor the four hundred cavalrymen trying hard to overtake the General. The whole cavalcade thundered around the mules and straight onward after the four horsemen. Then the Sioux came to the realization that they were the quarry, and so they leaned low on their hard-breathing ponies and continued one of the greatest races against overwhelming odds ever witnessed in the West.

For to accomplish their purpose of surprising the Fort these Indians had violated a law of primal Indian cunning. For centuries Indians had raided the stock and herds of white men, but always they launched these movements along about dusk, so that the gathering gloom would prove an ally and throw a mantle of darkness between them and their pursuers. But these audacious reds had attempted to steal a pack of mules in the broadest daylight, with the protective refuge of night a full five hours ahead and a fort full of fleet army riders just behind.

As the last half of this race begins let us stop a moment and take stock: Here are four Sioux braves, naked except for a loin-cloth or breech-clout, each riding a grass-fed pony with two eagle feathers stuck in the pony's tail. Each Indian has the end of a lariat rope tied around his pony's lower jaw, and each has a blanket, gun, and a few cartridges.

The Seventh Cavalry has General Custer in the lead; behind him are four hundred cavalrymen on grain-fed cavalry horses, with regulation saddles; each cavalryman has a gun and fifty rounds of ammunition.

How crazy were those four Sioux idiots! Back at the Fort the civilians are willing to bet 10 to 1 that the soldiers will be back and the Indians dead by four o'clock. No takers.

No sooner did the Indians see the intention of the cavalry to run them down, than suddenly they scattered in four different directions. Consequently the cavalry was forced to divide, about a hundred cavalrymen chasing each pony. This was a common trick of the Western Indians when hard pressed. The group would separate into individuals, with the chance that some would thereby escape. So the four horsemen of the Sioux scattered and settled down to the grueling task of beating those cavalrymen to darkness—still three hours ahead.

A dozen cavalry horses could stumble and fall, yet the pursuers would continue. But if an Indian pony fell or faltered, the awful odds would engulf the rider in sudden destruction.

But the four Sioux have one advantage. They can pick their respective courses. The soldiers must follow. On level ground the soldiers gain. On rough ground the Sioux forge ahead. On and on the four groups race—down a draw here, across a bottom there, up a coulée and around a butte, then over a ridge, the soldiers at every opportunity sending a shower of bullets at the Indians. But the bullets fall short. It is also hard to shoot from a galloping horse and hit a galloping target.

As they race on the Sioux call on the Great Spirit to make it dark. Custer's men want more daylight. For, exert their mounts as they would, they could not eat up that space between the reds and whites. As the sun approaches the horizon a cavalry horse here and there falls dead, its rider sprawling headlong on the turf.

Now, as darkness settles down upon the broad race-course of the West, the desperate Indians, each in his separate direction, keep ahead of the unyielding pursuers. The warrior chased by General Custer is closest pressed. There is just one chance for him, a slim chance. If he can reach a river which now lies ahead, if he can dodge the whistling bullets and if the Great Spirit will swerve them around his horse—but the General gains. The exhausted Indian pony is losing ground. The brave rider spurs it with his bare heels for a last supreme effort. The Sioux leans low. The bullets whine, and the General closes the intervening space with a burst of speed. But the dusk is thicker, the river nearer. Abruptly the Indian jumps from his spent pony and dashes headlong for the brush of the river-bank. Successfully he reaches it, and the shadows of night reward him for his plucky ride. It is too dark for the soldiers to follow into the brush. They gather up the stanch but wearied Indian pony and start slowly back for the Fort.

The other three braves ride into darkness ahead of their pursuers. Soon it is too dark for further effort. The officers call a halt. A lot of tired soldiers dismount from a lot of tired horses.

The four Indians had beaten Custer in a great race. They had deliberately given him five hours to capture or kill them, and they had outrun him to the dark. If there is another race recorded in which four men bet their lives that they could on Indian grass-fed ponies outdistance four hundred cavalry in a five-hour straightaway drive, I have not heard of it.

Back at Fort Abraham Lincoln the band started up about eleven o'clock that night, playing General Custer's favorite "Garry Owen," and the reunited cavalry troops came into the Fort. The men were tired and dusty; the horses weary from the cruel drive. Twenty cavalry horses had fallen dead during the afternoon's chase.

No band greeted the four Sioux braves on their return to their village; their names are not even remembered. But I nominate these four Sioux to the Sportsman's Hall of Fame, because for audacious bravery, horsemanship, endurance, and daring they accomplished the seemingly impossible.

This incident discloses Custer's impetuous nature and perhaps gives a key to his disastrous strategy which caused the loss of himself and his cavalry in the famous battle with Sitting Bull.

Had Sitting Bull been ready to attack Fort Abraham Lincoln on the day the four Indians of our story succeeded in stampeding the mules and enticing practically the entire military strength of the Fort to a place forty miles away, he could have destroyed the Fort with hardly an effort.

Safety first? No! Washington Climate



International

President and Mrs. Coolidge are shown here trying out the skis presented to them by the National Ski Association, which has invited them to attend the Association's ski tourney to be held at Canton, South Dakota, in February

The Book Table

News from Parnassus

Reviews by Arthur Guiterman

HERE are all these poets eager to recapture Beauty for us in their nets of words, and not too much space in which to celebrate their achievements. Consider, then, that all a mere reviewer can do is to summarize his hasty impressions; bear in mind that if these works did not seem worthy of mention they would not be mentioned at all; and so, taking all comment as you might a toastmaster's remarks introducing the next distinguished guest, turn the leaves of the books themselves and let the poets do their own speaking.

First, foremost, and by all means, read "The Flaming Terrapin,"[1] and read it at least twice. Without unnecessary superlatives, 'tis a fine, upstanding, vigorous poem of goodly length, and in excellent rhymed verse at that. Also it is replete with splendid, resounding, robustious lines, not to mention a fair amount of magnificent bombast together with some touches of gorgeous nonsense. The author, Roy Campbell, is, so his publishers tell us, a South African, and this is indicated by the topography and zoölogy of his poem, especially where in one line (rhyming to "Congo") we have the pleasure of meeting

> Tsessebe, Koodoo, Buffalo, Bongo.

Further he is proclaimed an able seaman, which is borne out by internal evidence that he is interested in sharks,

> Those long phantasmal coffins of the deep,

and that he has been among those present

> While the blunt whale, ponderous in his glee,
> Churned his broad flukes and siphoned up the sea,
> And through it, as the creamy circles spread,
> Heaved the superb Olympus of his head.

Mr. Campbell symbolizes the indomitable, self-renewing vital spirit as a tremendous terrapin towing to safety the good ship Ark (Captain Noah at the wheel), freighted with all terrestrial life; and through the vivid, epochal or many-epochal and semi-allegorical voyage the author jubilantly thunders, crashes, roars, and flames to his heart's content, and likewise to the huge satisfaction of readers who have had more than enough of plaintive verse. Mr. Campbell, by the way, has not yet fully determined whether "wind" rhymes with "mind" or with "skinned;" but as he mates "lion" with "iron" it is clear that he pronounces the latter word like a true New Yorker.

In "Christchurch"[2] Robert P. Tristram Coffin has endeavored to re-express something of the childlike reverence of the hero of his prologue, the old Saxon monk Cædmon, using a naïve phraseology like that of the early carols. He has succeeded remarkably well, for there is not only simplicity but also beauty in his twenty-five brief poems based on legends of saints and stories from the Old Testament. Mr. Coffin's evident taste should, however, have saved him from introducing in his otherwise delightful "Saint Brigid" an atrocity so alien to the spirit of the poem as "tots," a combination of letters that should be employed only in cross-word puzzles.

William Griffith in "Loves and Losses of Pierrot"[3] preserves for posterity his forty-three poems on the perennial Pierrot and Pierrette, with occasional intrusions of Yvonne and Columbine. The book was worth making even for the sake of one perfect lyric, "Pierrette in Memory," with its ending:

> She went so softly and so soon,
> She hardly made a stir;
> But going, took the stars and moon
> And sun away with her.

There is a pretty large proportion of gingham squares in Grace E. Hall's "Patchwork."[4] Still, gingham and calico are in considerable poetical demand; besides, such poems as "Sunset by the Creek," "The Old Poet," and especially "The Timid Road," supply a few silky patches.

Whatever names she may have acquired by inheritance and baptism, the true, pagan, Greek name of "H. D." must be "Heliodora," just like that of the unknown, ideal heroine of the title poem of her latest book, "Heliodora, and Other Poems."[5] No matter whether her poems are or are not purely in the spirit of ancient Attica, they are pervaded with a charm and music that are peculiar to the singer's augustly remote personality. They are not to be approached with an impatient mind. The more often they are read, the clearer and stronger does their loveliness appear.

While the chief value of the new edition of "Songs and Sonnets of Pierre de Ronsard,"[6] translated into English verse by Curtis Hidden Page, lies in its service to the student who seeks acquaintance with the great poet of the French Renaissance, the skill and taste of Professor Page give his collection a human and literary as well as an academic interest.

Every one who knows and loves our countryside of struggling farms and rough pastures will own the spell of the native pastorals included in Mark Van Doren's "Spring Thunder, and Other Poems."[7] Read "Big Mare," "Crow," "To a Child with Eyes," "Company," and "Reverie After War: 1866," and you will read the rest. The initial poem telling of the approaching storm concludes:

> Come under the trembling hedge—
> Fast, although you fumble. . . .
> There! Did you hear the edge
> Of winter crumble?

Those last two lines are so admirable that it is hard to see how so good a craftsman as Mr. Van Doren found the heart to let them remain impaired by the forcing of so irrelevant a word as "fumble" in the preceding line, especially as even in this rhyme-barren world of ours there remains at least a sufficiency of logical rhymes to both "edge" and "crumble." However, it is much easier to find beauties than defects in this book, from which it is by no means easy to quote less than an entire poem, for the simple reason that the lines hang so well together and so fulfill each other that it seems unholy to separate them.

Ernst Toller, political prisoner in the German fortress of Niederschönenfeld, wrote in the year 1923 a free-verse poem entitled "Das Schwalbenbuch," an English version of which by Ashley Dukes is now published as "The Swallow-Book."[8] It is devoted to the portrayal of the thoughts and moods suggested to the poet by two swallows that nested in his cell during the preceding year. While the moralizings of the prisoner may be

[1] The Flaming Terrapin. By Roy Campbell. The Dial Press, New York. $2.

[2] Christchurch. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $1.25.

[3] Loves and Losses of Pierrot. By William Griffith. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

[4] Patchwork. By Grace E. Hall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.

[5] Heliodora, and Other Poems. By H. D. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

[6] Songs and Sonnets of Pierre de Ronsard. Translated into English Verse by Curtis Hidden Page. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

[7] Spring Thunder, and Other Poems. By Mark Van Doren. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $1.50.

[8] The Swallow-Book (Das Schwalbenbuch). By Ernst Toller. English Version by Ashley Dukes. The Oxford University Press, American Branch, New York. 85c.

valuable additions to the literature of stone walls and iron bars, the appeal of the poem lies in its sympathetic and often delightful descriptions of the ways of the swallows and their nestlings.

Oh, yes; maybe a notice of such a book as "When We Were Very Young,"[*] by A. A. Milne, properly belongs in a serious article on children's reading; but it is notorious that really good books for children, like their toys, are most appreciated by adults; and besides, the book contains "The King's Breakfast," the most toothsome and satisfying piece of light verse that has appeared for ages and ages. Then there are such things as "The Christening" with its natural perplexity as to—

What shall I call
My dear little dormouse?
His eyes are small,
But his tail is e-nor-mouse.

The book is of just the sort to get for a kind child who will let you read it out loud. He has a nice mind, this Mr. Milne, and is full of happy chuckles.

[*] When We Were Very Young. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

The New Books

POETRY

THE NEW SPOON RIVER. By Edgar Lee Masters. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

It is not astonishing that the new volume of Spoon River epitaphs is not as full of pungent surprises as the first one; the astonishment dwells in the fact that this sequel is so good. Here are two items from it:

DIAMANDI VIKTORIA

My people came to the U. S. A.
To live in a land of liberty.
But I grew up in the U. S. A.
In metropolized Spoon River
And I saw that the thing is money,
money,
And the gift of the gab for liberty.
So I was elected county treasurer,
And cleaned up quite a roll.
You can fool all of the people part of
the time—
And that is enough.

WILLIAM LOW

Here lies the body of William Low.
After his death it was known
That in order to save his friend,
Who was guilty,
He endured imprisonment,
Being himself innocent,
But in his strength believing
That he could endure walls and bars
Better than his friend.
This stone is erected by Father Ambrose Murphy,
The priest of Spoon River;
And by John Burchard
The grog-keeper.

BIOGRAPHY

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: REMINISCENCES OF THIRTY YEARS AT THE BAR. By Francis L. Wellman. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

American lawyers—many of them—are apt to hold criminal trials and the practice of criminal law in a little contempt. Give them a suit in civil law, some fine wrangle and hair-splitting about a contract, and their eyes brighten. Perhaps the fact that wealth, fame, and success are so ready to lure an able young lawyer away from his early experience as prosecutor or defender in criminal causes—perhaps this has something to do with the present state of the administration of criminal law in America. One does not seem to recall men in this country, like Sir Harry Poland in England, spending a lifetime as assistant prosecutors for the state in criminal cases; nor is there here any figure like that of Sir Edward Marshall Hall, who appears to defend so many men and women in capital and other serious trials. When a Mr. Delmas or a Mr. Darrow arises in a notorious case, it is a signal for the loosing of the floodgates of flapdoodle.

Considering the supercilious view which many American lawyers take of murder trials, it is pleasing to find Mr. Wellman, a distinguished practitioner in civil lawsuits for so many years, returning twice again in this volume to his experiences in the trial for murder of Carlyle Harris. It is fortunate that he does so; he adds new and interesting comments upon a case which was the most interesting, to the average man, in the whole of Mr. Wellman's career. He had already described it, though not at great length, in his highly readable and popular book "The Art of Cross Examination," recently issued in a new edition.

Wherever Mr. Wellman discusses his own experiences in this or in other cases his book is excellent. His pages about William F. Howe are among the best in the book. Good too is the story quoted from Judge James Morton, wherein spectral evidence was introduced in court. His comments upon the jury system are sound and valuable; he speaks with the authority of knowledge. All of this makes greater our regret that he has been induced, when he could have been so interesting upon American court procedure, to put in so much about English judges, English lawyers, and English trials. There is a great wealth of material in the subject, but Mr. Wellman has taken it at second-hand, and his stories are not always fresh nor, we fear, from the soundest authorities. His great source seems to be Charles Kingston, an English writer, to whom he goes even for the story of an American crime: the shooting of Philip Barton Key by General Sickles! Mr. Kingston is a popular and journalistic type of writer, but rather a surprising one to consult upon English trials. Why, if an American author chooses to retell the story of Madeleine Smith, should he draw upon Mr. Kingston's account, when the authoritative history of her case is easily available in the Notable Scottish Trials? The same might be said of the Maybrick case—it is in the Notable British Trials. Lord Braxfield, the Scottish judge, and the original of Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston," is accepted by Mr. Wellman in the dark colors in which his enemy Cockburn painted him. This follows the popular belief. But there is probably a fairer and more recent estimate of Braxfield in books by a Scottish lawyer, two of William Roughead's works: "The Riddle of the Ruthvens" and "Glengarry's Way."

We hope that Mr. Wellman will write still another book, and that he will draw further upon his own experiences in his long and distinguished career; and that he will relate more anecdotes of the American bench and bar, for in that field he is unsurpassed to-day.

DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS. With Notes by Lord Braybrooke. An Introduction by Guy N. Pocock. Thirty-four Drawings by Major Benton Fletcher. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

The chief reason for this edition is Major Fletcher's drawings. As for the text of the Diary, it is Lord Braybrooke's, first published in 1825. It comprises only about half of the Diary. As everybody wishes to read Pepys as he was, it should be said here that this is an unsatisfactory edition compared with that edited by Wheatley, which is issued in *nine* volumes, or in the India-paper edition in *three* volumes. In other words, when you say Pepys, say Wheatley.

BARRETT WENDELL AND HIS LETTERS. Edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $4.50.

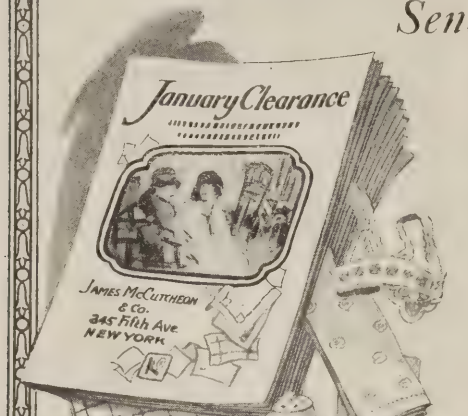
Readers of Barrett Wendell's letters, like the readers of the letters of Walter Hines Page, know that the age of the great letter-writers is not yet over. Wendell, like Page, wrote every one of his epistles with his own hand; each scorned the inept stenographer's artless aid, and we are all the richer for it.

Barrett Wendell was famous to forty classes of college men. For nearly forty years he was a teacher of English at Harvard. His lectures and copious writings brought him a discriminating circle of general readers. But the letters reveal him—as letters sometimes do—as something more than a great teacher. Inventor of the daily theme, ripe scholar

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and even at times a poet, he was most of all the loyal and discriminating friend, and the letters—written to many sorts and conditions of men—are chiefly the records of a vivid personal life, a life which he gave freely to others. In a different civilization he would doubtless have had a distinguished public career; in America his career was perhaps richer for its comparative privacy.

He was as characteristically American as Roosevelt, different as the two men were. He was a consistent apologist for democracy—because the American brand of it is traditional. Superficial critics will call him a Tory instead of one of the creative critics of American life. He had a genuine pride of ancestry, but he writes gleefully of a Dutch ancestor with his "probably assumed coat of arms, complacently borne by his descendants ever since."

Readers of the letters—may they be many!—have reason to praise the modesty of the editor, Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, an old friend and admirer of Barrett Wendell, who has stood aside and allowed his subject to speak for himself.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

AN AMERICAN MISCELLANY. By Lafcadio Hearn. Articles and Stories now First Collected by Albert Mordell. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $6.

By the pious care and industrious hand of Mr. Mordell these articles have been identified and collected from Cincinnati and New Orleans newspapers and from some magazines. It is astonishing to learn that even in the 1870's journalistic work of such high merit was being published, read, and forgotten! These volumes are recommended to all lovers of Hearn, and to all readers who enjoy researches in the curious, the ghostly, and the horrible. Hearn loved the queer and the bizarre; he enjoyed a good murder, and he seemed to revel even in a horrible one. His newspaper associates called him "the ghoul." He progressed into writing more and more upon themes of beauty, and about the linguistics, art, manners, and customs of brown and "yellow" races. We find both these volumes of absorbing interest, but wish to warn persons whose nerves are easily shaken that the first volume contains some gruesome pages.

SITTING ON THE WORLD. By Heywood Broun. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This is a book of very brief essays, mostly on trivial subjects. The *trivialest* are the best. When Mr. Broun looks around the universe for a new oppressed race to champion (and he does it two or three times a week), he is a teeny bit tiresome. When he talks about H. 3rd we wish that child's father had been vowed to everlasting celibacy. When

Mr. Broun appears as the American Bernard Shaw, the defender of paradoxes, ready to agree in advance with the minority on every question, we begin to yawn. It is an old gag. But when he speaks up for Harvard College in the New York press and attacks the Yale myth, we get ready to cheer. And when he writes such a perfect essay as that on bullfrogs in this book—a prose-poem, a Whistler nocturne, a symphony played by bassoons and oboes—we are inclined not only to forgive all his hokum, but to crown him with laurel and myrtle: our favorite essayist.

The publishers like to be mysterious about the price of their books; probably this one is $2. The bullfrog essay is worth that by itself.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

SPANISH GARDENS AND PATIOS. By Mildred Stapley Byne and Arthur Byne. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. The Architectural Record, New York. $15.

This is one of the beautiful, expensive volumes which librarians might covet and architects adore. It is illustrated with over 170 half-tones and some plates in color, pictures, and plans. The studies were made in old Spain, and it is altogether a sumptuous book, with views of mellow architecture and gardens of such maddening loveliness that it may be said to be calculated nicely to make all Americans thoroughly discontented.

SCIENCE

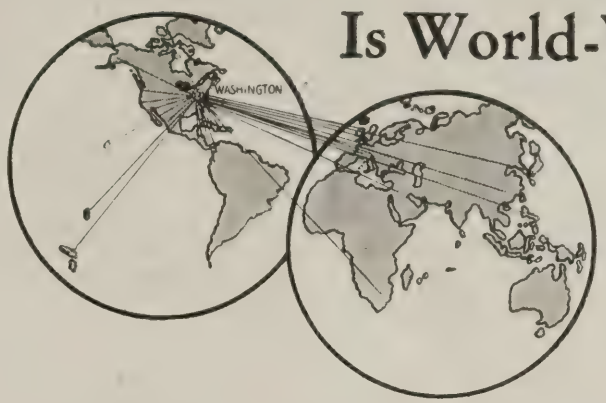
A HANDBOOK OF SOLAR ECLIPSES. By Isabel Martin Lewis. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.25.

This deals particularly with the total eclipse of January 24, 1925. There is in it all that a layman cares to know about eclipses in general, but its most timely chapters are those which tell the reader what to do and how to enjoy that extraordinary spectacle which, weather permitting, will be seen in southern New England and in New York on a morning of next January. There has been nothing like it in this region for a hundred years and more, and it will be another century before a return performance is given!

A POPULAR HISTORY OF AMERICAN INVENTION. Edited by Waldemar Kaempffert. 2 vols. With Over 500 Illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $10.

A book to delight almost every one—especially boys and men. The history of the invention and development of railroads, electric transportation, automobiles, airplanes, typesetting machines, telegraphs and telephones, radio, moving pictures, electric lighting, and all kinds of automatic labor-saving devices. Illustrated with fascinating and amusing pictures of the earliest attempts at these inventions, funny automobiles of the 80's, and other objects quaint indeed compared with the form in which they exist to-day.

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Extract No. 2

Siena, June 13th. My week in Rome is now but a memory. The Roman Forum, with the purple of wisteria against the gray of a crumbling wall; the glow of the oleander and the cool whiteness of a broken column; everywhere ruins grave with the memories of centuries gone, yet tender with the blossoms of today. This I shall never forget. Then the Coliseum, ghostly in the pale moonlight, and the Spanish Stairs, radiant in the sunlight, trailing the flaming colors of the flower-booths about its feet like the beauty of a silken shawl; the haunting loveliness of the Appian Way, wandering between fallen and moss-grown monuments of the past, from the city of to-day, to the Catacombs, the city of the dead, while across the wide Campagna the arches of the old aqueduct against the blue sky remind one that beauty cannot die.

We had three days in the Umbrian Valley—at Assisi, fragrant with the memory of St. Francis, "the poor little rich one;" Perugia, the home of Perugino; and Siena with its Cathedral and its art treasures. Tomorrow we have another wonderful drive to Florence.

These long drives through the lovely countryside—just a few friends enjoying ourselves together and talking over the wonders we have seen—these weave themselves into my memory of Italy, forming for it a background as perfect as is the background of sun-drenched meadows, misty hills and winding, poplar-bordered streams in a Perugino painting. How different my remembrance would be were I rushing from one place to another in a hot, crowded train, tired and distracted!

I am glad I am seeing Italy in this way instead—

To be continued

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THE OUTLOOK 381 Fourth Ave., New York

By the Way

PIANOS even of the best makes have their day and cease to be. The New York City public schools have in the past been recipients of many grand pianos, some of them dating back almost to the days of Jenny Lind, according to a report by Superintendent O'Shea, of the New York City Board of Education. No fewer than 143 of these pianos, many of them given to the city by distinguished families, have been held idly in storage, and now a use has been discovered for them. They are being used in school shops as material for making handsome cabinets for radio sets! Thus are demonstrated the scientific and ethical theories of the indestructibility of matter and the immortality of service.

The small boy had been taken to see a large dairy farm, a subscriber writes, and on his return was asked, "Did they milk the cows by electricity?" "No," was the answer; "they just pulled the triggers, same as George does where we go up at the farm in the country."

Barnum had his forerunners in the fairs of London in the eighteenth century. Here is the way a showman of 1704 told about the wonders of his exhibition, as quoted in a recent book, "English Society in the Eighteenth Century:"

> A little Black Man lately brought from the West Indies. . . . Likewise 2 Wood Monsters from the East Indies, Male and Female, being the Admirablest Creatures that ever was seen in this Kingdom. . . . Also a little Marmoset from the East Indies, which by a great deal of Pains is now brought to that Perfection, that no Creature of his Kind ever perform'd the like. . . . Likewise a Noble Civet Cat from Guiny which is admired for his Beauty, and that incomparable Scent which Perfumes the whole Place. Vivat Regina!

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

"Has a keen sense of humor, hasn't he?"

"Rather. A banana peel all by itself will make him laugh."

From "Pitt Panther:"

Jack—"May I ask you for this dance?"

Jean—"Please do; I've been dying to refuse you all evening."

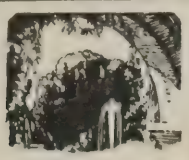
Napoleon, as every one remembers, told a soldier who dodged when he heard a bullet, "If that bullet had been your fate, it would have reached you if you had been a thousand feet underground." General Joseph E. Johnston, of the Confederate army, treated a similar incident

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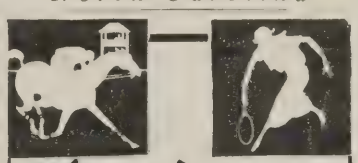
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TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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WANTED—CARTOONS

The Outlook wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

The Editors of The Outlook
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

in a different way, as recorded in a new edition of Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's "Reminiscences."

"Colonel," he said when one of his officers tried to dodge a shell, "there is no use dodging. When you hear them, they have passed!"

If some of our prominent sculptors will equip themselves with a yardstick, here is an opportunity! An advertisement in a New York City paper reads:

STATUARY

Wanted a piece of statuary at least twelve feet in height, suitable for erection in a private park. Please advise subject, material, price and present location. Box Y 2613 ——. - - -

"Sphere:" "John Masefield is to-day one of the only three living authors—Mr. Hardy and Mr. Kipling being the others—of whom it can be said that a complete set of their books and privately printed booklets would sell for £200 or more."

From "Life:"

"Great heavens! The baby swallowed a hairpin."

"Well, what of it? A hairpin is of no use to anybody nowadays."

"Did you boys meet up with a commercial job from Hollywood when you were going west?" a North Platte airplane mechanic asked a representative of the "American Legion Weekly" who was himself making a transcontinental airplane trip. "Well, they wiped off their wings on a haystack about three miles west of here."

"I submit that phraseology," says the "Legion's" representative, "as a highly picturesque specimen of bird talk. 'Wiped off their wings.' What could be more complete?"

And, we may add, "commercial job" as descriptive of a business firm's airplane?

From the Detroit "News:"

"What is the biggest fish you ever caught?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I should tell you."

"Liar!"

Answer to charade in last week's issue: Matrimony.

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